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The Busy Man's Magazine

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Waiting For The Mail.

[Reproduced from The Lone Hand, Australia.]

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol XVII

NOVEMBER 1908

No 1

Canadian Transportation

By G. W. Stephens

TRANSPORTATION has been defined as the "keys with which wise statesmen open the doors of national prosperity." There can be no subject, therefore, which should engage the attention of the Canadian people equal in importance to that of lessening the cost of transporting the products of the Western plains to tide water and the Eastern manufactured products to the homes of the Western consumer. It is equally true that upon the efficiency of our country's transportation facilities depends the future integrity of our Dominion, the comfort, wealth and power of our people.

Canadian transportation began when Jacques Cartier turned the prow of his little bark into the St. Lawrence and christened it after the saint of that name upon whose birthday he entered its waters, and the pages of its early history are filled with the heroic struggle of brave men who had the courage of their convictions and carried the visions of their imagination to a practical conclusion. The names of Cunard, Howe, Young and Allan are mile-stones along the pathway of its early development, in the same big way as Mount Stephen, Van Horne, Shaughnessy, Hays, Mackenzie and Mann are to-day in its later expansion. By the imaginative genius of such men and their pertinacity the outermost corners of our Dominion are made accessible, and the farthest off inhabitant

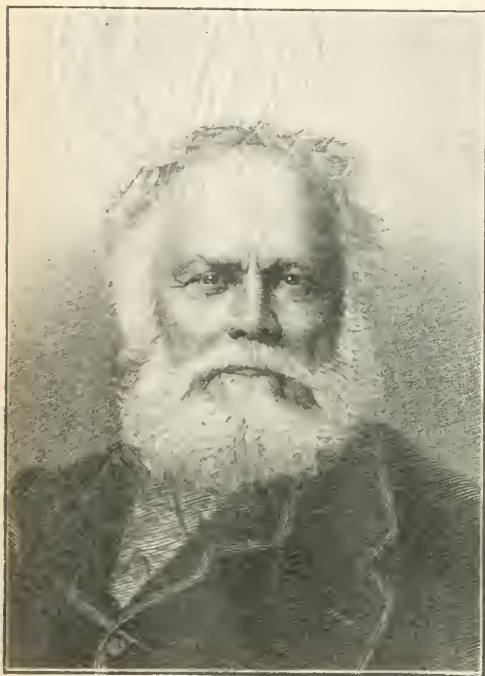
of the plains becomes the neighbor of him who lives within the sound of the ocean.

Before considering the actual conditions surrounding this problem to-day let me ask you to look at the primitive starting point from which these same conditions have been evolved. For that purpose let us compare for a moment the position occupied by Canada at the opening of the 20th century with that of our great neighbor at the opening of the 19th.

In the year 1800 the population of the United States amounted to 5,300,000 people, grouped together as a fringe along the shores of the Atlantic Ocean; behind them to the westward an undiscovered waste of wilderness and plain, not a single mile of railroad, not a single mile of canal development, no roads to speak of, no wealth, but the indomitable courage, perseverance and faith of her people; and upon this courage and confidence has been built up in 100 years a nation numbering 90,000,000 people, possessing 217,000 miles of railroad, and a country extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The cause of such wonderful progress must be sought in the early, wise and persistent development of her means of communication and transport. And while the 19th century yielded to the United States a marvelous growth in her interior transportation facilities, it is in-

teresting to note that in 1860 she carried 66 per cent. of her export and import trade in her own ships, in 1906 she only carried 12 per cent.



Sir Hugh Allan

The Founder of the Great Steamship Line Which Bears His Name.

Canada, on the other hand, starts the 20th century with 6,000,000 people, not huddled together on her Atlantic Seaboard, but stretching a continuous line of prosperous provinces from sea to sea; her continent spanned by the steel ribbons of three great railway systems; her natural waterways linked together by a canal system which has no rival; an annual trade development of \$645,000,000; \$680,000,000 of the people's savings in the bank, and is doing a business with 6,000,000 people at the beginning of the 20th century that was not equaled by our great neighbor to the south of us until her population had reached the figure of 26,000,000.

Added to all this, Canada, as the occupant of the northern half of this continent, possesses the shortest water route between the continents of Europe and America and America and Asia,

thereby inheriting a natural strategic position which, if supplemented by energetic measures of transportation development within, will place her in an unassailable position for the command of a large portion of the international trade between the Mother Country and the East.

This means a business connection with a market containing 450,000,000 people in China alone, 300,000,000 in India and 40,000,000 more in Japan. If we can become the carriers for a portion of this great international trade, if we can offer transportation inducements for the capture of our share of this business, then every ton of through freight handled over Canadian rails and by Canadian waterways will reduce the cost of transporting the grain products of the West and the manufactured products of the East, and will bring into closer touch the growing population of this country in all its parts.

In this connection one must not forget that from the little sea-girt islands in the North Sea, which we call the Motherland, over 3,000 miles of the Atlantic, across this Canada of ours, over 3,-



Samuel Cunard

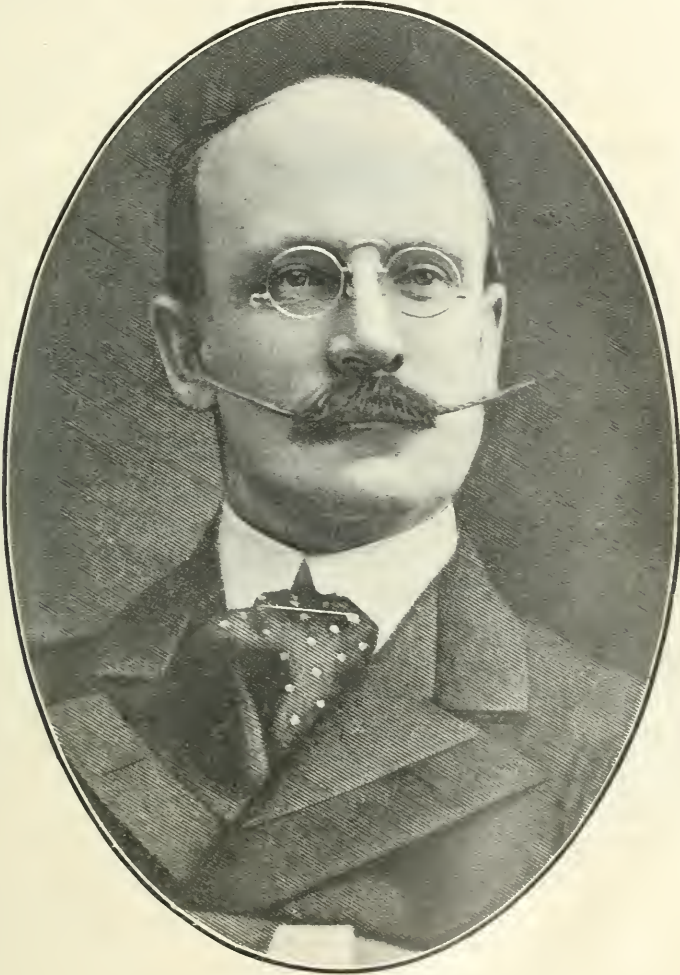
One of the Founders of the Cunard Steamship Line in 1840. He was a resident of Halifax.

000 miles more, and again for 6,000 miles over the peaceful waters of the Pacific, the thin red line of transportation ploughing the waters of two oceans, traversing the fertile plains of a continent, over

CANADIAN TRANSPORTATION

this continuous and shortest trade route float the folds of our country's flag. The greatness of our Motherland is founded on her command of the water-borne trade

continent, one finds three natural outlet channels for the trade of the great Northwest, the Mississippi River, the St. Lawrence River and the Hudson Bay.



George W. Stephens
Chairman of the Montreal Harbor Board.

of the world. If Canada is to become likewise great she, too, must not neglect the development of her transportation.

Taking a map of the North American

The Mississippi is navigable from the Falls of St. Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico for more than 2,000 miles. The great chain of lakes connecting the Gulf and

River of St. Lawrence give a continuous navigation of 2,500 miles to the heart of a great continent. Hudson Bay will be one day tapped, and for a portion of the year at least afford auxiliary means of transport for grain cargoes out of the West. Of these three natural means of exit, the Dominion of Canada controls two, and by supplementing her natural inheritance by the building of the Georgian Bay canal she will place herself in the proud possession of a water route that will not only induce the trade of

3. From Western ports of Lake Superior to Canadian sea ports.

4. From Canadian sea ports to Europe, and the reverse in each case.

All this of necessity involves the consideration of storage requirements of lake, river and ocean ports.

The harbor facilities of inland lakes, rivers and ocean terminals.

The conditions with regard to the navigation of the St. Lawrence route and the provision of a well-equipped terminal for use during the winter months when Montreal has no direct water access to the sea.

This question further involves the consideration of the forces operating against an all-Canadian transportation plan:

1. Competition by U.S. Railways.

2. Competition by U.S. vessels from Lake Superior ports.

3. Diversion of Canadian product through the Eastern outlets of Boston, Portland, etc.

The subject is too vast to here consider in its entirety. An idea of its importance may, however, be realized if we study briefly transportation as it affects grain.

Of what, therefore, does this grain trade consist?

What are its possibilities of growth?

What equipment do we Canadians possess to handle it?

When we speak of the grain areas of Western Canada we mean—

Acres.

Manitoba, containing 27,000,000
Saskatchewan, containing ... 52,000,000
Assiniboia, containing 50,000,000
Alberta, containing 42,000,000
or a total area suitable for cultivation of wheat of 171,000,000 acres.

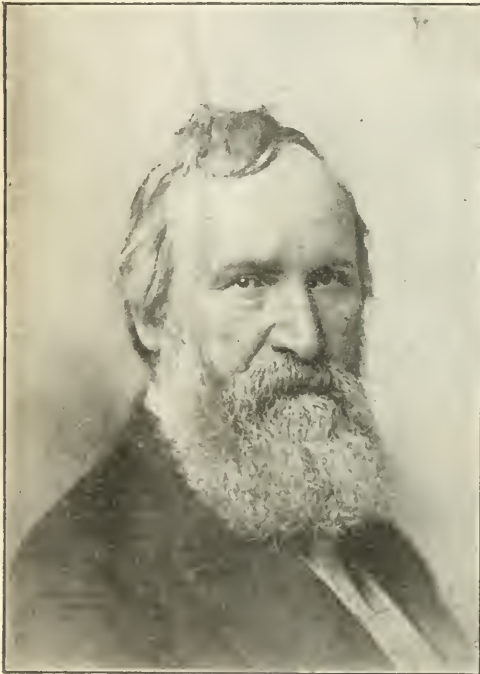
Should only one quarter of this area be put under cultivation at the average yield of the past three years, this would give 800,000,000 bushels.

Out of the 171,000,000 acres, in the year 1900 only two and a half million acres were under cultivation.

In 1906 this had grown to six millions.

In the year 1900 the yield was thirty-three and a half millions.

In 1906 the yield was one hundred millions.



Hon. John Young

One of the Leaders of Transportation in Canada.

her own great West to follow its course, but will attract to it a very large portion of the trade of the Western States.

The question of Canadian transportation has been divided as follows by the Transportation Commission, whose valuable report ought to be made known to every Canadian interested in the country's progress:

1. From place of production to Canadian sea ports.

2. From place of production to Western ports of Lake Superior.

CANADIAN TRANSPORTATION

This grain was taken care of in 1900 in 533 elevators distributed at convenient points west of Lake Superior, with a combined capacity of 18,000,000 bushels.

In 1906 the number had increased to 1,200 elevators with a capacity of 50,000,000 bushels.

The railway mileage from the base of the Rocky Mountains to the Red River, covering this wheat area, was:

Now as the whole of this grain, which is shipped eastward, is tributary to the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern, Grand Trunk and G. T. Pacific Railways, carried to Port Arthur and Fort William, from thence to the sea, it is of the most vital import that a continuity of efficient transportation facilities shall prevail from the West to the sea on Canadian soil.



L. E. Geoffrion

A Member of the Montreal Harbor Board.

In 1901 3,369
In 1905 5,620

The wheat acreage increased in five years from two and a half to six million acres.

The wheat grown from thirty-three and a half to one hundred million bushels and the mileage from 3,300 to 5,600 miles.

From Winnipeg to the commencement of water transportation at Port Arthur and Fort William is 427 miles. The two existing railways will be double-tracked and the Grand Trunk Pacific will add another available route, and yet with a continuous growth of population and a continuous building of railways it seems hardly possible to build fast enough. It

is a race between the ingenuity of man and the fertility of the soil.

On arrival at Port Arthur and Fort William the grain is stored in huge elevators which now have a capacity of twenty millions.

The corresponding lake ports on the United States side are Duluth, Superior and Chicago, upon whose harbors the United States Government have spent already ten millions.

As an example of the colossal growth of Lake Superior tonnage, the value of craft in this trade in 1887 amounted to two millions, while in 1904 it amounted to seventy millions.

When the grain is elevated at the western end of Lake Superior it awaits shipment by boat from there to the Georgian Bay ports of Depot Harbor, Victoria, Midland, Port Colborne, Buffalo or Oswego, where it is again discharged into huge elevators and then shipped to the sea by rail or boats as the case may be.

Canadian transshipping points east of the Great Lakes are:

Cleveland	2
Detroit	2
Total	32 1-2

*Building.

From the Georgian Bay ports westward three railways run to the sea, and already 160 out of the 190 miles of the Trent Valley Canal system are completed, joining the Georgian Bay with Lake Ontario.

This gives to Canada the following choice of routes from Fort William to the sea, within her own territory.

1. The all-water route, via the Great Lakes, Welland Canal and the St. Lawrence River to Montreal.

2. All-water route, via Georgian Bay, Trent Valley and the St. Lawrence River to the sea.

3. Water and rail, via the Georgian Bay ports, Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways to Montreal.

A comparison between the chief water route from the Great Lakes to New York with the Canadian water route from the Great Lakes to Montreal furnishes interesting matter for consideration.

	American Water Route. Buffalo, Erie Canal, Albany, Hudson River to New York.	Canadian Water Route. Port Colborne, Welland Canal, Lake Ontario to Montreal.	In favor of the Canadian Water Route.
Distance	430 miles.	320 miles.	110 miles shorter.
Number miles of canal	308 "	64 "	242 miles less.
Number miles of clear river navigation	124 "	256 "	132 miles more.
Extreme draft	6 feet	14 feet.	8 feet more.
Cargo capacity	8,000 bushels.	80,000 bushels.	72,000 bush. more.
Time consumed	86 hours.	46 hours.	40 hours less.
Total hours, navigation season	5,040 hours.	5,040 hours.	
Possible trips per carrying unit	27 trips.	48 trips.	21 trips more.
Possible bush. capacity per carrying unit per season.	216,000 bushels.	3,760,000 bushels.	3,544,000 bushels.

Elevator capacity.
Millions.

Midland	4
Depot Harbor	1 1-2
*Victoria Harbor	4
Port Colborne	2
Kingston and Prescott.	2
Total	13 1-2

The U.S. ports are:

Millions.

Buffalo	22
Oswego	1
Toledo	5 1-2

The advantages of the Canadian water route over the American water route may be stated to be as follows:

1. That the St. Lawrence water route from the Great Lakes to Montreal is shorter than the American water route from the Great Lakes to New York by 110 miles.

2. That the number of miles of slow speed canal navigation by way of the Canadian route as compared with the American route is less by 242 miles.

3. That the Canadian water route

furnishes more draft than the American by 8 feet.

4. That a boat using the Canadian water route can carry in cargo more than a boat using the American water route, each trip, 72,000 bushels.

5. That the time consumed each trip by the Canadian route is less than that by the American route by 40 hours.

6. That the length of open navigation is identical in both cases.

7. That it takes a tow of ten boats on the American route to carry what may be carried by the Canadian route in one.

8. That one boat by the Canadian water route can carry more bushels of grain per season than can be carried by one on the American route by 3,544,000 bushels.

Yet notwithstanding these overwhelming advantages in favor of the Canadian route, the American railways carry through Buffalo the business that ought to go through the Canadian canals, and they are able to do this only because no adequate terminal facilities have been supplied in Canada to take care of this business. When these facilities are provided Canada will control the grain export business of North America.

The railways, however, from Buffalo to New York and Boston have so developed their carrying capacity and so reduced periodically their freight rates as to practically kill the Erie Canal as the carrying medium of export grain. It therefore becomes a question at the present moment for the Canadian water route to join hands with Canadian railways to bring this business into its natural channel.

Taxpayers of the State of New York have decided to spend \$110,000,000 to enlarge the Erie Canal to a depth of 12 feet. By so doing they propose to reduce the cost of carrying a bushel of wheat from Buffalo to New York to three-fourths of a cent. This would require the railways to reduce their price for the rail haul from Buffalo to New York from four cents to three-fourths of a cent, which is not thought a possibility by transportation authorities.

But the point I desire to make in connection with these figures is this. If our American competitors deem it worth

while to spend \$110,000,000 to get a waterway of 12 feet deep from Buffalo to the Hudson River, is it not about time that Canadians awakened to the fact that without the expenditure of another dollar on canals they are the owners to-day of a through water route of 14 feet draught, and could, if they supply the terminals and the carrying power, be in an even better competitive position than the United States will be after it has spent the proposed \$110,000,000 on its Erie Canal.

Investigation into the comparative cost



C. C. Ballantyne

A Member of the Montreal Harbor Board.

of carrying a ton of freight a mile by rail and by water by the highest authorities gives the following result:

A 6,500 gross ton freighter, costing \$280,000 on a 1,000-mile trip, will carry her maximum cargo at a cost not exceeding 0.6 of a cent per ton per mile. This is less than 1-10 of the average freight rate per ton per mile that is earned by the railways on this continent. The cheapness of the carrying power of water as compared with rail will be made more clear by the fact that in large freight vessels the consumption of coal is five

pounds per 100 ton miles of freight carried, whereas the consumption of coal on railways is 19 pounds per 100 ton miles.

The problem of cheapening the cost of handling the nation's business leads the student of transportation into figures the magnitude of which becomes almost staggering. The Canadian railways at the present moment are handling annually 58,000,000 tons of freight and 28,000,000 passengers. If you can reduce the cost two cents per ton you make a saving of \$1,160,000 in the transportation charges on your business.

It is a curious fact, vouched for by a high railway authority, that the average daily work of a freight car in Canada to-day ranges between 29 and 33 miles, just a little over a mile an hour. This presents a very interesting phase of the transportation question, and shows that the railways obtain but a very small proportion of the efficiency out of the cars at their disposal. What is the use of perfecting roadbeds, reducing grades, laying 80-pound rails, building huge Mogul engines, and strengthening bridges in order to increase the length of trains, if inadequate facilities are provided at the terminals for the quick despatch of cars differently routed to their proper destination?

And here is where the problem of cheapening transportation is to be solved by the development on broad and comprehensive lines of our sea ports at which our rail and water ways converge. In this connection I may be pardoned for referring to a national development with which I have been personally associated for the past year, during which time it has been my privilege to stand at the gateway of Canada's commerce and watch the ebb and flow of that great volume of trade which leaves our shores in the shape of exports and the immense cargoes for distribution throughout this country. There is at the present moment going on in the Port of Montreal a development to take care of the import and the export trade of Canada, into which is being put \$4,500,000, and she is getting for that expenditure 14 ocean berths and 14 double-deck steel concrete freight sheds, with a storage area of

1,500,000 square feet, and a working capacity of 150,000 tons of freight per week. It becomes a question therefore of considerable moment whether this expenditure is a wise one, and whether when completed the Canadian people will possess in their national port facilities an accommodation that will enable them to hold their own with the rival ports of this continent. Looking around for a comparison, we find that New York is paying \$29,000,000 in the year of 1907 for an improvement scheme almost identical with our own. For that \$29,000,000 New York builds eight piers and places upon them eight double-deck steel concrete sheds, having an area of 120,000 square feet less than those now being erected in Montreal. Montreal's development will place alongside of every shed two railway tracks, whereas the New York development is inaccessible to railways, and cars have to be lightered on barges into the ship and vice versa. This means that Canada is getting a port development for four and a half millions that New York has got to spend twenty-nine millions to obtain, and by having the additional advantage of direct inter-communication between the railways, sheds and ships it has been possible during the past season to effect a very considerable saving in the handling charges of freight through the Port of Montreal.

There have been handled by the Traffic Department of the Harbor Commission during the last season 1,500,000 tons of freight, carried in 75,000 cars, 400,000 tons of this freight were handled direct between the car, shed and ships, or vice versa. On this 400,000 tons of freight there has been an estimated saving of 50 per cent. or \$80,000 in the handling charges alone. In other words, this means that the Port of Montreal has been able during the past season to handle 400,000 tons of freight for what it used to cost to handle 200,000 tons; and as almost the whole of this saving has been effected on through freight destined to all parts of Canada and all parts of the world, it is a matter of gratification that in the near future Canadians may possess the cheapest, shortest and safest trade avenue on this con-

CANADIAN TRANSPORTATION

continent. The true national significance of the Port of Montreal and the interest that every Canadian citizen should have in its expansion and development is evi-

bor development upon this continent under like conditions.

This possession enormously increases the value of the Port of Montreal as a



A View of the Completed King Edward Pier, Montreal.

denced by the following phase of the annual business.

Canadians possess the only clear water route from the Great Lakes to the sea on this continent which permits vessels drawing 14 feet to carry their cargoes to and from the Port of Montreal. Every railroad has direct communication with the water front of this port, which is owned and controlled by the people, not

natural asset, and with proper terminal development and proper use of the waterways already in existence the Port of Montreal will afford:

To the growers of grain in the great Northwest,

To the fruit and farm products of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec,

To the lumber interests of British Columbia and New Brunswick,



A View of the Completed Alexandra Pier, Montreal.

a foot of the fore shore of the Harbor of Montreal in its entire extent of ten miles of frontage being privately owned, thus making possible the only economic har-

To the coal and iron interests of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton,

To the importing and exporting merchants of the entire country,

To the farmers producing cheese and butter,

In short, to every Canadian citizen doing business throughout the country the cheapest, safest and quickest delivery and receiving point on this continent.

The Port of Montreal takes care of the imports of the iron manufacturer, now amounting to ten and a quarter millions a year.

Of the woollen manufacturer, who imports upwards of seven millions a year.

Of the sugar merchants, importing six millions a year.

Of the cotton manufacturers, importing three and a half.

Of the users of flax, hemp and jute, who import one and a quarter million.

Of the grain plains of the Great West,

tion on this continent meets the deepest artificial waterway, connecting it with 2,500 miles of water navigation into the heart of this great continent. For that reason during seven months in the year the cheapest, safest and quickest trade route for the large export and import business of this country ought naturally to gravitate toward Montreal, and it is a national duty that the Port of Montreal should be developed on broad and comprehensive national principles. The plan of this development on such a comprehensive scale should be given the best expert attention in all its details that money, time and experience can afford. In thus laying out a definite and complete plan covering development work for the next 25 years and carrying it on in



A View of the Completed Jacques Cartier Pier, Montreal.

the grazing lands of Ontario and Quebec, which exported through the Port of Montreal in 1906, forty million dollars worth of animals and their products.

Cheese and butter coming from Quebec and Ontario, eighteen millions more.

Manufactured goods for South Africa, Australia and the West Indies, four millions more.

The forest, fisheries and mines, seven millions more.

And so it becomes truly of broad national interest to all Canadians no matter what be their occupation, or where they may live, that somewhere in Canada there should be proper terminal facilities to handle Canadian business.

Montreal happens to be at the point where the farthest inland ocean naviga-

tions, when the whole is complete there will be harmony in all its parts and a development that will enable Canadians to handle their own business efficiently and economically, and compete for the business of the Western States on a basis that will produce satisfactory results.

Alongside of the transportation question and inseparable from it is the question of the growth of our population. The dream of 100 millions of people in this country is not so far off as might be supposed at first sight.

Last year's crop of newcomers from all sources, on reliable authority, amounted to 400,000 people. Add 100,000 as the natural increase to our own population and you have an annual increase in 1907 of half a million people. If this yearly

increase is not exceeded and we go on increasing at the rate of half a million a year, in 25 years the population of this country would be 18,000,000; and if at the end of 25 years all outside immigration should cease, we will then be adding to our population at the rate of two millions a year, which in 25 years more, or 50 years from 1907, would give to this country (Canada) a population of 60,000,000 people.

This is the great future that Canada must now lay the foundation for, that Canada must build railways, canals and ocean terminals to take care of.

The safety of this great future must be guarded by the aggregate individual integrity of her citizens. This wonderful panorama of development is almost unfolding itself without our realizing what is going on, and as the lines of our transportation are extending themselves to the outermost corners of this great Dominion, unconsciously is being established a bond of union under the folds of a common flag which has been the symbol of equal rights, justice and freedom to the least of her citizens since the British Empire began. We may not speak the same tongue nor worship at the same altar, yet as children of a common flag we are bound together by the thread of a common patriotism over whose strands—like the power of Nia-

gara passing over wires to move in far distant places the wheels of mighty commerce—is passing a force of brotherhood,



Lord Mount Stephen

Whose Unflinching Faith and Iron Will Resulted in the First Band of Steel Crossing Canada.

sympathy and power against which neither the voice of the demagogue nor the roar of hostile cannon can avail.

He whispered—My business came and echoed—Sagacity.
He shouted—My business survived and echoed—Frugality.
He thundered—My business grew and echoed—Publicity.

—Austin A. Briggs.



The Building in Queen's Park, Toronto, Lately Occupied by the Meteorological Service.

Making Canadian Weather Predictions

By Archie P. McKishnie

AWAY back along about the year 1879, in the bush-country, where I was brought up, we had a man by the name of Elwood working for us, and he was the first weather prophet I ever knew. What Jim lacked in reputation generally he made up on the weather prediction end. He certainly had a fame as a weather prophet. I learned a lot from Jim—such as it was, and I remember sitting by and watching him many a time as he voiced his predictions to the admiring neighbors, who “jest dropped in like to see what indications were for to-morrow.” Everybody believed Jim knew what kind of weather we were going to have, and I must confess there were times he struck it pretty close. Occasionally a “doubting Thomas” would appear and scoff at Jim, and at such times he usually treated the doubter with a mild tolerance and kept a strained silence. At other times, if we

chanced to coincide with an opinion, voiced by the sceptic, Jim would pour out an arsenal of “sign-talk” upon us that made us fairly scoot for cover.

Poor old Jim! He read the signs and formed his deductions from them. He knew a “dry moon” and a “wet moon.” A circle about the moon meant rain, “sure as shootin’.” If there was one star inside the circle the rain was one day away. If there were three stars “we’d be havin’ rain afore the end of the third day.” Jim’s rheumatism always warned him of the cold easterly rains, he never failed that I know of in his prediction of this particularly unpleasant weather. Early in the fall, Jim used to look about for the signs that would tell him if we were going to have a cold or an open winter. Sometimes when we boys would return from the marsh, in the first of the ducking season, he would say: “Let’s have a look at them ducks a minute.”

And he would dig down in the breast feathers of a blue-winged teal, and measure the depths of its coat. "I ain't countin' much on these teal," he would say, "they don't hang around here much when it gets cold, although they seem to be puttin' on a pretty snug coat. Avn't got a shoveler er a red-head there, have you?" If we chanced to have the specie asked for, Jim would sit down on a log and "read us a sign." "Look here," he would say, plucking a fistful of feathers from the fowl, "see that coat of down on his breast? Well, that's his undershirt and it's some heavy. That means a cold winter sure as you're born."

Later, when the traps were set along the creek, Jim would examine the coat of the muskrat, the mink and other animals we brought in. "Fur's extra heavy," he would say, "yep, we're goin' to have a mighty cold winter."

When the first flurry of snow fell, Jim would keep a close watch on the trees. If the snow blew off easily it meant lots more snow during the winter. If it clung to the branches until it melted, the chances were "we'd have a poor season fer loggin'."

I have thought that Jim's being something of a naturalist, helped him in reading the signs. He knew every bird and animal in the bush and he knew their habits as well.

"Birds don't quit singin' all of a sudden and fluff up their feathers without a cause," he would say. "It's goin' to rain right soon. See them crickets scottin' fer cover, don't they know?"

And, somehow, they did seem to know, too. If the rat-houses were unusually well built and of a greater thickness than ordinarily, it was a sign of a cold winter. If, on the other hand, they were lightly thrown up, and their walls thin, it meant an open winter.

Later in the autumn, Jim used to examine the feet of the ruffed grouse the lads would bring in from the bush. "That pa'tridge has got his snowshoes on," he would say, pointing to the feathers between the bird's toes. "Lots of snow, that means, or this pa'tridge ain't growin' any snowshoes. Didn't I say we needn't expect any snow this winter?"

Those old bush lands are all cleared now and Jim, too, has passed away with the wild, natural beauty of the place. Those wooded ridges along which the grouse used

to strut and drum, bear mile upon mile of golden grain to-day. But Jim's name is kept in remembrance still, and men, who were toddlers when he was a "weather-prophet," speak of lean Jim, of his signs and his wonderful gift to foretell the weather.

And to think that as far back as the year 1871, or even before that, perhaps, men of science called Meteorologists, were by delicate instruments and the art of forming accurate deductions, working along a scientific basis to get ahead of the wea-



R. F. Stupart

Director of the Dominion Meteorological Observatory

ther. Meteorologists, generally, are of the opinion that the weather some times fool her forest and marsh animals, the same as she fools mankind.

A few years ago, for instance, when the vast herds of buffalo roamed across our Northwestern prairie lands, an unusually mild autumn allured them to put off their southern migration. Sixty thousand of them in a single coule perished in the terrible blizzards that followed. And this is but a small percentage of the total that marks one of the greatest tragedies of the

prairie animal world. Then, too, the wild fowl of our own marshes are fooled by the weather sometimes. Not many years ago, if you will remember, the sun set on a tranquil autumn day and the wild ducks were happy and contented in the shallow rice beds of our Lake Erie. That night Dame Weather changed her mood and gave no warning. That night millions of the marsh fowl perished in her icy grip. Thus we learn that weather cannot be accurately predicted by signs, and the question arises, will weather conditions ever be successfully predicted for coming years? Undoubtedly yes. The splendid work of Meteorologists



Six-Inch Equatorial Telescope Used at the Observatory.

bids fair to ultimately succeed in giving the public a correct prediction. In fact, the art is now far past the experimental stage, about 85 per cent. of the predictions from our observatory proving themselves correct.

Suppose we consider for a moment what this means to us as a people. It means that masters of vessels, who heed the storm signals displayed along the shores of our waters, will save property, and—vastly more important—life. The author has taken the pains to review from newspaper extracts accounts of a number of the most disastrous

storms that have swept our lakes during the past four years. And in nearly every case he has found that the weather predictions chronicled at the Toronto Observatory, and scattered broadcast over our Dominion through the press, the public bulletins and the coast signal stations, gave warning that a gale or storm was preminent; and gave it many hours in advance of the storm. In our Dominion at present, there are about 80 storm signal stations, distributed along and over the Great Lakes from Father Point in the St. Lawrence River eastward to Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island. There are also other storm signal stations on the Pacific coast at Vancouver, Victoria and Nanaimo. What the object of these storm signal stations is, is at once obvious, and to the Dominion Government and the excellent Meteorological service, it supports, great praise is due for their commendable action in erecting these stations at great cost and in the face of many difficulties, that the loss of life to fishermen and sailors might be minimized. Those who venture to sea in face of the warnings given, are becoming fewer year by year. The storm signal service has proven itself a boon to the sailor, and for it he is thankful. The saving of one large vessel a year will pay the whole annual grant to the Meteorological service twice over.

Shippers of perishable goods value the long range forecasts usually covering from two to three days, and particularly during the winter months, watch them closely, as severe frosts materially injure and often totally ruin the articles of shipment. Commission merchants importing fruits and other articles susceptible to cold or climate, are also interested inquirers, as is also the oyster dealer who wishes to bring shell oysters from Baltimore to Canada and knows that the slightest frost will kill these bivalves. Brewers and wine merchants note the probabilities anxiously. Two degrees of frost will destroy beer. Railroads are warned of heavy snowfalls, days in advance of them, and have their snowplows in readiness for the work of keeping their tracks open. As spring advances the pork-packers watch the forecasts anxiously, on the lookout for mild spells, and during the summer months farmers search their week-

ly for the "Probs" and map out the work according to their predictions.

The Observatory—or, more correctly speaking, the Meteorological office, in Toronto—is the central office for the whole of Canada, and is under the Dominion Department of Marine and Fisheries. For years this excellent institution has occupied premises in Queen's Park, but now, midway between Spadina Avenue and Avenue Road, on the south side of Bloor Street, a grand and imposing structure is being erected, which is to be the Dominion Meteorological office of the future. Mr. R. F. Stupart is its efficient director. At present the bureau is located—temporarily—at the corner of Bloor Street and Spadina Avenue. To this office, records from every station in Canada from Cape Breton to the Yukon are forwarded, the directors of these stations being under the control of the director at Toronto.

In all there are some 360 stations where meteorological observations are taken, many of the operators performing the task gratuitously, from love of the work, the Government having supplied them the instruments necessary for so doing, while at some 38 stations scattered at about equal intervals across Canada, small salaries are paid the observers.

Twice each day, the results of the observations taken in these 38 stations, are telegraphed by means of certain code signals to the central office at Toronto, so that at about 25 minutes after the observations are taken, they are recorded. The records are obtained by the observer first of all reading his barometer, applying a correction for altitude, as the height above the sea level varies at the different stations. Next he obtains the correct temperature by means of an ordinary thermometer, which, combined with the reading of a wet bulb ther-



The New Dominion Meteorological Observatory, in Course of Erection.

mometer gives him the relative humidity of the air. He then obtains the highest and lowest readings, during the last twelve hours, from a self-registering thermometer. An anemometer, commonly known as a wind gauge, which automatically records the direction and velocity of the wind on a revolving cylinder, gives him this information, while, at the same time, the observer notes the kind of clouds that are visible, if any, and the direction from which they are moving. His observations made, the result is wired to central office and entered on a map of North America. Where the barometric reading of two or more stations are the same, they are connected by means of charcoal lines. Thus the entire continent is marked out so as to show where the barometer is high and where it is low. Once the reports from the different stations are translated and entered on the skeleton map of our continent a panoramic view of the weather conditions existing throughout all North America, is given, reports from some 144 stations in the United States being received daily from our neighbor country in exchange for observations sent her from the several Meteorological stations in Canada.

From this chart, the forecasters issue a statement of readings and probabilities for the press. A storm raging in the West is noted by the recorder of the station nearest to it. He has learned its direction of travel and an intimation of the storms arrival at other places, estimates its velocity. From this data its arrival at different points along the route may be safely predicted. Thus, because electricity is quicker than the wind, observers are enabled to warn us of an approaching storm, hours in advance of it.

Wireless telegraphy will be a valuable

asset to the weather predictors, as stations may now be placed in such places where the laying of telegraph wires has been impossible. "Wireless" is used now at Belle Isle Station, which lies between Newfoundland and Point Amour.

Our Meteorologists have reduced weather to a science. They deal with first causes without concern for signs and appearances. We learn that weather is a condition as wide and as great as the continent, and for every disturbance in it there is a cause—reading back, perhaps, thousands of miles away. To get a grip on these distant causes, to track the weather on its way hither and to get scientifically ahead of it—is what the Meteorologist aims at.

Some of the facts we glean from conversation with these men who keep their finger on the pulse of the weather are more than interesting and instructive. Among other things we learn that the weather changes travel from the westward to the eastward, and that there are no such things as east rains. In short, many of the opinions of we average humans, regarding weather, are proven erroneous. After the pleasant Meteorologist talks to us for awhile and we begin to grasp his facts—proven facts, mind you—we also begin to realize that what we don't know about the weather is colossal. Among the instruments used in the central office from which records are obtained, is the Canadian Standard Barometer. It is far different from the instrument with which most people are familiar, being a large metal affair, standing about three feet high. It is the same as the barometer which is the standard in Great Britain, and is called "Newman, No. 33." It is the most accurate that has so far been invented, though it was constructed many years ago.

Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. They accomplish much. They make other people good-natured.—Pascal.

The Experience of the Grafter

By J. Frank Davis in Ainslee's.

G OVERNOR PRESTON sat at his big, flat library-desk, studying the returns from the last ballot at the convention. Across the room Bosworth, his secretary, was scanning the latest editions of the afternoon papers. The September twilight was fading and the electric lights had been turned on.

A servant knocked and entered. "Mrs. Ellison has gone to her room with a headache, sir," she said. "Miss Ruth is having her supper now. She wants to know if she can come in to see you before she goes to bed—at eight o'clock."

"Tell her yes, Mary," said the governor, glancing up. "Things ought to be over by then—one way or the other," he remarked to Bosworth.

"I should think so," replied the secretary. "They've been at it since noontime. I don't believe any convention in this State ever lasted so long."

"Just let me look at that last ballot again," said the governor. "The one you received while I was at dinner."

Bosworth brought him the slip.

"Evans said there was a good deal of confusion and lots of excitement, but it looked to him as though you might be nominated on the next ballot. He said Gregson's men were likely to break for you at any minute. If they do you'll have a good strong majority."

Governor Preston studied the slip, analyzing the figures again.

"Yes," he said. "And I'd get Williamson's eighteen votes, too—or most of them—if Evans pulls off a stampede."

The optimism of youth surged up in Bosworth. "You're just the same as renominated already," he said enthusiastically.

The older man nodded in half agreement. "Perhaps," he said, "but I'll be surer of it when the last ballot is taken. I know Jim Woolford. He knows all the tricks there are in politics—and works them, too. The one ambition of his life is to be governor of this State. He's got a hundred and sixty-eight votes out of two hundred and

thirty-six for the nomination, and if hook or crook will get him the rest——"

The insistent ringing of the telephone-bell interrupted the sentence. Bosworth seized the receiver.

"Hello," he said. "Yes. This is Bosworth. What? Don't talk so fast. I can't understand. They've done—what? They wouldn't dare—what?"

Covering the transmitter with his hand he turned a suddenly flushed face to the governor.

"It's Evans," he said tensely. "He says there's hell to pay. Somebody's spread a story all over the convention hall that you personally engineered that deal in the Legislature, last spring, that gave the Metropolitan Railroad that big grab up State. They are saying you sold out the State. The Ledger has got out an extra and is calling you a grafter in big type on the first page."

"Yes, yes," cried the secretary into the telephone, in response to the frantic "hellos" of Preston's campaign manager, at the other end of the wire. He listened again, with occasional monosyllabic interruptions, while the governor, his square, clean-shaven jaw set into that rigidity that his enemies had learned to fear, stood silent, every brain-cell at work in the endeavor to meet and counteract this last move in a most desperate political fight.

"Evans thinks Woolford is at the bottom of it," said Bosworth, in a moment, turning from the phone. "but he isn't sure yet. He says the country delegates are wabbling. Our fellows succeeded in getting an adjournment for supper, but if we can't do something to head off this story before they come back they're likely to stampede to Woolford on the next ballot."

"Give me the phone!" The governor was alert, sharp, incisive, stern. "Hello, Tom! This is Preston. What are you doing? Good! And have every countryman buttonholed within the next half-hour. Don't let them get at him first. Deny it absolutely. Use my authority all you want

to. Where is Woolford? Find out. And watch all his lieutenants. I'll keep in touch with things. If it's necessary I'll come onto the convention floor myself—precedents or no precedents. I was afraid of something like this. Because I know Woolford, that's why."

Governor Preston sat at his desk for a moment in deepest thought. Then he turned to his secretary.

"Call up every place where you think he might be and find Jim Woolford," he commanded. "Tell him I want to see him at once. No. Don't telephone. Send a messenger, or go yourself. Have him brought here the minute he is found."

The governor turned and began to search the drawers of his desk. Bosworth reached the door, then hesitated.

"Suppose he refuses to come?" he suggested.

It was a good point. The usual courtesy demanding that a State senator call at once upon the governor whenever requested might very well fail at such a time as this. The governor wrinkled his brows, thinking deeply.

"If he says he won't come," he finally said, "tell him he'd better come unless he wants the Ellington affair raked up again, both now and during the campaign. That'll bring him—or I don't know him."

Left alone, Governor Preston continued to search the drawers of his desk. In a moment he found a package of large envelopes, held by a rubber band. Running over the inscriptions on each he took from the package an envelope marked "Metropolitan." He spread its contents out upon the desk before him and went over the papers, one by one. Coming upon what he sought—a sheet of foolscap covered with writing—he read it carefully, then returned the other papers to their envelope and replaced the package in its drawer.

The sheet of foolscap, folded, he concealed beneath the big blotting-pad that covered his desk. Then he crossed the room and sank into his favorite Morris chair. There was nothing more, for the moment, that he could do personally. At the convention hall his lieutenants, he knew, were frantically working to save the day. And he had great confidence in Representative Tom Evans, his campaign manager.

At last it had come.

Somehow he had always known that some time, somewhere, he and Jim Woolford would come to a clinch. They had always known one another. They had gone to school together, played together, fought together, and always disliked one another. As they grew to manhood they had loved the same girl—Governor Preston's face clouded—and she had married Woolford. That was why Preston was still a bachelor, living with his widowed sister. He had never asked any woman to marry him. He had had no desire to since the day when he came home from Cuba in a fever-ship, determined to tell his love to Ethel Severance as soon as he should be sufficiently recovered—and had found, in the first mail he was allowed to open at Montauk, the letter that announced her engagement to Woolford.

His mind wandered over the years that had passed since then—nearly ten. A feeling of age came over him—that feeling that comes, now and then, especially in moments of bitter struggle, to all men of forty as they look back over the hurrying years and the thought sinks into their heart that they have lived more than half their allotted days.

He had been successful in business and in politics. He had accumulated not great wealth, but a sufficiency of the world's goods. Running for the House in the days right after peace had been made with Spain, when it was a political asset for a man to have belonged to a regiment that saw active service, his energy, brilliancy, honesty, and ability to make friends and keep them had smoothed for him a pathway through the State Senate to the governor's chair. And now he was fighting for the nomination that should allow him to sit for another year in the executive chamber—for a nomination by his party had always been equivalent to election.

It had been a bitter fight. Those politicians who believe in a spoils system raised to the 11th power frankly confessed that they had no use for Preston. The public-service corporations didn't like him—he was too prone to ask, "Where does the State come in?" when they suggested beneficial legislation. He had done his duty as he saw it. Therefore there were powerful interests opposed to him. And Senator James Woolford, who had been second all day in the convention balloting and would win the

nomination if this last and most outrageous campaign lie had its desired effect, was the opposition incarnate.

Preston hardly doubted that he would be renominated, even now. He knew his weapons and he knew himself. And, withal, he was one of those men who never admit they are whipped. The configuration of his jaw showed that to any who cared to look. But as he sat this evening with his eyes half closed, waiting, it seemed to him that it was all not worth while. Successful in business and in politics—in everything but love, he thought regretfully, and love, after all, was the only thing that could count.

The door was pushed open softly and a curly black head was stuck cautiously through the opening. It was followed, an instant later, by a little body dressed in white. The child that owned the head and body shook her finger impressively at the doll she carried in her arms, to insure its perfect silence, and tiptoed elaborately into the room. In the middle of the floor she stopped, carefully laid the doll in a chair and said, with an effort at appearing "grown-up":

"Ahem!"

Governor Preston started from his reverie. When he saw who his visitor was his eyes lighted up. "Why, chick," he said, playfully, "where did you come——"

The little girl, refusing to notice his outstretched hand, was going though a little pantomime very evidently pre-arranged in her mind.

Very gravely she attempted a deep and stately curtsy—a proceeding that resulted in her toppling over ignominiously, whereupon the governor smiled and she giggled hysterically. She recovered her gravity at once, however, began and this time completed the elaborate bow, and proceeded to make this speech, composed quite evidently as the result of memories of state occasions:

"Miss Ruth Preston Hamilton presents her compliments to Mr. Uncle Harry Preston, governor of this great and ga-lo-rious State, and begs to remind him that he promised to tell her a perfectly be-yew-tiful fairy-story."

The governor entered into the spirit of the thing. Perhaps it relieved the tension of his mind. Besides, it was common knowledge that he invariably spoiled this little orphaned niece.

He rose and bowed with as much ceremony as though he had been addressing the President of the United States. "Mr. Uncle Harry Preston presents his compliments to Miss Ruth Preston Hamilton," he said, with a dignity that made the child's eyes sparkle with mirth, "assures her that he distinctly remembers the promise, made quite recently at the dinner-table, but begs leave to state that he fears he cannot produce the said be-yew-tiful fairy-story at this time because of a great pressure of business—which business," he added, with a sense of how absurd this scene would look to the fighters at the convention hall, "has to do with his hope that he may continue to remain governor of this great and ga-lo-rious State—and, therefore, he begs to be excused."

The child did not understand all of this. She did grasp, however, that her request was refused. "Oh, Uncle Harry!" she cried, almost in tears. The grandiloquent manner was all gone. She was just a little girl again. He caught her up in his arms.

"I'm awfully sorry, chick," he said.

"But I'm so lonesome," she urged, with her head cuddled on his shoulder. "Aunt Evelyn's gone to her room with a headache, and Mary is downstairs talking to the policeman—and I just ex-cep-tion-ally wanted to hear that story. Besides, you promised me a long time ago that on my birthday you would let me stay with you a long time in the evening."

"Oh—it's your birthday," mused Preston seriously.

The child lifted her head from his shoulder and stared into his face with shocked surprise. "You—didn't—forget it, did you?" she demanded.

The governor lied valiantly. "Why, of course not," he said.

"I'm seven years old now," said Ruth complacently. "Pretty soon I'll be all grown up."

Governor Preston's mind went back to the night, just seven years ago, when the other Ruth, his favorite sister, had closed her eyes upon a tired world and left the new-born Ruth as a memorial. "As if I could ever need a reminder," he thought. Ah, well! Even though one must be a bachelor all his life—the thought was always a poignant one, even after ten years—it was fine to have such a sweet child to love. He pressed her closer to his shoulder.

"So you'll tell me the story," she said, interpreting the caress.

"Well, well." He gave way, as he usually did. "If you've been a good girl today."

Through a side door, opening through a hall into the grounds, came Bosworth, hurriedly.

"Woolford's here!" he said.

The governor set the child down and sprang to his feet.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"In the side hall. I thought you might not want people to see him coming through the main entrance just now. Found him myself. First he said he wouldn't come. Then I gave him that Ellington business pretty stiff and he changed his mind."

"Good! Bring him right in. Chick!" He turned to the child. "You've got to run along out of this. Take her to Mary, Bosworth."

Ruth's lips began to quiver. "But you didn't tell me the story. Uncle Harry."

"That's so, dear. Well, I'm afraid some other night will have to do."

"And it was going to be a perfectly bewitching fairy-story. Please, Uncle Harry—"

She was on the verge of tears. The world is often harsh—at seven.

"There, there," said the governor, kissing her. "I haven't got a minute now, but come back by and by, just before you go to bed, and maybe—mind, I don't say sure, but maybe—I'll be able to get time for the story."

Sunshine dissipated the threatened showers. "I'll be back," said the child, running for her doll. "And please tell it."

As she left the room by one door Bosworth opened the other and ushered in Senator Woolford. The governor had resumed his seat at his desk and affected to be so busy with the papers before him as not to see the outstretched hand of his visitor.

"Good evening, governor," said the senator, with smooth urbanity. "What can I do for you?"

"How are ye, Woolford. Sit down, Smoke?"

Woolford, at ease and apparently not a bit displeased with himself, took the proffered cigar and lit it. As he tossed away the match the governor came to the point abruptly.

"Have you seen the Ledger?" he asked.

Woolford was a little surprised at this sudden attack. "Why—er—yes," he replied, with a little hesitation.

"What do you think of it?"

"Why——" The senator was a little nonplused. "That's a question I have——"

"Figure it's going to nominate you on the next ballot, don't you?"

"Oh, I'd hardly say that. Of course if——" Woolford studied the ash of his cigar attentively—"if you don't happen to be in a position to disprove the story, the natural tendency——"

"Do you believe it?"

This cross-examination was a little disconcerting. "Do I believe what?" asked Woolford, sparring for time.

"The Ledger story. That I was back of the Metropolitan steal. That I sold out to the railroad. That I'm a grafter."

"Why, no, of course not, governor." Woolford's every word reeked of insincerity.

"Have you told your friends you don't believe it?"

"Now, governor!" The senator threw his hands out in a gesture of protest. "That's hardly to be expected. We've got a fight on for that nomination. You want it—I want it. If this thing comes up at the eleventh hour to hurt your chances I'd be a fool to throw away any advantage."

"Would you win on a lie?"

The contempt in the governor's cold voice roused Woolford to defense.

"There's a difference between lawn-tennis and politics," he said. "I play the game."

"So do I," retorted the governor, "but I play it square." Woolford shrugged his shoulders. "And it isn't square, Woolford, to take this nomination at the cost of my reputation — my character — my good name."

"You talk like the Y.M.C.A."

The governor ignored the sneer. "What are you going to do?" he demanded.

"About what?"

"This story in the Ledger."

"What can I do?"

"Call off your dogs. Refuse to win by any such contemptible trick."

Woolford continued to smile—all but his eyes.

"Contemptible is a harsh word, governor," he said.

"It's the word to fit this case. It's a vicious, vile, contemptible trick. See here, Woolford. You've known me all my life. You know as well as you know anything that I'm not capable of sneaking through that Metropolitan steal. You know I'd have vetoed it in a minute if the governor of this State had the veto power. It was a dirty piece of thievery. The two words that sold the State, body and soul, to the Metropolitan Railroad, were put into that bill after it left the Senate, and the Committee on Engrossed Bills either didn't or wouldn't see them."

"Ancient history, governor," said Woolford. "We knew all that before."

"And now you start this story to the effect that I had the words put in—this outrageous——"

Woolford interrupted him with a fine assumption of surprise. "I? Bless you no," he said. "The Ledger dug up the facts."

"And the Ledger is the principal organ back of your candidacy. Now you're talking as if I were a political kindergartner."

"Really, governor, I'm sorry you think I had anything to do with these charges."

The governor leaned across his desk and looked Woolford full in the eye. "If you had known this story was going to be printed would you have done what you could to stop it?"

"Woolford met his gaze. "I should have at least given you the opportunity to disprove it"—he laughed a little—"if you can."

"My character—my reputation—my political record—these things ought to disprove it."

"Ought to—yes," agreed the senator unconvincingly.

"See here, Woolford!" snapped the governor. "You talk as if you questioned my innocence of this charge."

Woolford affected a yawn. "Oh, of course your attitude is admirable," he said, "and I hope you can clear yourself of the charge, and all that sort of thing." He looked at his watch and his manner changed. "But I'm too old at the game to believe it," he concluded.

Governor Preston swallowed hard. "You mean——" he said slowly.

Woolford ceased to smile. He rose, and his eyes, steel-hard, narrowed at the governor. "I'm afraid you've come to the end

of your rope, governor," he said, and snapped his watch-case together viciously. "The delegates will reconvene in forty minutes—and I've got things to do before then. Hadn't you better retire from the contest before that time, and let it go at that? The evidence—your personal friendship for Wilde of the Metropolitan—the East Side real estate you bought right after the bill was passed—the other links in the chain—are too strong. Even your best friends must believe it. Naturally you have my sympathy, but even I——"

The governor came to his feet with every muscle tense. The men were facing each other across the desk. As he rose the governor placed his hand under the blotting-pad and brought it out holding the paper he had placed there. All his repression vanished.

"You!" he cried. "You hypocrite! You liar! Because I quietly pay out the rope you have the audacity to sit in saintly condemnation when I hold here in my hand"—he thrust the paper before Woolford's face—"the evidence that shows beyond a shadow of doubt who is the guilty man."

"What is that?" demanded Woolford.

"The original memorandum sent to a member of the Committee on Engrossed Bills instructing him exactly where to insert the 'joker'—the words 'in perpetuity.'" Woolford reached out his hand as though to take the paper for examination. The governor drew it back and held it out of reach. "Not on your life, Woolford," he said. "This paper is my salvation. It doesn't leave my hands until it goes to the people of this State."

A red flush swept up over Woolford's face. "That letter to Schuyler," he cried, "is a forgery."

"Did I say it was to Schuyler?" demanded the governor. "No. But I will. And I'll say further that it is in a well-known handwriting—and that it bears, in lead-pencil in one corner, the initials 'W. E. J.'—which are your initials, reversed—that you wrote it. Jim Woolford—that you are the grafter—the sneak—the disgrace to his party and his State. You thought it was burned, didn't you? You didn't realize, with all your shrewdness, that a man who would sell himself to do your dirty work would sell out again to others. Don't try that, Woolford," sternly, as the senator made a movement as though he would

throw himself across the desk and take the paper by force. "I can lick you as well today as I did when we went to school together. Sit down!"

Woolford obeyed the command mechanically. There was silence for a moment, while he sat limply, readjusting his viewpoint. Then he spoke slowly.

"What—do you propose to do?" he asked.

"To send for the reporters and give them a copy of this memorandum."

"Don't do that, Preston. Remember—we've been friends since we were boys."

The governor threw him back his own sneer. "Politics isn't lawn-tennis," he said. "I'll play the game—your way."

"It will mean ruin," pleaded Woolford. "It will mean disgrace. My God! Preston. What will my wife think?"

The governor turned on him sharply. "Let's not bring her into it."

"How can I help it? Don't you see what it will mean to her? She believes me to be the soul of honor. She is certain I never did a dishonest thing or a mean thing in my life. She is sure——"

"Stop!" almost shouted the governor. "This is a good time to consider her, when you have never considered her before. When you first entered politics as the slave of the United Machinery did you consider what she would think if she ever found you out? When you killed Tom Stetson's reputation and ruined his life, so he could be defeated by a man you could handle, did you think of her. When you bought poor Ellington of the House and he got caught and blew his brains out for the disgrace of it, did you think of her then? You've played with fire all these years, Jim Woolford, and now you've got to burn."

"She doesn't know any of these things. They never got into the papers. No one ever told her. She believes me to be everything that's good, everything that's——"

"Then it's time she was undeceived."

"Let up on me, Preston. Don't give that paper out. I'll work for you. I'll help you go to Washington, to the Senate." Governor Preston shook his head impatiently, while Woolford continued: "I'll reform. I'll go straight. Let's think of some other way."

"There is no other way," said the governor. "I gave you your chance when you first came here to-night. I put myself in

your hands. I asked mercy from you. You gave your verdict against me—and you were judging yourself."

"But my wife——" persisted Woolford.

The governor brought his fist down on his desk. "Your wife," he exclaimed. "Always your wife! Man, don't you suppose I've thought of your wife?"

For a moment Woolford looked into his eyes. Then he sprang from his chair and walked across the room and back.

"That's it!" he cried. "I was a fool not to think of it before. You used to be in love with her yourself. You're in love with her now." He clenched his fists and the veins on his forehead stood out with rage. "Damn you!" He shook his head at Preston, now also on his feet. "You're not getting square with me for putting up that Ledger story. You're taking a dirty, cowardly revenge on me for marrying the woman you wanted to marry yourself. Do you deny it?"

"That I wanted to marry her? No! I'm proud of it. You know it now, just as you knew it ten years ago. I never told her—you know why. When I went to Cuba with my regiment I hoped to tell her when I came back—if I came back—and when I did she was engaged to you. She never knew I loved her. She never will know it from me."

"And you've waited ten years to get square with me."

"No," said the governor. "I never sought revenge. I hoped you would make her a good husband. I wished her all the good fortune in the world—and you, too, because you were her husband. Why," as Woolford continued to glower incredulously, "don't you suppose I wanted to make this memorandum public when it first came into my possession, five months ago? Didn't my duty and my inclination both point that way? Then why didn't I? Because you were her husband. Even to-night I gave you your chance, for her sake. If you had shown mercy to me, when you thought you had me down and begging, I should have made terms with you. But now—it's too late. This memorandum is going to the papers."

Woolford covered his eyes with a hand. "She'll leave me when she knows," he almost sobbed. "And then——" he turned on Preston threateningly, his teeth showing like a wolf's—"you expect to marry her

yourself. I suppose you've begun to make love to her already. Maybe she is willing you should."

The governor struck him full in the face. "You rotten-minded dog!" he cried. Woolford did not return the blow, but, dazed, began mechanically to pat with his fingers the place where it had fallen. The governor turned from him.

"What are you going to do?" asked Woolford, brokenly.

"I'm going to the convention hall," replied the governor chokingly. "I'm going to read this memorandum to the delegates. I'm going to ruin you, do you hear—ruin you? I'll follow it up. I'll have you indicted, arrested, tried, convicted, sentenced, sent to prison, put in stripes. That's what I'm going to do. I've got you between my finger and thumb, so! And, by God! I'm going to squeeze you until you break. Now get out!"

Woolford, stunned, retreated as the governor advanced on him menacingly, mechanically wiping with his handkerchief the brown spot that marked the governor's blow. The door closed behind him.

The governor stood in the middle of the floor and pulled himself together. He had not so lost control of himself for years. He didn't like the experience. The thought flitted through his mind that he now understood something of the feelings of a man who, in the heat of passion, kills his fellow. He relaxed his tense muscles, took a turn about the room, then securely placed the vital memorandum in an inside pocket and turned to get his hat and coat. He looked at his watch. There yet remained a half hour before the delegates would be called to order.

As he stepped toward the library door it opened and a woman came smilingly into the room.

"Ethel!" he breathed. And then, more formally: "Mrs. Woolford!"

It was no strange thing for Mrs. Woolford to call at his house. She was on terms of intimacy with his sister. Yet it seemed to the governor that he was looking at Mrs. Woolford for the first time in ten years.

Memories leaped upon him, confusing his brain. Her manner told him she had no inkling of the scene he had just passed through. Her first words verified this.

"I just dropped in to see Mrs. Ellison," she said, "and find she has gone to her room

with neuralgia, so I stopped to say howdy to you, just for a minute. What's the matter? Aren't you going to shake hands?"

Then he noticed that her hand was extended. He wondered vaguely if she had been holding it out ever since she came in. It was strange how those lights in her hair remained just the same as they were so many years ago. And not a year older in looks, he said to himself—at least not as much older looking as he. He was speaking, lamely enough, as these thoughts ran through his head.

"This is a surprise—it's quite a while—I hardly know——"

She laughed merrily. "A surprise? Why? Because to-day is the convention day and Jim and you are both trying for the nomination. Nonsense! Then her face became serious. "Of course I wanted Jim to get it," she said, "but I'm sorry he's running against you. We're such old friends."

"Wanted him to get it?" The governor repeated her words parrotlike. "Don't you want him to, now?"

"Why, I suppose so. I hardly know. Harry"—there was no smile in either voice or soft blue eyes now—"I saw that awful story in the Ledger, and I have been hunting everywhere for Jim to tell him he must hurry out and deny it. I can't find him, so I came here to tell you I know it can't be true. I know Jim will be glad I came."

"Then you don't believe the Ledger story?" said the governor.

"Believe it!" Mrs. Woolford was laughing again. "Absurd! As if anybody could, that knew you. Why, I would as soon believe it of Jim himself."

It was like a dash of cold water in the face. "Excuse me," he said. "Won't you sit down?" Then he continued, trying to speak lightly: "You don't think either of us would do a thing like that, eh?"

"Why, of course not."

"Somebody did."

"But isn't it cruel that they should blame it upon you—of all men?"

"They say all is fair in love, war—and politics."

Mrs. Woolford repelled the idea. "You wouldn't do a thing like that in politics," she said. "Jim wouldn't. Of course you'll tell them you had nothing to do with that horrid thing."

He smiled faintly at her innocence in supposing a mere denial would right the

matter. "Suppose they shouldn't believe me?" he asked.

She replied with true feminine logic. "They've got to," she said. "Why, if they knew you as well as I do they'd know it was impossible."

"They say they've got evidence."

"I don't care what they say. I know you didn't do it."

"Suppose I can't prove it?"

She caught her breath at this new view of things. "But don't you know who did do it?" she asked. "You do!" she cried, as the governor merely smiled whimsically. "And aren't you going to tell?"

"Should I?"

"Of course. At once."

"There are reasons why I shouldn't."

The woman's voice expressed incredulity. "What reasons could there be for you to keep silence now?" she exclaimed.

The governor avoided her look and toyed with a paper-knife on his desk. "This would ruin him."

Her voice rose indignantly. "He deserves ruin."

"He has been tempted by his ambitions."

"And he has fallen. Then he is weak—a coward."

"He wanted money, too, for the one he loves."

"A woman in the case! Worse yet," she said, scornfully.

"His wife," explained the governor softly. "She thinks him honest."

"Harry Preston, you make me indignant! Do you remember the nickname you had in school, when we called you Haroun al Raschid—the prince in 'Arabian Nights' who went about in disguise righting other people's wrongs? Remember how you got it?"

The governor smiled faintly, but did not reply. His mind was back in the long ago.

"I do," she went on, "as well as if it were yesterday. Little Jolinny Moore spilled ink on my spelling-book and you said you did it and took a whipping, when half the class knew better. I knew why you did it, too—'cause Johnny's mother was sickly and it used to nearly break her heart when Johnny was punished. Do you remember those days?"

"That was a long time ago," mused the governor.

"It wasn't right then for you to suffer for the wrong done by another. It isn't right now."

"After all," said the governor, smiling, "perhaps my friends wouldn't believe it."

"You must see to it," she cried, "that your enemies don't believe it."

"But his wife?" insisted Preston.

"His wife again!" cried Mrs. Woolford. "Never mind his wife. She ought never to have married such a man."

"She didn't know he was that kind of a man," said the governor.

"She ought to know it now. Never mind her, Harry! Think of yourself."

The governor sat for a moment in thought. "Suppose you stood in her place?" he said.

Mrs. Woolford laughed. "That is so silly, with my honest, good, big-hearted Jim. I can't imagine it. But if I did"—her voice became serious again—"if after all my years of happiness, all my joys, a wrong committed by my husband threatened to bring suffering and disgrace to an innocent man, I should say, let the consequences be what they might: 'Jim has sinned—let him pay.'"

When the governor spoke again it was with some effort. "You and—Jim—have always been happy, haven't you?" he said.

"Ah, yes." The woman's eyes reflected her wifely love. "Jim is a busy man. He has many interests and I don't understand politics well enough to enter into them as well as I wish I could. But he loves me and I love him. I honestly believe, Harry," she ended impulsively, "that I am the happiest woman in the world."

The door opened and Ruth appeared, clad in her night-dress, with which, as she became aware of Mrs. Woolford's presence, she modestly endeavored to cover her feet, sidling behind a chair with a startled "Oh!"

"Come on," called the governor. "Mrs. Woolford will forgive your evening clothes."

The child came to him. "Mary says," she began, by way of introduction, "that it's ab-so-lutely scan-d'lous the hours I'm keeping." Then: "Is it most time for that fairy-story?"

Mrs. Woolford rose. "I must go," she said. "Tell her the story before the sand-man comes. I'm glad I had the chance to see you and tell you how I abhor those newspaper lies, and how sure I am it will come out all right. You will put the blame where it belongs and exonerate yourself. I

ask it. Jim would ask it, too, if he were here."

When she had kissed Ruth and he had returned from seeing her to the door he sat at his desk, lost in confusing thoughts. If he let Woolford's story stand he stood before a suspicious world a betrayer of his trust—a grafter. If he exposed his rival and won the nomination and a cleared name he broke the heart of the one woman in the world. How the lights glinted in her hair! What should he do? How young she looked—and how happy! What ought he to do?

The child tugged at his coat. "I'm getting ex-treme-ly sleepy," she reminded him.

"Oh, yes." He roused himself. "There was a story, wasn't there?"

"A fairy-story," she said, climbing into his lap and settling herself comfortably. "And it must be a new one and a perfectly be-yew-tiful one."

"I'm afraid I can't tell it to-night," he murmured. "There is so much on my mind—so many big things—"

"They ain't bigger'n me," she protested. "I'm seven. And, besides, you promised."

"Once upon a time," he began, "there was a little boy and a little girl, and they played together day after day, and they grew to be very fond of each other. Well, one day, when the little boy had grown to be a great big boy, he went away to the wars. And while he was away the little girl found a beautiful jewel. It was such a wonderful jewel that there was nothing like it in the whole world, and all the people she showed it to marveled. And she asked what it was, and they told her it was Happiness—a gem without price."

The scenes of the past half hour seemed to be fading into the distance. The only thing now worth while seemed to be this little child's opinion as to right and wrong.

"Well, the little girl took the jewel Happiness home with her, and had it all for her own—her very own. It didn't really belong to her, because she had found it by accident; but she thought it did—and she enjoyed having it very much. Now, this jewel had been put where the little girl found it by a beautiful fairy, who had meant it for the little boy and expected him to find it. Only you see she didn't know he was away to the wars and wouldn't be out to play that day."

"Why not?"

"I don't know, dear." The governor's voice trembled. "Fairies know a great deal, but I guess they make mistakes sometimes, just like people. And by and by the fairy discovered that the little girl had the beautiful jewel, and that the little boy—who had come home from the wars and had been searching and searching and searching—couldn't find it. Then the fairy was puzzled. She wanted to do just what was fair, and good, and right—beautiful fairies always do—and it was right that the boy should have it because it really belonged to him. But the little girl had it, and she would certainly feel very badly if it were taken away from her." He paused, then went on. "Now what do you suppose the fairy did?"

Ruth's voice was drowsy. The sandman was coming fast. "Was he a very good little boy?" she asked.

"Er—er—why, yes—pretty good," said the governor.

"And was she a very good little girl?"

"The best in the whole world."

Ruth nodded her head with grave decision. "Then the fairy let her keep it, of course," she said positively. And added: "Little girls are always of more importance than little boys."

The governor sat silent. The curly head swung lower and lower, until it rested on his shoulder. The child's breathing grew regular and heavy. The sand-man had arrived.

The minutes lengthened. A clock in the hall struck the hour and still the governor sat, immovable, staring before him. After a time he rose, carrying the child carefully.

"What did the fairy do, Uncle Harry?"

The governor answered her softly:

"She let the little girl keep it, dear, just as you guessed."

The clock had struck again. Without premonitory knock the door slammed open and Bosworth, when he had found a voice, blurted out his news.

"There never was such a thing!" he shouted. "Woolford got the floor and said you were all right and the Ledger all wrong. He proved it by withdrawing and moving your renomination by acclamation. It went with a whoop!" Bosworth paused. "But I don't understand it," he added.

He never understood, either, why the governor laid his head on his arms and sobbed like a child.

The Business Woman and Her Future

By Jas. H. Collins in Hampton's Broadway.

SOMEBODY is eternally writing about the Business Woman, either to announce that she has proved a failure and is disappearing, or that her ability is transcendent and she threatens to displace Man.

Her enemies class her with the suffragette. She is pictured as a strong-minded young person who goes into business to compete with men, and stays single to preserve her independence. She is denounced as a peril to home and country, and advised to drop it and get married.

Even praise is bestowed upon her more or less blindly. Some approve her pluck and energy in accomplishing work that, they believe, she was never intended to do at all. Others explain that she brings the refining influence of the home into the savage jungle of office life. Likewise, she is supposed to bring a sense of order. It isn't so certain that Woman possesses a sense of order, even at home. There is the damaging evidence of her bureau drawer. There is the divine disorder she brings into male existence. But in business she is widely assumed to be a neat commercial housekeeper for heedless Man.

The truth concerning the Business Woman seems to be, that she is in business because she has to be, to earn her living, and that few people really know much about her. Business itself is just beginning to perceive some of the purposes for which she is peculiarly fitted.

The popular notions are mostly wrong. Compared with the intricate systems upon which business is now conducted, her sense of order is rather a primitive faculty—just as mother's kitchen is an untidy place compared with a conscientious modern canning plant. Woman's refining influence is negligible in executive business, but she has other faculties that make her valuable, and which are more distinctively feminine.

As for the belief that business keeps woman from marriage and the home, it is frequently the woman with a considerable

experience of marriage who gets on best in business, and for very obvious reasons.

For instance, there was a girl engaged in the wholly feminine and unobjectionable work of teaching. After leaving normal school she was thrown upon her own resources, but worked her way up determinedly, acquiring by hard study a thousand dollars' worth of miscellaneous book knowledge for each twenty-five-dollar increase in earning power. At thirty she held a very fair position at a girls' boarding school, so far as salary went. But her hours were longer than those of the servants. Her days were passed in a world of girlish interests. A grown person was almost a novelty. Occasionally an exceptional pupil came, and it was pleasant to be instrumental in developing a fine mind or character. But just when this exceptional pupil matured into a friend, she was graduated, and a giggling little miss took her place.

This teacher married a man of the type known, as "near-poet."

He was tall, and strong, and looked like Adonis, and talked like a Shakespearean commentator. His mother had spent half a small fortune in giving him a university education with European trimmings, and then died and left him the other half. It was not enough to live on with any liberality, nor yet so meager as to drive him to work. So from twenty-three to thirty-four he had puttered, dabbling in "literature." He knew to a comma how literature ought to be written, and wrote vague stuff that nobody would print. He said that the vulgar herd could not be expected to understand it, and talked expansively of his ideals.

He dawdled along, and she believed in him. A little tired and lonely, and genuinely in love, she married the near-poet to help him conquer the "bourgeois" world that was keeping him in obscurity, and realize those ambitions that he made so plausible—in talk—with the gas turned down a bit.

THE BUSINESS WOMAN AND HER FUTURE

She was the sort of girl to marry a big rough diamond—to be the social developer of a mining king in New York, or the wife of an earnest young sockless Congressman at Washington.

When she undertook to develop the near-poet, however, he turned out a man of putty. For eight years they lived together on half commons—an energetic, resourceful woman, and a fibreless, sentimental man. With her savings she brought out several of the vague books, and he laid back to pose in the phosphorescent light of a sickly "reputation." She campaigned for him. But he wouldn't buck the line. In the end he went utterly bad. For to write, you know, it was necessary to live—to experience everything—to plumb the depths of passion, and so forth. He had that belief common among near-poets, that a great soul thrives only in black muck. And so there were other women, and eventually a divorce, and the wife was thrown back into the world to make a living.

She was now a woman of nearly forty, with character ripened and ambition in no way dashed—glad to tackle life direct instead of by proxy. She got a five-dollar job in the office of a small concern making machinery specialties. Its head, an inventor, was absorbed in the factory, coming to the office only to read mail and turn it over to an elderly maiden lady who wrote replies. Miss Prime was half secretary, half stenographer, making a profound mystery of shorthand—full of whims, easily offended, and frequently indisposed. The boss, however, considered her an immensely capable person, slightly eccentric.

Within a week the newcomer had both their measures. She studied shorthand evenings, learned the machine during the lunch hour, and two months later volunteered to do Miss Prime's work in an emergency while the latter was enjoying an attack of nervous prostration. After that it was merely a matter of sitting back and watching the lightning strike Miss Prime.

There was another mysteriously indispensable person in this concern—the sales manager, who sold the product. From the first day she saw him the ex-teacher had the conviction that he was a sneak. Handling the correspondence soon taught her how such business was conducted, and a few months later her acquaintance in the

industry enabled her to look into the methods of this sales manager. Intuition was right. He had been handling sales in a way that threw many of the best contracts to a competing concern. After the lightning struck him, she went out among customers herself, made friends, and organized new sales machinery. Through correspondence and advertising that company was given standing and an individuality it had never had while its head was buried in the manufacturing department.

Three years later this ex-school teacher was general manager.

She is fairly typical of the real business woman.

Thousands of unmarried girls and women are found in business life, earning pin money. The business woman with executive ability is about as scarce, in ratio, as the good male executive. When one is found, though, the chances are about one in three that she will be a widow or a divorcee.

There is a manifest difference between the girl working in an office to earn dress money or complete her education, and the widow with a child to support, or one who has finally got free from a profligate, shiftless husband. The latter are interested, and have, more fully developed, the particular faculties that make woman successful in business.

Of these, the commonest is patience in working at petty routine and dealing with petty people. As a rule, no woman need go through the divorce court to develop this.

A trust company opened a savings department for small accounts, giving a coin box with each initial deposit of fifty cents. The people who patronized this department nearly drove the regular tellers into a strike—boys and girls, peddlers, foreigners who spoke no English. The boxes were brought in with a dollar or two in dimes, nickels and pennies to be counted and credited, and withdrawals were on the same scale. That department never ran smoothly until women cashiers were employed. They had patience to count the "chicken feed," and could do it quicker than an experienced man. They could keep a line of people happy under delays, and explain the most obvious thing over and over again, and bear the infinite fussiness of people who knew nothing of banking.

Business first employed Women in such

work largely because she was cheap. Then it discovered that she was good-tempered under annoyances, and put her into the complaint department, to handle the customer who came in with blood in his eye. Then it found that she could sell small appliances for a gas or electrical company just as well as she could manage the man who believes his meter is fast. To-day, the things Business is learning about Woman are perhaps more important than the things Woman is learning about Business. As a telephone operator, for example, she was long valued because she worked quickly, patiently—and cheaply. But now Business has suddenly awakened up to the fact that, far from being a mere cog in a machine, she can be transformed into a producer and saleswoman in such work with a little training, and telephone companies are studying this side of her nature.

The "closer" in salesmanship is usually a high-salaried man who has the art of getting a customer's signature to a contract or order. One good "closer" often gets results on the work of half a dozen talking salesmen.

In the work of purchasing, too, a "closer" is valuable, and in certain lines the best possible "closer" is a woman.

The purchasing agent for an Eastern company has a woman who closes up every deal involving any detail. From five minutes to half an hour are given to general discussion of the proposition between purchasing agent and seller. Then the latter is turned over to the woman "closer." He is almost always a \$10,000 to \$15,000 man. His time is valuable. The woman "closer" earns about \$25 a week, and has all the time there is. She goes through the deal bit by bit, settling qualities, quantities, deliveries, and other details as men seldom do. In the end the transaction is clearly worked out—and if anybody has been crowded a trifle in advantages, it isn't she.

Women have an instant insight that often proves serviceable in the warfare of business—especially if a little insight is needed into the foibles of other women.

Two large stores in a certain city were fierce competitors. One of them gained a remarkable advantage in the spring trade one season by bringing out a novel line of dress goods. This fabric appeared on the leaders of fashion in that town, and then every woman wanted it. The other estab-

lishment had nothing of similar texture or patterns. Moreover, none could be obtained of the manufacturers, because the first store had contracted for exclusive selling rights.

"Give me two hundred dollars and a few girls," said a woman buyer in the second store, "and I'll fix their novelty for them."

Next week the first store's sales were larger than ever, because this campaign fund was spent for dress patterns, girls making the purchases to conceal tactics. And the week after that, sales fell off to nothing. For the rival woman buyer, with these goods in hand, had had the beautiful stuff made up atrociously in gowns that appeared on the backs of two dozen honest colored washerwomen, and a little pin money added to the new gowns kept them circulating diligently through the shopping district long enough to kill sales.

From this attention to detail it is only a step to another feminine faculty that can be made of utmost service in business.

One of the vital points in any business is to get at true values—to know what others buy and sell for, and where customers and competitors stand.

Man contrives an institution like the Stock Exchange—where one party goes to really buy or sell, and three more accompany him to bet on his transaction. That is Man's way of fixing values. He whispers in a dark corner, and puts some hieroglyphics in a big book—and this is dignified as the science of credits.

When it comes to arriving at values, however, Woman is in an element peculiarly her own. For, at bottom, she probably sets world values. Since the days of the tribe she has been the business head of the family when it came to supplies. Turn her into a strange community. In a week she will have all the values whittled down to absolute truth. She will know the incomes, the rents, the lot and acreage prices, the cost of table board, building, butter, and spring hats. Some of this information she obtains by asking, and some by swapping, and the rest by looking at things out of the back of her head. Put her into a business office. The older she is, the more highly developed and accurate will be this faculty.

Far better, too, than her instinct for money values is her habit of putting a price on all the human values that come her way.

Man can often be wholly fooled by an impressive stock quotation or a fair rating in *Dun*. With him, it is possible to play a figure so deftly that he will never look at a face. But Woman always takes into consideration the way a stranger's hair curls, and wonders whether he is selfish, or good to his wife. The first time she sees him she rates him, and that rating governs subsequently, and is more often right than wrong. Herbert Spencer believed that she learned this in barbarous ages, by watching the face of her hairy husband to see what passion was rising, and dodge. No matter where she learned it, it is useful in business—and exercised in business affairs by thousands of wives who are seldom seen in an office.

A large company bought sixty per cent. of its supplies from a trust that not only monopolized the field, but was high-handed in terms and methods. Every time the president saw a bill from the trust he swore. Yet there seemed no way of getting goods elsewhere. Several tiny independent concerns just held their heads above water. They might go out of business any moment. Then their customers would be punished by the trust. If one of them grew strong, the trust would probably absorb it.

The president's woman secretary had nothing against the trust. But she disliked the trust's representative. He wasn't sincere. He was an old night owl. She detested the very color of his tie, and the way it matched his socks. None of his shortcomings had any direct bearing on business. But she made them a business matter, and never lost a chance to cast a vote again him.

There was a hard-worked representative of a little independent concern, and she liked him because he looked honest, and as if he was doing the best he could. She believed he would succeed, and felt certain he was not the sort of man who would sell out his friends.

The president pooh-pooed her prejudices for a year. But finally she showed him a way to buy independent goods through an outside party. A small order was placed with the hard-working man's concern. The stuff was satisfactory. A larger order was placed, then a larger. In a year the company was buying all its stuff in that quarter. In three years this little

independent concern was a real competitor of the trust, and the trust tried to buy it out, and the man who had done the best he could refused to sell. So, what began as a woman's intuition, eventually worked out in sound business policy, and developed exactly what business is ever seeking—results.

Another magnificent trait that Woman brings into business direct from the family is her partizanship.

No matter where you find her, she is forever a party politician. The whole trick, in business or life, is to get her on your own side. Deep down in the very fibre of her being there is an instinct that leads her to stick to her own people. Perhaps she got this in the woods, too—or in the primordial ooze. But she will takes sides, and regard all the world apart as strictly something else, and treat it with either indifference or hostility, as the case may be.

Business itself is naturally of an intensely partizan character. Even in the broadest sense it is a matter of holding your own and getting more. Some of the serious problems of business and industry turn on this very point of partizanship—the problem of making employes loyal, the problem of keeping subordinates interested, the problem of the lukewarm director or partner. In business, as a whole, of course, there are thousands of women and girls engaged in purely routine work. But take a woman of forty, confronted with the task of earning her own living and educating a couple of children. Give her a little confidence, a little authority and success, and a decent salary. She will be on the side of her company first, last, and always, and on the side of the people she works with. She will carry partizanship to a point where it may be necessary to intervene—buying things too cheap, or holding to her side of a bargain until she creates a deadlock.

This brings up the question of her shortcomings. They are not many—chiefly the defects of her virtues.

The one popularly associated with her, and for which business sometimes fears her, is her traditional inability to keep a secret. Business ought to know better by this time. At bottom, probably this tradition rests not so much on woman's fancied volubility as upon her consummate knack at worming out the secrets of other people.

In business generally, even the routine

woman worker is placed in positions where important matters must be confided to her. Some of the famous business generals have women secretaries. There are nearly one hundred thousand women stenographers at work in this country, and almost as many women accountants. Every woman in such a position knows things that she might easily sell. But the instances in which confidential information leaks out at all are negligible. Woman has a conscience. When anybody wants to buy anything of that sort in business it is best to go to a man. The memorable "Where do I stand?" letter of Mr. Harriman's, bought and published by a newspaper a year ago, was secured from a male stenographer.

Women's shortcomings in business seem to be chiefly those of perspective. She can often gauge the conditions of to-day with utmost nicety. But she won't give much thought to conditions a year from now, and most important business is planned for the future. She has the persistence that the English symbolize in their phrase, "Dogged does it." With her inborn capacity for suffering, it must be something mighty big and ugly that turns her back.

A widow had been a factory operative before her marriage. When her husband died she turned to that old occupation for support. A factory advertised for help. She answered. The workpeople waiting outside were strange. In her day, operatives had been Americans, Irish and Germans. Now they were stolid Poles and Slavs.

"What do you want?" they asked, suspiciously.

"The place that is advertised," she replied.

"Do you belong to the union?"

"No—but I am willing to join."

"Have you served your apprenticeship in this city?"

"No—I have not worked for fifteen years."

"Well, before you can join the union you must serve an apprenticeship."

"But I want work! If you will not let me join the union, how am I to get it?"

They shrugged their shoulders, indifferent. "We do not know."

This woman went away and thought an hour, and then made her decision.

"If I can't work with those people, I

can boss them," she concluded. "I'll look for a place as forewoman."

And she did, and succeeded. and not only superintended those very people, but eventually rose to executive responsibilities that she might never have aspired to had not opposition roused her spirit.

She strangely lacks audacity in planning. As a bargainer she can be sublime up to the point where it may be necessary to break her hold. For her instinct is to leave the party of the second part nothing to wear away—and good business policy recognizes that he ought to have at least a shirt, so that he will come back some day and trade again.

Woman is uniformly a good lieutenant, but only occasionally a real captain. Her will, her energy, and her interest are most valuable in business, and they have to be accepted with limitations that go with intensity. Yet it doesn't do to be too cocksure about this, but occasionally a woman will manipulate business machinery in a surprising way.

Some years ago a middle-aged woman arrived in New York from the West with a more or less worthless husband and a small invention that seemed to have moderate possibilities. A shrewd business man was interested in the invention. The latter furnished several thousand dollars capital to exploit it. A corporation was formed in regular form. The business man was elected president and treasurer, the husband vice-president and secretary, and the woman was made a director on a board of three. Then the company's capital was deposited in a bank subjected to cheque, and the business man went away for a rest, leaving the pair to organize plans for introducing the invention. He was no sooner out of town, however, than the woman called a meeting of the board of directors, which was attended by her husband and herself. They made a quorum, and ousted the absent director, elected the husband treasurer, drew the corporation's funds, and disappeared—a perfectly legal piece of company manipulation, it is said.

The prime shortcoming of all, however, is not one of business or temperament, but deeper than either: she makes friends in business. Then a friend. Then some morning she comes in with what is called 'a new light' in her eyes, and tells you that in a month she is to be married.

That completes the cycle. A good thing for Woman but sometimes bad for business. And she doesn't marry inside the business once in a hundred times—nor marry the boss once in a thousand.

In some quarters there is a notion that business offers a stepping-stone to marriage. So it does, frequently—but not in the way that is sometimes imagined.

"If Reginald should be taken away," says young Mrs. Reginald, in jest, "I really fancy I should take up business. I should find a humble position—oh, quite an unpretentious place!—at the office with Tom. Or Jerry. They are bachelors. Or at the works with Mr. Markham—he is a widower, and so devoted to business. And I should come down dressed quite plainly—half mourning, you know—and be so resigned, and pathetic, and lonely. One of them would be certain to marry me. Oh, I think business must be simply g-o-r-g-e-o-u-s!"

Woman wins many a victory, socially by playing one person against another, by a bit

of flattery in the right place, by setting her stage, and controlling the color scheme or lighting. But business is done in daylight, and with an absence of emotion, mood, sex—the values are surprisingly different. Hiring a helpless widow arouses about the same emotions as taking on a green office boy. Both have to be taught.

When a woman goes into business on a social basis, her time and energy are usually spent seeking introductions. The men of affairs who could be of service to her are not accessible by this means. There is only one way in which she can interest them—by being of service herself. She should be attacking the actual practice in a branch of some definite trade or industry—any branch of any business for a beginning. That she is a woman will mean nothing whatever except as she applies her feminine tact, insight, interest, and loyalty to a tangible end. The fact that she is a woman then, however, may mean a great deal indeed.

When God Lets Loose a Thinker.

Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk. It is as when a conflagration has broken out in a great city, and no man knows what is safe or where it will end. There is not a piece of science but its flank may be turned to-morrow; there is not any literary reputation, not the so-called eternal names of fame, that may not be revised and condemned. The very hopes of man, the thoughts of his heart, the religion of nations, the manners and morals of mankind, are all at the mercy of a new generalization. Generalization is always a new influx of the divinity into the mind. Hence the thrill that attends it.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

How Arthur Spurgeon Became a Great Publisher

By W. Arnot Craick

THREE years ago the big publishing firm of Cassell & Co., with offices in London, New York and Melbourne, was financially in an unsatisfactory condition. Its two thousand shareholders, many of whom were widows and spinsters, had for some time been deprived of dividends, whilst several of the managers of departments, drawing large salaries, were handling their work in incompetent fashion.

The general manager, the late Sir Wemyss Reid, through ill-health, was unable to give that careful attention to the management of the company, which it required in the emergency. His death in February, 1905, left vacant a position, which the directors immediately set about filling with a man, who would be able to stem the tide of disaster. The man chosen was Arthur Spurgeon, literary manager of the National Press Agency.

Mr. Spurgeon had begun his career as a journalist in Norwich, and from there had gone to Lowestoft, where he had established a weekly paper for the company which owned the Eastern Daily Press of Norwich. In this company was J. J. Colman, of mustard fame. Mr. Colman was connected with the National Press Agency, and noting Mr. Spurgeon's brilliant success in Lowestoft, he offered him a position on the staff of the Agency in London. Mr. Spurgeon accepted and for several years acted as Parliamentary representative for the Agency, meeting and forming the acquaintance in this way of many notables, among whom were Gladstone, Bryce, Morley and others.

When Mr. Spurgeon accepted the literary management of the Agency in 1893, the concern was not making much of a success financially. But his skill as a manager soon put it on a sounder basis and dividends began to be paid. In 1905, when Mr. Spurgeon left to assume the management of Cassell & Co., he and his colleague had succeeded in building up a reserve fund equal to the capital.

The new manager was face to face with

this difficulty when he took hold of the affairs of Cassell & Co. On the one hand were the two thousand shareholders and the fourteen hundred employes, all dependent on the prosperity of the company. On the other hand, were the few high-salaried managers of departments, under whom the business was declining. Mr. Spurgeon calmly came to the conclusion that if any



Arthur Spurgeon.

interests had to be sacrificed, it must be those of the managers. The axe fell and cut clean. An entirely new set of men were installed, most of whom, let it be noted, were hard-headed Scotchmen. Immediately an improvement set in. A new enthusiasm spread through the entire staff and from manager to office boy every employe set about repairing the fortunes of the fine old house.

As an indication of what has been achieved, Mr. Spurgeon in three years took \$250,000 out of the company's profits towards the reduction of the nominal value of the copyrights held by the firm. To-day everything is quite free and the company is in a splendid financial position. Encomiums have been showered on Mr. Spurgeon by the English press, who are always ready to recognize that Cassell & Co. are an institution in the English publishing world, just as much as the Times is in the newspaper world, and the Bank of England in the financial world.

One of the new manager's far-seeing moves was to establish a branch in Canada last year. He recognized the future of the Dominion and determined that Cassell & Co. would be early in the field. The branch office was established in Toronto in July, 1907, and it has proved a success under the able management of Mr. H. Button.

Mr. Spurgeon has never narrowed his interests to his own immediate work. When in Lowestoft he took an interest in municipal politics, serving for some years as a member of the Town Council, to which he was elected by the largest majority ever recorded to that time. He also helped to found the London Society of East Anglians, now numbering a thousand members, and acted as chairman for several years.

He has refused more than one invitation to stand as a candidate for the British House of Commons.

But probably his most public-spirited act, from which much good has flowed, was the establishment of the journalistic entente cordiale between the newspaper men of England and France in 1900, at a time when relations between the two countries were much strained. He had been appointed chairman of the committee of the Institute of Journalists, to arrange for an excursion to Paris after the meeting of the Institute, but the feeling in Paris against England became so hostile about this time, that the trip was officially abandoned. Mr. Spurgeon then personally took charge and 250 journalists went over with him. They were royally welcomed, distinguished men took part in the proceedings and the best of feeling prevailed.

Mr. Spurgeon has frequently been asked if any relationship existed between him and the great preacher of the same name. To this he replies that some generations ago the branch of the family to which he belongs and the branch to which the Rev. Charles Spurgeon belonged, were probably united, but that for some generations now the two branches have resided in different counties—one in Essex and the other in Norfolk.

Smile When You Can.

The choice is before us all to smile and make others happy, or to frown and make them miserable whilst they are compelled to be in our presence. We can be pleasant, and others love us, or we can be crabbed, and make them hate us.

The amount of happiness which can be radiated from a smiling face is incalculable. That man or woman who has a kind heart and speaks pleasant words is an angel of mercy, commissioned to scatter smiles over the earth. On the other hand, sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition chill everything.

It is the duty of all to smile whenever they can. A kind act leaves in the soul a lingering balm which freshens at night when we sleep, in the morning when we rise, and through the day when we are about our toil. There is no joy so pure and abiding as that which comes from making others happy.

The Curiosities of Sleep

By Dr. Woods Hutchinson in the American.

THE first and chiefest curiosity of sleep is sleep itself. All theories and explanations of it, however carefully worded, have proved inadequate. We do not even know what we once thought we did about it.

Take for instance the long and widely accepted view which even to-day stands highest in the estimation of physiologists, as most nearly approaching an explanation of the phenomenon, that sleep is due to cerebral anemia, or a lowered supply of blood to the brain. That the amount of blood in the brain is distinctly diminished during sleep is abundantly proved both by observations upon the brains of animals through trephine openings made for the purpose and upon human brains exposed by fractures of the skull or openings made for the purpose of removing tumors. A less gruesome illustration is afforded by the slight sinking in of the fontanel, or "soft spot," on the top of a baby's head during sleep. Drowsiness and loss of consciousness may also be produced by pressure upon the carotid arteries supplying the brain. Further, anything that draws the blood from the brain—to the skin, for instance, by a hot bath, or to the stomach by a cup of hot milk or beef tea, or to the feet by warming them—helps to induce sleep.

We also know that part of the blood withdrawn from the brain goes to the skin, causing the characteristic rosy flush, and part to the muscles, causing slight but appreciable enlargement of the arms, limbs, hands and feet. This is why our shoes and gloves sometimes feel too tight for us when dressing in the morning. This rush of blood to the skin accounts for that most annoying aggravation of itching or painful sensations in diseases of the skin which so often occurs at bedtime. As one of our leading dermatologists whimsically puts it: "The skin wakes up as the brain goes to sleep." But this

fact is far from forming an explanation, since it simply raises the questions:

What is the cause of the anemia?

How is it brought about before falling asleep, and how overcome before waking?

Moreover, it is an open question whether this anemia is not simply a sign of lessened activity on the part of the brain, an effect, instead of a cause, of sleep.

The most modern and up-to-date theory of sleep is the neuron one of Duval and Cajal. This is based upon the interesting fact which Cajal was largely instrumental in demonstrating, that the nervous system, instead of being one continuous tissue, is made up of a series of distinct and separate cells, whose only means of communication is by "touching fingers" with the tips of their delicate, twig-like processes (arborizations, dendrites), and that these "fingers" have the power of movement, can retract and thus break the connection or circuit. When the cells of the brain become fatigued, they are supposed to draw in these processes. This shuts off messages from the sense organs, and unconsciousness, or sleep, results. When rested, they yawn and stretch out their arms, so to speak, communication is again restored, and we wake up.

Unfortunately, the numerous attempts to demonstrate this retraction of the dendrites by examination of the brains of animals killed instantaneously during sleep have not carried conviction to the majority of observers, though a similar process is generally regarded as proved to take place in the deep sleep induced by chloroform and other narcotics. And of course, even granting this mechanism of sleep, it advances our knowledge but little to prove that the brain cells curl up and go to sleep, in place of the identical procedure on the part of the whole

THE CURIOSITIES OF SLEEP

body, which can be demonstrated in any kitten.

Then, there is Pflüger's attractive theory, that the brain cells during the day use up oxygen more rapidly than it can be supplied to them from the lungs, via the blood; and when this oxygen-starvation reaches a certain degree, the cells sink below the level of activity necessary to consciousness. During sleep, expenditure falls below the intake, and thus the balance necessary to consciousness is restored. This, like the cerebral-anemia theory, has a solid basis in fact, viz.: that of the total intake and outgo of oxygen during the twenty-four hours, only about forty per cent. is taken in during the twelve hours of daylight, while sixty per cent. is given off in the form of carbon dioxide; and, on the contrary, during the twelve hours of the night nearly sixty per cent. of the total oxygen is taken in, and only about forty per cent. of the CO_2 given off. In other words, the body during the day spends or gives off from twenty to forty per cent. more oxygen than it takes in, during the night takes in twenty to forty per cent. more than it gives off. Thus balmy sleep is literally "tired nature's sweet restorer" of the oxygen balance. Good poetry is often very close to good science. In support of this view may be cited the well-known drowsiness, deepening into unconsciousness, which comes on in atmospheres overcharged with carbon dioxide, ranging all the way from that of a stuffy room to the "choke damp" of the coal mines or the "foul air" at the bottom of a well. But it can equally be seen that these states are not true sleep, but slow poisonings, narcoses, tending not to refreshment and awakening, but to increasing sluggishness, and finally death.

This fact brings us to the crux of the entire problem, the one great positive fact which emerges from the negatives of all these theories, and to develop which alone was the purpose of their discussion here: that sleep is not a negative process, but a positive one; not a mere cessation of activity, but a substitution of constructive bodily activity for destructive. The "anabolic," or upbuilding processes are in excess of the "katabolic,"

or downbreaking, processes during sleep. During the waking hours the balance is reversed. It is not sleep that leads to death, but waking. Men have been known to sleep for weeks and even months at a stretch, with but little injury. Persistent wakefulness kills in from five to ten days. It is credibly reported that, with Oriental refinement of cruelty, death by sleeplessness is one of the methods of execution for certain higher-class criminals in China. The wretched victim is forcibly prevented from going to sleep until death from exhaustion closes the scene, which is said to be seldom later than the fifth or sixth day.

It should of course be explained that absolute sleeplessness is a very different thing from the insomnia of our nervous patients who "don't sleep a wink all night"—which latter means that they were awake from three to five times during the hours of darkness.

Another of the curiosities of sleep is the singular difference of its quality in different individuals. Some fortunate men are able to get as much rest out of four or six hours' sleep as the average man does out of eight or nine; just as some men will get enormously fat on a slender diet, while others with a huge appetite and intake are walking skeletons. This fortunate power of rapid recuperation may almost be said to be one of the characteristics of greatness. At all events it has occurred with sufficient frequency in great and successful men to have done great harm among average individuals. By a ludicrously infantile process of human logic many of our self-constituted guides to success have assured the young idea that this great man became great simply because of his determination to work eighteen or twenty hours out of the twenty-four, therefore: "Go thou and do likewise, and like success shall be thine." The hugeness of the non sequitur is obvious, but this is far from being the only instance. Men of huge muscles, who happen to be born "brothers to the ox," write books and publish journals telling the average youth how to get strong by imitating their little peculiarities and bad habits. Doddering old centenarians, who happened to be born with the smoldering vitality (and often the

brilliant intellect) of the mud-turtle, prate fatuously of the onions and sour milk and frugal diet which they allege have brought them to this enviable degree of profitless persistence upon the planet. As well might the elephant endeavor to explain the secret of how to weigh three tons, or the boa constrictor write a pamphlet on how to grow forty feet long.

Of course the majority of great men require as much sleep as the average individual, and many of them more. Some of the greatest, so far from taking three or four hours' sleep a day, have been able to work only two or three hours out of the twenty-four. Two successive hours of work was a day's work for Darwin, four for Spencer, and three hours a week for the philosopher, Descartes, who spent from eleven to thirteen hours a day in bed. But enough of them had this singular quality of getting as much rest in four or five hours as other men do in eight to enable the proverb-maker to find texts for his sermons.

Another curiosity of sleep is the many misleading analogies which have been drawn between it and other states. First among them is the beautiful poetic comparison which has almost become an article of faith, embodied in the phrase,

"Death and his brother Sleep"; and,

"We are such stuff

As dreams are made on; and our little life

Is rounded with a sleep."

From a physiological point of view, sleep and death are as far apart as the poles. The only similarity between them is that they are both accompanied by unconsciousness. The one is a positive, reconstructive, intensely vital process, self-limited and tending inevitably to an awakening. The other is negative, destructive, utterly lifeless, tending to dissolution and decay, with no possibility of any physical awakening.

Nor is there any similarity between true sleep and the drowsy, sleepy comatose conditions of fevers and fatal illnesses. They are narcoses or poisonings of the brain by poisonous materials, toxins either of germ origin or manufactured by the abnormal processes of the body

tissues themselves. They are not self-limited, but end only when the tissues of the body have succeeded in producing a sufficient amount of antitoxin to neutralize the poisons which cause them. If the body fails to do this, they deepen to coma and, finally, death.

This opposition between death and sleep does not, however, destroy one consoling analogy which has been drawn between them, and that is that they are both painless, and cause neither fear nor anxiety by their approach. It is one of the most merciful things in nature that the overwhelming majority of the poisons which destroy life, whether they be those of infectious diseases or those which are elaborated from the body's own waste products, act as narcotics and abolish consciousness long before the end comes. While death is not in any sense analogous to sleep, it resembles it to the extent that it is in the vast majority of instances not only not painful, but welcome. Pain-racked and fever-scorched patients long for death as the wearied toiler longs for sleep. The fear of death which has been so enormously exploited in dramatic literature, sacred and otherwise, is almost without existence in sickness. Most of our patients have lost it completely by the time they become seriously ill.

"While many of the processes which lead to death are painful, death itself is painless, natural, like the fading of a flower or the falling of a leaf. Our dear ones drift out on the ebbing tide of life without fear, without pain, without regret, save for those they leave behind. When Death comes close enough so that we can see the eyes behind the mask, his face becomes as welcome as that of his 'twin brother,' Sleep."

Nor is there a much better basis for the generally accepted analogy between true sleep and that curious "winter sleep" known as hibernation. The subject of hibernation is such an enormous one, and there is such a lack of definite information—and consequent difference of opinion—as to its true character, that only the merest outline of the drift of scientific opinion in regard to it can be given here. To put it very crudely, it appears to be a dropping from the animal almost to the vegetable stage of vitality. Every vital

process is reduced to the lowest ebb consistent with its continuance. All voluntary muscular movements, of course, cease absolutely, the eyes are closed, the animal, which has usually retired to some sheltered and protected spot, becomes unconscious, the respirations become so shallow that the closest observation fails to detect them. The temperature of warm-blooded hibernators falls toward the cold-blooded level. The heart is slowed down to the lowest possible rate and vigor consistent with life. Even the muscles of the alimentary canal cease to contract rhythmically, its glands cease to secrete, and its terminal opening becomes closed with a plug of dried mucus. Later observations seem to indicate that by cutting off the intake of oxygen, carbon dioxide accumulates in the blood and tissues until it produces a light permanent narcosis or anesthesia, and this condition continues for periods varying from weeks to months, until either change of temperature or the exhaustion of fat or other food material stored up in the body beforehand causes the animal to waken and come forth in search of food. In the majority of cases, the animal goes into this state just at the close of the season of plenty, with his tissues well loaded with fat, and emerges in the spring thin and gaunt, having presumably supported such low grade of life as existed by consumption of the energy stored up in his fat. It must, however, be admitted that there are a number of exceptions to this rule, at both ends, so to speak, some animals going into their winter sleep in moderate flesh or even thin and emerging apparently little changed in the spring; others going to sleep plump and fat, and awakening in apparently the same condition. So that the fat-burning hypothesis, plausible as it sounds, cannot be accepted without reservation.

On the other hand, it is only fair to say that in the last-mentioned instance, animals emerging within a few pounds of the same weight which they went to sleep at lose flesh with great rapidity after resuming their activities, and are ravenously hungry, thus raising the suspicion that the maintenance of weight has been due to an accumulation of water in the

tissues in place of the fat which has been burnt up and utilized.

Another interesting fact about this process is that it is not caused by cold, as was at one time universally supposed. This was first brought to our attention by the fact that fishes, amphibia, reptiles and some of the mammals living in hot climates go into this trance-like condition during the season of heat and drought. In fact, a new word has had to be coined covering this form of the habit, *estivate* (literally "summerate"), contrasting with *hibernate*. Secondly, it was found that only a small percentage of animals ever hibernate at all, and they of the class whose food supply is absolutely cut off in the winter, such as squirrels, mice, rats, bears, marmots, etc. These animals, if kept in captivity and supplied with plenty of food, will after a time lose the hibernating habit altogether. So that it appears to be literally an economy on the part of nature, a going down to avoid punishment in the form of starvation, whenever an adequate supply of energy through food is cut off. The change is exceedingly widespread through the animal kingdom, being habitual in nearly all terrestrial invertebrates, and in most of the cold-blooded animals, especially fishes, amphibia, reptiles, and occurring in a number of mammals, but in no birds—the latter for the reason that they can solve the food problem in another way, by migration either north or south, as the season demands. In fact, it may almost be said that most land invertebrates, amphibia, reptiles and fishes possess the power of going into this curious carbon-dioxide narcosis at will, if one can imagine these creatures having a will at all. So lethargic are they then, and so completely indifferent to their surroundings, that they may be exposed to extraordinary extremes of heat and cold without apparent injury. They may be dried almost to mummification, frozen or submerged in water for long periods, without apparent injury. Even warm-blooded animals like dormice and woodchucks, when asleep for the winter, may be put under water for hours at a stretch without apparent injury, so completely is respiration suspended.

Fascinating and mysterious as is the subject of hibernation, enough of it is known to make it perfectly clear that it has nothing in connection with true sleep. Instead of the oxygen intake being increased, it is diminished to the lowest possible level; instead of the animal waking refreshed and invigorated, he is weak and emaciated. Instead of being a recuperative process, it is a trial of endurance on the part of the tissues—how long they can possibly last without further supply of energy. Although so widely spread among his ancestry, there is no adequate proof of its occurrence in man. It is one of the "Lost Arts." What a blessing we would find it in this nerve-racked age, if we had only retained it!

Some of the trance-like conditions into which individuals fall and lie for days or weeks may possibly involve some trace of the survival of this ancient habit. But the vast majority of these conditions occur in semi-civilized, excitable men or hysterical women, so that there is always a possible question of simulation; and the majority of cases which have been carefully studied by competent observers have been found to be frauds, being surreptitiously supplied with food and drink by their attendants or family. The same is true of the alleged power possessed by Hindu fakirs and ascetics of all ages, of going into states of trance in which they allow themselves to be buried alive and dug up again and revived after several months have elapsed. In one instance on record an individual of this class allowed himself to be buried alive and his grave watched by a guard of English soldiers, and was dug up at the end of the time, exceedingly dead. In another the English officer in charge became alarmed on the third day and had the fakir "resurrected," when he was found still alive. A reed or bamboo at one corner of the grave to supply air would explain all these cases. The whole subject is involved in such an atmosphere of mystery and "fakery" (a word most appropriately derived from the title of its devotees themselves) that it is impossible to attach serious weight to the claims made.

Most of the claims, both Occidental and Oriental, to the power of existing

for indefinite periods in this trance-like sleep seem to rest simply upon the well-known power possessed by many weak-minded individuals, of throwing themselves by auto-suggestion into a hypnotic sleep. In this condition, or awake, life can of course be easily supported for many days, or even weeks, without food, as has been often illustrated by the feats of professional fasters who easily reach forty or even sixty days. It is, however, a significant fact that none of these "sleeps" can be carried on in a hospital where the patient is under the observation of competent and unsympathetic nurses. For, although food can be done without, water cannot, and these sleepers will invariably be found resorting to the water bottle and responding to the calls of nature within twenty-four hours. In their own homes, where they can help themselves surreptitiously to the water on the washstand, they may keep up the farce for weeks without detection. All "sleepers" investigated by physicians are found to take water regularly, and often food, and are usually cases of hysteria or mild insanity.

It might be incidentally mentioned, for the relief of anxious souls, that the risk of any individual passing into a trance and remaining in it long enough to be buried alive is exceedingly slight. There is no authentic instance of this having ever occurred. I took occasion to investigate this question some years ago, and communicated with a number of leading undertakers, and they all unanimously denounced it as one of the myths of the nineteenth century. One of them, at the time president of the National Funeral Directors' Association, informed me that he had carefully investigated every instance of "burial alive" reported in the newspapers for fifteen years past and found every one of them to be, in his own language, "a pure fake." However, I cannot fight that battle to a finish here, tempting as the field is.

The last remaining counterfeit of sleep, the hypnotic trance, is so obviously different in character that its discrepancies hardly need to be mentioned. Every one who has seen it will be struck with the difference. It has no relation to fatigue, but may be induced at any time and at

any stage of vigor, though most commonly and easily in individuals, whose mental processes are at such a low ebb that there really is not much difference between their sleeping and waking stages as far as any practical results are concerned. It is not recuperative, but rather depressing, and the patient feels, as he says, queer and dizzy when he wakes up. Instead of the brain being anemic, it is congested, the skin is pale instead of flushed, and there is no increase in the relative oxygen intake. In fact, the condition is an auto-narcosis, or perversion of consciousness, and does nothing but harm, instead of good. It may, of course, be used in expert hands as a method of treatment, but its field of usefulness in this regard is becoming more and more limited every year, and the tremendous claims made for it by Bernheim and the Nancy School have dwindled already to a surprising extent.

The chief question which has always confronted us in our efforts to utilize it, "How can a weak mind be made stronger by becoming absolutely dependent upon another?" still faces us unanswered.

Nor are the sleeps produced by hypnotics much more nearly akin to true sleep in either nature or effect. The more powerful of these, like opium and its derivatives (morphine, codeine and heroin), chloroform and ether, are so obviously pure narcotic poisons that they are seldom resorted to for this purpose excepting in "Baby's Friends" and "Soothing Syrups." The apparent slumber produced by these is a toxic narcosis like that due to the toxins of fever already discussed. They have of course a certain field of usefulness in expert hands in a limited class of conditions, such as after severe and painful accidents or surgical operations, where the tissues are ready and anxious for normal sleep but are prevented from getting it by acute pain. In these conditions, a sufficient dose of opiate administered by a competent physician may relieve this intense pain and allow the patient to sleep naturally and with refreshing results. It is of course obvious they should not be used to make sleep possible in this way in chronic painful diseases, or where the

pain is likely to recur, on account of the danger of forming a habit.

There is a group, however, of weaker drugs, such as chloral, sulphonal, trional, veronal, etc., which, being much less poisonous and producing few or none of the unpleasant after effects and discomforts of the stronger drugs, are extensively used by both the profession and the laity for this purpose. They nearly all belong, however, to the methane group of which chloroform and ether are the leading members, and are narcotic in their action, benumbing the brain tissues in order to produce sleep, and are poisonous if taken in considerable amounts. Just as we find out the dangers of one of them a new one is brought in by the pharmacists with a great flourish of trumpets, and announced as equally effective in producing sleep, and absolutely non-poisonous or harmless to the most delicate constitution; and it is eagerly pounced upon by the sleepless among the public and profession and sells extensively for several months. Then reports of death from its use begin to come in, and its users and prescribers take fright, and it drops back with the others.

The man who works all day in an ill-ventilated room and takes little or no exercise, or the woman who slaves over her housework or her silly fancy work and almost forgets that there is such a thing as open air, the business man who is driving himself too hard and keeps up on stimulants, the individual who is in an early stage of pulmonary consumption or Bright's disease, when they find that they cannot sleep, instead of regarding it as nature's danger signal, demanding investigation and change of habits, swallow some sleeping draught and persist in their suicidal course until a breakdown results that they can no longer shut their eyes to. There is no such thing as uncaused sleeplessness any more than there is uncaused loss of appetite, or strength, or weight. All of them are signals of trouble, and should be regarded and promptly investigated as such. Hypnotics have their place in medicine like other poisonous drugs, but that place is becoming steadily smaller as cases are more painstakingly and intelligently studied.

Some Men and Events in the Public Eye

By S. A. Warner.

WALTER SCOTT, printer's devil, compositor, publisher, politician and premier of his province. It is not an exceptional story for Canada offers to every youth the opportunity to ascend. Mr. Scott, who was recently elected for a second term to the highest office in the gift of the people of Saskatchewan, can review a career that is an inspiration to any young man of ambition. To find the secret of his success one must know the man. If asked to name the qualities which led to the distinction, enjoyed so early in life, his friends would say that courage and stick-to-itiveness combined with an affable disposition were the predominant characteristics. It is not every boy who serves as an apprentice at a trade who has the determination to soar beyond the calling he had selected for life. No one would have dreamed that back in the early days of Regina, when it was a small town, its only claim to note being the headquarters of the Territorial Government, that the boy sweeping the office, pulling proofs and doing other chores in connection with a country weekly, would reach the honor of being the chief adviser of His Majesty in one of the principal provinces of this great commonwealth. In political warfare Mr. Scott is a hard hitter. He wouldn't thrive in the West unless he were. He never strikes below the belt but when it is necessary to make a charge he does it without resort to suggestion, or surmise. When Walter Scott says anything unpleasant it's generally uncomfortably definite. He has little use for the petty slanderer and dealer in insinuations. In the recent campaign there was an unfortunate amount of recrimination but, when the Premier took a hand in it he made unmistakably clear charges, fully realizing the legal responsibility involved. He is being called on to face that responsibility and his admirers will be disappointed if

he flinches before the ordeal. As a speaker, he cannot be classed as an orator. He is not prosaic, however, and is pleasing to listen to. He has a free, easy, conversational style and holds his audience without difficulty. He is not a man to trifle with, as many an interrupter has learned to his chagrin. A story of the recent campaign will suffice to illustrate this point. The Premier was speaking at Lumsden, where there are some strenuous opponents. As Mr. Scott was talking one over-zealous Provincial Righter yelled the hackneyed word of contempt "Rats." Quick as a flash came the retort, "Has my young friend got them in his pocket or in his head?"

The politician, who, during the present election campaign, has kept large crowds in various Ontario towns and cities in good humor by his witty sallies and breezy anecdotes, drawn mostly from rural life, is Hon. George P. Graham, Minister of Railways and Canals in the Laurier Cabinet. At school he was a diligent pupil and excelled in English composition. Beginning life as a rural pedagogue, after one year's experience, he gave up teaching and entered a general store in the village of Iroquois. There he spent some months behind the counter. His father, the late Rev. W. H. Graham, was then stationed in the neighboring town of Morrisburg in Dundas County. Driving to Iroquois one day he called his son to the front of the store. "Well, George!" he said, "do you know what I have done? I have just bought the Morrisburg Herald for you and I want you to take charge of it." "Thank you, father," he replied. "I will do my best to make a success of the business." The office was then in anything but a desirable condition, but the ambitious youth went to work with perseverance and determination and soon placed it on a pay-



Hon. Walter Scott
Premier of Saskatchewan.

ing basis. He had tact, good judgment and executive ability, coupled with a boundless store of energy. His father had made only a small payment on the plant, but under the energetic guidance of the young proprietor, things began to move and in a few years the debt was cleared off and the property greatly improved. He was Reeve of Morrisburg for some time and a member of the County Council of Dundas. So closely did he

apply himself to the duties of private and public business that his health, which has never been too robust, was undermined and he was forced to give up newspaper work for some time. He sold the Herald and intended, after being in the publishing business eleven years, taking a trip to the West with the object of locating there. The late Mr. Gorman was then at the helm in the Ottawa Free Press, but owing to illness had to give up his duties

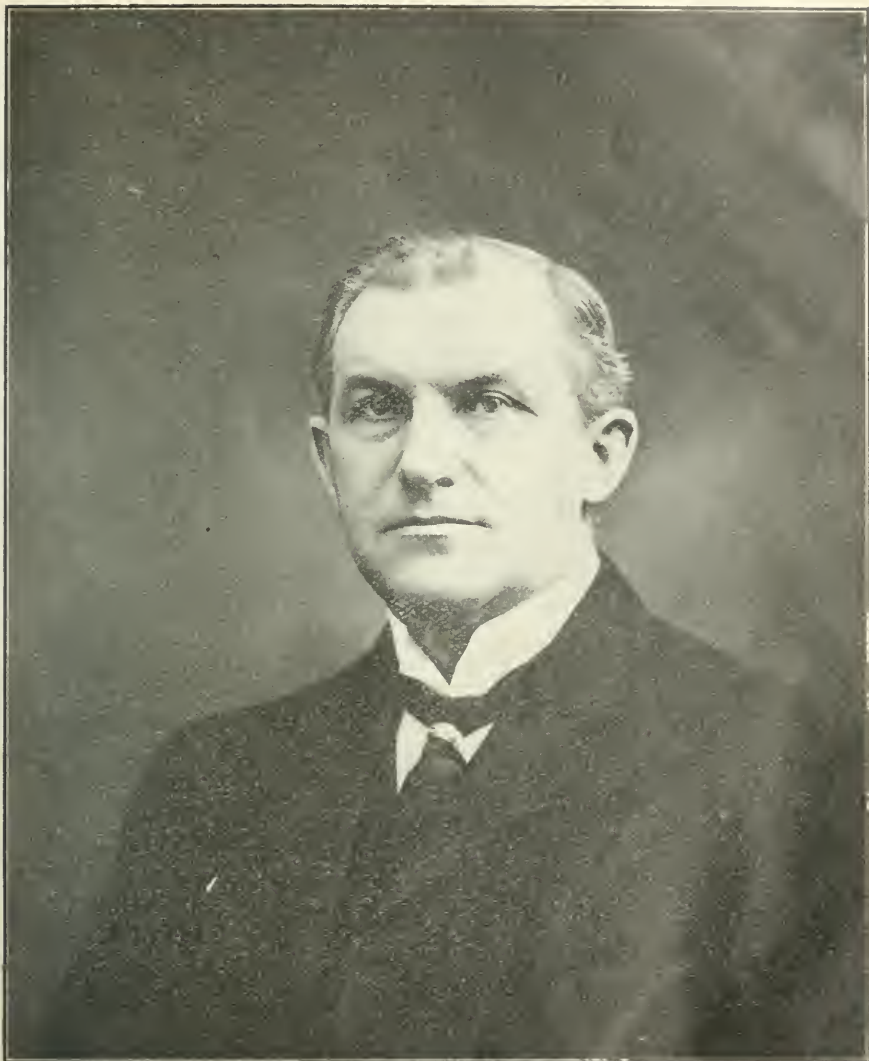
for some months. Mr. Graham was asked to take a position on the editorial staff of that paper and was leader writer for some months. Mr. Thomas Southworth, now Colonization Agent for the Province of Ontario, was the proprietor of the Brockville Recorder and his editor, Mr. John A. Mackenzie, having left to enter the service of the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Mr. Southworth had to look after both the business and editorial ends. He found these duties too exacting and offered Mr. Graham a position which he accepted. This was in 1893. At the beginning of the following year the business was organized into a joint stock company with George P. Graham as Managing Director. Mr. Southworth retired in 1895 to take the post which he now holds with the Ontario Government. Mr. Graham was given entire charge of the Recorder and was both its business manager and editor

up to the time that he was created Minister of Railways and Canals. On the platform, while not eloquent, Mr. Graham is a clear and ready speaker who is regarded as one of the best "stumpers" in his party. His grasp of detail is one of his strongest points. He can present the most abstruse problem in a business-like and clear cut manner and is always listened to attentively. His arguments are concise. He does not travel all over the map to reach a climax, nail an argument, or drive home a truth. He is an indefatigable worker and it is not unusual for him to put in sixteen hours a day in his department.

Hon. Charles Murphy, who was last month sworn in as Secretary of State, succeeding Hon. R. W. Scott, is a young man of promise and ability. His predecessor in office has stepped down and out at the advanced age of 84 years, af-



Hon. George P. Graham in His Office.



Hon. Charles Murphy

Canada's New Secretary of State.

ter a useful public career of over half a century. It is not many years ago that the new Secretary of State was employed as a sawyer in the large lumber mill of J. R. Booth in the Capital. One day he met with an accident in which he lost his left arm. It was then that he resolved to study law. By application and tireless energy he forged ahead until he became one of the leading members of the Bar in Eastern Ontario. He had no advantages, no influential friends, no pull of

any kind in his uphill struggle. By his own unaided efforts and strength of mind and character he came to the front.

It is not often that a young man is called to the cabinet without first winning his spurs in a political fight; in recent years, there have been only one or two similar instances, Mr. Justice Latchford being made Commissioner of Public Works for Ontario in the Ross Government in 1899 and Hon. Frank Cochrane, Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines in

the Whitney administration in 1905. The new Secretary of State is as well versed in law, systems of government and parliamentary procedure as if he had spent several terms in the House. He has always held aloft a high standard of citizenship, morality and honor. He held strong views and was never afraid to take a firm grasp for what he conceived to be right. He is a former law partner of Judge Latchford and has frequently appeared before committees of the Commons. A fluent, forceful speaker, a ready and clever debater, he will add strength to parliamentary oratorical ranks.

Charles Murphy is a young man who has a friendly word and kindly smile for all. He is president of the Federation of Liberal Clubs and a close student of the affairs of state. His friends are pleased that his selection marks an appreciation of his public spirit and exalted sense of duty and his elevation to the cabinet furnishes another of those decidedly rare instances where the office itself has sought occupant rather than the occupant the office.

Sir Louis Jette, who has recently left the gubernatorial chair of the neighboring province, after serving most acceptably two terms in the calm of the viceregal office at Spencerwood, has done as much as any representative of his race to cement the bond of friendship—between English speaking and French-speaking Canadians—the fruits of which were so amply evidenced on all sides at the Quebec Tercentenary. He now resumes his former post on the Bench of the Superior Court of Quebec, to which he was first raised thirty years ago. The son of a merchant, Sir Louis began to study law in Montreal when seventeen years of age and was admitted to the Bar at twenty-six. He became an able, skilful pleader. In 1878 he was appointed professor of civil law in Laval University where he had the degree of LL.D. conferred on him. He subsequently became Dean of the Faculty. He was one of the Alaskan Boundary Commissioners to represent Canada and along with Hon. A. B. Ayresworth, declined to sign the award. In addition to his Canadian and British honors he holds honors from the

French Government. In September, 1901, he was made a K.C.M.G. and the investiture was made by the Duke of York.

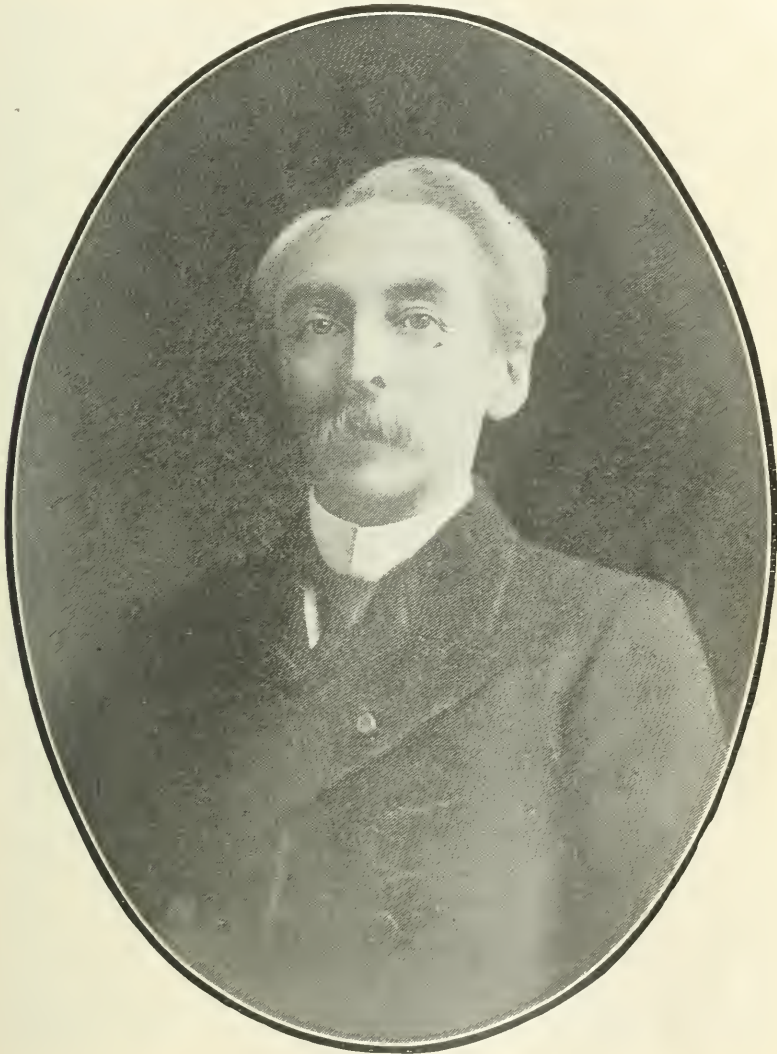
Sir Louis was offered a place in 1878 in the Cabinet of Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, but declined the honor. He is one of the most cultured and genial of French-Canadians, being a member of several literary and scientific bodies. He also spent some time in journalism. In the course of a broad-minded address, when opening the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto a few weeks ago, he spoke of the value of such occasions in engendering a better acquaintance of the two races in Canada and to the necessity of the encouragement of processes through which the measure of sympathy, now existing between the English-speaking and French-speaking people, may be broadened and deepened.

One of the remaining links—now so few in number—between the present generation and the stirring times of the pre-Confederation period is Sir Charles Alfonse Pantaleon Pelletier, who was recently sworn in as Lieut.-Governor of Quebec, succeeding Sir Louis Jette. A former Speaker of the Senate and latterly a Judge of the Superior Court of his native province, his career as a politician has been a spectacular one. Apart from his work his great hobby has been military matters. He was an officer in the Fenian Raid of 1866 and his son has done splendid service in the cause of empire in the Reil Rebellion of 1885 and in the South African war where he was wounded at Paardeberg. Sir Alphonse, in his stirring public life, has been a hard hitter but was eminently fair in his treatment of his opponents, believing that courtesy and truthfulness were always the best instruments. While running for the Local House in Quebec many years ago, party feeling ran high and it is said that his opponents received instructions, to prevent, at any cost, his getting a hearing on the public platform. While speaking he was shot in the back of the head and stunned by the bullet. He fell off the platform on to the ground, and was there assaulted by the crowd, who jumped upon him and pounded him as he lay unconscious on the ground. His

SOME MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

friends came to his rescue and before the melee ended there were other broken heads. It is stated as a fact that

rained upon him, he would have been killed. The father of Sir Alphonse Pelletier was a farmer who was financially



Sir Louis Jette

Who has Returned to the Bench after Serving Two Terms
as Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec.

only for a heavy fur coat which Mr. Pelletier wore at the time and which protected his body from the blows and kicks

unable to assist his son in the pursuit of his ambitions. Nothing daunted, the young man came to Quebec with no as-

sets other than the memory of a proud lineage behind him, and ambitious dreams in his heart to lure him on. He studied

lege and university. He was called to the Bar in 1860, and practised in Quebec, where he was afterwards made City At-



Sir Alphonse Pelletier

Recently Appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec.

at St. Ann's College and later at Laval University, earning enough by private tutoring to pay his way through both col-

torney. In 1867 he ran for the Dominion House in the County of Kamouraska against the Hon. C. Chapais, one of the

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Conservative Ministers. Party feeling ran so strong in the riding that riots took place, and, although young Pelletier was elected, the country was disfranchised and he was not allowed to take his seat, although he attended the session. He was re-elected in 1872, and remained their representative during the Mackenzie regime. In Mackenzie's Cabinet he was Minister of Agriculture and was also made a Senator and joint leader of that body. While Minister of Agriculture he was appointed President of the Canadian Commissioners at the Paris Exposition in 1878, and for that service he rendered his country he was made a C.M.G..

Eugene V. Debs, candidate for the Socialist party for President of the United States, has long been a conspicuous figure in the world of labor. He says he knows what is the matter in America and what to do about it. In an exceedingly interesting article in the October number of *Everybody's Magazine*, Lincoln Steffens says: "It may be deemed expedient to hang Debs some day, and that wouldn't be so bad, but don't try to hurt him. In the first place, it's no use. Nature has provided for him, as she provides for other sensitive things, a guard; she has surrounded Debs with a circle of friends who go everywhere with him, shielding, caring for, adoring him. They sat all through my interview, ready to accept what I might reject. So he gets back the affection he gives, and no strange hate can hurt him. It can hurt only the haters. And as for the hanging, he half expects that . . . I met Debs at a Milwaukee Socialist picnic (25,000 paid admission) where he was to speak, and, as he came toward me with his two hands out, I felt, through all my prejudice, those hands represented as warm a heart as ever beat. Warm for me, you understand, a stranger; and not alone for me: those two warm hands went out to all in the same way: the workers, their wives, their children; especially the children, who spring at sight right into Debs' arms. It's wonderful, really. And when, piloted, plucked at, through the jammed mass of waiting humanity, he went upon the platform to speak, he held out his handfuls of affec-

tion to the crowd. He scolded them. "Men are beginning to have minds," he said; "some of you don't know it." There was nothing demagogic about that speech. It was impassioned, but orderly; radical, but (granting the premises) logically reasoned. It was an analysis of the platforms and performances of the two old parties to show that they would do for Business as much as they dared and for Labor as little; and the conclusion was an appeal to the workers—not to vote for Debs: "I don't ask that," he



Eugene V. Debs
Candidate of the Socialist Party for President
of the United States.

said, and sincerely, too. "All I ask is that you think, organize, and go into politics for yourselves." Delivered from a crouching attitude, with reaching hands and the sweat dripping from head and face, the speech fairly flew, smooth, correct, and truly eloquent. Debs is an orator. "If Debs were a priest," wrote Eugene Field, "the world would listen to his eloquence, and that gentle, musical voice and sad, sweet smile of his would soften the hardest heart." Half the

world does listen to Debs, and his eloquence does soften its heart. But it wasn't art that kept that Milwaukee crowd steaming out there in the sun and, at the close, drew it crushing down upon the orator. And it wasn't what he said, either; too much of the gratitude was expressed in foreign tongues. It was the feeling he conveys that he feels for his fellow men; as he does, desperately. Debs is dangerous; it is instinct that makes one half of the world hate him; but don't. He loves mankind too much to be hurt of men; and that's the power in him; and that's the danger. The trouble with Debs is that he puts the happiness of the race above everything else: business, prosperity, property. Remarking this to him, I said lightly that he was, therefore, unfit to be president. "Yes," he answered seriously, "I am not fitted either by temperament or by taste for the office, and if there were any chance of my election I wouldn't run. The party wouldn't let me. We Socialists don't consider individuals, you know; only the good of all. But we aren't playing to win; not yet. We want a majority of Socialists, not of votes. There would be no use getting into power with a people that did not understand; with a lot of office-holders undisciplined by service in the party; unpurged, by personal sacrifice, of the selfish spirit of the present system. We shall be a minority party first, and the co-operative commonwealth can come only when the people know enough to want to work together, and when, by working together to win, they have developed a common sense of common service, and a drilled-in capacity for mutual living and co-operative labor. I am running for president to serve a very humble purpose: to teach social consciousness and to ask men to sacrifice the present for the future, to 'throw away their votes' to mark the rising tide of protest and build up a party that will represent them. When Socialism is on the verge of success, the party will nominate an able executive and a clear-headed administrator; not—not Debs."

Every battle at the polls brings to the front, in a more or less notorious sense, some member of the administration

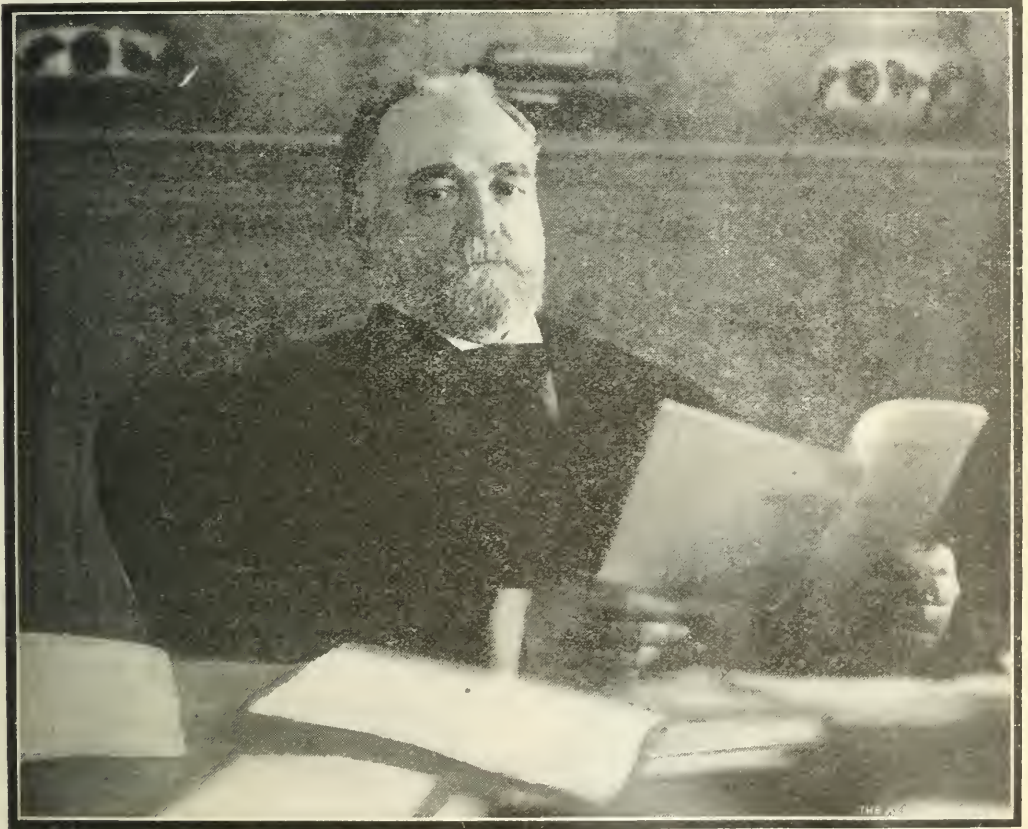
whom his opponents scathingly denounce as unworthy of a place in public life or in the confidence of the people, a man whom his friends love, "for the enemies he has made" and fondly point to as the "best hated man in the Government." In the cross-firing, that goes on in political life, the shafts of invective, sarcasm and vituperation are invariably levelled at some picturesque head. Some person has to stand the brunt. He is singled out as a shining mark and many charges hurled in his direction. His sins of omission and commission are referred to on every platform where his critics gather. The "honor" roll is a long one, since it must needs be that some one has to suffer. Many years ago Sir Richard Cartwright was known as "the apostle of jeremiads" and dubbed "the blue ruin knight." A few years after the late Hon. J. Isreal Tarte was ironically styled "Master of Administration." Hon. Clifford Sifton had his turn and was derisively referred to as "The rich young baron" and "The young Napoleon of the West." The stormy petrel at the present time, the man occupying the centre of the stage in the fierce light that beats upon all the actions, sayings and doings of a public man, is Hon. William Pugsley, Minister of Public Works, former Attorney-General and subsequently Premier of New Brunswick. He is a picturesque figure and, while he has received some staggering knocks he has managed to deliver a few in exchange. The charges against him are that, while a member of the New Brunswick administration, he improperly handled public moneys and converted certain sums to his personal use; funds, which it is contended, belonged to the province and have not been properly accounted for. In answer to the allegations Mr. Pugsley has characterized these attacks as base and malicious and as grossly false and unwarranted. Mr. Pugsley is a hard bitter and aims with directness and force. If he gets a few blows in retaliation it creates no surprise in the public mind as there is an old maxim that if you are searching for trouble you can easily find it. In the meantime the electors, who are looking on, can see most of the moves which they doubtless will follow with

SOME MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

interest and patiently await the outcome.

There is endless variety of styles in dress, hats, furniture and houses. The desire to present something new and striking has lately found expression in the political arena. Across the border in their anxiety to reach as many electors as possible Messrs. Taft and Bryan, candidates for the Presidency, have been

gaging the attention of the electorate, is Mr. H. B. Ames, M.P. for St. Antoine division, Montreal. His picture gallery talks are given with aid of stereopticon, the novelty and originality of the enterprise arousing the curiosity and interest of the multitude. The views are very distinct and his talks are instructive, having been given in many parts of the country. By pictorial representation Mr. Ames, who is a widely known business



Hon. William Pugsley in his Office.

speaking into gramophones. The records of their remarks have been distributed in scores of cities and towns in order that as many people as possible may learn their views on the leading issues of the campaign. In Canada we have not reached this advanced stage, of preserved oratory, but we have instead the illuminated address. The man, who has introduced this scenic method of presenting the questions and topics now en-

man of a quiet, serious disposition and a close student of public events, unfolds some of the scandals which he has brought up in the House during the past session. He goes about his work in a systematic way, dividing his address into six heads, flashing views upon a large canvas of the alleged timber, grazing lease, land, irrigation, coal and inland fishery scandals against the Laurier administration. The pictures are all mount-

ed and well selected from the standpoint of driving his arguments home, while his tables of figures are explicit and simple. Mr. Ames has attracted attention since his entry into Parliament last term by calling for original documents and by his incessant examination of blue books, reports, tenders, contracts, and papers bearing on or dealing with public lands, timber and fisheries. Whether his ingenious manner of campaigning is one that has come to stay—spectacular and original as it is in Canada—is something that no one can as yet accurately foretell. Meanwhile he is in the limelight in a larger and more liberal sense than the usual interpretation of the term implies. Previous to entering Parliament he spent ten years in the Montreal City Council devoting much attention to the purification of municipal government and the reform of civic methods. He was largely instrumental in organizing the Volunteer Electoral League in his native city. He is a multi-millionaire, inheriting his wealth from his father, who made it in shoe manufacturing.

The Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, who is a strong figure



H. B. Ames, M.P.

The Originator of Pictorial Politics.



Norman E. Mack

Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

in American politics and one of the few really big men in the Presidential campaign, is Norman E. Mack, who is a Canadian. He is a native of Middlesex County, Ontario, who has given to the world and to Canada in particular, some of the most eminent statesmen and educators of the time. In the Township of West Williams, near Parkhill, Mr. Bryan's general manager and financier of the Democratic party, first opened his eyes. A Canadian by birth, he is an American by naturalization, and a "Mack" by act of the New York State legislature. His name originally was Norman E. McEachren. Of Highland descent he probably found nasal-toned Yankees unable to pronounce his name with the true Gaelic guttural, and rather than have it lose its Highland flavor he had it changed. "Mack" can still ask for subscriptions either for the Buffalo Times or for the campaign fund in "the language of the Garden." The October number of Hampton's Broadway Magazine in an appreciative reference, says: "When Mr. Norman E. Mack, of the rising, rous-

ing town of Buffalo, N.Y. the recently appointed Chairman of the Democratic Committee, selects an idol from the available idols of his party, all the others might just as well go out of the business so far as Mr. Mack is concerned. He is a political monotheist and is right on the job all the time. When the fame of William Jennings Bryan spread across the Missouri River and into strange lands a good many years ago, Mr. Mack gazed interestedly on it with a prophetic eye. Then he went out and got acquainted with its source and ever since then his political prayers have been said with his face toward Lincoln, Nebraska. He immediately began whooping things up in his Buffalo paper for Mr. Bryan and when he came to New York on his regular weekly visits he was a press agent, a steam calliope, and a Methodist exhorter in his efforts to get his particular idol into a job. If a medal for the most optimistic democrat had been offered at that time Mr. Mack would have won it hands down. Through all the desertions from the party which marked the democratic campaign in New York in 1896, the Buffalo Times, Mack's prosperous paper, stood by him with double-leaded editorials, first-page news stories, and illustrated Sunday articles. In 1900 he was again at the job—just as cheerful as ever and more skillful because of riper experience. In 1904 he was thrown out of his regular employment by the hasty action of the St. Louis convention and supported Judge Parker in a half-hearted way. "Parker may come and Parker may go," reflected Mr. Mack, "but Bryan runs on forever." In 1906 his prophetic eye had recovered from the shock of

two years previous and he came out in an interview in which without any week-kneed "ifs" or "probabyls" he said that Bryan would be the democratic nominee and would be opposed by Taft. He also added that Bryan would be elected. Mr. Mack is a self-made man and has done a pretty good job of it. He went into the newspaper business with less money than would now be required to pay the Times' salaries for one day. He now makes about \$40,000 a year out of it and lives in the most exclusive residence section of Buffalo. He is 49 years old. As a handshaker and a smiler he is untiring. He is regarded as the best dressed man in Buffalo. Mrs. Norman E. Mack would be well known even if she were not the wife of the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. She was a member of the New York State Commission at the St. Louis World's Fair and successfully directed the varied and intricate social functions of that body. She accompanies Mr. Mack on his political pilgrimages and at the Denver Convention she was one of the most prominent figures. She never appeared in the same gown twice and changed her jewels every day. In Buffalo, people have been taking notice of Mrs. Mack for quite a long time. In fact, she rather overshadows her famous husband there. A social affair where Mrs. Mack is not present could scarcely be called a function, and Mr. Mack accompanies her. When Mrs. Mack is at home, Mr. Mack is also there. In all of his work Mrs. Mack has been an able assistant, and if he ever gets elected—well, it would be a mighty big job that the two of them couldn't handle.

It is wicked for us to go about with faces which indicate that life has been a disappointment to us instead of a glorious joy. It shows that we have missed the real object of living, that we have never caught a glimpse of the realities of life, but that we are living in the shadows, in the gloom instead of the sunshine of reality, of truth, of beauty. It indicates that we have not even caught a glimpse of the real glory of life.
—Success Magazine.

We Do Just What We Have To

By Orison Swett Marden in *Success Magazine*.

SIR HENRY IRVING played "Becket" on the very night of his death. His physicians said that he was undoubtedly dying throughout the entire performance. So buoyed up and stimulated was he by his great zeal for his work and the bracing influence of his audience that he actually held death at bay.

It is a common experience for actors who are ill to be cured for a time and to be entirely forgetful of their aches and pains under the stimulus of ambition and the brain-quickening influence of their audiences.

Edward H. Sothorn says that he feels a great increase of brain activity when he is on the stage, and this is accompanied by a corresponding physical exhilaration. "The very air I breathe," says Mr. Sothorn, "seems more stimulating. Fatigue leaves me at the stage door; and I have often given performances without any suffering when I should otherwise have been under a doctor's care." Noted orators, great preachers, and famous singers have had similar experiences.

That "imperious must" which compels the actor to do his level best, whether he feels like it or not, is a force which no ordinary pain or physical disability can silence or overcome. Somehow, even when we feel that it is impossible for us to make the necessary effort, when the crisis comes, when the emergency is upon us, when we feel the prodding of this imperative, imperious necessity, there is a latent power within us which comes to our rescue, which answers the call, and we do the impossible.

It is an unusual thing for singers or actors and actresses to be obliged to give up their part even for a night; but when they are off duty, or on their vacation, they are much more likely to be ill or indisposed. There is a common saying among actors and singers that they can not afford to be sick.

"We don't get sick," said an actor, "because we can't afford that luxury. It is a case of 'must' with us; and although there

have been times when, had I been at home, or a private man, I could have taken to my bed with as good a right to be sick as any one ever had, I have not done so, and have worn off the attack through sheer necessity. It is no fiction that will-power is the best of tonics, and theatrical people understand that they must keep a good stock of it always on hand."

I know of an actor who suffered such tortures with inflammatory rheumatism that even with the aid of a cane he could not walk two blocks, from his hotel to the theatre; yet when his cue was called, he not only walked upon the stage with the utmost ease and grace, but was also entirely oblivious of the pain which a few moments before had made him wretched. A stronger motive drove out the lesser, made him utterly unconscious of his trouble, and the pain for the time was gone. It was not merely covered up by some other thought, passion, or emotion, but it was temporarily annihilated; and as soon as the play was over, and his part finished, he was crippled again.

General Grant was suffering greatly from rheumatism at Appomattox, but when a flag of truce informed him that Lee was ready to surrender, his great joy not only made him forget his rheumatism, but also drove it completely away—at least for some time.

The shock occasioned by the great San Francisco earthquake cured a paralytic who had been crippled for fifteen years. There were a great many other wonderful cures reported which were almost instantaneous. Men and women who had been practically invalids for a long time, and who were scarcely able to wait upon themselves, when the crisis came and they were confronted by this terrible situation, worked like Trojans, carrying their children and household goods long distances to places of safety.

We do not know what we can bear until we are put to the test. Many a delicate mother, who thought that she could not survive the death of her children, has lived to

bury her husband and the last one of a large family, and in addition to all this has seen her home and last dollar swept away; yet she has had the courage to bear it all and to go on as before. When the need comes, there is a power deep within us that answers the call.

Timid girls who have always shuddered at the mere thought of death have in some fatal accident entered into the shadow of the valley without a tremor or murmur. We can face any kind of inevitable danger with wonderful fortitude. Frail, delicate women will go on an operating-table with marvelous courage, even when they know that the operation is likely to be fatal. But the same women might go all to pieces over the terror of some impending danger, because of the very uncertainty of what might be in store for them. Uncertainty gives fear a chance to get in its deadly work on the imagination and make cowards of us.

A person who shrinks from the prick of a pin, and who, under ordinary circumstances, can not endure without an anaesthetic the extraction of a tooth or cutting of flesh, even in a trivial operation, can, when mangled in an accident, far from civilization, stand the amputation of a limb without as much fear and terror as he might suffer at home from the lancing of a felon.

I have seen a dozen strong men go to their death in a fire without showing the slightest sign of fear. There is something within every one of us that braces us up in a catastrophe and makes us equal to any emergency. This something is the God in us. These brave firemen did not shrink even when they saw every means of escape cut off. The last rope thrown to them had consumed away; the last ladder had crumbled to ashes, and they were still in a burning tower one hundred feet above a blazing roof. Yet they showed no sign of fear or cowardice when the tower sank into the seething caldron of flame.

When in Deadwood, in the Black Hills of South Dakota, I was told that in the early days there, before telephone, railroad, or telegraph communication had been established, the people were obliged to send a hundred miles for a physician. For this reason the services of a doctor were beyond the reach of persons of moderate means. The result was that people learned to de-

pend upon themselves to such an extent that it was only on extremely rare occasions, usually in case of severe accident or some great emergency, that a physician was sent for. Some of the largest families of children in the place had been reared without a physician ever coming into the house. When I asked some of these people if they were ever sick they replied, "No, we are never sick, simply because we are obliged to keep well. We can not afford to have a physician; and even if we could it would take so long to get him here that the sick one might be dead before he arrived."

One of the most unfortunate things that has come to us through what we call "higher civilization" is the killing of faith in our power of disease resistance. In our large cities people make great preparations for sickness. They expect it, anticipate it, and, consequently, have it. It is only a block or two to a physician, a drug-store is on every other corner, and the temptation to send for the physician or to get drugs at the slightest symptoms of illness tends to make them more and more dependent on outside helps and less able to control their physical disorders.

During the frontier days there were little villages and hamlets which physicians rarely entered, and here the people were strong and healthy and independent. They developed great powers of disease resistance.

There is no doubt that the doctor habit in many families has a great deal to do with the developing of unfortunate physical conditions in the child. Many mothers call the doctor whenever there is the least sign of disturbance in a child. The result is that the child grows up with this disease picture, doctor picture, medicine picture in its mind, and it influences its whole life.

The time will come when a child and any kind of medicine will be considered a very incongruous combination. Were children properly reared in the love thought, the truth thought, the harmony thought, were they trained to right thinking, a doctor or medicine would rarely be needed.

Within the last ten years tens of thousands of families have never tasted medicine or required the services of a physician. It is becoming more and more certain that the time will come when the belief of the necessity of employing some one to patch us up, to mend the Almighty's work, will be a thing of the past. The Creator never put

man's health, happiness, and welfare at the mercy of the mere accident of happening to live near physicians.

He never left the grandest of his creations to the mercy of any chance, cruel fate, or destiny; never intended that the life, health, and well-being of one of his children should hang upon the contingency of being near a remedy for his ills; never placed him where his own life, health and happiness would depend upon the chance of happening to be where a certain plant might grow, or a certain mineral exist which could cure him.

Is it not more rational to believe that He would put the remedies for man's ills within himself—in his own mind, where they are always available—than that He would store them in herbs and minerals in remote parts of the earth where practically but a small portion of the human race would ever discover them, countless millions dying in total ignorance of their existence?

There is a latent power, a force of indestructable life, an immortal principle of health, in every individual, which if developed would heal all our wounds and furnish a balm for the hurts of the world.

How rare a thing it is for people to be ill upon any great occasion in which they are to be active participants? How unusual for a woman, even though in very delicate health, to be sick upon a particular day on which she has been invited to a royal reception or to visit the White House at Washington!

Chronic invalids have been practically cured by having great responsibilities thrust upon them. By the death of some

relative or the loss of property, or through some emergency, they have been forced out of their seclusion into the public gaze; forced away from the very opportunity of thinking of themselves, dwelling upon their troubles, their symptoms, and lo, the symptoms have disappeared!

Thousands of women are living to-day in comparative health who would have been dead years ago had they not been forced by necessity out of their diseased thoughts and compelled to think of others, to work for them, to provide and plan for them, because they could not afford to hire it done.

What does the world not owe to that imperious "must"—that strenuous effort which we make when driven to desperation, when all outside help has been cut off and we are forced to call upon all that is within us to extricate ourselves from an unfortunate situation!

Many of the greatest things in the world have been accomplished under the stress of this impelling "must"—merciless in its lashings and proddings to accomplishment.

Necessity has been a priceless spur which has helped men to perform miracles against incredible odds. Every person who amounts to anything feels within himself a power which is ever pushing him on and urging him to perpetual improvement. Whether he feels like it or not, this inward monitor holds him to his task.

It is this little insistent "must" that dogs our steps; that drives and bestirs us; that makes us willing to suffer privations and endure hardships, inconveniences, and discomforts, to work slavishly, in fact, when inclination tempts us to take life easy.

Be strong!

Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—Oh, shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long.
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

—G. H. S.

The Kind of Cigars King Edward Smokes

By Allan L. Benson in the Scrap Book

QUEEN VICTORIA'S father, the Duke of Kent, smoked once a day—from the time he arose in the morning until he retired at night. Nobody except himself derived much nourishment from the smoke. His royal wife didn't like it, and his beautiful young daughter sometimes had to leave the room. So, when she herself became a full-fledged sovereign, and, in 1841, became the mother of little Albert Edward, she pointed to the lad one day and said: "There's a boy who shall never smoke."

Last month the man who was once the Queen's little boy ordered from an American tobacco company three thousand cigars that come eight to the pound and are warranted to burn two hours and a half in any climate. The bill was ten thousand five hundred dollars—three dollars and a half apiece.

Such are the uncertainties of fulfilment even of royal mothers' plans!

At the same time, the King sent along an order for a thousand cigars for his nephew, the Emperor of Germany. The British monarch is never niggardly in his gifts, but for the Kaiser's cigars he paid only a dollar and a half apiece.

Smoking, it seems, is in one respect like drinking. Italians who live in the wine-growing regions never drink much because, as one of their countrymen has said, "they are temperamentally always half-seas over, while the stolid Britisher requires much strong drink to place him even with them." And William II. of Germany, being normally a bundle of nerves, smokes a cigar that lacks a little of being half as large as that of his uncle's best brand.

Any time that you happen to be ninety miles southeast of Havana, you can look about you and see the country that produces, not only the King's cigars, but the tobacco that goes into the smoking material consumed in all the royal palaces of Europe except that of the Sultan of Turkey. The surrounding country is known as the Vuelta Abajo district. Contrary to general belief,

this territory from which tobacco for royalty comes is not small. Many a man bites off the end of a wrapper that grew next-hill to the King's three-dollar-and-a-half cigar. The difference is that Edward VII.'s smokes are all made of the largest, finest leaves, while the ordinary man's cigars are put together from what is left.

Growing tobacco for royalty is a business that requires the special knowledge of the tobaccoist and ingenuity of a Burbank. The first step is to get the best seed. Ordinarily, the top of a tobacco-plant is snipped off before it reaches maturity in order to prevent seeding and thus force all the sap of the plant into the leaves. But when a planter has in his pocket an order for cigars for a king he is very careful what tops he cuts off. The largest plants are permitted to go to seed, and this seed is used the next year to grow the leaves that are more valuable than one-dollar bills.

Once in the ground, tobacco seed immediately requires much water. Each plant is daily carefully sprinkled. In three weeks, it is time to transplant. Those that haven't made good are thrown away and the others are put in the ground three feet apart.

Then begins the difficult task of forcing into the leaves the ingredients that, when burned, make the monarchs feel at peace with all the world, whether they are or not. Potash is needed to supply part of the aroma and the flavor. Of this substance, each plant is fed all it wants. But the tobacco plant is also an enormous consumer of nitrogen, and, therefore, cotton seed meal, bone meal, and dried blood are frequently mixed with the earth. Many a Cuban cow has gone to the block without knowing that the blood in its veins would yet add a delicate flavor to the cigars of a king.

As soon as so much fluid has been forced into the plant that it threatens to run over by going to seed, a cork is put into the top, so to speak, by cutting off the end of the stalk, and the forcing process from the bottom goes on. In a little while, the leaves

nearest the ground begin to turn yellow. That's a sign that they are ripe. When a planter who is raising tobacco for plain Bill Jones sees a yellow leaf or two at the bottom of the stalk, he cuts down the whole plant. But in raising tobacco for kings and czars and emperors, only the leaf that is yellow is picked and the others are permitted to remain until they, too, are ripe.

The next step is curing. Curing tobacco is worse than curing hams. Nine-tenths of the cigars that are technically known as "dead" were killed in embryo by the gentlemen who pretended to cure the leaves of which they are made. First, the leaf must hang in the sun just so long. While it is hanging in the sun it must not touch any other leaf. Then, with other leaves, it must be tied in a bundle. And, by the time it has had some more sunshine, and is ready to begin the process known as fermentation, it has lost eighty-five per cent. of its weight. It has become the boiled-down sweetness of the tobacco plant.

Fermentation is for the purpose of reducing the quantity of nicotine in the plant and improving the aroma. In the performance of this task, heat is the sole agency. Tobacco can be fermented for a Broadway smoker in about two weeks. For a king, the time required is two years. In the first instance, the leaves are piled in a moist place, and the natural generation of warmth does the rest. In the second, the tobacco is packed in cases and stored in warehouses where the same result is brought about more gradually.

The men who make the King's cigars get a dollar apiece for making them. They make a dozen a day. Each cigar is nine inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter in the middle.

The first step is to get a perfect leaf. A year's time may have been spent in getting seed and tending a plant, but all of its leaves that are cracked or wrinkled are unceremoniously thrown over into the pile that is made into cigars for men who have no crowns and are not worth more than six or eight hundred thousand dollars apiece.

The perfect leaves are rolled into shape, and around the finished product is slipped a golden band bearing the monarch's crest.

And packed a hundred in a box? Maybe for the Czar and the King of Spain, but not

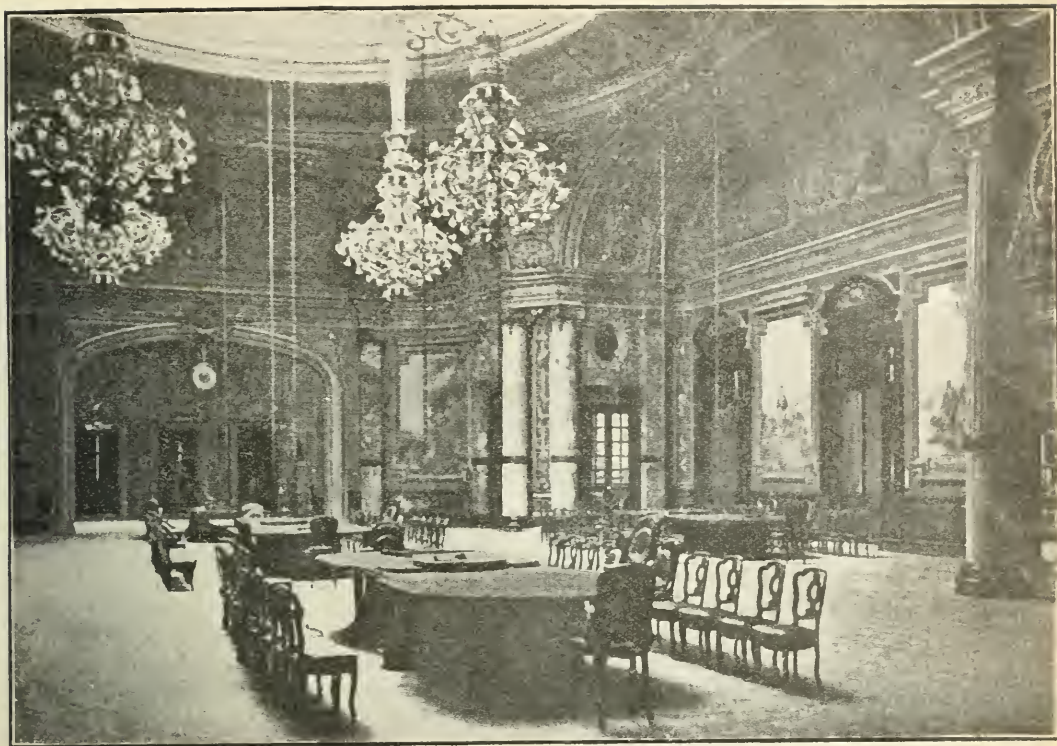
for your Uncle Edward. He takes his one in a box, hermetically sealed, with a little strip of glass for a cover so he can see through and be sure it's all right. More than that, each cigar is wrapped in a piece of delicate, hand-painted silk.

Then the cigars are sent to Sandringham House, Windsor Castle, or wherever the King wants them. But it should not be assumed that he fills his vest-pockets and passes them out to his friends at the races or at other places. He has another kind for that purpose—the kind that he himself smokes every day—the same quality of tobacco made into a dollar-and-a-half size. The three-dollar-and-a-half cigars are for use when he has company. If William is over from Germany, Nicholas has dropped in from Russia, or if President Fallieres has come from France, then the boy is sent out to get the big sticks.

We have no exalted smoker in this country. President Roosevelt does not use tobacco. But we have plenty of millionaires who smoke as good cigars as any king does, and some that smoke more expensive ones. William E. Corey, president of the United States Steel Corporation, smokes a five-dollar cigar. It is made of the same tobacco of which King Edward's cigars are manufactured, but Corey's cigars are ten inches long, while King Edward's are only nine.

J. Pierpont Morgan wants the strongest, best cigar that is made, but he is not particular about its being as big as the King and Corey like. Mr. Morgan's cigars are made from the same quality of tobacco that goes into the goods put up for royal consumption, but each cigar is only six and a half inches long, and not so fat as the King's. Mr. Morgan's cigars cost him a dollar and a quarter apiece. He is a great smoker.

Many rich Americans have adopted the European custom of smoking nothing but cigars that are at least five years old. The idea is that cigars do not acquire their best flavor until they have aged. A strange fact in connection therewith is that many millionaires now give orders for cigars to be delivered five years from the receipt of the order. The manager of one of the largest concerns in New York said he had his basement full of goods that were bought and paid for two, three, and even four years ago.



The Main Gambling Room at the Casino, where Roulette is Played.

Monte Carlo and Its Game

By Arthur Hewitt in the Bohemian.

THE Casina gamblers were not a cheerful lot. Why were those pleasure-seekers' faces so sad? So I wondered at first—later I found the reasons.

I came to Monte Carlo at night; it was as though some palace of a fairer land had greeted me. Monaco's giant rocks rose heavenward, their lighted headlands blending with a starry, yet ink-black sky. You leave the train behind—there is an ascent of many steps, marble steps, a stairway of splendor adorned with bronzes. At the top, through a garden of great palms, you get the first glimpse of the Casino, a building of gaudy splendor, somewhat subdued at night; and your thoughts are of satisfaction and pleasure. But musings like these came to an abrupt end;

the crowd swept on the Casino, and the reality was before me.

Now came the formality of obtaining from the authorities the admission card. I experienced difficulty, and it was only after proving my identity and professional standing that the green card was handed me.

No one is wanted in the Casino who is a local resident; you have to live far away and be an employer rather than an employee; this rule is made to lessen the chance of the scandal often coincident with loss. After traversing the splendid hallways the card was scrutinized, and at last the doorkeepers, with profound obeisance, ushered me into the gambling salon.

You ask me for impressions—first impressions. Well, I will tell you—the

neurotic perfumes of this southern land, the noise as of raining gold, the atmosphere or aura of the place, unseen yet none the less forceful, these impelled me to dive into my pocket and test the goddess Fortune.

I gained a seat at a roulette table (of the game itself I shall speak later) and, suffice to say, I won, won, won. A single silver piece (for I touched a lucky number at once) became gold, and gold became notes. All the charm, the deadly charm, of the game was upon me; the boa constrictor drew the rabbit into its coil.

Impressions—what are impressions? My nerves were on tension (I tell all). It was now a fever; my heart beat fast, duty and honor were no more, the very object of my coming to Monte Carlo was forgotten. All the mechanism of daily life had receded into another world. He who has never gambled cannot know it; environments of all sorts affect us in our daily life; but this was a wilder, keener touch. It changed the very muscles of the face, it broke every bond; he who loved, loved no more; every tie of sympathy was snapped asunder in the rage for sensation or gold. I do not exaggerate, for I write this in my London studio, in all the calm of retrospect.

I have traveled wide and far, and yet the evil of Monte Carlo is perhaps the most gigantic evil I have seen. I believe that in one year on the rock of Monte Carlo more lives are marred and often wrecked than by all the temptations and evil of a great country. I wished to find some attributes of good—I found none.

But I will now briefly describe the games themselves, proving the necessity for ultimate loss to all, and then I will speak of various people I met and of what they told me of themselves.

By far the largest number of persons play the game of roulette. The apparatus is simple: a large black wooden basin, around the inside rim of which are thirty-seven little compartments, each of which bears a number, 0, 1, 2, 3, and so on to 36. From the centre of this bowl a pivot rises by means of which the croupiers can set rapidly revolving the detached circular bottom which contains the numbers. As he does this he drops

a small ball, sending it with a sweeping motion of the hand around the upper edge of the stationary bowl, in the opposite direction to the rotating half containing the numbers. Slowly the two momenta decrease, and at last, after a series of now quite erratic and chanceful movements, the ball drops into a numbered compartment. The color and number thus indicated are the winners. The remainder of the outfit consists of two tables, each one continuous with a side of the table into which the wheel proper is set; marked on these tables, which are covered with green cloth, is a diagram, numbered and colored, showing the various chances of the play. You do not "go it blind."

There are the thirty-six numbers in three horizontal rows; a larger space tops these columns for the 0 (zero). Then at the sides of the columns the chances simple are labeled—*passé*, *manqué*; *pair*, *impair*; *rouge*, and *noir*. All these are chances for even money. Again, at the base of the diagram the various dozens may be played—1 to 12, 12 to 24, and so on; on these, as also the three columns, the bank offers 2 to 1. When you play you place your money, or ask a croupier to do so, on the various points of play as indicated on this table. Five francs is the lowest stake he will accept, 6,000 francs the highest; but this is only on even chances. When the stakes are all in position the croupier calls out, "*Messieurs, faites votre jeu.*" The wheel and the ball are set in motion. "*Rien ne va pas,*" he drones out—"Nothing more may be staked." Then chance gets to work and you lose or win exactly as you have placed your money; there is no cheating at Monte Carlo. If you have chosen the winning number and put your stake only on that number the bank pays you 35 to 1 for a five-franc piece, the croupier deftly pushes over to you 175 francs, and so on.

The charm of the game is apparent, the fascination and excitement are bound to hold you as they did me during many lucky days.

Then, too, there is the gorgeous beauty of the rooms themselves, the crowd of people all intent on the play, and the prodigious sums of money ever in view—

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the unified activity, the action of combined thought in one direction. Each plays upon the senses until (I care not how strong your ordinary will) you fall prey to a temptation beyond your power of resistance. To be captain of your own soul in this place is indeed an arduous feat. I saw the strong and the weak alike enthralled—many people of many lands; and I think there were more women than men. Some played the game with definite system, some in the most erratic manner. The same fate overtook all.

At roulette, roughly, the bank wins three per cent. of all the money staked. As you play, this hard mathematical fact is establishing itself against you. You may win at the first, indeed many times. All your winnings first get back to the bank, and then your pocket will pay at least this subtle three per cent. for all your fine sport of many days. It is so simple, need I even explain, when the company which runs the place yearly reaps profits to the tune of over one and a half million pounds sterling?

The fateful zero takes your money, mathematically, once in thirty-six spins of the wheel; in the long reckoning it always appears, and each time the bank rakes in the stakes.

There are systems, some will say, that will defeat the bank. I have not found one. Two factors settle all systems. One is the bank's limit, which prevents the doubling system so often advocated; the second the extraordinary idiosyncrasies of chance. Red or black will often run in long series. I saw fifteen reds come up in succession on one occasion; seventeen uneven numbers in an unbroken series on another. One evening, on a losing day, I was playing on the first six numbers and persistently for some hours the last twelve numbers invariably turned up. Once I saw 21 come up four times in succession, when mathematically it should have taken one hundred and forty-four coups to make it show that number of times—and still more strange that on this occasion each time it came up a gentleman had staked the limit on the number; namely, one hundred and eighty francs, winning in ten minutes something over 24,000 francs.

One readily sees by these instances the unexpected very often happens, in fact, more often than not.

The tables upon which *Trente-et-quarante* is played are similar to the roulette tables already described. They also are long and narrow and have a curved break on each side, in the middle of their length. Here sit the *chef de partie* and the *croupiers*, one of whom, called the *tailleur*, throws the cards that have been used. The top of the table is covered with green cloth and marked



Prince of Monaco

In Whose Domain is the Famous Casino. He Devotes Himself to Exploration.

off into spaces with lines drawn in yellow, in the same manner as the roulette table, from which it nevertheless differs essentially in its details.

Trente-et-quarante is a simpler game than roulette; it offers only four chances, all of them for even money. I shall not go into details of the manner of the play of this game; suffice it to say, it concerns the numbers and colors of ordinary playing cards as they are at random dealt out. Six packs of cards are shuffled together and dealt from.

New packs are always used for each shuffle. All this is done with great care,

for at times very large sums of money are on the table. Twelve thousand francs is the limit of the play, while a golden louis, or twenty francs, is the lowest sum allowed to be staked.

The game is quieter and more orderly than roulette; there are, as a rule, no mistakes or disputes, which so often occur at the roulette tables. Personally I always faced ill-luck when I played it, although I believe, given you have the capital, it is a safer chance than roulette, for the bank here wins only one twenty-eighth of the money staked. But the twenty-franc minimum is so formidable a weapon in the hands of the bank (as the side in command of the greatly preponderating capital) that if only the struggle be continued long enough every one who takes up the gauntlet must eventually be crushed. Here, then, again is the story of loss—inevitable loss.

As to the people I met, I must first tell of the Prince himself, the ruler of this strange country, to whose sovereign presence an errand of another nature than the purpose of this paper brought me. After a laborious drive up the steep incline of Monaco's hillside I found myself at where a soldier prevented my entrance until the elaborately uniformed concierge had given me parance and his baton had waved my vehicle forward. Then I entered the palace; many men met me, apparently from every doorway gaily dressed servants came forward and relieved me of all my encumbrances, each separate article being separately carried. I mounted the marble staircase and was received with formality by an officer of His Highness' forces. I was ushered into the Prince's presence. I found a simple, plainly dressed gentleman, with sad eyes and a stern mouth, charming in manner, peculiarly quiet in conversation and a fluent speaker of English. My camera portrayed him, then we chatted pleasantly. In himself this ruler of this country of the game is a strange contrast; his mind is often far away from his people and country. His joy is to drive his ship unto the Arctic ice floes or to snap-shot a wild animal on some snow clad mountain peak; while his scientific submarine researches have made him world renowned.

As to the Casino, it is the very life of the State. The army, the schools, and the principality itself are financed by the gain at the tables; but that to the Prince is a right of heritage. Its follies and worse have little interest for him.

Now as to the gamblers. He was a good fellow, that tutor. I first met him at Cannes, in the house of friends of mine on the mountain side, where I stayed. They were growers of flowers, they had a poor little house—but what princely hearts! How they lavished of their all on me! Never shall I forget their kindness, those little acts which make life best worth while. The cheer of the wine, the brightest of suns, the bluest of seas, it was all there. But I am forgetting the tutor. The game long since had him by the throat. I met him in his losing days. How can I tell of all the agony of that man? The last time I saw him he was wandering penniless in the Casino, still eyeing furtively the game that had drained him. I asked him to luncheon from sheer pity. I believe he had been a splendid fellow at heart; but now his eyes were haggard and half-shut, he was unkempt, every nicety that marks self-respect had gone. He was glad of my invitation, and at the table he opened his heart; he told me fervently and yet with small emotion that he was that very night going to end his now wretched life. His tale was the tale of many, of long losses, of every article of value pawned, and all the other sordid details. But his eyes for all that were as yet unopened. I had to do something, for I saw the man was near the precipice over which Monte Carlo daily pushes her victims.

I told him fiercely of one chance of escape; flight and Paris. I begged him to be gone, the impossible alone was safe. I argued, and at last he became as a child, tired, utterly weary, and the train took him that night far away.

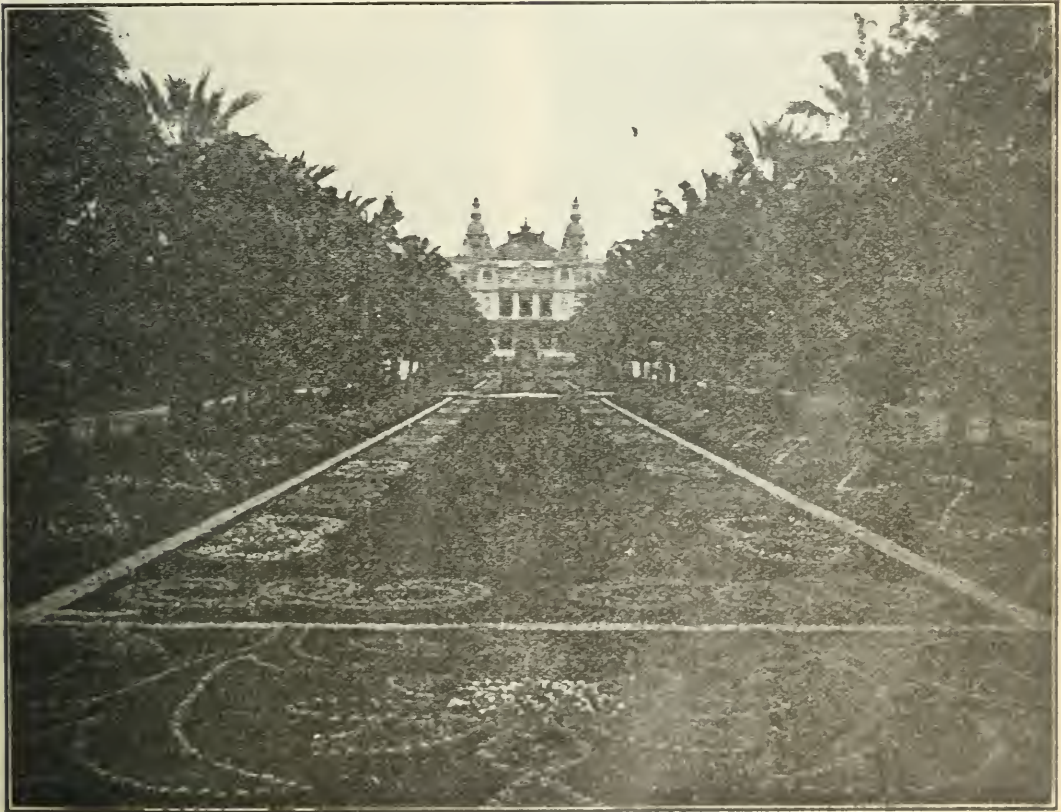
One night, as I was glancing at the players of Trente-et-quarante, I caught sight of a gentleman playing with the utmost deliberation and care. He was also steadily winning. He interested me, for he, I said, "knows the game; he has nerve and sense." Later I met him and ventured to remark concerning his

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success. He shook his head and told me in fluent French how each year for seven years he had come to Monte Carlo, and how, in the end, he had always lost, because, as he described it, the nerves go round and cannot stand the strain. I was sorry, for after him the hope died that I should ever find a man that was match for the bank.

He was young and handsome, but a slave to the game. A man of courage,

Then there was the winner who went mad. I watched him at the tables in the Casino as he hugged tight to his breast a great bundle of "billets." To be exact, he had in his hands 132,000 francs: eleven packages, each containing 12,000 francs. Here was a curiosity. He had no thought of banking the handsome sum and quitting the game; he played on, played the limit—each time 12,000 francs, on the black at trente-et-



Surrounding the Casino are Wonderful Gardens and Tropical Plants, making a Veritable Fairy Land of the Place.

too, he had fought his duels, but his courage did not serve him in gambling. He had wealth, too, but he always gambled ahead of his income. The last night I spent with him he had to pawn a golden pencil, the gift of a Princess. Nothing else was wrong with him; in every way he was a man of appealing interest. He soon became a worry to me, his company was irksome, and after two or three chats I avoided him.

quarante always on the black. He wandered from table to table, still throwing his notes where the noir was marked. An unnatural light shone in the man's eyes.

His luck had turned, he who had put the game to a standstill in the morning whilst the croupiers sent for more money, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon wandered from the Casino penniless (or at least minus his 132,000 francs) and unsteady



One of the Prince of Monaco's Small Army.

in his gait. Again I saw how true had been the words of the Russian doctor, "the nerves cannot stand the strain."

I have notes of several other instances where it is the same tale of human pathos, but let these that I have given

be sufficient. As I read my evening journal to-night I saw how the Monte Carlo Casino had just sent four hundred pounds to the fund for the families of the dead in the recent French naval disaster. It set me a-wondering. But no, my opinion shall stand, that this thing has no redeeming quality. Nor is the gaming the only evil. Shame be it on the managers of the Casino that they should permit women of ill repute to frequent the place, and in large numbers. Why, I know not; certainly they were a nuisance to the gamblers. If you are winning, these women are very quick to find it out and you are requested to become their banker so that they may test their luck for their own benefit—beggars for your winnings.

A gentleman of prominence in Monte Carlo, a resident and a man of affairs, told me of the havoc of the game, told me of the destruction of private and public morals.

"The very atmosphere has a taint," he said. "I could count the honest people of the town on the fingers of one hand."

Then, too, I could add the stories of suicide, which is said to be frequent. I did see a man stagger and fall as he rose to leave the Casino, but he was hurried from the room by the numerous agents that are scattered about. I saw no suicides, I heard of many. That I prevented one I have no doubt. I cannot say it better than in the words of a great poet, "How mad and bad and sad it was."

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted ;
Perhaps *your* part is not yet wholly done.
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun
If you will keep the incense burning there ;
His glory you shall see sometime, somewhere.

—Robert Browning.

Some Curiosities of Diplomatic Life

By Herbert H. D. Peirce in *Atlantic Monthly*

EVERY diplomatic officer encounters many appeals for advice and assistance of one sort or another, not only from his own compatriots but often from foreigners, sometimes simply curious, and sometimes pathetic and deeply appealing. The appeals which the American diplomat receives from his own nationals are perhaps more frequent than those made to similar officials of other nations, for the reason that it is generally understood by citizens of other countries who find themselves in distressed circumstances in foreign lands, that the medium of governmental relief, if such can be extended, is the consular, not the diplomatic, officer of their country.

Most governments permit their consular officers to extend some measure of relief to such of their nationals as become stranded in a foreign country and desire to return to their own homes. Our own principle of individual independence, a principle which has done much to foster that spirit of self-reliance which plays so large a part in the national character, is opposed to anything that might encourage citizens in the belief that in distress they can confidently apply to the government for relief; and, conformably to this spirit of our institutions, neither our diplomatic nor our consular officers are provided with means of pecuniary relief for American citizens who may become stranded abroad, however much they may desire to return to their own land, except, under certain circumstances, in the case of American seamen. As a consequence, both the diplomatic and the consular officers of the United States frequently find themselves confronted with cases of such an appealing nature that, in common charity, they cannot refrain from offering relief from their own pockets.

Take, for instance, the case of the American who by adverse circumstances is stranded abroad, longing for nothing so much as to return to his or (harder

still) her native land; speaking at most but little of the language of the country; debarred both by nationality and by language from either earning a livelihood or seeking any but the most humiliating charity; willing but unable, in a foreign country, to exercise those means of bread-winning which in America might be reasonably relied upon for support. In the face of such an appeal, what can the diplomatic officer do but lend this aid to send the applicant home? Nor are such cases rare. They constitute a considerable tax upon the slender remuneration of the office. A generous charity toward his own nationals, tempered only by his personal means and due circumspection to provide against that imposition which is ever alert to impose on the unwary, becomes, therefore, one of the functions of the American diplomat.

It is, however, no part of the purpose of this article to rehearse the harrowing details of life's harsh discipline to the needy, but rather to relate some curious phases of those conditions which bring persons to an American legation for assistance by advice or for pecuniary aid.

That meanest of social parasites, the bogus-claim-agent, meanest because he preys, not upon the rich, but above all upon those struggling poor who strive to keep head above water in that sea of overwhelming expense, the imagined social requirements of a position which their means are inadequate to maintain,—this wretched bloodsucker plies his nefarious calling in every land.

One bitter winter's night in St. Petersburg, early in my first service as charge d'affaires, there came to me a poor colonel of infantry, whose meagre pay would hardly suffice to put bread in the mouths of his numerous family and maintain with decency his rank in the Russian army.

The well-brushed but threadbare uniform, the tarnished lace, the boots well

polished but split, all proclaimed the struggle, while the thin hand he gave me and the fallow sunken cheek betrayed the physical privation. He had traveled from his post, some seven hundred miles distant, full of expectation, to ask information of me regarding the alleged fortune of a mythical millionaire in one of our southern states, by whose reputed death a claim-agent, to whom he had paid a hardly-spared bonus for the information, had told him, he had become his heir. Never shall I forget the fall of the poor gentleman's countenance as I explained to him the improbability of the truth of his information. Needless to say, my inquiries proved my predictions correct. How dastardly the act of the vampire who had sucked from him his poor savings and entailed upon him the expense of the long journey!

There is a story of a vast fortune, the existence of which an American, dying in a Spanish prison, revealed to a priest, which periodically comes to light—always with a demand for a bonus before the secret can be divulged—with such regularity of reappearance, though with slight differences in dress, that it is known in the Department of State as "the Spanish story."

Marital relations are a prolific cause of appeal to the American diplomat. It is dangerous ground, of course, but the diplomatic officer must patiently listen to the recital of rights and wrongs on both sides, and finally do what he best may to promote domestic harmony. The marriage laws of the different civilized countries differ materially, and indeed perhaps there is no question of so-called "private international law," unless it be that of citizenship, which plays a larger part in the whole question of what is known as the international "conflict of laws." An American citizen married to a foreigner might, under certain circumstances, find his status in this regard quite different in his own country and in that of his wife.

A naturalized American of Russian birth who had, for sufficient reason, procured a divorce from his first wife, had married, as his second venture, a Russian lady of the Orthodox faith. Now the Russian Church and State, while they

grant divorce, do not easily recognize the remarriage of divorced people. Indeed, these two people certainly could not have been legally married in Russia. Both knowing the facts, they went to another country and there became man and wife by English law. Relations becoming strained, they both came to me, the husband to induce me to get the marriage dissolved, as invalid under Russian law, and the wife to insist upon her husband being held to his proper obligations under our laws. By dint of salutary advice, I brought matters to a satisfactory agreement, which, however, proved to be of brief duration; for, shortly afterwards, the wife appeared before me to request my good offices to get the marriage dissolved as invalid under Russian law; and she had hardly gone when the husband appeared to demand recognition of his marital rights under our laws, his wife having left him and being engaged in an attempt to remove the furniture from the house as her property.

Princess——, peace be to her and to her name—a name associated with some of the highest dignities of the Empire, but which I will not repeat in this place, for obvious reasons—held weekly a salon in St. Petersburg where one met the very elect of every walk in Russian life, and to which none might obtain access without the passport of culture and good breeding. She had long passed the period of feminine charm when I knew her, except that she remained grande dame in the highest acceptance of the phrase. Her dress, though somewhat eccentric, was of a character to emphasize the dignity of a truly noble bearing. No one understands this better than the Russian lady of high birth; she can even smoke her ever-burning cigarette with an air of supreme dignity.

As I sat one evening at work in my study, my servant brought me the card of a gentleman, well known in the Imperial Court, who awaited me in the salon. My visitor handed me a note from Princess——, which requested me to come to see her at once, at a certain house, not her own, on a matter of great importance. Laying the note down upon the table near me, I begged my visitor to say to the Princess that I would go

to her as quickly as I could make some necessary changes in my toilet. The moment I put it down he seized the note and tore it into a thousand pieces, which he crammed into his pocket, explaining with breathless haste that the matter would permit of no delay, and begging me to go with him at once. A short drive brought us to a house I frequently passed in my daily comings and goings, and here a sign to the concierge and an evident signal at the doorbell caused the door to be quickly opened. As it closed behind me, I found myself in an apartment filled with white-frocked monks of the Roman church, an unusual enough sight in Orthodox Russia, where, of all religions, that of Rome is looked upon with most suspicion. By a tortuous and narrow passage, my guide led me to a back room illuminated only by a single lamp, and this heavily shaded, except for a square opening in the lamp-shade emitting a comparatively brilliant stream of light in the darkened room in which sat my summoner, clothed in her habitual flowing black robe. Upon my entrance she rose and, still standing in the stream of light, introduced to me a young man of a well-known family who, she dramatically informed me, had committed what in Russia is regarded as a high political crime, though under our system it would be regarded as the exercise of a natural right. He had been concealed from the police for thirty days in that same apartment. Now an opportunity offered for sending him out of Russia through Finland, and her purpose in requesting my presence was to ask from me an American passport in his favor. Of course it was utterly impossible to comply with such a demand, and, very shortly after, my new acquaintance took his departure in company with a party of these Carmelite monks.

The penalty for the political crime of which he was confessedly guilty was deportation to Siberia for life. My sympathies were therefore keenly aroused, although it was quite impossible for me to assist him; and it was with no small feeling of anxiety that I saw him depart upon his journey, which might very likely be interrupted by the police with disastrous results. Very shortly afterward

my friend the Princess was taken seriously ill and died. I never saw her again, and it was not until five years later that I learned, by chance, that the young political offender had escaped safely.

Some of the applicants in Russia presented interesting claims. One, a native of Vermont, told me that he had come so far from the home of his Yankee birth to play in the Roumanian gypsy orchestra in one of the restaurants in St. Petersburg. Another, who received each year a special form of recommendation to the authorities as a "ward of the United States," was a true Sioux Indian who had come to Russia in Buffalo Bill's "Wild West Show," and had been left behind owing to his love for Russian "fire-water." Physically, he was a fine specimen of the race of which his features and bearing were the very type; and, with the mass of coarse black hair hanging down on the massive shoulders from beneath the broad sombrero, it was curious to find him transplanted into Russian soil and speaking the language of that country about as well as he did English.

It is a just interpretation of our country's liberal laws, based upon the principle of the right of the individual to change his national allegiance at will, that abandonment of country and permanent residence in a foreign land, without intention to return to the United States to reside, and to perform there those duties of citizenship which should be performed for the state in return for the advantages and protection which citizenship confers, should be construed as indicating a purpose to abandon citizenship itself. For, that the mere claim of nationality, and demand for the national protection abroad, should give to the individual immunity from those claims upon him which the citizens or subjects of the country of his residence must meet, and that at the same time he should be enabled to avoid, by his absence, his duties and obligations to his own country, is a one-sided arrangement, out of consonance with the true and underlying principles of the mutual rights and obligations of communities and individuals. Moreover, there has been no little abuse of our naturalization laws by

foreigners, who, desiring to escape military service in the country of their origin, emigrate to America just before they can, by their laws, be called upon for such service, and, remaining just long enough in our country to obtain their papers as American citizens, return to the land of their birth, with no intention of ever coming back to the United States, but demanding of our government immunity, by virtue of their newly acquired allegiance, from all of those obligations which the country of their residence requires of its nationals, while enjoying all the advantages of its social organization and escaping the performance of every duty to their new allegiance.

Such an abuse was, of course, never contemplated in framing our immigration laws, nor in defining the principle of the inalienable right of the individual to change his allegiance. It is a simple measure of self-protection for our government to say that, while it does not undertake to deprive any citizen of his lawful rights, it is fair to assume that, when he abandons, permanently, his residence in this country, thereby avoiding all those duties of citizenship which the state may justly require, he has abandoned, in real truth, American allegiance.

Yet, as no general precept can meet every case, this just and equitable interpretation of our laws works hardships in some cases, which come with pathetic appeal to the attention of the American diplomat. A combination of untoward circumstances may leave a whole family stranded in a foreign country. The death of the parents may throw the children, altogether unprepared, upon their own resources, and, with the most earnest longing to return to America, they may be unable to find the means to do so. Each year cuts them off more entirely from home ties, and makes the possibility of their earning a living in America more remote, and yet there remains the same intense desire to claim and retain American citizenship. I remember several such families in Russia, who had come out with their parents at the time of the building, by American contractors, of the railway between Moscow and St. Petersburg, and who, their parents having died, leaving them penniless, had become Rus-

sian in everything but in name and in their intense sentiment of patriotism toward the country they could only dimly remember from childhood.

Of stranded Americans in Russia, I recall, among many others, the case of a troupe of eleven colored "vaudeville" performers, whose manager had left them in the lurch. To assist so many at one and the same time was quite beyond the means at my personal disposal, so I was obliged to have resource to a benevolent society, to which I was a subscriber, to borrow aid for them. It is a pleasure to be able to recall that these people repaid the loan voluntarily and without any steps, on my part, to require it.

Needless to say, the diplomatic officer encounters his full share of impostors. My last in this line was an amiable and adroit humbug, but he did a fair day's work for every krone I gave him, and, but for his final abuse of my confidence, I should feel that I had not suffered in anything but the imposition on my credulity, and this so cleverly done as to amuse rather than annoy me.

He came just as I was getting settled in my house in Christiania; my garden was full of the boxes in which my furniture had been packed, and which must be broken up and stored before the rapidly approaching winter set in. He represented himself to be a discharged American seaman, but without papers—as such sea-tramps often are—or other means of identification than his knowledge of City Point, South Boston—which seemed accurate enough—where he represented himself to have been born, although, as he said, he had been at sea most of his life. Curiously enough, though, he knew City Point so well, he knew nothing about Boston or even South Boston. He could not tell me even where the State House stands, nor what it looks like. Yet he spoke English without other accent than that which is common enough in certain parts of our country, a slight Irish brogue. The sole wish of his heart was to get back once more to City Point, to his dear old mother, whom he would never, never leave again, once he was at her side. Giving him a crown for his supper and night's lodging, I told him to call on me the next day.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE

Meanwhile, I arranged with a steamship line to give my American sailor transportation to Boston, for a sum within my means, and engaged him to work for me at fair wages until sailing day. I never got better labor for the wages than this delightful humbug gave me. The day before the sailing of his steamer he disappeared, but the ship had hardly left port when he turned up again with a story of unavoidable detention. Two weeks later, another was to sail, and again I arranged for his passage, still employing his services about the place, where his diligence and intelligent labor accomplished wonders in getting things to rights. Sailing day came again, and again my American was missing; but the following day up he bobbed with a story of a row and arrest by the police—a story which, on investigation, proved to be pure fiction.

I yielded to his importunities to give him a little more work, and set him at splitting kindling in the cellar.

The next morning, my servant came to me, saying, "If the Minister pleases, the American is drunk." — "Well, send him away," said I. — "I can't, sir. He will not go; I did lock him in the wine-cellar." — "Why? Why did you lock a drunken man in my wine-cellar?" — "I did find him in the wine-cellar, drunk. He did get in with a false key. It is here," handing me a regular burglar's skeleton key. There was nothing to do but to hand him over to the police, who informed me that he was a Swede and "wanted" in Stockholm on a criminal charge.

There comes to me frequently, at this Legation, a poor demented old man, who fancies that he has some grievance

against the Norwegian Government. He clearly is not an American citizen, but he alleges that he served in the Confederate Army. He carries always the same bundle of papers, which I have read many times, and which have no sort of bearing on the claim that he thinks they establish.

As I try to make him comprehend this, he dives down into all his pockets, fishing out other equally irrelevant scraps, until every chair is the repository for some of these poor worthless bits of paper. He stands and looks at them all with despairing eyes, then puts his hand to his head, saying, "There is something, but I can't remember. My head is bad." It is a sad and oft-repeated scene. All I can do is to give him a little charity and send him away.

These are but a few of the curiosities of diplomatic life, taken, at random, out of my experience. Many others crowd in upon my memory, but the foregoing will serve to show how varied are the appeals for assistance, in one form and another, which come to the American diplomat.

Of the tragedies of life which one encounters, where often a few dollars would go so far to relieve distress, I have said but little. One often longs for means to dispense a more generous charity. Our national government could hardly undertake to provide such means, and it is only a few of our diplomatic officials whose circumstances enable them adequately to meet all the calls upon them. But the relief of worthy Americans in distress abroad, through our embassies and legations, offers a wide field for private charity, which would be subject to but little if any imposition, in view of the ability of the officials to investigate.





W. H. Cottingham, Vice-President and General Manager of the Sherwin-Williams Co., of Cleveland, in his Office. Mr. Cottingham is a Prominent Canadian, Born in Omemece, Ontario, in 1866.

The Greatest Game in the World

By Walter H. Cottingham in System

THE field of business is world-wide in extent. Its cultivation affords the ambitious man greater scope and opportunities for his activity and ability than any other. There are no limits to the possibilities of a business career, excepting the limitation of human capacity and endurance.

And this is the day of business. In no period of the world's history has it occupied such an important place.

Time was when men devoted themselves to conquest by the sword, but now the world's greatest contests are fought and won on the fields of commerce by the great captains of industry. To be "in trade" is no longer a reproach, for business as it is constituted to-day affords ample opportunity for the highest honors, for the most enduring fame and for unlimited wealth and power. It is a

field to attract the able and ambitious and in which to exercise the greatest talents.

The world is progressing to-day at a greater speed than ever before. Developments and improvements are on every side. They are the results of the genius of business. They are the rewards of tireless industry and superior ability.

Let no one think that the best days for business opportunities have passed. We are in the midst of them. Right now the chances for success are greater than they ever were. Remember this: better training and greater knowledge are now necessary to successfully conduct the vast transactions by which the enormous business of our time is operated than in the days of small things.

Business is a race. It is a struggle for supremacy from start to finish. The field

THE GREATEST GAME IN THE WORLD

is crowded with trained competitors, eager and alert to outdo one another at every turn. The start is important. It means a great deal to get under way right.

The very first step then is a firm and determined resolution to succeed. Make up your mind before you enter the race that you will go into it to stay, that you will keep the goal of success ever before your eyes, and that you will never give up until you have crossed the line a winner.

Such a resolution many men never take. The majority seem to be possessed of an idea that success is largely a matter of luck, that when they get into business fortune will come to them in some way. They fail to take a serious view of the subject at the start. They utterly fail to realize the tremendous effort and hardship necessary to get even a foothold, and so they drift along aimlessly without a plan to guide them.

Emphasize the importance of a sober and firm resolution at the start. Resolve with all the strength you can command that you will win, and then determine with all your might that you will keep that resolution—and go to work.

The first necessity of training for any race, and especially for the race of business success, is work.

Work, in order to be highly successful,

must be done because of love of it, because of the desire of accomplishment. It is only under such conditions that one is able to do his best. The heart and soul, as well as the hands, must enter into the task if it is to be of the record-making kind. It must become a part of your very self.

All the great works of art, literature and science are great because they are part and parcel of the being who created them. They are the expression of an ideal, developed by intense application, not for love of gain, but for the love of achievement and the desire to excel. The man who finds work a drudgery and an everlasting grind, who is always looking for the quitting time, will never do really good work, for his heart is not in it. He is but a machine working for a mere existence. He works only because he has to, and is kept up to it. Of this kind of workers there is an over-supply in the world, and so the price is low.

But for the man who works because he desires improvement and advancement, because he desires to accomplish, because he wants to do something better than it has ever been done before, because he wants to be a prize winner in the great race for success, there is no limit to what he may do, the whole world is open to him, and welcomes him and will reward him richly.

A Few Thoughts

We needs must love the highest when we see it.—Tennyson.

The miller thinks the wheat only grows to keep his mill going.—Goethe.

A very great part of the mischiefs that vex the world arises from words.—Burke.

The whole object of literature is to prevent truths becoming truisms.—Chesterton.

A man's output for the species is more important than his moral elevation.—Wells.



The House of Life



By Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Cosmopolitan.

All wondering and eager-eyed, within her portico,
I made my plea to Hostess Life, one morning long ago.

“Pray show me this great house of thine, nor close a single door;
But let me wander where I will, and climb from floor to floor.

“For many rooms, and curious things, and treasures great and small,
Here in this spacious mansion lie, and I would see them all.”

Then Hostess Life turned silently, her searching gaze on me,
And with no word she reached her hand and offered up the key.

It opened first the door of Hope, and long I lingered there;
Until I spied the Room of Dreams, just higher by a stair.

And then a door, whereon the one word “Happiness” was writ;
But when I tried the little key I could not make it fit.

It turned the lock of Pleasure’s room, wherein all seemed so bright,
But after I had stayed a while it somehow lost its light.



And wandering down a lonely hall I came upon a room
Marked “Duty,” and I entered it, to lose myself in gloom.

Along the shadowy walls I groped my weary way about,
And found that from dull Duty’s room the door of Toil led out.

It led out to another door, whereon a crimson stain
Made sullenly, against the dark, the words, “The Room of Pain.”

But oh, the light, the light, the light, that spilled down from above!
And upward wound the stairs of faith, right to the Tower of Love.

And when I came forth from that place I tried the little key,
And lo! the door of Happiness swung open wide and free.



The Prolongers of Life

By Michael Williams in Munsey's.

THE most noteworthy fact connected with the recent progress of science is the ever-increasing attention it pays to problems affecting human happiness and human life. Some of the best intellects of the age are removing the basis of Tolstoy's reproach, when he said that science was practically useless, because it concerned itself only with details and unimportant little facts, like the coloring of a butterfly's wing, or the muscular structure of a titmouse, neglecting the questions of deep human significance—such questions, for example, as how best to eat and drink, to sleep and exercise, in order to live healthily and long. Yet it was by paying attention to details that science learned how to handle the larger problems of which details are a part; and to-day men of microscopes and calorimetric bombs are investigating the regions once explored only by philosophers and poets—the mysteries of life and death.

Of all the problems which concern humanity, perhaps none is more interesting than that of achieving long life. Upon this problem many of the chief scientists of to-day are concentrating; and there is to be found, in their results and conclusions, an agreement that the road to man's long life leads—as one of our oldest proverbs states that the road to his heart also leads—through his stomach.

Man is his food. We are what we eat and drink. Thinking men and women are beginning to recognize the full truth of the German adage, "As a man eateth, so he is," and of the old Saxon saying, "Every man has lain on his own trencher." The important part that eating plays in the business of life is a commonplace; yet it is beyond question true that the majority of men and women eat what they like, or what they have been "brought up" to eat, without giving special consideration to the question

of wholesomeness, and without inquiring what are the real needs of the body, and how these needs may best be supplied. Of late people have begun to realize the necessity of asking such questions as the following:

What is the best dietary for health?

What foodstuffs will best sustain mental and physical effort?

What substances are best adapted to building strong and enduring muscles, pure blood, active and well-balanced brain and nerve?

In a word, what shall we eat in order to live long?

Thousands of people have been forced by ill-health to consider such problems; but few, until recently, have found anything like a satisfactory answer. Every physician will admit that medical dietetics is, of all subjects with which he has to deal, perhaps the most contradictory and unsatisfactory. This is due to the fact that until lately it was almost wholly empirical, and not scientific; being based upon imperfect and inadequate observations, and very largely abandoned to the rule of the quack or the unscientific food faddist or enthusiast.

Now, however, there is a general awakening to the need for paying scientific attention to the question of food. Thoroughgoing laboratory researches, and experiments made upon hundreds of thousands of persons, have supplied trustworthy data; and although the science of nutrition is still far from being settled and accepted, it has emerged definitely from the mists of charlatanism and faddishness, and through the devoted work of a noble band of men and women it is placing knowledge of the utmost importance at our disposal. It declares with no uncertain voice that human life may be prolonged far past the traditional three-score years and ten, and that a century of useful existence



Dr. Elie Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris.
Who Holds That Men Should Live One Hundred and Twenty Years.

need no longer be regarded as a chimera, or as a relic of the dreams of Ponce de Leon and other searchers after the fountain of youth.

Men of many nations are numbered in the ranks of the scientific prolongers of life; but, as Professor Lafayette B. Mendel, of Yale, recently said to the writer: "There is no possibility of discussing the nutrition study of to-day without first mentioning the Germans." In this branch of scientific investigation, the Germans display their racial genius for thoroughness; and they have contributed many of the fundamental discoveries and ideas to the science of prolonging life.

The greatest figure of the new knowledge passed out of the arena a few months ago in the person of Karl von Voit, who died at Munich after a long life that was devoted from the first to the investigation of the problems of nutrition and of physiology. He was called "the Nestor of his science"; and no characteristic could seem more just. His doctor's thesis, away back in 1856, was a study of the circulation of nitrogen in the animal system; in other words, a study of the way in which the body avails itself of one of the most essential of the materials from which nerves, muscles, and cells are built. At the age of twenty-six, he had demonstrated a meth-

THE PROLONGERS OF LIFE.

od of determining how the human system uses proteid—that substance in food without which life would be impossible. When he was thirty-five, his work had

kofer he also discovered the amount of proteid metabolism—or amount of proteid changed into living substance—in persons of average health subsisting on



Horace Fletcher

A Retired American Business Man who has Devoted his Later Life to the Study of Questions of Nutrition.

resulted in the construction of the first apparatus for determining mechanically the amount of nitrogen consumed by the body. This was the Pettenkofer respiration apparatus, and with Dr. Petten-

kofer he also discovered the amount of proteid metabolism—or amount of proteid changed into living substance—in persons of average health subsisting on

These experiments put the principles of nutrition on a scientific basis for the first time, and although later investiga-

tions and discoveries have exposed many of his theories to adverse criticism, and to radical change, yet it may be said that Voit laid the foundation on which other men are now building. He was devoted to his arduous labors; he found real joy in them; and his pleasure at any new discovery on the part of another scientist was an inspiration to his numerous pupils. He was characteristically Teutonic in his deliberation, and in his deprecation of any hurried announcement of the results of his experiments. His last published article gave to the world work accomplished seventeen years before.

Other leaders among the German students of the science of long life are men whose names are classic in the laboratories and lecture-rooms of the world, although popularly they may not be so widely recognized. There is N. Zuntz, with his pupils, notably A. Loewy; there is C. von Noorden, who now resides in Vienna, and whose specialty is the study of metabolism, or the processes whereby the organic material contained in the different foodstuffs is transformed by the body into living cells; there is Max Rubner, of Berlin, an eminent authority; there are Eduard Pfluger, of Bonn; Fr. Muller, of Munich; Robert Tigerstedt, now in Helsingfors, Finland, and many others.

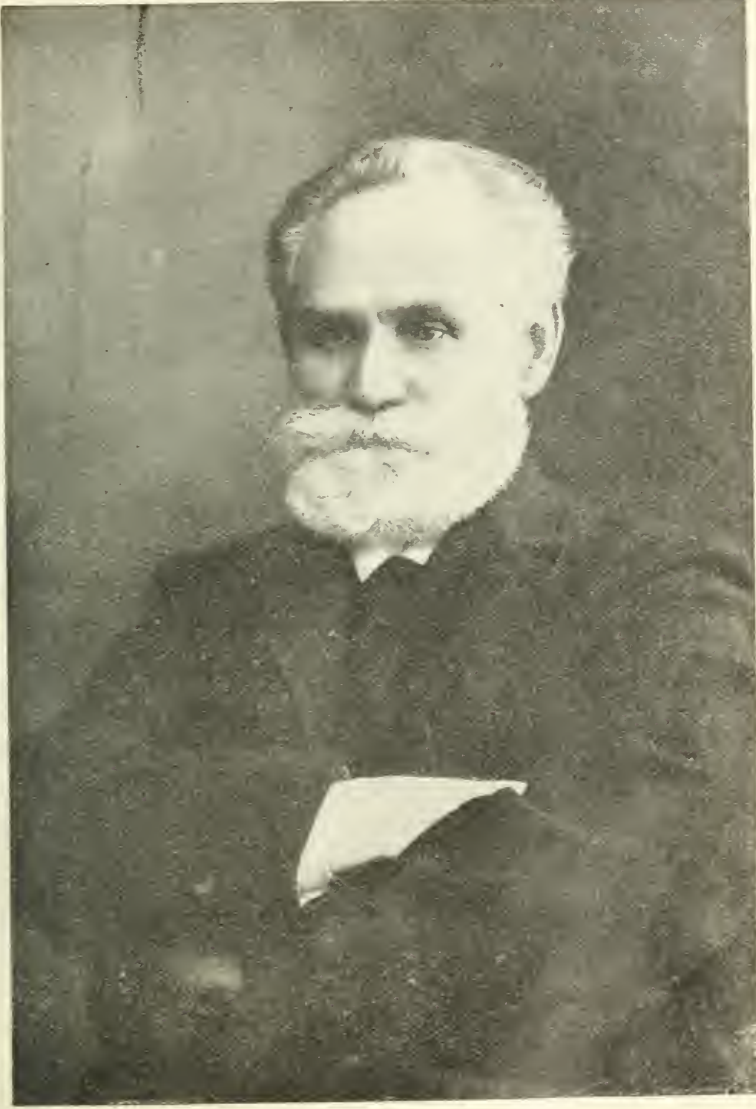
In Italy, among many eminent names, two stand out for special reasons. The first is that of Angelo Mosso, of Turin, who has made a study of the production of poisons in the body through the action of muscles in exercise. The "fatigue toxins," as such poisons are called, seem to bear a close relation to the problems of nutrition. This appears through the fact that certain foods make muscles of a quality that stand more fatigue than muscles built up out of other food; and thus they add to the endurance of the human machine. The simpler foods, whether of meat or of cereals, fruits, and the like, are better body fuel and body material than foods that are rich and highly seasoned.

The second name connected with the study of nutrition in Italy furnishes a link that carries the record to England and to the United States in a singularly

interesting way. This is the name of Ernest Van Someren, a physician residing in Venice. Some years ago, Dr. Van Someren found that his investigations were likely to be cut short owing to the fact that his own nutritive machinery had broken down. Just at this juncture, he met a retired American business man, Mr. Horace Fletcher, who also lived in Venice, and learned how Mr. Fletcher himself had faced death because of the breaking down of his digestive system, and how he had won back his health and strength through the establishment of a habit of thorough mastication of all food, both solid and liquid, with the attention directed not to the act of chewing, however, but to the enjoyment of the food itself.

Dr. Van Someren tried Mr. Fletcher's method, and in a remarkably short time recovered his health. He thereupon investigated Mr. Fletcher's case from a scientific standpoint, and speedily became convinced that there were solid reasons that supported the business man's theory. Before the meeting of the British Medical Association, in 1901, he read a paper which attracted the attention of Sir Michael Foster, the dean of British physiologists, and of Professor Russel H. Chittenden, of Yale, who has been called the "father of physiological chemistry in America." Sir Michael Foster invited Mr. Fletcher and Dr. Van Someren to Cambridge University, where tests were made of both men that proved them to be in exceptionally fine physical condition. Yet, not long before, both were sick men. Mr. Fletcher, indeed, had been in such a state that no life-insurance company would accept him as a risk.

That demonstration was followed by the now world-famous experiments at Yale, conducted by Professors Chittenden and Mendel, with Mr. Fletcher as the first subject, and later with subjects drawn from all sorts and conditions of men. It was speedily proved that one of the great Karl von Voit's ideas was open to correction. This was the so-called "Voit standard of proteid need." As a result of exhaustive studies of what men in ordinary ways of life all over the world actually consume, Voit had announced that the average man needed



Dr. Pawlow, of St. Petersburg
A Leading Russian Authority on Dietetics.

a daily amount of proteid—which is the principal element of such foods as meat, eggs, nuts, cheese and milk—roughly equivalent to about one hundred and eighteen grams. The Yale experiments showed that less than one-half of this amount—about fifty grams—is all that

the average man requires, and that any more may be dangerous, since the organs of the body are forced to work too hard in order to handle the excess of material.

Fifty grams of proteid is equal to about an ounce and three-quarters, a

quantity which Dr. Edward Curtis, another of our prominent American authorities, says is represented by the proteid content of nine and a half ounces of lean meat, or of seven eggs or of twenty-seven ounces of white bread. Nine and a half ounces of meat is about the weight of a slice measuring seven by three inches, and cut a quarter of an inch thick. But as nearly all foodstuffs contain proteid in greater or lesser quantities, you do not need to eat so much meat or bread as the amounts given in order to get your daily stint of proteid.

The net result of the remarkable experiments at Yale may be summed up in the statement that over-eating, especially of rich foods like meat, is the national dietetic sin of America, and that the cutting down of the commonly accepted standards of living is the first step necessary if you would follow the road that leads to long life.

Another leading American investigator of the problems of longevity is Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, of Battle Creek. While Dr. Kellogg's views are regarded as extreme by many other investigators, because of his advocacy of a meatless diet, yet the contributions he has made to the growing fund of hygienic knowledge are recognized as among the most important of the age. He has made an especially close study of the problem of auto-intoxication—of the self-poisoning of the body through the toxins, or poisons, that are produced by the action of many of the organs, and also by the fermentation and putrefaction of foods in the colon, or lower bowel. His experiments with alcohol and tobacco are noteworthy; but perhaps the most interesting point about Dr. Kellogg's work is the fact that he puts his ideas into practise in a very original manner through the schools of health which he has established on a philanthropic basis at Battle Creek. His sanatorium in the Michigan city has nearly a thousand men and women connected with it in various capacities, and all give their services in return for barely living wages, the profits being devoted to the extension of the work.

Other Americans who should be mentioned are Drs. Harvey Wiley, the governmental expert on foods; Dr. Bene-

dict, head of the Carnegie Nutrition Laboratory; Dr. Herter, of New York, who has contributed important discoveries to the study of meat foods, and Dr. W. B. Cannon, of Harvard. Dr. Cannon, for instance, proved by his original X-ray experiments with cats, in which he made visible the whole process of digestion, that emotions of anger and fear have a decidedly injurious effect upon the digestive juices and processes. It has often been said that he who laughs grows fat, and that the dyspeptic is apt to be a cantankerous citizen; and now we have the scientific reasons why.

In this branch of work a Russian expert, Dr. Pawlow, of St. Petersburg, has borne a notable part. His experiments were closely akin to those of Dr. Cannon, but he used dogs as his subjects, instead of cats. In neither case was vivisection the method employed; both the cats and the dogs, indeed, leading lives that might possibly be envied by some humans, inasmuch as their chief duty was to eat. Now and then, however, the subjects are teased or irritated, and then it is observed that the flow of gastric juice ceases, or lessens, and is of a lower quality than when they are permitted to enjoy the pleasures of the table.

These experiments support the view promulgated by Horace Fletcher, Professor Chittenden, Dr. Kellogg, Metchnikoff, and others—that one of the best recipes for attaining old age is to be cheerful, and to eat only when you are in a good-humor, and have something you like on your plate.

The mention of Metchnikoff, another Russian, brings up the work being done in France, which is of great importance, and which has corroborated the general conclusions reached in this country by Chittenden, Kellogg, Fletcher, and others. Armand Gautier, Tissier, Combe, and Masson of Geneva, are names that stand high in the ranks of the prolongers of life; and chief of them all—in popular fame, at least—is Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute. It was Metchnikoff who discovered that the white cell of the blood fought for the body's health by warring upon invading disease germs. He also discovered that certain cells of the body are apt to turn traitor to the body's wel-



Max Rubner, of Berlin

A Leading German Authority on Dietetics.

fare, and, by devouring nerve-centres in the brain and elsewhere, to bring about premature old age and death.

Going on with his investigations, Metchnikoff now announces his belief that the fermentation and putrefaction of excessive quantities of food in the lower bowel, and of foods not adapted to the requirements of the stomach, are responsible for the degeneration of the body's living cells. If we eat in moderation, and endeavor to eat only food

adapted to our real requirements, says Metchnikoff, the white cells of the blood are able to fight back the attacks of disease germs, and long life is attainable by all. He holds that men generally should live to be more than one hundred years old; and, like his confreres in other countries, he declares that moderation in eating is one of the master words of the new science of health.

So widely have the various currents of the modern health reform movement

spread that in this country there has now sprung up a Health League, which has for its object the education of every citizen in hygiene, and the establishment of a national bureau or department of health at Washington. This movement was started by a committee of the American Association for the Advancement of

Science—a group of men and women numbering among its members many of the most notable people of the republic. Its work has been indorsed by President Roosevelt, by William H. Taft, by William J. Bryan, by the late Grover Cleveland, and by representative men and women of all shades of opinion, who



Harvey W. Wiley

Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture.

agree with Emerson that "health is wealth."

Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, is the chairman of the committee. A few years ago Professor Fisher was a victim of tuberculosis. Curing himself, he then began a personal crusade for the betterment of public health, which has already proved of immense national value. The Health League, of which he was the chief originator, now numbers more than ten thousand members, and is growing

so steadily that it promises to reach every city, town, and hamlet in the land.

The first object of the league's educational work is to keep the general public informed of what the pioneers and leaders of the scientific investigations of the problems of health are discovering and proving. The prolonging of life is now a science; and those who search into its problems believe, with Professor Chittenden, that "knowledge has value in proportion to the benefit it confers, directly or indirectly, on the human race."

Do a Little More.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, in a recent address before a graduating class in New York, gave some excellent advice to the young men on how to attain success in life. Among other things, he said:—

"There are several classes of young men. There are those who do not do all their duty, there are those who profess to do their duty, and there is a third class, far better than the other two, that do their duty and a little more.

"There are many great pianists; but Paderewski is at the head because he does a little more than the others. There are hundreds of race-horses, but it is those who go a few seconds faster than the others that acquire renown. So it is in the sailing of yachts. It is the little more that wins. So it is with the young and old men who do a little more than their duty.

"No one can cheat a young man out of success in life. You young lads have begun well. Keep on. Don't bother about the future. Do your duty and a little more, and the future will take care of itself."

The Master-Man

By Elbert Hubbard



THE master-man is simply a man who is master of one person—himself.

When you have mastered yourself you are fit to take charge of other people.

The master-man is a person who has evolved intelligent industry, concentration, and self-confidence until these things have become the habit of his life.

Industry in its highest sense means conscious, useful, and intelligent effort. Carried to a certain point, industry is healthful stimulation—it means active circulation, good digestion, sound sleep.

Industry is a matter of habit.

We are controlled by our habits. At first we manage them, but later they manage us. Habits young are like lion cubs—so fluffy and funny! Have a care what kind of habits you are evolving; soon you will be in their power.

It is habit that chains us to the treadmill and makes us subject to the will of others. And it is habit that gives mastership—of yourself and others.

The highest reward that God gives us for good work is the ability to do better work. Rest means rust.

So we get the formula: Acquire and evolve physical and mental industry by doing certain things at certain hours.

The joy and satisfaction of successful effort—overcoming obstacles, getting lessons, mastering details which we once thought difficult—evolve into a habit and give concentration.

Industry and concentration fixed in character as habits mean self-confidence.

Industry, concentration, and self-confidence spell mastership.

So from the man we get the master-man.





Awaiting their Call at "The Merry Widow."

The Production of a Play

By Hartley Davis in Everybody's

(Abridged).

IN finished manuscript form, before it is produced, a play is a most uncertain thing, so far as its commercial value is concerned. The most astute managers declare, especially after a failure, that it is all guesswork, and that their business is practically gambling. When a new play meets with popular approval, however, the manager is likely to say that, though there is more or less guesswork about production, good judgment and clear insight are the determining factors.

Charles Frohman, who has produced, and each year produces, more plays than any other manager, his average now being about thirty plays a season, has a record of having guessed right six times out of ten in the past dozen years. That is to say, nearly half of the plays on which he risked large sums of money were failures. And, mind you, some of these had been successful in Europe. His great ambition is to average eight suc-

cesses out of every ten plays. But he does not expect ever to reach that goal. As to the playwrights, he maintains that even the masters of the craft cannot hope to average more than two successes out of five plays.

This uncertainty in estimating the commercial value of a play is in some degree inevitable, because there are so many things to consider, the most important of which is the way audiences feel and think—a constantly varying factor. It would be a much easier problem for the managers if they had the capacity and the inclination to study and think clearly on this point. They have learned from experience that certain things are "sure fire" and that others do not appeal, but they don't know why. The result is that they slavishly follow precedent and so make painful and costly blunders. It frequently happens that a technically good play fails because it

unnecessarily offends popular prejudice, and that a very bad one succeeds because it appeals to popular prejudice. The time is likely to come when the big managers will employ experts to tell them about the public, experts who will be quick to see changes in the sentiment of the crowd and who will know the reasons.

Though the attempt to fix the value of a manuscript play is still practically guesswork, its production is a fairly exact science, or art, whichever you are pleased to call it. By production is meant



A Quick Change at "The Merry Widow."

the taking of a play in manuscript and preparing it for the stage. It includes planning, building, and painting the scenery; getting together the properties, which means everything on the stage that the scenic painter hasn't provided for; lighting; the selection of the players; determining the manner in which the lines are to be spoken; the "business," that is, the physical action of the players, from a slight gesture to falling down stairs, and many other things. Frequently it also means the changing of lines or even whole scenes. A budding playwright is fortunate if there is enough

left of his original manuscript for him to recognize it.

When a manager decides to produce a play, he may work in conjunction with the author or ignore him altogether; it depends upon the strength of the playwright's position. A successful dramatist is inclined to be autocratic, and the manager resigns himself to spending twice or three times as much as he would spend if the author didn't interfere. Clyde Fitch, who sometimes produces plays in conjunction with a manager, is the most reckless of all dramatists in lavishing managerial money on productions.

Generally the manager decides upon the players as he reads over the manuscript. The scenic artist is then called in and the color scheme is determined. If the play has only interiors, the difficulties are likely to be few and the cost is comparatively low, though it increases with the introduction of doors and windows. Nowadays there is a tendency to have a great part of the woodwork—doors, jambs, mantels, moldings, wainscoting, etc.—real wood instead of painted imitation, and this doubles or trebles the expense. Though the scenery of an interior, if merely paint and canvas, costs less than an exterior, furnishing the interior may make up the difference. If the room represent a fine mansion, the draperies, carpets, and furniture sometimes require an outlay of thousands of dollars. If it be a cottage, it may cost very little. The range of the cost of production is wide, from \$3,000 to upward of \$100,000, but the greater number of plays are produced for less than \$10,000, so far as scenery and properties are concerned. Charles Frohman says the usual cost of his dramatic productions is about \$15,000, but plays like "Peter Pan," which cost something like \$60,000, bring up the average.

A theatre-goer need not be very old to realize the tremendous advance that has been made in stage settings. My recollection runs back to a melodrama called "The World," which was, I believe, the first spectacular melodrama produced in this country. It was first given in 1881, and it ran for years. Its "thriller" was a raft scene, a simple arrangement of a platform resting on a ball-joint in the

THE PRODUCTION OF A PLAY

centre, with wheels like castors on the four corners. The raft was easily manipulated to give a striking effect of being tossed about at sea. There was a great fuss over the fact that the company carried a whole carload of its own scenery and that the cost of the production was \$15,000. Compare this with the production of "Ben Hur," which cost \$96,000, and requires two trains of six and seven cars each to move from place to place; with "The Prince of India," which cost \$110,000; with "The Round-Up," which cost \$50,000. All of these were produced under the direction of one man, Joseph Brooks, and give an idea of the advance that has been made in a little more than a quarter of a century.

In the old days the theatre furnished the scenery for traveling companies. Even after companies began carrying their own scenery, it was flimsy stuff, for the most part, and one set of furniture, disguised with different covers, sufficed for a whole play or even several plays. Contrast this with the late Mr. Mansfield's delaying a production two days to find a certain piece of colonial furniture that he wanted in one scene. Incidentally, he played that very scene with an electric light to illuminate the room, with never a thought of the anachronism. Or contrast the old way with David Belasco's paying \$250 for an antique sideboard for "The Warrens of Virginia."

The greatest advance has been made in the lighting, electricity having added incalculably to the possibilities of creating illusion. Nearly all stage effects are pure illusion, largely mechanical, and gained by the most extraordinary devices. There are wind, rain, thunder, and snow-machines; and if something new is demanded, it is promptly invented. The problem is, not to produce the desired sounds and lights and other effects, but to provide a natural excuse for using the devices, as, for instance, a window through which light may come, or a lamp overhead—a lamp whose light is about one-fiftieth of that which comes from the wings.

When the general idea of the scenes has been decided upon, the scene-painter makes a model, a complete setting in

miniature, so arranged that all the lighting effects can be shown. It is at this point that the producer's detail work be-



Blanche La Masney in the Faceograph Machine
in "The Three Twins."

gins. David Belasco, who stands head and shoulders above all other producing managers, illustrates best the pains that may be taken to perfect a setting. With



Part of the Costume Department of the "Merry Widow" Company.

him the play is a secondary consideration; he selects only those plays that give opportunity for him to show his genius in production. The pictorial effect is always uppermost. Time and time again he has won tremendous financial success with plays that were intrinsically bad and that, in the hands of another, must have failed woefully. He has yet to produce a downright failure or a really big play.

Mr. Belasco was two years in preparing "Du Barry" for the stage, and it cost \$86,000. William Buckland, his general stage director, spent weeks in the museums of London and Paris, gathering material for the stage settings, the properties, the costumes. It was the same with "Adrea." Mr. Buckland, by the way, has had a fine training for the place he fills. After a technical course as an electrical engineer in Stevens Institute, he turned to architecture, which he studied for years. Later he made his living as an illustrator. Subsequently he went on the stage, under Augustin Daly, and then he took up stage management.

When "The Music Master" was in preparation, Mr. Buckland haunted the

east side of New York to find a locale, to study types, to gather bits of dialogue and properties. For "The Warrens of Virginia" he spent three weeks with Ernest Gros, the scenic artist, near the scene finally selected, making sketches, taking photographs, gathering boughs of trees and shrubbery upon which artificial leaves and flowers were subsequently fixed; buying furniture, observing character types, and collecting colloquial expressions. That is the regular Belasco program with each play, whenever possible, and that is why his productions impress one as a mosaic.

The Belasco scene models are all made to scale. Even the furniture and the smallest things, drawn to scale, are shown. Everything is worked out in advance, as far as possible, and then is subject to change during rehearsals. The lighting schemes are thought out carefully, all the distances determined exactly, and the carpenter who builds the scenery works from plans like those furnished by an architect.

In Mr. Belasco's new theatre, the Stuyvesant, the switchboard is one of the most elaborate ever constructed. There

THE PRODUCTION OF A PLAY

are four rows of footlights of different colors, which can be turned down to a mere glow; five rows of border lights; many strips, which go in the wings; spot-lights; bunch-lights; search-lights—all kinds of lights; and every possible effect is at the command of the master. With each production he experiments for days. When he is satisfied, a lighting plot is made for each scene. Every important character has a particular shade or strength of light, just as, in the old days, each had his particular strain of music. The orchestra always gave the cue for the villain, and the woe-saturated heroine had the tender wail of the strings to guide her. Now lights and colors take the place of the music, and the new way is infinitely better, for its effects are produced far more subtly and naturally. In fact, few people are ever conscious of the means at all; they realize only the results.

It is in exteriors that lighting offers the greatest opportunity; the cost is quadrupled. And it is in exteriors that the scene-painter revels. Frequently they give the property man his opportunity, also. Obviously there is vastly more scenery needed for an exterior than the three walls and the ceiling of an interior. In addition to the more substantial articles, shrubbery, trees, flowers—and this kind of thing is enormously expensive, particularly artificial flowers employed in profusion—are the province of the property maker. He must be, first of all,

a thorough mechanic, and a good deal of an architect and a painter as well.

The big scenic artists do little actual painting beyond making the model, unless they have a panoramic effect. That they do themselves, standing on the paint bridge, many feet from the floor, while the canvas is raised or lowered. The panoramic effects are difficult to handle. The one used by Maude Adams in "The Jesters" last season was the fifth painted, and each cost Mr. Frohman \$500. The difficulty was to avoid fluttering when a draft swept across the stage. Mountains that tremble hazily are not conducive to illusion.

With the elaborate productions of late years the importance of the builder of scenery has increased. Formerly, when the scenery consisted merely of canvas stretched over a wooden frame, it was simple enough. But the struggle for realism and sensational effects has developed difficult problems for the builder of stage scenery to solve. Every piece of scenery must be made so that it can be folded into strips five feet, nine inches wide, because the doors of the baggage cars in which it is transported are only six feet in breadth. Also every piece must be light, and so constructed that one scene can be removed and another put in place within ten minutes. It may take thirty hours of continuous work to get the scenery "set up," to use a technical expression, after it is brought into the theatre. After that the work of changing a scene is comparatively easy.

The "bettering" fever seems to be an epidemic among the girls of to-day—they always want to be shifting.

There are some people who merely echo other people's remarks, and thus save their brain the effort of producing an original thought. This is a process of husbanding one's brain capital much to be commended.

When all noses are alike, begin to take in your coals by the scuttleful. The millennium will be at hand.

It is no unheard-of thing for a woman's smile to be an enigma.

Habit makes the hardest work easy.—From "Shadowed," by Barbara Glynne.

The Entangled Church

By Elliott Flower in the Sunset.

THE Stratford Avenue Church was not a church militant politically, as a general thing, but it went into the campaign to defeat Tom Haley for the legislature with all the ardor of an organization of crusaders. It even put aside temporarily its plan for a large, new church in order that it might give its whole attention to the fight for decency and an honest administration of public affairs.

In a general way Tom Haley's record as a grafter was known of all men, but unfortunately it was not capable of legal proof, wherefore, Haley was running for the legislature instead of defending himself in the criminal court. Furthermore, everything pointed to his election. There was opposition, but the opposition lacked cohesiveness, while his support was cohesive and well organized; the practical politicians were with him while his opponents lacked leadership, and there was a considerable part of the district in which the practical politicians were powerful. It sometimes happens that the most antagonistic elements find themselves tied up in one district-package.

The decision to fight was reached at a meeting called to formulate plans for the building of the new structure. Feeling ran so high that the gathering resolved itself into a party of protest, and the ostensible object was almost forgotten. When one anxious member—a contractor with an eye to business—recalled the reason of their coming the excitement was so intense that he was almost hooted down for interfering with the more important business of the moment. The new church could be built any time, but Haley had to be defeated now.

The Reverend Samuel Warner made a ringing speech on the disgrace of having their district represented in the legislature by such a notorious corruptionist as Haley, and he was followed by Hiram Atwater and Joseph Stanton who repeat-

ed the common gossip as to misdeeds of this disreputable man. This was no question of politics, it was declared, but one of common honesty, and it was the duty of every decent man to show his good citizenship in a forceful and practical way.

"I do not believe," said Hiram Atwater, "in a church mixing itself up in a purely political fight, but it should assail evil wherever it finds it. Haley is the incarnation of all that is evil in public affairs. I do not know whether he is a Republican or a Democrat, but I do know, as everybody knows, that he is a grafter."

"Let us be practical," urged Joseph Stanton. "It does no good to tell each other what we all know; we must get out and fight in a vigorous and practical way—appoint a campaign committee and awaken public sentiment by holding mass meetings and arranging for aggressive action all along the line."

The good people of the church were so stirred at the close of the meeting that they pledged themselves to do the utmost for the opposing candidate, although some of them had to ask who he was. No one cared particularly about him, all being interested merely in the downfall of Haley, the notorious.

Of course the church as an organization did not take official action in the matter but the hottest campaign ever known in that district was born of a church meeting, the leading members of the congregation were active and aggressive, the pastor condescended to make some political addresses, and the church was credited with being the soul of that particular reform movement. Haley knew that, if defeated, his defeat would be due to the Stratford Avenue Church, but he did not expect to be defeated; the circumstances compelled him to make an unusually hard and costly

fight, but he was fairly confident of winning.

Then certain significant facts came to the ears of Joseph Stanton, and Stanton conferred with Hiram Atwater. Later the two discussed the subject with other prominent members of the church, including the pastor, and a daring plan of action was evolved.

Tom Haley, before aspiring to an elective office, had been a street-paving inspector, and it was currently reported that certain contractors had made this a remunerative position for him, but in this, as in other matters connected with his record, there was an annoying lack of legal proof. Now, however, Stanton had learned of a specific case of wrongdoing—of bribery, to be exact. The sum paid was given and also the fact that the negotiations were conducted through a certain Alf. Carney who had since dropped out of sight. Inability to locate Carney was said to have given Haley some uneasy moments when his record was under fire.

The first impulse of the church people was to throw a verbal broadside into the Haley ranks. The Reverend Samuel Warner advocated this strongly, believing that he himself, if other champions were lacking, would be able to present the case in a way to carry consternation to the enemy, but Stanton objected and Atwater joined in the objection.

"The thing for us to do," said Stanton, "is to play practical politics."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the pastor.

"Well," answered Stanton, "an unproved charge does not amount to much in this kind of a fight, and we lack the evidence to convict, but," he added significantly, "he does not know that, and I think the information we have can be so handled as to force him to withdraw."

"That seems like bargaining with the devil," objected the pastor.

"Not at all," argued Stanton; "it is only playing practical politics—fighting the devil with fire, as you might say."

"If we had the evidence to convict," explained Atwater, "we would take him into court at once. Not having that we want to use what we have in the way that promises the most certain results. It is

the defeat of Haley that we are after. Now if Haley thinks we have got hold of this Alf. Carney, he will be scared to death, and we can startle him with details that will make him think just that. We can overwhelm him, I believe, and accomplish far more than by any sensational speech-making.

The pastor still demurred, but he was first overruled and then convinced of the advisability of playing the political game according to the practical method. After all it was not the exposure of Haley that was desired now, but his defeat. He had been exposed so often that it had become monotonous.

Haley was not a man to be easily bluffed, as a general thing, but there were reasons why he should be much worried about Carney; there had been a misunderstanding previous to Carney's disappearance, in addition to which Carney was not a man who inspired his associates with confidence. Circumstances had made him a convenient and almost necessary agent in one case, but he never had been used in any other. There had been several occasions when Haley had feared that some unfriendly man or men might get hold of this weak and disgruntled fellow, but it was now so long since he had faded from sight that the danger seemed to be past. Nevertheless, the church had stumbled upon the very weakest spot in Haley's defenses.

Stanton and Atwater, to whom the arrangements had been left, developed considerable skill in playing their points, considering that they were inexperienced in any such matters. They first sent for Haley, and Haley returned word that anyone desiring to see him could find him in his office. Whether they went to Haley or Haley came to them might seem to be a small matter, but Atwater shrewdly argued that the first who weakened would be at a great disadvantage, so this message went back to the candidate:

"Mr. Haley may save himself much trouble in the Carney case by keeping the appointment made for him."

Haley weakened and kept the appointment; he could afford to take no chances in the Carney case.

"What do you want?" he demanded gruffly when he appeared.

"We want you to withdraw," answered Stanton bluntly.

Haley laughed scornfully: "Have you been hitting the pipe?" he inquired. "You talk like you've been having funny dreams."

"We thought," persisted Stanton, "that you'd rather retire than have any trouble over the Carney affair."

"I don't know what you're talking about," blustered Haley. "I never had any dealings with Carney."

"Then why are you here?" asked Atwater quietly. "I notice you changed your mind about coming mighty sudden when Carney was mentioned."

It was "first blood" for the church and Haley realized it; he had weakened his position by surrendering to a threat, but he still blustered. He was curious, he said, to learn what sort of an absurd story had been rigged up.

"Well," returned Atwater, "we'll satisfy your curiosity in some measure. The story relates to a considerable job of paving in the Third ward. It was done by the Thompson company, and there were reasons why the Thompson company wished the inspector to be blind. The inspector was blind for a consideration. Is that enough?"

"Nothing doing," answered Haley with a scornful laugh. "Do you think you can scare me out with fairy tales?" However, he was inwardly worrying over where Carney came into the story.

"The company," Atwater went on, "offered two hundred dollars but the inspector demanded five hundred dollars. A compromise on three hundred and fifty dollars was finally effected. Alf. Carney carried on the negotiations and he paid the money into your hands after deducting his commission as agent. Am I right?"

"Where is Carney?" demanded Haley quickly.

"That's a detail that we don't care to discuss," answered Atwater.

"You can't produce him," declared Haley, although the story told was so accurate that it seemed certainly to have come from Carney himself.

"If you think so," returned Atwater, "you can easily settle the question definitely by refusing our proposition.

Have I stated the case fairly, Mr. Stanton?"

Stanton nodded approval. He was the one who had accidentally unearthed the story, but he realized that Atwater was a better man for the verbal sparring.

"It's all a lie, anyhow," insisted Haley. "Carney couldn't tell anything about me."

"You ought to know," said Atwater, and his air of cool confidence was more disquieting than any argument could have been.

"I'll think it over," said Haley, weakening.

"No," retorted Atwater sharply; "you'll decide now or you'll face the consequences."

Haley threw away a half-burned cigar and lit another, thus endeavoring to cover his agitation, for he found his predicament a serious one. Even if they had not the necessary evidence to convict, he had reason to believe that the sensational exploiting of the affair would produce it. They knew enough to frighten some people who could talk, and Carney himself, if not already discovered, might easily be brought to light by the publicity of the charges. No man likes to linger in the shadow of the penitentiary.

"I won't withdraw," Haley announced finally.

"Very well," said Atwater, with sharp decision, "we shall proceed at once——"

"I won't withdraw," repeated Haley, interrupting, "but I will be defeated." They looked at him with surprised inquiry. "I can't withdraw without making things worse," he explained, "but I can be beaten without much trouble."

"That isn't safe," objected Stanton.

"Give me two days," said Haley, "and I'll put myself out of the running. You will still have your story if I fail."

An agreement was reached on this basis. The story was to be buried and forgotten and Haley was to eliminate himself as a campaign possibility according to his own methods.

Haley's task was easily accomplished. He disappointed three political meetings that night and it was reported that he was drunk. A little thing like that would not hurt his reputation among those who really knew him, but it could not fail to deprive him of some votes. Then the

rumor circulated that he had suffered a sudden attack of "cold feet," and that was a much more serious matter. A close-fisted campaign policy was something that the rank and file of his supporters simply would not stand; they were interested in political work as financial rather than a moral or physical proposition. In their own words Haley was "a dead one" as soon as his unexpected penuriousness became generally known.

The church returned to its building problem with the consciousness of a good job well done, although only a few knew just how it had been done. The majority thought the defeat of the notoriously unfit candidate had been due to the open fight made against him but the few knew better. Incidentally, the little incursion into practical politics seemed to have made the whole church more practical; it refused to go blindly into debt for the new building, holding that the total cost must not exceed the sum now in hand or definitely pledged. This was certainly conservative for a church.

The first plans submitted by Mr. Benham, the architect, proved to be altogether too costly, so he tried again, and again the estimated cost exceeded what the church thought it could afford. The architect trimmed his figures a little and the wardens decided to eliminate for the present such features as could be added later, but the estimate was still unsatisfactory.

"I am especially anxious," said the pastor, "that this church shall not put itself under a burden of debt, as so many others have done, but, nevertheless, we must build for the future and not merely for our immediate needs."

This reflected the views of nearly all. The church was very practical.

"Where else can we shave the expense a little without modifying the plans too much?" asked Stanton.

"It might be possible," returned the architect thoughtfully, "to save about six hundred dollars on the foundations."

"Would it be safe?" asked Stanton.

"You mean the building?" queried Benham.

"Of course."

"Oh, perfectly safe, in my judgment," said Benham. "The plans call for founda-

tions of unnecessary depth and thickness."

"Then that's easy," remarked Stanton, relieved.

"Not quite so easy," returned Benham. "The building laws, unfortunately, call for such foundations for such a structure."

"Do you mean," demanded the Reverend Mr. Warner indignantly, "that the building laws of this city compel us to spend six hundred dollars unnecessarily?"

"No doubt the aldermen who passed it, in their inexperience, deemed this provision necessary to safety," explained Benham, "but in the judgment of myself and other architects and builders the requirements are absurd. We have to put in foundations that would be strong enough for a building of twice the size and weight."

"That is outrageous!" exclaimed Mr. Warner.

"But," added the architect, "It is not always done. Some of the foolish requirements are neglected in many buildings. I have no doubt your alderman could arrange it for you."

"Oh, no!" protested Mr. Warner.

"We could not countenance even indirect bribery!" asserted Stanton.

"Oh, nothing of that sort at all," the architect assured them. "As a matter of courtesy the alderman will get the Building Department to pass the plans. It is done all the time. The department quite understands the absurdity of some of the provisions, and in its discretion virtually modifies the law. I would suggest that you see your alderman. I shall be glad to go with you and give him my assurance of the absolute safety of the structure planned."

"It will do no harm to see him," admitted Stanton.

"I would not put up a building," said the architect virtuously, "that I did not consider absolutely safe."

"We seem to be drifting back into politics," commented Atwater thoughtfully, but he agreed that it would do no harm to see the alderman. The idea of wasting six hundred dollars was as repugnant to him as to any of the others.

The committee that called upon Al-

derman Cayvan consisted of the pastor, the architect, and Atwater and Stanton. The alderman was very nice about it, and there being no taint of boodle in his record his assurance that the matter could be arranged easily had no sinister significance.

"Surely," he said pleasantly, "the building of a church should be made as easy and economical as is consistent with safety, and our building laws admittedly go to extremes in many details. For that reason they are rather loosely enforced. It would seem to me that a building upon which Mr. Benham, your architect, is willing to risk his reputation is not likely to be a dangerous one."

"We would not care to risk our own lives, either," suggested Stanton.

"Of course not," admitted the alderman. "I can imagine no case in which a modification of the law in its enforcement is more justifiable, and it can be arranged easily."

"And honestly," interposed the pastor. "We wouldn't pay a cent——"

The alderman turned on him sharply. "Sir," he said, "if any question of bribery, direct or indirect, entered into this I would not listen to you for one moment."

"Oh, not for you," the pastor hastened to say.

"Or for anyone," declared the alderman. Surely that was enough to satisfy the most particular.

"What's to be done?" asked Stanton.

"Simply go ahead with your building," answered the alderman; "get your foundations started before you apply for your permit, and then let me file your application. It will be passed as a matter of courtesy, especially when the building is already started."

"It does not seem quite straightforward," objected Mr. Warner.

"I do not agree with you," said Stanton. "There is nothing underhanded about it, for we state when we file our plans exactly what we intend to do, and we get the city's permit in an entirely proper way."

"One must be practical in business matters," suggested the alderman.

"Oh, yes, we must be practical," conceded the pastor. "The main trouble

with churches is that they are too often impractical in what they attempt to do."

"And we shall save six hundred dollars," added Atwater.

"The city," reasoned the pastor, "has no right to compel us to throw away money. No doubt dishonest or careless people have to be restrained by law, but we are more interested than anyone else in the safety of our church."

"The proceeding is not unusual," the alderman assured them.

"I feared," said Atwater, relieved, "that we might be getting back into politics, and only great public necessity would warrant that."

"No politics about it," said the alderman.

So, after due consideration, the church proceeded to save the six hundred dollars. There was, however, considerable anxiety during the preliminary work. Secure in the integrity of its motives and methods, the committee planned with a clear conscience, but the bare possibility that the building permit might be refused was distressing. Then Haley was discovered idly watching the work one day. Haley had been beaten for the legislature, but he still had strong local political affiliations, and it occurred to Stanton that this unscrupulous politician, if he knew the circumstances, might block the permit in some way. A man of his influence and devious practices doubtless could do it.

There was no interference, however. Haley was seen there only once, and it was more than likely that he merely stopped in passing. He had given Stanton a surly scowl, but had made no comment, and Atwater, with whom Stanton at once consulted, had pointed out that Haley, not being a practical builder and having no knowledge of their plans, would not be in a position to know whether the foundations met the technical requirements or not. However, they were not wholly at ease until the permit was finally issued.

"Because, somehow," Atwater explained, "when you get into politics it isn't always easy to get out, and politicians have so many ways of being annoying."

But all of this had been forgotten when they finally heard from Haley. In spite

of their precautions there had been financial difficulties, and work on the structure had progressed slowly with many interruptions. It was finally completed, however, and they held a jubilee service, to which the newspapers gave much attention. There were pictures of the church, of the pastor and of the leading members, and a laudatory account of the building of the splendid structure.

Then when the church was momentarily in the limelight, Haley sent for Atwater and Stanton to come to his office. Something in the tone of the message made them think of the time when they had commanded the presence of Haley, and even as Haley had done they indignantly refused to go.

"When Mr. Haley has any business with us," was the message they returned, "he knows where to find us."

To this came the insolent reply that "Messrs. Atwater and Stanton would save themselves much trouble in the matter of the church foundations by keeping the appointment made for them." It was evident that Haley had preserved the note sent to him on the previous occasion.

"What does he mean by that?" asked Stanton anxiously.

"It looks to me," returned Atwater gloomily, "as if we were getting back into politics, or else we never got out of it."

"But our record is clear," insisted Stanton with unnecessary vehemence; "we got a city permit covering everything that we did, and our building is perfectly safe. That's all that the building laws seek to provide."

"Nevertheless, I think we'd better see him," said Atwater. "This is a most unfortunate moment to have any question about the church raised, no matter how clear our consciences may be. We'll take Mr. Warner and Benham with us."

The committee on this occasion lacked the confidence that had been its strength before. While satisfied that its motives would stand the closest inspection, there was something in the situation that seemed to emphasize the fact that the building laws had been violated. Of course those laws were merely meant to restrain the dishonest and the criminally

careless, among whom the good and cautious people of the Stratford Avenue Church could not be included, but it was not so stated in the code. In consequence the members of the committee were uncomfortable, while Haley seemed to have all the confidence that they lacked.

"You're a nice bunch to talk to me about graft!" Haley began insultingly. "Mr. Haley," expostulated the pastor, "we did not come here to be——"

"Whoa! Back up!" interrupted Haley rudely. "You're here to listen to what I have to say or I'll tear the whole foundation of your church out and make a fresh start necessary!"

"Our building permit was issued in due form," asserted Stanton.

"What of it?" demanded Haley. "Nobody can give you a permit to violate the law. It's about the worst case of graft——"

"We won't listen to such talk!" cried Stanton.

"Then your church comes down!" threatened Haley. "You'll have to put in new foundations."

"There was no graft about it, Mr. Haley," said the pastor with mild insistence. "No one was paid a cent."

"That's what you say," retorted Haley, "but look at the facts: You were allowed to violate the law, and the Building Department don't take those risks for fun. I don't say you paid anything—I couldn't prove you did, anyhow—but you'll have a mighty hard time making the people believe you didn't when the facts are known." This was a new point of view, and it was a most distressing one. "You'd think that mighty strong evidence against me," Haley added, which was true.

"We can prove our integrity in this matter by Alderman Cayvan," suggested Atwater.

"Sure!" snorted Haley contemptuously; "he's in it, too."

"He looked after the permit."

"That don't help any."

"He knows that there was absolutely no improper inducement offered."

"That don't save the church," asserted Haley. "Nobody had a right to issue a permit on those plans."

"It's a common practice."

"I'm considering only one case now," said Haley significantly. "This thing will rip the Building Department up the back, but it will get your church."

"It will make a frightful scandal," remarked the pastor regretfully, "and will cost us a lot of money if this man is right." He turned inquiringly to Benham.

"He can do it," the architect responded. "There never has been any trouble over such things, but he can probably stir up a row in the Building Department that will compel us to conform to the most absurd requirements of the law."

"And that isn't the worst of it," said Haley. "I can show you up as grafters."

"This passes the bounds of forbearance!" cried Stanton angrily. "A foolish law may enable you to put a great hardship upon us, but to talk about grafting—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Haley. "Just stop and think it over. What is graft? It's the money that comes from evasion of the law, ain't it? Grafting is breaking the law or permitting it to be broken for profit, ain't it? What did you do?"

"There was no question of money," protested Stanton.

"Six hundred dollars," said Haley with deliberate emphasis.

"What?" The members of the committee were so startled that all spoke at once.

"Six hundred dollars," repeated Haley. "That was your graft price; that's what it was worth to you. Oh, I've taken the trouble to get all the facts and I know where you stand. You tricked the law for a cash consideration. That's graft—as surely graft as anything that was ever charged against me—it is nothing but graft."

The architect was the only one who remained in his chair. The pastor's face was white with anger; Atwater was both angry and anxious for he saw their predicament more clearly than the others; Stanton shook his fist at Haley but found no words to voice his indignation.

"You sold yourselves and your church for six hundred dollars!" thundered Haley, bringing his fist down on his desk. "You can't make anything else out of it! I can put you before the public as sanctimonious, hypocritical grafters."

"We're in politics again," said Atwater lugubriously.

"In addition to tearing out the foundations of your church," persisted Haley, "I can make you the centre of a scandal that will rip this town wide open, but," he added in a milder tone, "I won't do it."

An almost audible sigh of relief went up. Atwater alone seemed to lose none of his anxiety, for Atwater knew that a generous action in such circumstances was wholly foreign to Haley's nature.

"Mr. Haley of course knows," said the pastor gently, "that our motives were wholly above suspicion."

"What Mr. Haley knows cuts no ice," retorted Haley roughly. "What the public will say and think is what counts. You've been caught grafting; you can't get away from it; you're in the muck and it's the worse for you because of your pretensions. I can tear down your reputations with your church; I can put you in the public pillory, but," he said again, "I won't do it—unless I have to."

"What do you mean?" demanded Atwater quickly.

Haley favored them with an unpleasant smile.

"I am going to run for the legislature again at the approaching election," he said, "and I expect to be let alone."

A protest came to the lips of each member of the committee, but each member smothered it and there an uncomfortable silence. Graft had become suddenly a thing less remote than it had always seemed before, and they had a new and better understanding of it.

"Think it over, gentlemen," said Haley, waving them to the door. "I'll be a candidate for the legislature again and what are you going to do about it?"

A Jap School for Spies

By Walter Kirton in the Lone Hand

ABOUT four miles from the Bund of Shanghai, along the road towards the great sprawling arsenal of Kiang-yang, lies the little squalid village of Tun-Wen. The narrow, mucky street, close populated with elementary humans, saw-backed hogs, and lank mongrels, meanders hither and thither in its nastiness, until a gateway, with some pretensions to modernity, and with large gilt ideograms on its face, opens on to the grounds of the Tun-Wen College. Armed with a card from the Japanese Consul-General, upon which some indecipherable characters were scrawled, I presented myself to ex-Commander Nedzu, late of the Imperial Japanese Navy, and now president, or principal, of one of the most unique seats of learning in the world. Founded immediately after the Chino-Japanese War—provision having been made therefor in the capitulations—the Tun-Wen College has for its object, when all frills are stripped away, the training of young Japanese in everything necessary to secure Japan's preponderance in the Chinese Empire. No better evidence of China's helplessness and hopelessness could be forthcoming than that afforded by this fact. It was voiced by a Chinese official in conversation with me while discussing this institution. He said: "It is the Franco-Prussian War over again. Then the Germans knew more about France than the French did themselves. These Japs are doing the same here, and we cannot stop them; they have their treaty rights."

The students are selected, and sent from every prefecture in Japan, each of which

supports its own nominees. They are chosen for their intelligence and adaptability, and they afford a very excellent and comprehensive sample of a people who have those qualities—in conjunction with other and less desirable ones—very highly developed. I arrived at the college shortly before midday, and was thus able to see the young men, not only at their work, but at their food and recreation also. The course of study is comprehensive, the curriculum including a thorough political and commercial training, as disclosed by the syllabus or "announcement." Each course of study terminates with a tour of investigation, the significance of which may be disclosed by what follows.



Student in his Study Reading "The Simple Life."

The buildings of the college are essentially Japanese, simple and cheap as regards their appearance and construction, and with a total absence of ostentation in their architecture. They scorn show, and are built solely for use. This is typical of that gigantic force which considers only the usefulness of everything, which recognizes the value of thoroughness, even in such matters as considering the influence which locality and surroundings

have on temperament and study—as it has done in this particular case—and which is now extending and consolidating its power by every useful means, after the same fashion pursued in its struggle with the Muscovite.

After I had seen one roomful of students in the midst of a severe examination in the English language, and another lot studying Chinese under a professor of Asiatic reputation, a big gong sounded, and I was per-



Students Undergoing an Examination in Chinese.

Note the Long Hair of Several of Them. This Will be Plaited into a Pigtail when the Student Sets Out on his Tour of Investigation.

mitted to see them at their midday meal. They ate it standing; it was rice, with a slight seasoning. Each youth had a bowlful (about a pint), and he used chopsticks. (These last him for three meals, and are then burnt.) Then, as they passed a water-tap and tank-arrangement on their way out of the eating-room, each diner took a bowlful of water, and, after washing his mouth and teeth, swallowed enough to quench his thirst. The time occupied by the meal might have been ten minutes, then each went either to his sparsely-furnished study or to the recreation-ground for an hour previous to recommencing work. There were no elaborate gymnasia or other athletic fixings. Bars, vaulting-horses and trapezes stood in the open, and, like everything else, were for use only, and were put to great use. In a corner of the quadrangle stood a roughly-built shed, with light plank walls and lattice-work apertures; the floor was strewn with thick grass mats, covered with canvas. It was the jiu-jitsu school. Two of the college champions gave me an exhibition—I presume their rice was already digested—and I should be loth to engage in a rough-and-tumble with either of those five-feet-nothing terrors, despite my six feet and 185 lbs.

In one study sat a round-faced, close-

cropped youngster, reading. He handed me the book and asked my opinion about it. It was "The Simple Life," and that book was never read in more appropriate surroundings. The entire kit and equipment of the room might have cost thirty shillings. The reader was in the commercial department, preparing to take up one of those good billets which are now going to the Japanese every day at a tithe of the remuneration hitherto paid to "foreigners." Other students wore their hair in different stages of length; they were on the "political" side, and the hair is worn long with an object. On first entering the college the political—and some of the commercial—students cultivate the growth of their hair by every possible means. Then, towards the conclusion of their term, they adopt the pigtail of the Chinese, shaving their heads in the accepted manner, and plaiting into their own property—if required—the easily-bought tails of human hair, with the silk continuations necessary to make a proper pigtail. The transformation is perfect and complete. The hair and eyes of the Japanese are identical in every way with those of the Chinese; there is no variation in coloring (both races have black hair and brown eyes). The eyelids of both slant inwards,

A JAP SCHOOL FOR SPIES

and the prominent cheek-bones and other racial characteristics are identical.

The Jap student of to-day strips off his simple uniform or kimono, dons the dungaree garments of John Chinaman, strolls out unchallenged to the furthest corner of the Celestial Empire—notebook in sleeve, and eyes open for anything useful to his country—in appearance a Chinese, in fact and in reality the Japanese “investigator” of to-morrow. It was from this college that the Japanese spies, who did such great work for their country during the recent war, were drawn. It is from this college that the Japanese Government recruits its Intelligence Department in its campaign of political and commercial conquest of the Chinese Empire. Indistinguishable from any Chinaman, equipped with every necessity, and unhampered by any superfluity, the ex-student of Tun-Wen penetrates Yamen (official residence) and Hong (merchant’s

office) alike on his tour of investigation. Rice and water is his only commissariat, the clothes of day are likewise his bed at night, he is the penultimate practitioner of the Simple Life; and, despite all vituperation, this is one of the great factors in success.

I came away from Tun-Wen College full to the brim with food for thought. A nation that made war after the way of the Japanese (that is, making use of identical methods in its campaign of commerce), that in the main consists of a population, orderly and Spartan in its habits, patriotic in every sense of the term, and immensely industrious—that nation must inevitably go still farther, and will have no small influence on the making of history, not only the history which is written in blood—the tale of the camp and the campaign—but also in the records of the Chancellery and the market-place.

The Northwest

By Margaret Ashmun in the Pacific Monthly

Here lies, wide-realmed, the fabulous domain
Wherein no man shall lack what he desires—
The land of all good promise, that our sires
Long dreamed of, yet scarce hoped the race might gain.
Here heavy, crimson-weighted branches strain
With nectared fruit; here million-pointed spires
Of living green rise high; and sunset fires
Turn to pure gold far-gleaming fields of grain.
Why should men live in unrewarded toil
Where ancient streets their starving squalor spread,
When they might from this rich, unstinting soil
Draw stores of wealth, and eat their ample bread
In changeless peace? They dwell as hunger’s spoil—
Why feed they not from Plenty’s hand, instead?



Village Life in the Interior, South America.

A Trade Opportunity That has Been Neglected

From Tropical America

Views by M. D. Coltman.

THIS is not an article for the exporting house or factory, which has already built up a sound and profitable trade with the countries of Latin-America. Such a concern already knows all that is here set forth, and a great deal more besides (and is mighty glad of it). Nor is it an article that pretends to cover a subject that is altogether too big and important for any one man or any one concern to master in its entirety. It is simply a peep through the telescope of commercial astronomy at the innumerable constellations of opportunity in the southern hemisphere of the modern business world. If it gives a little aid to some of those who are now looking toward the southern markets for the first time, with that feeling of helplessness which unfamiliarity begets, it will have accomplished all that is intended.

Certain it is that within the past few years the investors and manufacturers of the United States, Canada and Great Britain—and this is especially true of the business interests of Canada and the United States—have at last come to a keen realization that South America, Mexico, Central America and the West Indies constitute a very wonderful field for developmental and commercial enterprise. So much is admitted, for it has been proclaimed times without number, in every language, and by every method known to the twentieth century business man and government bureau.

Now comes the real phenomenon of the situation. It is this: Despite the universal recognition of an obvious fact, despite the really large amounts of money invested in Latin-America during recent years, and the increased ef-

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forts of the north to develop closer commercial relations with Latin-America, it still remains true that the new capital placed there, and the reaching after new business, have been but a bagatelle in proportion to the opportunity.

Why? It is true that talk usually outruns action, but not to such an extent as has happened in this case. It is not usual for investors, men of affairs and business houses that are ordinarily alert and far seeing, to recognize opportunity and yet not accept it. We are speaking in bulk—not of the comparatively few who have undertaken a work mutually advantageous to themselves and our southern neighbors—but of the multitude who have paused at the threshold of endeavor and have not entered into the arena of performance.

The backwardness and hesitancy of the northern business world in availing itself of Latin-America's cordial invitation to legitimate and mutually helpful co-operation has inspired a collection of explanations countless in number, and all but infinite in variety. But may it not be true that these so-called explanations are in reality nothing but symptoms that themselves need to be explained?

It has been declared, for instance, that the north could better co-operate with Latin-America in the broader development of those southern countries if more international banks were established in the great cities of our neighbors; if there were more and swifter means of communication between our ports and theirs; if each had a better understanding of the other's methods; if we had one common speech instead of several tongues. Let these propositions be granted, and there still remains the question: Why aren't the bank established; why aren't there more ships; why isn't there a closer understanding and co-operation.

Back of these things is to be found the fundamental answer. It is because the north, in the person of its men of action, has not applied to this comparatively simple problem the standard principles by which it daily solves the similar questions that arise at home.

The situation, in its elements of hesitation and uncertainty, is substantially identical with that indecision which pervaded the public opinion in the United States soon after the Civil War upon the question of the resumption of specie payments. Everybody agreed that resumption would be a most excellent and admirable thing, and so everybody stayed awake all night trying to devise some plan for bringing it about. There



Cathedral at Barranquilla, Colombia, S.A.

were almost as many plans as there were people. Then up rose old John Sherman one day and remarked: "The way to resume is to resume." "Sure enough," echoed everybody else, "how odd we didn't think of it before." How absurdly simple is the philosophy of truth.

When a bank is needed in the United States it appears. If it is wanted in a particular hurry—on occasions like the opening of Oklahoma to settlement—it arrives in a wagon and lives in a tent; but it is a bank, and does business. It fills the bill.

So with international banks in Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Mexico City, Santiago, Havana, Lima and other centres of Latin-America. When the business interests of Germany, Italy, England and France have desired such institutions to facilitate the affairs of international commerce, they have not organized debating societies to discuss the question. They have organized the banks.

The fact that the daily affairs and merchandizing of Latin-America are carried on in Spanish, Portuguese, French and one or two other languages does not, by any means, constitute an insuperable barrier to the transaction of business between our neighbors and the English-tongue people of the north. To speak the language of one's friends and neighbors, when among them is assuredly an advantage, but that sole attainment never has, and never will, result in the buying and selling of goods, to the mutual benefit of both parties to the transaction.

Success in business is built on the universal language of commerce, wherein prices are the nouns, qualities are the adjectives, courtesies are the verbs and the fair methods are the conjunctions that bind them all together.

When a northern, English-speaking business man hears of a possible new market in the north that may, if properly studied, absorb \$25,000 worth, or \$100,000 worth of his product yearly, and supply him with a like amount of raw product or material for his own mills, he gets to that territory, either in person or by reliable proxy, as quickly as steam will take him. He studies that potential market in all its phases; carefully notes its peculiarities. To take such action, under such circumstances, is axiomatic. He scrupulously strives to make himself, his goods and his credit, worthy of the confidence, good will and friendship of those with whom he desires to buy and sell. According to the measure of his success in those respects is the measure of his reward. That is the whole thing, in so far as it relates to a newly discovered market

for a few thousand dollars—in the north.

But that principle has not been applied to the vast purchasing and selling market of the south, a market which—descending to vulgar figures—buys and sells more than \$2,000,000,000 worth of commodities every year. The United States, for instance, bought only about \$350,000,000 worth of goods from all South America, Central America, Mexico and the West Indies in 1907, and sold to those same countries about \$250,000,000 worth of goods. Yet the total imports of the United States that year amounted to nearly \$1,435,000,000 and her exports to about \$1,880,000,000.

Her trade with all those vast and wealthy regions amounted to considerably less than one-sixth of her total foreign commerce. Of the United States' exports in 1907, amounting to \$1,880,000,000 in value, only about \$82,000,000 worth was sold to South America.

That is enough of figures. Any one can get them. The point which they show with an emphasis too plain to be misunderstood, is, that the industrial and commercial world of North America has not applied, to the cultivation of close and cordial relations with Latin-America, the principles which it uses at home. It has not made, in sincere good faith, enough effort to get acquainted—to understand the good qualities and habits, the likes and dislikes of the other fellow. It has not sought for knowledge at first hand on the scale that world conditions justify.

The liners that cross the Atlantic are crowded with business men—heads of houses—who go personally to investigate the markets and trade system of Europe, in order that they may keep in closest possible touch with those conditions, and act in accordance with them. The Pacific boats carry many other responsible men who are going to study the like things in Asia. But few indeed are the manufacturers and business men of North America who have gone to make a study of the great market, both for purchase and sale, that lies to the south. When they do get the habit, and do learn, by personal study,

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the conditions that there prevail, they will esteem the business friendship and acumen of their southern neighbors much more highly than they do to-day.

Here is what one business man of the United States has said on this subject. The author of the words is Mr. Frank Wiborg, a member of a large export manufacturing firm of Cincinnati, Ohio. He went to South America to see for himself, and after he came back he wrote a little book, from which the following passages are taken:

"Business men have said to me: 'Why go to South America? Haven't we all we can do here at home?' This sort of reasoning cannot be serious, for American business men know too well that even if to-day we have all we can do at home, it behooves us to prepare for to-morrow. A flourishing business at a standstill is a contradiction of terms: yet it is what those men are looking forward to who think home markets will be enough to engage our attention for all time.

"The progress of American trade in South America has very often been ham-

pered by the class of representatives that we have sent. A smattering of Spanish, or Portuguese does not, in my estimation, make up for incapacity as a salesman, nor for ignorance of the products in hand.

"The men sent to South America should not expect to use the same business methods that are in vogue here. The American salesman believes that American business methods are the best on earth. So they are—for the American. But the South American is very differently constituted from the American, and many an argument that sells goods in Chicago avails nothing in Rio. For instance, one of the prime requisites of an article in America is that it should be 'up-to-date.' Now this quality of 'up-to-dateness' appeals to the South American buyer very little. To something entirely new he much prefers what he has been accustomed to use.

"Lastly, I would suggest that more heads of firms, business men of standing in their various lines, visit South America and see conditions for themselves."



A Fiesta in a Country Village, Colombia, South America.

The Man and His Job

By Herbert J. Hapgood.

WHEN you enter the employer's office to apply for a position let it be with a clear idea as to the price you are going to put on yourself and stick to that figure. Do not, however, be afraid to lower your figure slightly at the start, provided you think the opportunities for advancement good. It invariably creates a good impression for a man to say, "Mr. Employer, I am worth more than you want to pay. However, I am willing to start at \$900 to show you what I can do, with the understanding that if I make good you will advance me to \$1,200 at the end of the month."

Both lack of confidence and overconfidence are to be avoided. A few months ago a well known building firm was in great need of architectural draftsmen, and was considering a young man who had only limited experience, but demanded the highest price they were willing to pay. The chief draftsman was rather doubtful, but in anxiety to obtain a man he agreed to take him on two weeks' trial. Before time to report to work the young man telegraphed that he was sick and could not take the position. The truth was that he realized that he was not worth the large salary he was asking and would not last longer than the probation period. Thus his overconfidence lost him a valuable, permanent connection which might have been his by accepting a slightly lower salary at the start.

Overconfidence often leads a man to say that he can fill a position before he knows what it really is. In fact, this is a trap frequently set by employers to catch the unwary applicant. The kind of man they want is one who says: From what I know of the proposition, I believe I can handle it, but I would not like to say so definitely until I know more about the work." Intelligent inquiries about the duties of a position are always more effective than empty boasts.

DIFFERENT men use their brains to the best advantage at different times of the day and night. You will find one man whose head is the clearest the first thing in the morning, while another man's best ideas will come to him at a late hour at night. It has been maintained by eminent psychologists that the thinking apparatus can be so trained as to react at any time the will directs; and that the time for the conception of brilliant ideas is determined solely by habit. The editor of a morning newspaper who comes to work at six o'clock in the evening and stays at his desk till two o'clock in the morning, gets his mind into such a condition that his best thoughts come to him during those hours.

I once knew a reporter who distinguished himself by writing clever accounts of fires and other emergency assignments for a morning newspaper. His work was so good that the opposition daily, an evening sheet, took him away at double his salary. Then came the surprise. The editor could not see why the young man's work was so far below the standard he had attained in his former position. His stories were exceptionally dull, and his write-ups of even the most sensational news were unaccountably stupid.

The secret of the depreciation of the man's work lay in the fact that he had been used to working at night, and when he was compelled to be on the job at seven o'clock in the morning, and prepare most of his copy between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock in the afternoon, his mind actually refused to act. The editor had about branded him a dismal failure when at the end of the first week his work showed a decided improvement, and from then on was just as good or better than formerly. His mind had acquired control of the situation and he became accustomed to turning out bright ideas during his changed business hours.

The Romance of Success: Life Story of Daniel G. Reid

By Dorothy Richardson in New York Sunday Herald

“**SUCCESS**—you ask me to tell you the story of my success?”

Slowly Daniel G. Reid, the millionaire head of the great tin plate industry of America repeated the question put to him. Keen of face, dark of eye, debonaire, this man who has made the making of tin plate one of America's great industries does not look his fifty years. He does look, however, every inch the millionaire and captain of finance that he is, and it may be said right here that he stands six feet in his stockings at that. He is a figure you would unconsciously single out anywhere in an assemblage of men, and of that figure you would unhesitatingly declare that it belonged to a man who had done things and was doing things, a man with nerves of steel and will of iron, a man as only America could have produced. And yet withal a man of sentiment, rich in the humanities and generous to a fault.

We were sitting in one of the great twin loggias of his country house at Irvington-on-Hudson. The place was thronged with a week-end house party, the young friends of Miss Rhea Reid, the daughter and only child of Mr. Reid, a beautiful girl of twenty-two. The stately stone pile, a faithful replica of an ancient English abbey; liveried servants moving across the terrace bearing tea trays laden with priceless china, of which Mr. Reid is a great connoisseur; other liveried servants following with other trays laden with rare old decanters and tall thin glasses worth a king's ransom; the echo of young girls' laughter from the tennis court on the other side of the formal garden; the cry of a pair of prize spaniels rebellious against the firm, but gentle, hand of a groom carrying them to regions beyond the conservatories; a strain of Chopin wafted from the long, cool, Louis Quinze music room; the perfume of flowers—every sight, every sound bore testimony to what money combined with exquisite taste may buy for a man in the way of all that is sybaritic and fair and beautiful, all that

which, in the popular mind, makes life worth the living.

And the man himself, the man who by reason of better brains and steadier nerves and greater courage than his fellows has been able to acquire the wherewithal by which to command this princely luxury—this man looked, or so I fancied, just the least bit weary of it all. But the weary look was only momentary, for Dan Reid is too healthy a man to remain introspective for long. Gradually his keen face softened into a smile and, taking his cigar from between his teeth, the tin plate magnate laughed as men laugh only when they are thinking of absurdly happy things.

“I was just thinking what a good time I did have anyway in those days back in Richmond, Indiana, when I first started out to make my fortune in the pig market. My father's farm was just outside the town. In addition to running the farm father also conducted a grocery store down in Richmond.

“Now, there was no foolish pride about being in trade in Richmond. On the contrary, it was in my boyish estimation a distinction. Indeed, my first ambition was to grow up and wear a seersucker coat and weigh out sugar and tea for the good people of Richmond and the surrounding country. I often wonder if there was ever a boy who did not at some time or other come through the period of wishing to run a grocery store?

“In spite of my father's double means of earning a livelihood money was always pretty scarce around the Reid homestead. There was a large family. My father and mother had both been married twice, and I had five half brothers. Of spending money we boys had little or none. Now, it was the ambition of my boyhood to own a bull's-eye watch. Down in the jewelry store in the town there was a beauty marked \$3.50. My father suggested that if I were to save up my pennies I might some day have enough to buy such a watch and by way of

encouraging me he gave me one of those small toy banks in which you drop coins through a slot in the roof. I was now eight years old, and for the first time in my life began a conscious effort to accomplish a definite purpose.

"This effort lasted three years. I ran errands. I sold all the old iron on the place and all I could induce the other boys to sell me for a cash discount. I went into the rag business and scoured the neighborhood for miles around in search of cast-off gum shoes and other junk, which I speedily converted into cash. When I was eleven years old I had saved up \$3.50, and you may be sure I lost no time in cracking open my little iron bank and running with its contents to the jeweler's.

"For a week or so afterward I lived in the clouds. I had now a real watch and a chain, too. I must not forget about the chain. It was made of brown hair, curiously twisted and braided. Hair chains were all the rage in Richmond then, and this one had been presented to me by a little girl schoolmate, who, knowing I had been saving my money for a watch, had in the meanwhile to this end learned to make hair chains. On the end of this chain I fastened a charm, one of those golden hearts made of two pieces of glass laid vis-a-vis over a layer of gilt paper, which I had acquired through a shrewd trade with a neighbor boy.

"I was very happy in the pride of these gewgaws: that is, for a week or so, and then somehow, they did not seem to be such wonderful things after all. I began to suffer from ennui, and it did seem for a while as if I should never again see anything upon which I could centre my vaunting ambition as I had upon that bull's-eye watch, which, alas! had lost its charm for me."

Here Mr. Reid's shrewd, dark Scotch-Irish eyes twinkled with merry memories. He is not a man given to analytical discussions upon the subject of human nature, for he is a man of action, not a dry student: but I doubt whether Henry James himself is as good a psychologist of real men and women, and above all of real boys, as is this man whose name spells tin plate.

"But, fortunately, I did not suffer long from this reaction," he continued, laughing. "About this time I went visiting with my father and mother to the farm of some rela-

tives living in the other end of the county. These relations had a fine stock of pigs, full-blooded Berkshires, and if there was one thing which took my fancy as a small boy it was pigs.

"There were three tiny little fellows I particularly admired and coveted, and, seeing the way the land lay, my cousin, to whom they belonged, offered me the three in exchange for my fine watch and chain and charm. I jumped at the bargain, and that afternoon, when we left for home in the wagon, I was minus my chronometer and plus three infant porkers. Now, it never occurred to me until we were driving past the farm where the girl lived who had woven me the chain that it might not have been either strictly ethical or good form to part with it in such an unsentimental manner, and, above all, for so unpoetical an equivalent. But a boy of eleven, I have since discovered, is a poor sentimentalist.

"The next morning my father tackled me. 'Where do you expect to get the food to feed these hogs on?' he asked in a very unsympathetic tone. Kind and indulgent as he was to his family, father was, nevertheless, a man with hard and fast ideas about teaching children early in life the value of money, the sense of responsibility and, above all else, the necessity of their being self-reliant. Then I made him a proposition; I would give him one of the pigs if he would agree to fatten the remaining two for me. This father thought was a square deal, and we clinched the bargain.

"And how those pigs grew! They were a fine strain, and soon became the talk of half the county. People came miles to look at them, and I had a lot of fun watching them grow. They were lots more fun than a million bull's-eye watches—until—until the man with the gun came to our house. Such a wonderful gun as that was; it's upstairs in my gun room now. Indeed, it was and is the nucleus of the collection I have been making ever since.

"Made of Damascus steel, with German silver inlay, it looked a thousand times more magnificent to my unsophisticated eyes than any of my tiger or elephant guns for which I have paid twenty times as much. The man, who stayed all night with us, allowed me to lift the precious weapon and to click the hammer. He said he would take \$20 for it, as he needed the money, but that it was worth much more. That

night I got up three times, lighted a candle and went down to the sitting-room and looked at that gun. The next morning my father, who had seen the impression it made on me, offered to buy the gun for me if I would give him one of my two remaining pigs, an offer which I snatched at. That night I took the gun to bed with me. I slept well.

"The remaining pig I kept until hog killing time in the fall, when I sold him for \$33.75, every penny my own. I was now eleven, and having thus early tasted of the joys of moneymaking I decided that I must immediately embark upon a career. School again! Not much! I went down to the Second National Bank of Richmond and got a job at \$12.50 a month, as messenger boy. No billionaire ever felt so important as I did when at the end of the first month I laid that \$12.50 on my mother's kitchen table.

"I was now a man, and how I did enjoy the independence which the status of a wage-earner insured for me in our family circle! Clad in blue seersucker coat and pants—we said pants without apology in Richmond in those days—I walked into town every morning from the farm, my luncheon under my arm. And such lunches as my mother did know how to put up!—home-made bread spread thick with yellow butter from our own dairy and golden honey from our own bees; head-cheese and great slices of ham fried to a red-brown and huge wedges of pie made of the huckleberries and blackberries that grew in the swamp, and doughnuts—what doughnuts! Well, I was what you might call a little gourmet, but, after all, I think it was a good thing I was.

"I will say right here that I wouldn't give a continental for any boy who wasn't a little glutton. The right kind of boy is always hungry, and the right sort of discipline for that boy is to feed him and feed him mighty well. I agree with a lot of the modern scientists in my belief that the food we eat when we are young children has much to do with our success later on in life. I believe that if everybody could be well fed for a few successive generations crime and disease, moral, mental and physical, would practically be eliminated from mankind."

"But you do not attribute your success wholly to alimentation. You will perhaps concede that heredity, that education, that

your early moral and religious training may have had something to do with it."

At the word "religious" Daniel G. Reid shot a glance at the interlocutor which was half amusement, half suspicion.

"Say!" he laughed, "if you are going to lead up to asking me what my religion is, I shall have to answer as Benjamin Disraeli did to a similar question. 'What is your religion, Mr. Disraeli?' somebody asked.



Daniel G. Reid

Who Rose by Rapid Stages from Messenger Boy to Become Millionaire Head of the Great Tin Plate Industry.

'My religion,' retorted Disraeli, 'is the religion of every wise man.' 'And what may that religion be?' his inquisitor persisted. 'No wise man ever tells,' retorted the great statesman.

"Now I shan't be quite so rude. I will say that I did have a very stern religious training, how stern you may realize when I say that my father and mother were very straitlaced United Presbyterians and that I joined the same church at an early age and am indeed still a member of it, although not a very straitlaced member, I

will confess. And I will say, too, that my religious training has been, no doubt, indirectly, of course, a tremendous factor in whatever success I have had. It does in everybody's. A training that is truly religious; that is, in the highest and best sense, cannot fail to be a splendid thing in the character building of the young.

"The harm comes only when the religion so called is a cloak for hypocrisy. There is an old saying, you know, that mass and meat hurt no man, and it's perfectly true; only I should add, 'plenty of meat.' I sometimes think, however, that we had too much religious training. I think it ought to be evenly scattered out over one's life, instead of getting it in heroic doses when we are too young and helpless to defend ourselves. I think I'd be a more religious man to-day if I had got a little less catechism on those long, dismal Sundays of my boyhood years. And still it is better to have received too much religion than not to have received any at all.

"For I doubt whether anything else save just such a training as I received could have given me the same strong sense of duty which I felt when I went to work in the bank. With me duty was a religion, and it must be so with anybody who would succeed in anything. I worked from eight till six, and I worked hard. For two years I remained a messenger and general utility boy at the same wages.

"The third year I was promoted to the janitorship, which I executed in addition to my regular work as messenger. For the joint job I got \$200 a year. The fourth year I added to my work as messenger and janitor that of night watchman, and for the triplicate job I got \$25 a month. The fifth year I became teller of the bank. Later I became assistant cashier, and ceased to wear seersucker clothes or to carry my lunch. And then still later they made me the vice-president, which job I have continued to hold to this very day. So you see I can truthfully say that I have never lost my job."

At this juncture Mr. Reid's face grew strangely soft and mobile, his voice vibrant with suppressed emotion.

"Meanwhile," he continued, taking the unlighted cigar out of his mouth and laying it carefully aside. "Meanwhile something very important happened to me, the

most important thing that can happen to an ambitious young fellow; I fell in love. I fell heels over head in love, and, having done so, I showed what good sense a boy of twenty-two sometimes does have, by marrying Miss Ella Dunn just as quickly as I could.

"I was then making a thousand a year, and married the girl of my choice; the world was mine. We immediately went to housekeeping. No apartment hotel or flat life for us. We went to live in a real house. It had six rooms and a nice porch, and a front yard, and, what's more, it was our house. We bought it, bought it on payments, of course; but what are payments to a new married couple. After much figuring we decided that we could afford the services of a certain Dutch girl whom we could get for \$2 a week, and that we could likewise afford to spend \$10 a week on our little household.

"Now it was always a mystery to me then, and it has so remained a mystery to this day, how Mrs. Reid ever managed to make \$10 go so far. We wanted absolutely for no comfort, in fact, for no luxury, as luxuries went in Richmond, Ind.; and all on \$10 a week. Imagine my surprise, then, when at the end of three years and the last payment on our house was due, my wife divulged the fact that she had saved up \$250 out of that \$10 a week I had been giving her. Isn't that just like a woman?

"They certainly do manage these things wonderfully—the right kind of women do. And after all they are the only real and great financiers—these faithful, gentle, loving women, whose last motive in the world for marrying a chap would be a mercenary one. Ah, it is a great thing for a young man to marry the woman he loves, but it is a still greater thing when that woman happens to be just the right woman for him."

Here Mr. Reid interrupted himself long enough to conduct me through the great hall of his house and up the broad staircase to the library to show me some of the mementos of those early days. There was, for instance, a photograph of the little old-fashioned United Presbyterian Church he used to go to as a boy, the church which, as its richest member, he some years ago replaced with the gift of a handsome stone structure with a splendid organ and a beautiful chime of bells.

There was also photograph of the little house to which he had taken his girlish bride, the same little house where, as he explained in a hushed voice, he had looked upon the face of his first born, the little daughter Rhea, and where a year or so later was also born the little boy who died when he was seven. And no better commentary upon the sort of man Daniel G. Reid is can be offered than the statement that to this day no money could buy that little house in Richmond, any more than money could have bought the horse and the dog the little boy had loved in life. When eventually Mr. Reid's increasing business obliged him to leave Richmond to go to Chicago to live he left the old dog and the old horse behind in charge of a trusted keeper, who kept watch and ward over them, supplying them with every comfort and luxury a sybaritic equine or canine could desire, until they died, the horse at thirty-one years of age and the dog at sixteen. And last, and evidently most sacred of all these tender souvenirs, he brought forth a pair of old-fashioned jardinieres which had been painted by "Rhea's mother," as Mr. Reid seems to love best to designate the wife of his youth, who was destined to die before she could see the full fruition of her husband's career, in which she had had so much to do in its initial stages.

And the softness with which he now pronounced those words, "Rhea's mother," could leave no doubt in any one's mind that there was no treasure of all the wonderful treasures of art and craftsmanship in that beautiful house which in its master's estimation was so precious as that pair of jardinieres wrought by the hands of the girlish wife who had been indeed a helpmate. After dinner, seated in the same broad loggia, now flooded with the light of the full midsummer moon, Mr. Reid continued the romance of his success.

"After I paid off the mortgage on the house I managed, with Mrs. Reid's help, to save enough money to buy some stock in the bank, thus making myself eligible for a directorship. Shortly afterward I became interested in a little tin plate mill at Elwood, about sixty-five miles from Richmond. This mill had never been made to pay and was something of a white elephant on our hands. At this time everybody save

a few of us scouted the idea that tin plate was a possibility for this country. Everybody thought it could be made successfully only in Wales.

"I thought differently; so did a few others. We believed that if we could succeed in building the right sort of plant and installing the right processes we could make of tin plate a great American industry. In 1891 we organized a company and built and equipped what we in our infinite ignorance supposed to be a tin plate mill. But it wasn't. It was only a pile of junk, as we discovered two years later. Our machinery was too light, everything was too something or other that it ought not to have been. The stockholders were disgusted. Something had to be done, and then we secured a man in Pittsburg, William Banfield, who knew a lot about mill construction. He was a Cornishman, and for generations his ancestors had made tin plate in Cornwall and Wales. We sent for William Banfield. He came and built us a mill that was a real mill, not a junk heap. Pretty soon our little four mill plant was making money for us, and making it fast. By this time I was giving practically all of my time to the tin mill, going back and forward to Elwood every day—a hard, unpleasant trip those sixty-five miles each way in the local train.

"At last I decided to leave the bank and devote myself entirely to the mill. This the president of the bank, a conservative man who had grown wealthy for that part of the country, advised me not to do. He said if I would stay on I had a good chance of succeeding to his job and of growing rich, too. The position would have been a specially good one for me, as I knew 20,000 of the 35,000 inhabitants of the county—knew them well enough to call them by name, and they in turn knew me well enough to warrant them hailing me as 'Danny.'

"But I told him I had hopes of making more money than the bank would ever be able to make for me if I gave my undivided attention to the tin mill. And so I left the bank, and from that day for years I thought of nothing but tin plate. We prospered, and by 1897 we had thirty-one mills instead of the original four. We then moved our offices to Chicago, and I went there with my family to live.

"Meanwhile other tin mills, following

our good example, had sprung up all over the country. Competition was keen. The question of consolidation came up. Gentlemen's agreements had proved worthless, and in 1898 all the tin mills in the country, 270 in number, were merged into one organization, which was named after the original company in Elwood, the American Tin Plate Company. Then, in order to guarantee our steel supply, we organized, in connection with W. A. & J. H. Moore, the National Steel Company. Still later the American Steel & Hoop Company and the American Sheet Steel Company were organized by the same people. When the United States Steel Corporation was organized, some time afterward, all these four properties went into the consolidation and are to-day a part of what is commonly known as the Steel Corporation."

Here Mr. Reid stopped to light still another cigar, and I took occasion to ask him bluntly, in Li Hung Chang fashion, how much he is worth to-day. He parried the question, for, like most Americans who have grown wealthy, Mr. Reid is a modest man when it comes to openly acknowledging the extent of his riches, and he leaves

to others their approximation. I learned later that Mr. Reid never in any circumstances discusses his wealth. As a matter of fact nobody knows the exact dimensions of the fortune to-day of this man who began thirty-nine years ago as a messenger boy at \$12.50 a month. Indeed, Mr. Reid is quoted as frequently saying to his intimates that for a while it made him absolutely dizzy the way the wealth poured in upon him for a period of a year or two, a statement which can be readily believed when we consider the system of modern finance under which he and his associates have conceived and carried through the successful issue project after project—the Tin Plate Trust twice reorganized and merged with the Steel Corporation, the Rock Island Railroad system reorganized and made to grow from a few thousand to more than seventeen thousand miles in a few years; either one of which projects would have netted a vast fortune to a financier of the inner circle, and combining them, as Daniel G. Reid has done, it can readily be conceived that the profits accruing would necessarily total a vast sum.

The most said is least meant.

Women and fruit are easily bruised.

The devil does his choicest work through fools, not rogues.

It is generally the people who mean well that do the most ill.

In nine cases out of ten the point of honour is the fear of seeming to be afraid.

Stay, and it's but once in your life you'll be sorry, and faith, that'll be always.

To answer "Yes" to all comers is doubtless a mighty convenience, and a great softener of the angles of life.—From "The Wild Geese," by Stanley J. Weyman.

Big Jim's Renunciation

By Roy Norton in the *Cosmopolitan*

HE was an enormous man, a clean six feet two in his moccasins, and built in fine sturdy proportion. He was smoothly shaven, with a face almost like that of a Sioux warrior, with high cheekbones and a grim, closely shut mouth. Beyond that the Indian resemblance ended, for his eyes, which stared directly out from beneath overhanging brows, were a clear, cool gray, and his hair was of that indefinite shade known as "tow."

He was a gambler by profession, and for fifteen years had been known to the camps of the far frontier as such. He was designated far and wide as Big Jim, and it is doubtful if many of his friends and acquaintances were aware that he had once been christened under the sober patronymic of James Paul Werner. Many of those who knew him as Big Jim had paid well for even that limited knowledge.

He had no record save that of being a game man, ready to shoot or to be shot, as the vicissitudes of his calling might demand; and his only pride was that, no matter what his luck might be, he played "a square game with unstacked cards." This much was to his credit. And, it may be further remarked, his calling in itself was not such as would impair his public standing in the West which he knew and which knew him. It may be that at times he had questioned whether there might not be better occupations for a man who was inherently honest, but such introspection had not shown him any other means of a livelihood to which he might turn his hand with equal gain. He was of that class of men who are always playing for a stake which, large or small, is never quite realized.

It had remained for him to have his self-respect wounded to the quick, away up there on the banks of the Yukon River, in the heart of Alaska, the last place on earth where it might reasonably be expected that such an awakening would be given. This much at least might one good woman do.

It wasn't a question of love, because he had neither sought nor craved the affections of that woman or of any woman.

She was not handsome, not even pretty. Nor was she in her youth, having reached that indefinite time which caused one to wonder whether she might be as young as twenty-five years or as old as thirty-five. But about her was the charm of cleanliness of person and mind, of honesty and independence.

When she came to the already established camp, purchased a cabin and opened a restaurant it caused some comment, for women of her kind were scarce in that far-away speck in the wilderness.

Big Jim had been her first customer. The long counter with its clumsy slab stools had barely been placed when he thrust his head through the door and said, "Good morning." He had been given a courteous reply and had scanned the place for a full minute before making any other remark.

"Restaurant?" he queried.

"Yes."

"Doughnuts?"

"Yes."

"Pork and beans?"

"Yes."

"Guess I'll take a few."

That had been the whole of their first conversation; and from then on he had been a steady patron. Patience and politeness had given her prosperity, but patience and politeness on his part had not given him her warmer friendship. And this too had aroused the obstinacy within him. But the occurrence which brought him humiliation was, as he tersely put it, due to his "chippin' into a brace game to save a sucker."

It was in the days of the first rush, when innocents were plenty and the lure of the new camp had brought not only them and the hardened adventurers of the earth, but also those who, in divers forms, prey on quick prosperity. There had come among them in the first rush a chekako—tender—

foot—a man not versed in the lore of the hills, or familiar with the ways of the frontier, and he had worked for other men. This in itself was not calculated to make those other dwellers on the outskirts of the world, free lances in everything, respect him. To toil for oneself, no matter what the recompense, was no disgrace; but to accept day-wages for the efforts of one's hands and shoulders smacked of servitude. Prospectors, though broke, were admittedly on a plane with millionaires, but no man might cleanly hold his head erect if he permitted any other human being to give him orders and dictate his goings and comings.

It was on a day when a little steamboat, bound up-river, had shoved her snub nose against the clay bank and dumped off, for a few hours, a throng of gold-seekers, that the chekako came to grief. The trading-post was crowded with men seeking to add to their outfits of northern garb, to buy sealskin boots, or to replenish their tobacco supply.

Big Jim had gravely watched the landing and indifferently noted the scramble at the big log post. It was nothing to him. He had seen such rushes of tenderfeet before, and, besides, they were not grist for his mill. It was the outgoing man who had been lucky that he wanted to meet, the one who played big stakes and suffered no serious setback if relieved of part of his gleanings.

"All they're looking for is bags enough to hold the gold they're going to pick up," he muttered with a half grin, as he turned away up the trail back of the traders, and then he came to a stop. Alongside the trail, seated on a log and bathed in tears, was the chekako. The gambler always felt a little sorry for a man in tears, although they were unknown to his own make-up.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked. The chekako explained that he had been looted. It had been a day off for him, and he had mingled with the throng at the landing and in the post and had paid for his curiosity by losing a poke containing all his savings. And the worst of it, so he told Big Jim in his simple way, was that it was all needed for the support of a family out in the States.

Big Jim listened with a grin up to this

point, then his face took on a frown. The frown grew when the chekako asserted that he could not have lost it, no not even when, on his way to the camp, he had stopped for a drink of water at the crossing of Manook Creek, three miles away. Big Jim sympathized with him, but could offer no better advice than another search along the trail. Other men's carelessness annoyed him, and he turned back to the river front, being out of mood for the big birch forests on the hill. As he came round the corner of a cabin his attention was attracted to a furtive-looking individual who, in some haste to board, was crossing the gangplank of the steamer.

"Whe-e-ew!" whistled the gambler. "That's Slippers Smith, sure! Wonder what he's doing up here!" He stood with his hands in his pockets and ruminated for a full minute, his look fixed abstractedly on the steamer in the hollows of which Slippers had disappeared. "If he ain't quit picking pockets for a living, it's a cinch he's got that little feller's poke," he said to himself, and thereupon abruptly plunged down the river bank and up over the deserted gangplank.

He climbed to the saloon, on each side of which were staterooms, and seated himself in a chair until a door opened and Slippers emerged.

"Hello, Slippers!" he called, and the other recognized him and came forward. Before he could do more than put out his hand the gambler had assumed an air of great secrecy.

"Slippers," he said, "I got something to say to you. Guess you better take me to your stateroom where folks can't hear."

Once inside, he turned with a chilly grin. "How many of your gang's on this boat?"

"None. I'm playing a lone hand."

Big Jim looked through the window across the river where the sun cast reflections of light on the ripples, then peeped out of the door into the empty saloon. When he turned there was a wicked-looking gun in his hand, and even the semblance of good humor was gone from his face.

"Slippers, you took a poke off a friend of mine up there in the trading-post. I've come to get it."

It was a bold guess and a steady bluff, but it worked. Slippers retreated slowly

BIG JIM'S RENUNCIATION

until his back was against the frame of the tiny window. The light was shining full on the gambler's face and brought out no sign of uncertainty or of mercy. Slippers read danger-signals, and, knowing the man, feared delay would prove dangerous.

"Put up your gun, Jim," he quavered, in an attempt at friendly surrender. "I don't want nothing from no friend of yours. Why didn't you say so sooner?"

He dived into his berth and from beneath the matting pulled a moose-skin bag of gold dust, which he tendered. Big Jim took it and slipped it into his pocket.

"I ain't going to say nothing to anybody, Slippers," he remarked, "because you're in the wrong country. They hang men like you here, so I don't reckon it's a healthy place for you. Besides hanging there's fevers and other things to take a man off. That's why I don't think it good for you to get off the boat again before she leaves. I'm dead sure it would be unhealthy for you if I saw you. Good-by, my boy, good-by. Stay aboard the boat till she gets you to some place where you've got friends."

The door slammed behind him, and in a minute the gangplank shook beneath his feet as he retraced his steps to where he had left the forlorn chekako; but the latter was gone. Big Jim found him in the restaurant where held forth the woman.

"Hello," he said by way of greeting, and the woman, who had been listening to the tale of woe, ended her attempt at condolence. The gambler nodded to her, looked around the place until satisfied that no one else was present, and then threw the poke down on the counter. The chekako stared at it a moment in open-mouthed amazement and then hugged it to his breast in both hands. Big Jim stopped his voluble thanks.

"I found it out there on the bank of the creek," he said, "and brung it to you. Mighty careless of you to lug your poke around with you. Better put it in the trading company's safe."

He tramped out of the room, while the chekako and the woman looked at each other. A little clock above them ticked busily. The chekako glanced at it and then back at her.

"Says he found it on the creek. Three miles there and three miles back make six miles. And when he got there he must have

walked up and down the bank some. Well, I shan't say nothing, because I've got it back, but it's been just half an hour since I told him about it."

The woman was annoyed at the chekako's ingratitude, but worse than that was the knowledge that the gambler had undoubtedly lied. He was beneath contempt.

The river took on its coating of ice, the snows fell, and the camp was locked in its long winter isolation. The woman prospered, and fortune played up and down with the gambler. He still made attempts to win the woman's regard, but now she barely spoke to him. He was attracted more by this than by her previous politeness. He wanted to know her better because she was of a different world than he had known since he came West, and she reminded him of women he had known in his boyhood—good, God-fearing women. He pondered over her coolness when he sat alone before his layout, and always felt a well-defined pity for her in the struggle which he knew must be so hard for one evidently accustomed to better things.

Day by day he went to her cabin door and into the restaurant where he could watch and study her patient struggle to be self-supporting and gain independence. He wished that he could be received with as much friendliness as the prospectors who came. He made clumsy efforts to assist her, and when the first hunters came with sledges laden with moose-meat he bought their load and sent it to her. He knew that it must be a godsend to her, but also realized that if she had learned who the donor was it would have been instantly declined.

One day when he was the sole customer, he made a bolder attempt to gain an understanding. "Miss Martin," he said, boldly plunging in, "I want to talk to you."

She turned upon him in surprise, looking him steadily in the eyes and with a certain little haughtiness in the poise of her head.

"I think a heap more of you than you'll probably believe," he went on.

She started to speak, but he forbade her with a gesture and continued: "I'm a square man, and there ain't anyone living can say I ever turned a crooked card or done a dirty little trick. Maybe I ain't never done anything good, and maybe I ain't got much, but I'm not any worse

than the worst man in camp. You might at least treat me as well as the others, because I want you to like me; but you won't. What's the reason? Come, let's have it out!"

The woman came directly opposite him on her side of the rough slab counter before which he sat. "You want to know the reason? Well, I'll tell you. When I first came here, I don't know that I particularly disliked you. First, I learned that you were a gambler. That was enough to keep us from being friends, but that wasn't the worst."

She had been speaking quietly, but now she rested her hands on the edge of the counter and leaned toward him, talking with intensity. Her eyes glittered and were opened wide.

"You're not only a gambler, but a thief—a common cutpurse! You robbed the chekako of his gold, then—God knows why—gave it back to him under the pretext that you had found it in a place which you couldn't possibly have reached, let alone return from, in the time you said. You lied about it to cover your theft."

Big Jim had straightened up as she spoke, until he towered above her, his cheeks crimson and his brow drawn into a scowl that would have portended death had his accuser been a man. There was an instant's silence, broken by the sound of bells from outside, as a dog-team strained at its ropes over the frozen snow, and the cracking of the driver's whip.

"You believe that?" he said. "You believe that—of me—of Jim Werner, who never stole a cent in his life?"

His tone carried such a tragic note that she started back, repentant and wondering. It was inexplicable that this man should be a thief. She was sorry that she had accused him. She noted for the first time the look of cold honesty that was in his eyes, and somehow he seemed masterful. It broke her a little.

"It doesn't matter about the gold dust anyway," she said decisively. Her hands came together in a convulsive clasp, and there was a little indefinable note of pleading in her voice as she resumed, still fearlessly: "Why don't you give it up, Jim Werner? They say you are brave, and every one but me believes you honest. I'm

not prepared to admit either. It doesn't matter what else you may be, you are that which no honest man respects, a gambler—a man who, even if he plays fairly, yet depends on his skill to take from other men that which they have worked for and gathered with honest hands. And maybe I wouldn't care for them even. It might serve them right; but don't you understand, can't you understand, that when you take it away from them you may be robbing some poor women or helpless little children out in the States who are dependent on them and their work? I don't suppose you would rob a child or a woman directly, but that's what you are doing perhaps every day of your life."

She gulped a little as she turned away from him, and he, reading in her motion his dismissal, pulled his white hat down over his eyes and went out. He had made no attempt at explanation of the poke incident, nor had he contemplated it. In his code, to tell the story would have been impossible. Besides, it would but have added to her other accusations the certainty that his calling made him the acquaintance of thieves and crooks.

It gave him something to think about in the days that came, and he was moody and taciturn. He would sit for hours with his chair tilted back against the logs of the cabin wherein were a bar and many games of chance. At night, when the room was aglow with heat, and the smoke from the pipes curled up around the hooded tin lamps which sent little splotches of light on the green tables, and everywhere were the clash and clamor and speech of men from the mines and the high-pitched reckless laughter of hardened women of the camp, it came to him. He was awakening to the fact that there was a code of honor which he had never learned, and he began to have a disgust for all those things which he had known and a vague longing for something better. He was not as cool and hardened as he had been. He began to wonder whether the men who sat before him and lost their gold had wives and children at home. He owned his own layout and sometimes surprised those who were losing heavily by trying to dissuade them from spending their last ounce. He was in a constant struggle between business, as known to him, and conscience.

BIG JIM'S RENUNCIATION

"He's going crazy," was the comment of other gamblers; but, although he heard, he shut his teeth grimly and said nothing nor changed his ways. Day by day he went to the restaurant, because he could not deny himself this one chance of seeing the trim woman with the brown eyes, although no words passed between them other than those of necessity. And he found many ways of assisting her without her knowledge. Once a pack-driver from up the river made a coarse remark regarding her. Big Jim deliberately arose from his table, walked around to where the man sat, caught him by the throat, and fairly threw him through the cabin door. The man arose from the snow gasping and rubbing his throat, while the gambler stood above him.

"Pardner," Big Jim drawled, "I've let you off easy. If I ever hear of you even whispering of that little woman again, I'll kill you like a timber-wolf. Understand?" He gave the man a parting kick and went back into the cabin, where no one dared to speak of the incident, and calmly resumed the shuffling of the cards.

Daily his field of operations, despite the camp's prosperity, became more limited. This was due to his more intimate knowledge of the men who came before him, for, strange as it might appear, he seemed to be drawing the line on those who had others dependent on them. It was unostentatiously done, but nevertheless excited remark, for which he cared nothing but went his way, grim, silent, and independent.

Spring came, the river was unlocked, ice-floes shoved themselves out in front of the floods of the headwaters, and the first steamer came from the Klondike. The camp was astir again and eager for news of the outer world. Prospectors looked forward to the summer's exploration and exploitation, and those who had been particularly fortunate laid plans for a trip to that greater world known as "the outside." Claims were for sale, and trade was brisk. The bars were patronized by men who rioted after a season's work, and the days had grown suddenly long until at midnight the light was strong. The cries of the waterfowl seeking the breeding-grounds of the Far North were heard throughout all hours, trees were

taking on their buds of green, patches of the hills showed bare and bright, and cabin doors stood open to the sun.

Big Jim sat behind his table steadily dealing, paying out and taking in. He had been unusually quiet now for days, and his luck had been bad. One player only was before him, a stranger who had arrived by the steamboat whose wheel slowly revolved in the current as she lay tied to the bank in front of the trading-post. The man played with a recklessness that betokened but few sittings in front of the green cloth, while Big Jim was playing to win, steadily, remorselessly, and persistently. He was the wolf again and this his victim.

"I want poker," the player suddenly exclaimed, and Big Jim, after hesitating a moment, closed the case rack, threw the box to one side, and opened a fresh deck of cards. Plainly he was out now for the money.

For two hours they shuffled, cut, and dealt in silence. The younger man lost steadily and was playing a game of wild desperation. Finally he laid his watch on the table, saying, with an oath, "I haven't a dollar or an ounce left."

Big Jim shook his head. "I don't play for anything but money," he said.

"That's right!" snarled the loser, shoving his chair back with a scrape so violent that it fell to the floor. "You take my last ounce and then won't give me a chance to get on top again. You're a——" He stopped suddenly, for there was a look in Big Jim's steady gray eyes that forbade further speech.

Big Jim threw the deck on the table. "Shuffle those," he said. "I'll give you a chance. No man lives who can say I didn't give him his chance. Now cut! The highest card wins, and I'll lay a hundred against you ten-dollar watch."

The loser, with trembling hand, reached out and turned a deuce spot, and Big Jim quietly turned a king. The young man staggered to his feet, wiped his hand across his eyes feverishly, and started away.

"Here," called Big Jim. "I don't want your watch," but the man jammed his hat over his eyes and went out through the cabin door. Jim straightened up a minute and turned to those others in the

room who had clustered around breathlessly watching the last turn.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I've no further use for gambling or for gamblers. You can all go your way, and I'll go mine. You've called me 'Big Jim, the gambler' ever since you've known me, but after this you can drop the last half of that."

He picked up the deck as he spoke, twisted the cards into a crumpled bunch of paper, then suddenly lifted them high above his head and with a vicious swing threw them to the floor, where they scattered, vivid patches of color in the dirt of many feet. With a quick sudden gesture he slammed his fist down on his layout. "Anybody who wants this can have it. I've turned my last card, and I'm going to be honest if I starve for it. By God, I am!"

They made way for him as he walked past them and went out through the door which had so lately seen the passing of his last victim. He paid no heed to the commotion behind. He was like a man in a dream of elation who has cast off a trying burden. He mentally reckoned his worth and knew that he had money enough now to buy a fraction of a claim which was very remote and unknown, but promising. He would take it, would go to it, and with his hands wrest from it a living, and then—and then!—he would come back to the woman. Would come, when he could, as other men who had injured none of their fellows or robbed women and children. He knew now that he wanted her more than anything on earth, that for her respect alone he would willingly give his life. To buy the claim and meet with success made all things possible. He threw his head back and took a long, full breath of the spring-laden air, then turned for a walk up the river bank where he could be alone and think.

As he came around a bend where alders swept their branches in the receding flood, a figure of despondency sat below him. There was something so hopeless in that quiet attitude, something so suggestive of despair, that he stopped and looked at it. Somehow he was stirred by it. He went toward the man, wondering what he could be doing there so close to the perilous edge of the flood which swirled at his feet.

The man turned, hearing the footsteps,

and Big Jim recognized his victim. They looked at each other, one with despair in his eyes, the other with that new-born determination of honesty. Big Jim read deeply and understood. For an instant he gravely studied the other's haggard face.

"Better not do it," he said, voicing the thought.

"What business is it of yours?" the other answered without rising. "You've got everything I had in the world," and again he turned his gaze on the waters below, as if fascinated by their summons.

"I won it fairly," Big Jim answered. The man at his feet seemed very young, barely beyond boyhood. He waited for a reply.

"Yes, fairly enough," came the answer. "No one ever accused you of being crooked. But I'm hard hit, just the same. I needed money—needed just five hundred more than I had before I could go back to her, otherwise I wouldn't have taken a chance," He spoke as if to himself, but his words reached the gambler.

"Look here, young fellow," Big Jim said, seating himself by the boy's side. "What do you mean by 'her'?" Come on and tell me. I've been called a wolf, and lots of other things, but I've got a heart. What do you mean by 'her'?" He put his arm awkwardly over the boy's shoulder, and the latter, overwrought, talked with trembling lips and tried to keep the tears from creeping down his cheeks.

"We were to be married as soon as I could get money enough, and I had written her that I was coming, and she's waiting. But it's all right. It isn't your fault, it isn't your fault."

Big Jim talked in a very low and unusually kind voice. "You're nothing but a boy," he said, "and a big fool. I'm going to tell you something. It's off suckers like you that gamblers live. Don't ever make the mistake of thinking that you can beat a game, because you can't. It was my business to make my living by winning. It's professional skill, by men who know all about it, against the fellow who doesn't understand what he's up against. You lost your wad, and was about to jump into the river, just because you'd been a fool. You were going to be a bigger fool yet, and

a coward as well, while the girl who believed in you would have waited, and waited, and waited, till her heart grew sick and there wasn't nothing worth living for. And all because you'd been a fool and a coward. You're young and 've got a lot to learn. I'm teaching you one thing, and I reckon you're getting your lesson well, and it's this: never, no matter what happens to you, never gamble on anything, for anything, or with anybody."

The other sat as if ashamed of himself while Big Jim talked, then rose to his feet holding out his hand. "I'm obliged to you," he said. "It would have been cowardly. Now I'm going back up the river to look for work and make another try."

"No, you're not," declared Big Jim. "I'm going to give you back your money and your watch, and you're going to remember what I've told you and never gamble again, and you're going right on out like a decent, clean, honest chap that keeps his word to the letter, and make that girl happy. Then you'll stay away from a country like this where you don't belong, and thank God for the chance to be what a man should, and that you've done no worse."

He fished the heavy buckskin bag from his pocket and crowded it into the other's hand and then shoved the watch after. "Good-by," he called, and trudged steadily away up the river bank toward his cabin.

For hours he pottered about his cabin, stowing things away and making up a huge pack to be fitted to his unaccustomed shoulders. It would be hard work, all right, but he was strong and not old by any means, and he was honest. There was a new feeling of freedom in that. His jaw shut hard, and he shook his fist in the air as if at an enemy he was to conquer and said, "And now I can look anyone in the eye, and know that I'm as good as he is."

The camp was beginning to stir and the dawn was strong when he closed the cabin door and locked it with the big brass padlock. He was garbed for his new life, with a well-fitting blue-flannel shirt over his straight, broad shoulders, his belt

drawn taut and new mukluks tied snugly around his sinewy calves. He leaned down on the door-step and fitted his arms into the big pack and swung away down the one-sided street of cabins which faced the river. There was none to bid him good-by nor to wish him luck, no one to give him Godspeed and hope for his speedy return. He was alone now, old associations cast behind, old habits dropped, and the hills to conquer.

As he came to the restaurant the door swung open, and the woman looked at him in amazement. He would have passed, but she called him, and he stepped to her door.

"I want to speak to you," she said. "I am ashamed of what I said that time about your being a—" She hesitated and came to a stop; but he did not assist her and only looked deeply into her eyes.

She twisted her hands together and continued: "That man Smith, who is up in Dawson, told about what you did for the chekako, and last night I learned the truth. And I've heard, too, about—about last night and that you aren't going to gamble any more."

He slipped the pack from his back and stood quietly before her, not realizing the full purport of her words.

"And I want to tell you, too," she said, "that I know the boy whose money you took, and that you gave it back to him and have made a man of him, and—and—you asked once for my respect. I wanted to say before you went away that you already have it and that I hope we can be friends."

He took a step toward her, and she retreated within the shadow of the open door, where he followed. His life had not been conventional, nor was his action when he put his arms around her, and she, smiling through her tears, welcomed their shelter and knew that from now on their ways were as one.

And outside the sun shone on a pack which would no longer be an unwelcome burden, but a trifling weight to be borne for a little while into the land of honest promise, clean achievement, and golden dreams.

Alcohol and the Individual

By Dr. Henry Smith Williams in McClure's

SOME very puzzling differences of opinion about the use of alcoholic beverages find expression. This is natural enough, since alcohol is a very curious drug, and the human organism a very complex mechanism. The effects of this drug upon this mechanism are often very mystifying. Not many persons are competent to analyze these effects in their totality. Still fewer can examine any of them quite without prejudice. But in recent years a large number of scientific investigators have attempted to substitute knowledge for guesswork as to the effects of alcohol, through the institution of definitive experiments. Some have tested its effects on the digestive apparatus; others, its power over the heart and voluntary muscles; still others, its influence upon the brain. On the whole, the results of these experiments are singularly consistent. Undoubtedly they tend to upset a good many time-honored preconceptions. But they give better grounds for judgment as to what is the rational attitude toward alcohol than have hitherto been available.

The traditional role of alcohol is that of a stimulant. It has been supposed to stimulate digestion and assimilation; to stimulate the heart's action; to stimulate muscular activity and strength; to stimulate the mind. The new evidence seems to show that, in the final analysis, alcohol stimulates none of these activities; that its final effect is everywhere depressive and inhibitory (at any rate, as regards higher functions) rather than stimulative; that, in short, it is properly to be classed with the anesthetics and narcotics. The grounds for this view, should be of interest to every user of alcohol; of interest, for that matter, to every citizen, considering that more than one thousand million gallons of alcoholic beverages are consumed in the United States each year.

I should like to present the new evidence far more fully than space will permit. I shall attempt, however, to describe some of

the more significant observations and experiments in sufficient detail to enable the reader to draw his own conclusions. To make room for this, I must deal with other portions of the testimony in a very summary manner. As regards digestion, for example, I must be content to note that the experiments show that alcohol does indeed stimulate the flow of digestive fluids, but that it also tends to interfere with their normal action; so that ordinarily one effect neutralizes the other. As regards the action on the heart, I shall merely state that the ultimate effect of alcohol is to depress, in large doses to paralyze, that organ. These, after all, are matters that concern the physician rather than the general reader.

The effect of alcohol on muscular activity has a larger measure of popular interest; indeed, it is a question of the utmost practicality. The experiments show that alcohol does not increase the capacity to do muscular work, but distinctly decreases it. Doubtless this seems at variance with many a man's observation of himself; but the explanation is found in the fact that alcohol blurs the judgment. As Voit remarks, it gives, not strength, but, at most, the feeling of strength. A man may think he is working faster and better under the influence of alcohol than he would otherwise do; but rigidly conducted experiments do not confirm this opinion. "Both science and the experience of life," says Dr. John J. Abel, of Johns Hopkins University, "have exploded the pernicious theory that alcohol gives any persistent increase of muscular power. The disappearance of this universal error will greatly reduce the consumption of alcohol among laboring men. It is well understood by all who control large bodies of men engaged in physical labor, that alcohol and effective work are incompatible."

It is even questionable whether the energy derived from the oxidation of alcohol in the body can be directly used at all as a source

of muscular energy. Such competent observers as Schumberg and Scheffer independently reached the conclusion that it cannot. Dr. Abel inclines to the same opinion. He suggests that "alcohol is not a food in the sense in which fats and carbohydrates are food; it should be defined as an easily oxidizable drug with numerous untoward effects which inevitably appear when a certain minimum dose is exceeded." He thinks that alcohol should be classed "with the more or less dangerous stimulants and narcotics, such as hasheesh, tobacco, etc., rather than with truly sustaining food-stuffs." Some of the grounds for this view will appear presently, as we now turn to examine the alleged stimulating effects of alcohol upon the mental processes.

The celebrated physicist, Von Helmholtz, one of the foremost thinkers of the nineteenth century, declared that the very smallest quantity of alcohol served effectively, while its influence lasted, to banish from his mind all possibility of creative effort; all capacity to solve an abstruse problem. The result of recent experiments in the field of physiological psychology convince one that the same thing is true in some measure of every other mind capable of creative thinking. Certainly all the evidence goes to show that no mind is capable of its best efforts when influenced by even small quantities of alcohol. If any reader of these words is disposed to challenge this statement, on the strength of his own personal experience, I would ask him to reflect carefully as to whether what he has been disposed to regard as a stimulant effect may not be better explained along lines suggested by these words of Professor James: "The reason for craving alcohol is that it is an anaesthetic even in moderate quantities. It obliterates a part of the field of consciousness and abolishes collateral trains of thought."

The experimental evidence that tends to establish the position of alcohol as an inhibitor and disturber rather than a promoter of mental activity has been gathered largely by German investigators. Many of their experiments are of a rather technical character, aiming to test the basal operations of the mind. Others, however, are eminently practical, as we shall see. The earliest experiments, made by Exner in Vienna so long ago as 1873, aimed to de-

termine the effect of alcohol upon the so-called reaction-time. The subject of the experiment sits at a table, with his finger upon a telegraph key. At a given signal—say a flash of light—he releases the key. The time that elapses between signal and response—measured electrically in fractions of a second—is called the simple or direct reaction-time. This varies for different individuals, but is relatively constant, under given conditions, for the same individual. Exner found however that when an individual had imbibed a small quantity of alcohol, his reaction-time was lengthened, though the subject believed himself to be responding more promptly than before.

These highly suggestive experiments attracted no very great amount of attention at the time. Some years later, however, they were repeated by several investigators, including Dietl, Vintschgau, and in particular Kraepelin and his pupils. It was then discovered that, in the case of a robust young man, if the quantity of alcohol ingested was very small, and the tests were made immediately, the direct reaction-time was not lengthened, but appreciably shortened instead. If, however, the quantity of alcohol was increased, or if the experiments were made at a considerable interval of time after its ingestion, the reaction-time fell below the normal, as in Exner's experiments.

Subsequent experiments tested mental processes of a somewhat more complicated character. For example, the subject would place each hand on a telegraph key, at right and left. The signals would then be varied, it being understood that one key or the other would be pressed promptly accordingly, as a red or a white light appeared. It became necessary, therefore, to recognize the color of the light, and to recall which hand was to be moved at that particular signal: in other words, to make a choice not unlike that which a locomotive engineer is required to make when he encounters an unexpected signal light. The tests showed that after the ingestion of a small quantity of alcohol—say a glass of beer—there was a marked disturbance of the mental processes involved in this reaction. On the average, the keys were released more rapidly than before the alcohol was taken, but the wrong key was much more frequently released than under normal circumstances.

Speed was attained at the cost of correct judgment. Thus, as Dr. Stier remarks, the experiment shows the elements of two of the most significant and persistent effects of alcohol, namely, the vitiating of mental processes and the increased tendency to hasty or inco-ordinate movements. Stated otherwise, a leveling down process is involved, whereby the higher function is dulled, the lower function accentuated.

Another striking illustration of the tendency of alcohol to impair the higher mental processes was given by some experiments instituted by Kraepelin to test the association of ideas. In these experiments, a word is pronounced, and the subject is required to pronounce the first word that suggests itself in response. Some very interesting secrets of the sub-conscious personality are revealed thereby, as was shown, for example, in a series of experiments conducted last year at Zurich by Dr. Frederick Peterson, of New York. But I cannot dwell on these here. Suffice it for our purpose that the possible responses are of two general types. The suggested word being, let us say, "book," the subject may (1) think of some word associated logically with the idea of a book, such as "read" or "leaves"; or he may (2) think of some word associated merely through similarity of sound, such as "cook" or "shook." In a large series of tests, any given individual tends to show a tolerably uniform proportion between the two types of association; and this ratio is in a sense explicative of his type of mind. Generally speaking, the higher the intelligence, the higher will be the ratio of logical to merely rhymed associations. Moreover, the same individual will exhibit more associations of the logical type when his mind is fresh than when it is exhausted, as after a hard day's work.

In Kraepelin's experiments it appeared that even the smallest quantity of alcohol had virtually the effect of fatiguing the mind of the subject, so that the number of his rhymed responses rose far above the normal. That is to say, the lower form of association of ideas was accentuated, at the expense of the higher. In effect, the particular mind experimented upon was always brought for the time being to a lower level by the alcohol.

When a single dose of alcohol is administered, its effects gradually disappear, as a

matter of course. But they are far more persistent than might be supposed. Some experiments conducted by Furer are illuminative as to this. He tested a person for several days, at a given hour, as to reaction-time, the association of ideas, the capacity to memorize, and facility in adding. The subject was then allowed to drink two litres of beer in the course of a day. No intoxicating effects whatever were to be discovered by ordinary methods. The psychological tests, however, showed marked disturbance of all the reactions, a diminished capacity to memorize, decreased facility in adding, etc., not merely on the day when the alcohol was taken, but on succeeding days as well. Not until the third day was there a gradual restoration to complete normality; although the subject himself—and this should be particularly noted—felt absolutely fresh and free from after-effects of alcohol on the day following that on which the beer was taken.

Similarly Rudin found the effects of a single dose of alcohol to persist, as regards some forms of mental disturbance, for twelve hours, for other forms twenty-four hours, and for yet others thirty-six hours and more. But Rudin's experiments bring out another aspect of the subject, which no one who considers the alcohol question in any of its phases should overlook: the fact, namely, that individuals differ greatly in their response to a given quantity of the drug. Thus, of four healthy young students who formed the subjects of Rudin's experiment, two showed very marked disturbance of the mental functions for more than forty-eight hours, whereas the third was influenced for a shorter time, and the fourth was scarcely affected at all. The student who was least affected was not, as might be supposed, one who had been accustomed to take alcoholics habitually, but, on the contrary, one who for six years had been a total abstainer.

Noting thus that the effects of a single dose of alcohol may persist for two or three days, one is led to inquire what the result will be if the dose is repeated day after day. Will there then be a cumulative effect, or will the system become tolerant of the drug and hence unresponsive? Some experiments of Smith, and others of Kurz and Kraepelin have been directed toward the solution of this all-important question. The

results of the experiments show a piling up of the disturbing effects of the alcohol. Kurz and Kraepelin estimate that after giving eighty grams per day to an individual for twelve successive days, the working capacity of that individual's mind was lessened by from twenty-five to forty per cent. Smith found an impairment of the power to add, after twelve days, amounting to forty per cent.; the power to memorize was reduced by about seventy per cent.

Forty to eighty grams of alcohol, the amounts used in producing these astounding results, is no more than the quantity contained in one to two litres of beer or in a half-bottle to a bottle of ordinary wine. Professor Aschaffenburg, commenting on these experiments, points the obvious moral that the so-called moderate drinker, who consumes his bottle of wine as a matter of course each day with his dinner—and who doubtless would declare that he is never under the influence of liquor—is in reality never actually sober from one week's end to another. Neither in bodily nor in mental activity is he ever up to what should be his normal level.

That this fair inference from laboratory experiments may be demonstrated in a thoroughly practical field, has been shown by Professor Aschaffenburg himself, through a series of tests made on four professional typesetters. The tests were made with all the rigor of the psychological laboratory (the experimenter is a former pupil of Kraepelin), but they were conducted in a printing office, where the subjects worked at their ordinary desks, and in precisely the ordinary way, except that the copy from which the type was set was always printed, to secure perfect uniformity. The author summarizes the results of the experiment as follows:

"The experiment extended over four days. The first and third days were observed as normal days, no alcohol being given. On the second and fourth days each worker received thirty-five grams (a little more than one ounce) of alcohol, in the form of Greek wine. A comparison of the results of work on normal and on alcoholic days showed, in the case of one of the workers, no difference. But the remaining three showed greater or less retardation of work, amounting in the most pronounced case to almost fourteen per cent. As type-

setting is paid for by measure, such a worker would actually earn ten per cent. less on days when he consumed even this small quantity of alcohol."

In the light of such observations, a glass of beer or even the cheapest bottle of wine is seen to be an expensive luxury. To forfeit ten per cent. of one's working efficiency is no trifling matter in these days of strenuous competition. Perhaps it should be noted that the subjects of the experiment were all men habituated to the use of liquor, one of them being accustomed to take four glasses of beer each week day, and eight or ten on Sundays. This heaviest drinker was the one whose work was most influenced in the experiment just related. The one whose work was least influenced was the only one of the four who did not habitually drink beer every day; and he drank regularly on Sundays. It goes without saying that all abstained from beer during the experiment. We may note, further, that all the men admitted that they habitually found it more difficult to work on Mondays, after the over-indulgence of Sunday, than on other days, and that they made more mistakes on that day. Aside from that, however, the men were by no means disposed to admit, before the experiment, that their habitual use of beer interfered with their work. That it really did so could not well be doubted after the experiment.

Some doubly significant observations as to the practical effects of beer and wine in dulling the faculties were made by Bayer, who investigated the habits of 591 children in a public school in Vienna. These pupils were ranked by their teachers into three groups, denoting progress as "good," "fair," or "poor" respectively. Bayer found, on investigation, that 134 of these pupils took no alcoholic drink; that 164 drank alcoholics very seldom; but that 219 drank beer or wine once daily; 71 drank it twice daily; and three drank it with every meal. Of the total abstainers, 42 per cent. ranked in the school as "good," 49 per cent. as "fair," and 9 per cent. as "poor." Of the occasional drinkers, 34 per cent. ranked as "good," 57 per cent. as "fair," and 9 per cent. as "poor." Of the daily drinkers, 28 per cent. ranked as "good," 58 per cent. as "fair," and 14 per cent. as "poor." Those who drank twice daily ranked 25 per cent. "good," 58 per cent. "fair," and 18 per cent.

"poor." Of the three who drank thrice daily, one ranked as "fair," and the other two as "poor." Statistics of this sort are rather tiresome; but these will repay a moment's examination. As Aschaffenburg, from whom I quote them, remarks, detailed comment is superfluous: the figures speak for themselves.

Neither in England nor America, fortunately, would it be possible to gather statistics comparable to these as to the effects of alcohol on growing children; for the Anglo-Saxon does not believe in alcohol for the child, whatever his view as to its utility for adults. The effects of alcohol upon the growing organism have, however, been studied here with the aid of subjects drawn from lower orders of the animal kingdom. Professor C. F. Hodge, of Clark University, gave alcohol to two kittens, with very striking results. "In beginning the experiment," he says, "it was remarkable how quickly and completely all the higher psychic characteristics of both the kittens dropped out. Playfulness, purring, cleanliness and care of coat, interest in mice, fear of dogs, while normally developed before the experiment began, all disappeared so suddenly that it could hardly be explained otherwise than as a direct influence of the alcohol upon the higher centres of the brain. The kittens simply ate and slept, and could scarcely have been less active had the greater part of their cerebral hemisphere been removed by the knife."

To any one who may reply that he is willing to pay the price for the sake of the pleasurable emotions and passions that are sometimes permitted to hold sway in the absence of those higher faculties of reason which alcohol tends to banish, I would suggest that there is still another aspect of the account which we have not as yet examined. We have seen that alcohol may be a potent disturber of the functions of digestion, of muscular activity, and of mental energizing. But we have spoken all along of function and not of structure. We have not even raised a question as to what might be the tangible effects of this disturber of functions upon the physical organism through which these functions are manifested. We must complete our inquiry by asking whether alcohol, in disturbing digestion, may not leave its mark upon the digestive apparatus; whether in disturbing the

circulation it may not put its stamp upon heart and blood vessels; whether in disturbing the mind it may not leave some indelible record on the tissues of the brain.

Stated otherwise, the question is this: Is alcohol a poison to the animal organism? A poison being, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, an agent that may injuriously affect the tissues of the body, and tend to shorten life.

Students of pathology answer this question with no uncertain voice. The matter is presented in a nutshell by the Professor of Pathology at Johns Hopkins University, Dr. William H. Welch, when he says: "Alcohol in sufficient quantities is a poison to all living organisms, both animal and vegetable." To that unequivocal pronouncement there is, I believe, no dissenting voice, except that a word-quibble was at one time raised over the claim that alcohol in exceedingly small doses might be harmless. The obvious answer is that the same thing is true of any and every poison whatsoever. Arsenic and strychnine, in appropriate doses, are recognized by all physicians as admirable tonics; but no one argues in consequence that they are not virulent poisons.

Open any work on the practice of medicine quite at random, and whether you chance to read of diseased stomach or heart or blood-vessels or liver or kidneys or muscles or connective tissues or nerves or brain—it is all one: in any case you will learn that alcohol may be an active factor in the causation, and a retarding factor in the cure, of some, at least, of the important diseases of the organ or set of organs about which you are reading. You will rise with the conviction that alcohol is not merely a poison, but the most subtle, the most far-reaching, and, judged by its ultimate effects, incomparably the most virulent of all poisons.

Not many physicians, perhaps, will go so far as Dr. Muirhead, of Edinburgh, who at one time claimed that he had scarcely known of a death in a case of pneumonia uncomplicated by alcoholism; but almost every physician will admit that he contemplates with increased solicitude every case of pneumonia thus complicated. Equally potent, seemingly, is alcohol in complicating that other ever-menacing lung disease, tuberculosis. Dr. Crothers long ago as-

serted that inebriety and tuberculosis are practically interconvertible conditions; a view that may be interpreted in the works of Dr. Dickinson's Baillie Lecture: "We may conclude, and that confidently, that alcohol promotes tubercle, not because it begets the bacilli, but because it impairs the tissues, and makes them ready to yield to the attacks of the parasites." Dr. Brouardel, at the Congress for the Study of Tuberculosis, in London, was equally emphatic as to the influence of alcohol in preparing the way for tuberculosis, and increasing its virulence; and this view has now become general—curiously reversing the popular impression, once held by the medical profession as well, that alcohol is antagonistic to consumption.

Corroborative evidence of the baleful alliance between alcohol and tuberculosis is furnished by the fact that in France the regions where tuberculosis is most prevalent correspond with those in which the consumption of alcohol is greatest. Where the average annual consumption was 12.5 litres per person, the death rate from consumption was found by Baudron to be 32.8 per thousand. Where alcoholic consumption rose to 35.4 litres, the death rate from consumption increased to 107.8 per thousand. Equally suggestive are facts put forward by Guttstadt in regard to the causes of death in the various callings in Prussia. He found that tuberculosis claimed 160 victims in every thousand deaths of persons over twenty-five years of age. But the number of deaths from this disease per thousand deaths among gymnasium teachers, physicians, and Protestant clergymen, for example, amounted respectively to 126, 113 and 76 only; whereas the numbers rose, for hotelkeepers, to 237, for brewers, to 344, and for waiters, to 556. No doubt several factors complicate the problem here, but one hazards little in suggesting that a difference of habit as to the use of alcohol was the chief determinant in running up the death rate due to tuberculosis from 76 per thousand at one end of the scale to 556 at the other.

Pneumonia and tuberculosis combined account for one-fifth of all deaths in the United States, year by year. In the light of what has just been shown, it would appear that alcohol here has a hand in the carrying off of other untold thousands with

whose untimely demise its name is not officially associated. I may add that certain German authorities, including, for example, Dr. Liebe, present evidence—not as yet demonstrative—to show that cancer must also be added to the list of diseases to which alcohol predisposes the organism.

Experimental evidence of very striking character is furnished by the reproductive histories of Professor Hodge's alcoholized dogs. Of 23 whelps born in four litters to a pair of tipplers, 9 were born dead, 8 were deformed, and only 4 were viable and seemingly normal. Meantime, a pair of normal kennel-companions produced 45 whelps, of which 41 were viable and normal—a percentage of 90.2 against the 17.4 per cent. of viable alcoholics. Professor Hodge points out that these results are strikingly similar to the observations of Demme on the progeny of ten alcoholic as compared with ten normal families of human beings. The ten alcoholic families produced 57 children, of whom 10 were deformed, 6 idiotic, 6 choreic or epileptic, 25 non-viable, and only 10, or 17 per cent. of the whole were normal. The ten normal families produced 61 children, two of whom were deformed, 2 pronounced "backward," though not suffering from disease, and 3 non-viable, leaving 54, or 88.5 per cent., normal.

As I am writing this article, the latest report of the Craig Colony for Epileptics, at Sonyea, New York, chances to come to my desk. Glancing at the tables of statistics, I find that the superintendent, Dr. Spratling, reports a history of alcoholism in the parents of 313 out of 950 recent cases. More than 22 per cent. of these unfortunates are thus suffering from the mistakes of their parents. Nor does this by any means tell the whole story, for the report shows that 577 additional cases—more than 60 per cent. of the whole—suffer from "neuropathic heredity"; which means that their parents were themselves the victims of one or another of those neuroses that are peculiarly heritable, and that unquestionably tell, in a large number of cases, of alcoholic indulgence on the part of their progenitors. "Even to the third and fourth generation," said the wise Hebrew of old; and the laws of heredity have not changed since then.

I cite the data from this report of the Epileptic Colony, not because its record is

in any way exceptional, but because it is absolutely typical. The mental image that it brings up is precisely comparable to that which would arise were we to examine the life histories of the inmates of any institution whatever where dependent or delinquent children are cared for, be it idiot asylum, orphanage, hospital, or reformatory. The same picture, with the same insistent moral, would be before us could we visit a clinic where nervous diseases are treated; or—turning to the other end of the social scale—could we sit in the office of a fashionable specialist in nervous diseases and behold the succession of neurotics, epileptics, paralytics, and degenerates that come day by day under his observation. It is this picture, along with others which the preceding pages may in some measure have suggested, that comes to mind and will not readily be banished when one hears advocated “on physiological grounds” the regular use of alcoholic drinks, “in moderation.” A vast number of the misguided individuals who were responsible for all this misery never did use alcohol except in what they believed to be strict “moderation”; and of those that did use it to excess, there were few indeed who could not have restricted their use of alcohol to moderate quantities, or have abandoned its use altogether.

It does not fall within the scope of my present purpose to dwell upon the familiar aspect of the effects of alcohol suggested by the last sentence. It requires no scientific experiments to prove that one of the subtlest effects of this many-sided drug is to produce a craving for itself, while weakening the will that could resist that craving. But beyond noting that this is precisely in line with what we have everywhere seen to be the typical effect of alcohol—the weakening of higher functions and faculties, with corresponding exaggeration of lower ones—I shall not comment here upon this all too familiar phase of the alcohol problem. Throughout this paper I have had in mind the hidden cumulative effects of relatively small quantities of alcohol rather than the patent effects of excessive indulgence. I have had in mind the voluntary “social” drinker, rather than the drunkard. I have wished to raise a question in the mind of each and every habitual user of alcohol in “moderation” who chances to read this ar-

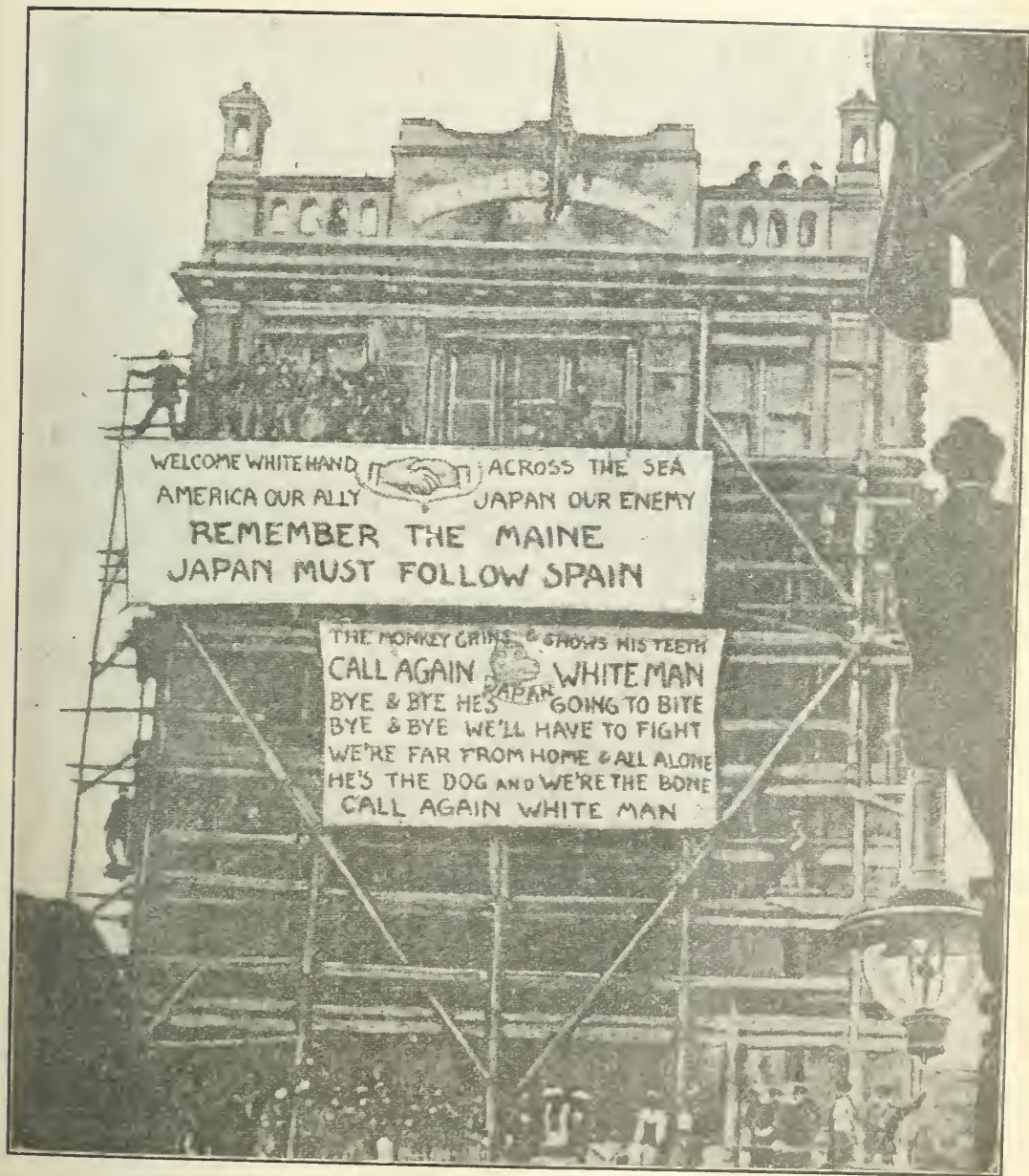
ticle, as to whether he is acting wisely in using alcohol habitually in any quantity whatever.

If in reply the reader shall say: “There is some quantity of alcohol that constitutes actual moderation; some quantity that will give me pleasure and yet not menace me with these evils.” I answer thus:

Conceivably that is true, though it is not proved. But, in any event, no man can tell you what the safe quantity is—if safe quantity there be—in any individual case. We have seen how widely individuals differ in susceptibility. In the laboratory some animals are killed by doses that seem harmless to their companions. These are matters of temperament that as yet elude explanation. But this much I can predict with confidence: whatever the “safe” quantity of alcohol for you to take, you will unquestionably at times exceed it. In a tolerably wide experience of men of many nations, I have never known an habitual drinker who did not sometimes take more alcohol than even the most liberal scientific estimate could claim as harmless. Therefore, I believe that you must do the same.

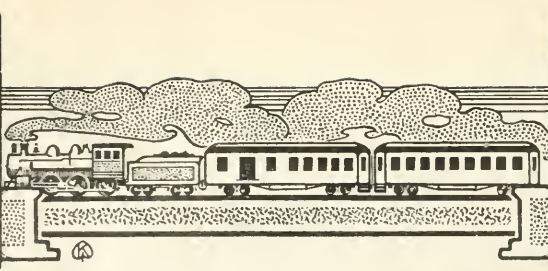
So I am bound to believe, on the evidence, that if you take alcohol habitually, in any quantity whatever, it is to some extent a menace to you. I am bound to believe, in the light of what science has revealed: (1) that you are tangibly threatening the physical structures of your stomach, your liver, your kidneys, your heart, your blood-vessels, your nerves, your brain; (2) that you are unequivocally decreasing your capacity for work in any field, be it physical, intellectual, or artistic; (3) that you are in some measure lowering the grade of your mind, dulling your higher esthetic sense, and taking the finer edge off your morals; (4) that you are distinctly lessening your chances of maintaining health and attaining longevity; and (5) that you may be entailing upon your descendants yet unborn a bond of incalculable misery.

Such, I am bound to believe, is the probable cost of your “moderate” indulgence in alcoholic beverages. Part of that cost you must pay in person; the balance will be the heritage of future generations. As a mere business proposition: Is your glass of beer, your bottle of wine, your high-ball, or your cocktail worth such a price?



The American Fleet in New Zealand.

The warships of the United States in their cruise around the world visited Australia and New Zealand, where they received a most extraordinarily enthusiastic reception. United States papers explain this is due mainly to a friendly feeling to that nation, and also to the somewhat strained relations existing between the masses in our antipodean colonies and the Japanese. Banners, of which the above is a reproduction from a newspaper, were hung on buildings along the route taken by the procession of U.S. sailors. In Canada it is difficult for us to understand this feeling, for, as a whole, we are on friendly terms with the Japs, but the wording on these banners is a very interesting object lesson.



HOW RAILROAD MEN ARE MADE

By A. B. Caswell

THERE is no industry at the moment which demands keener intellect, shrewder wit, and better trained comprehension: no industry in which the failure of these qualities in its officers, and, to no small extent, in its men, would be more disastrous to the general interests of the country than in the work of our vast and ever-increasing railroads.

The necessity for, and demand for, an adequate supply of these qualities is increasing with the extension of the industry.

In sheer self-defense, even from a dividend point of view, the railways of the country will have to pay more attention than they have ever done before to the improvement of the quality of the men they take into their employment. For their own interests, they must stimulate a steady flow of the brightest minds of each rising generation into their service, so that they may have ample choice of selection in filling up the lieutenantcies and corporalships. Some of those appointed, in turn, will qualify for responsibility as captains and colonels, and, maybe, even as generals of the railway army. There are all varieties of transportation problems; but, without doubt, the most difficult one of all is that of securing competent and trustworthy service.

Among railway men may be noticed two broad class distinctions—one represented by the man who never concerns himself with anything more than the regular performance of his routine duties and who seldom advances; the other represented by the man who is constantly on the alert for information, who by seeking reasons learns to reach conclusions, and, unceasingly widening the range of his knowledge, in-

creases his chances to grasp opportunities, fits himself for promotion and inevitably rises to a commanding position.

Regarding the training of railroad officials, the wider the officer's experience, the better. It should apply to the physical conditions of the road as well as to the human element connected with it. The better he understands and knows his problem, the nearer he is to the highest efficiency, the same as in any profession or undertaking. There is much for him to learn from the first day of his connection with the railroad company to the last day he remains with it. The longer he is "in harness" the more he realizes the magnitude of the proposition.

The development of the railroad business to-day and the consequent demand for men to fill the rapidly opening places in the service, is such that the old-time method of years of apprenticeship are over. Railroads have not the time or inclination to take a green lad from school and employ him until he learns the art of telegraphy or knows enough to take charge of the firing of a locomotive or fill the duties of a brakeman. An applicant must at least know something of the work involved in the position. The same applies in business institutions when the youth who enters the office with a knowledge of at least the rudiments of bookkeeping or shorthand will secure an advantage over his less fortunate brother.

So, just as there are Business, Professional and Technical Colleges to fit young men for office positions and the various walks of business and professional life, there are also schools competent to train them in the theory of railroading. And just as the

HOW RAILROAD MEN ARE MADE

business man looks to the Commercial College for his recruits for office or warehouse, so the great railroads of the United States and Canada are glad to recruit their ranks from the trained graduates of the Railroad School. Indeed, many of the reputable schools of this sort are able to guarantee positions to graduates who are proficient, so great is the demand for men who really have the proper qualifications.

In these schools, which are located in all the principal cities of Canada and elsewhere, will be found complete apparatus for illustrating and practising the various branches of railroad work. Books of instructions, telegraph instruments, with several sending and receiving stations, semaphores, signals, codes, flags, lanterns, and, sometimes, miniature trains themselves are included in the equipment of these institutions.

The day is near at hand when the schools of telegraphy will realize the necessity of their students having a thorough business education, before graduating and accepting

a position as telegrapher and will add this department to their college. The many duties which the operator is called upon to perform, such as writing out orders, entries in books, making change, etc., make this imperative.

Before entering the pupil must pass the physical examination required by the railroads as to height, weight, eyesight, etc. This does away with the possibility of his being rejected by the railroad because of any physical defect, after he has undertaken the trouble and expense of a course of training.

Many of the presidents of the world's great railway systems of to-day began life as telegraph operators, or in even humbler positions. The demand of the railroads for men of intellect and integrity is so great that there seems no good reason why gentlemen's sons, heirs of rich and poor alike, seeking life employment, interesting, profitable and with abundant opportunities to "work up," should not find it in some branch or other of railroad work.

A Prayer

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

(Written in Samoa on December 2, 1894, the night before he died.)

We beseech thee, O Lord, to behold us with favor. Folk of many families and nations are gathered together in the peace of this roof; weak men and women subsisting under the cover of thy patience. Be patient still. Suffer us yet a while longer, with our broken purposes of good, with our idle endeavors against evil—suffer us a while longer to endure and, if it may be, help us to do better.

Bless to us our extra mercies, and if the day come when these must be taken, have us play the man under affliction Be with our friends. Be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; and if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching, and, when the day returns to us our sun and comforter, call us with morning faces and morning hearts, eager to labor, eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion, and, if the day be marked to sorrow, strong to endure it.

We thank thee and praise thee, and in the words of Him to whom this day is sacred, close our oblation.

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Random Reminiscences of Men and Events. John D. Rockefeller—World's Work.
Napoleon, the Greatest Man in History. Harry Thurston Peck—Munsey's (Oct.)
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At the Shack. Percy Flage—Westward Ho.
Models I Have Known. Claude Gray, A.R.C.A.—Westward Ho.
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The People's Game and Fish Protective Association of Nova Scotia—Rod and Gun.
Wild Rice Growing in Nova Scotia—Rod & Gun.
What a Forest Fire Means. Francis J. Dyer—World's Work.
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When the Oyster is Ripe. Miles Bradford—Bohemian.
What the City Means to Me—Circle.
Problems of the Past and Present. Charles De Kay—Putnam's.
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"Killing, No Murder"—Spectator (Oct. 3).
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The Meaning of Thanksgiving. Margaret E. Sangster—Woman's Home Comp.
Report of the Royal Commission on the Feebleminded. Major Skinner, L.C.C.—Emp. Rev. (Oct.)
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 Summerland. Rev. A. J. Robinson, M.A.—Westward Ho.

Around the World with Burton Holmes. Burton Holmes—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
 What the New Japan Really Means. Burton Holmes—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
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 Twenty Thousand Miles with Bernhardt. Henry E. Warner—Bohemian.
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 Romantic Germany. Robert Haven Schauffler—Century.
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 What Women are Heedlessly Doing—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
 How One Girl Lived Four Lives. John Corbin—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
 When the Women Get Busy. Arthur J. Burdick—Suburban Life.
 Three Well Furnished Rooms and Why—Suburban Life.
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 The Stereopticon in the Home. Dr. John C. Bowker—Suburban Life.
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 The Housekeeper Beautiful. Lilian Dynevor Rice—Good Housekeeping.

The Busy Man's Book Shelf

BEST SELLING BOOKS

Canada

Firing Line. By R. W. Chambers.
Mr. Crewe's Career. By Winston Churchill.
Barrier. By Rex E. Beach.
Peter. By F. H. Smith.
Lure of the Mask. By Harold MacGrath.
Coast of Chance. By E. and L. Chamberlain.

England

Holy Orders. By Marie Corelli.
Wild Geese. By Stanley J. Weyman.
Virgin in Judgment. By Eden Phillpotts.
Recollections. By David Christie Murray.
Victoria Regina. By Fitzgerald Molloy.
Empress Josephine. By Philip W. Sargeant.

United States

Mr. Crewe's Career. By Winston Churchill.
Lure of the Mask. By Harold MacGrath.
Firing Line. By R. W. Chambers.
Together. By Robert Herrick.
Halfway House. By Maurice Hewlett.
Cliff End. By E. C. Booth.

NEW BOOKS WORTH READING

The Web of Time. By R. E. Knowles.
A Spirit in Prison. By Robert Hichens.
Holy Orders. By Marie Corelli.
From Workhouse to Westminster. By George Haw.
The Wheel of Fortune. By Louis Tracy.
The Palace of Danger. By Mabel Wagnalls.
The Sword of Dundee. By Theodora Peck.
Peter. By F. Hopkinson Smith.
Every Man for Himself. By Norman Duncan.
The Testing of Diana Mallory. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward.
Cy. Whittaker's Place. By Joseph C. Lincoln.
The Firing Line. By R. W. Chambers.
The War in the Air. By H. G. Wells.
The River Man. By Stewart Edward White.
The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. By Meredith Nicholson.
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. By John Fox, Jr.
The Harvest of Moloch. By Mrs. J. K. Dawson.
A Canadian Manor and Its Seigneurs. By Geo. M. Wrong.
An Alabama Student. By Prof. Wm. Osler.
The Cradle of New France. By M. G. Doughty.
Lewis Rand. By Mary Johnston.

Conquest of the Great Northwest. By Agnes C. Laut.
The Circular Staircase. By Mary Roberts Rinehart.
Sir Richarn Escombe. By Max Pemberton.
The Hate of Man. By Headon Hill.
The Golden Precipice. By H. B. Marriott Watson.
The Ghost Kings. By H. Rider Haggard.
Miss Fallowfield's Fortune. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.
Purple Lone. By Morice Gerard.
The Fighting Lines. By David Lyall.
The Governors. By E. P. Oppenheim.
The Heart of a Child. By Frank Danby.
The Illusive Pimpernel. By Baroness Orczy.
Canadian Types of the Old Regime. By Chas. W. Colby.
The Great Amherst Mystery. By Walter Hubbell.
The Man from Brodney's. By George Barr McCutcheon.
The Sale of Orchardvale. By W. Wilson Irwin.
The Leaven of Love. By Clara Louise Burnham.
The Fly in the Wheel. By Katharine Thurston.
The City on the Hill. By Guy Thorne.
The Quest Eternal. By Will Lillibridge.
The Last Voyage of the Donna Isabel. By Randall Parrish.
The Money Changers. By Upton Sinclair.
A Soldier of the Future. By W. J. Dawson.
The Binding of the Strong. By Caroline Atwater Mason.
The Master of Life. By W. D. Lighthall.

NOTE AND COMMENT

One of the most handsome books of the season is Professor William Osler's collection of biographical essays, entitled, "An Alabama Student," which has been published by the Oxford University Press. Apart from its splendid get-up, it is a choice piece of literary workmanship, exhibiting a love for its subject that only an enthusiast is capable of. The thirteen essays which are contained in the book, deal with men, whose title to fame rests on their work for medicine and surgery. They are all doctors and, in writing of them, Dr. Osler has aimed to take from their lives what inspiration he can for the encouragement of the young medicos of America.

A new departure in Canadian publishing is being made in issuing a book of fiction with colored illustrations. Of course a number of

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popular books of fiction containing colored illustrations have been handled by Canadian houses, but the sheets have been imported. In this case the illustrations are drawn by Canadian artists, engraved by a Canadian house, and printed on the presses of William Briggs. This interesting volume is to be entitled, "My Lady of the Snows."

Certainly the most remarkable book of poetry which has ever been issued in Canada is R. W. Service's "Songs of a Sourdough." The publishers have already sold 17,000 copies and have just put on the press an edition of 7,000 copies, which will bring the total number issued to 24,000. When it is taken into account that a goodly number of these volumes have been sold in the edition de luxe it is certainly a great record. A remarkable review of "Songs of a Sourdough" has just appeared in a monthly magazine entitled "The Triad," published in Wellington, New Zealand. This magazine gives seven columns to the review of Service's book.

One of the most readable, bright, entertaining and romantic stories is that of Robert Hichens, entitled, "A Spirit in Prison," and issued by the Copp, Clark Co. While rather long, the interest in the stirring and appealing narrative never ceases until the final page is turned. Other books included by Copp, Clark & Co. in their fall list are: "The Wild Geese," by Stanley J. Weyman; "Watchers of the Plains," by Ridgwell Cullum, and "The Soul of Dominic Wildthorne," by Joseph Hocking.

America is like a half-grown boy who is all collar and tie and is proud of his pants. His pockets are full of strings and marbles, and he thinks them valuable property. He pulls them out every few minutes and looks at them with pride. He shows them to you, and chortles over them, saying: "See what I've got!" He thinks you ought to put down everything of your own and stand admiring his pocket-knife with eight blades. He considers you a fool if you don't attach any importance to his opinion. He's all self-consciousness and brag. But remember—he's only a boy.—From "Holy Orders," by Marie Corelli.

A new novel by Maxim Gorky is among the promises of autumn fiction. The date for its publication has not yet been determined, but the work of preparing is sufficiently advanced for the publisher, B. W. Huebsch, to announce that it is a story dealing with Russian life of to-day—specifically with the secret service and its mysteries—and that it concerns itself with the various experiences and sufferings of the revolutionists in their fight for liberty. "The Spy: The Story of a Superfluous Man," is the title of the book, the authorized English translation of which has been made by Thomas Seltzer.

Mr. Rider Haggard returns to South Africa for the setting of his new story, "The Ghost Kings," which Messrs. Cassell are about to

publish. Another novel on their September list, "Mad Barbara," by Mr. Warwick Deeping, is concerned with the Stuart period. A third, "Rose-white Youth," by a lady who writes as "Dolf Wyllarde," is a study of girlhood when it is verging into womanhood. "The Amethyst Cross," by Mr. Fergus Hume, and "The Cairn of the Badger," by Miss Madge Barlow, are further stories forthcoming with Messrs. Cassell.

The "Coign of Vantage" is the title of a volume of essays by Rev. Dr. W. T. Herridge, pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, Ottawa, who is the author of a preceding work known as "The Orbit of Life." "The Coign of Vantage" is published by Fleming H. Revell and is an able, thoughtful work. Terse and epigrammatic in style, it is replete with original views and sound suggestions. Good taste, a gentle humor, which sometimes takes refuge in quotations from Scottish poetry, candor and earnestness characterize Dr. Herridge's well expressed thoughts.

"The Under Groove," by Arthur Stringer, the widely-known Canadian author, is a fitting successor to the "Wire Tappers," and other tales from the pen of Mr. Stringer. It is full of life, incident and action, the story being an exciting and rapidly moving one. The interest is sustained throughout and some thrilling escapades are recorded. The hero is a ringleader of a band of American scoundrels, and affords an idea of their methods of work. It is a volume well worthy of perusal. The publishers are the Musson Book Company, Toronto.

"A Canadian Manor and Its Seigneurs," by George M. Wrong, M.A., Professor of History in the University of Toronto, has been published. The Macmillan Company are undertaking the sale of the book in Canada. In the book, which is a most creditable piece of book manufacture, the author tells how he was allowed access to the papers of the Nalrne family in the fine old Manor House at Murray Bay, near Quebec. These papers have made it possible for him to construct a fascinating narrative of early days in Lower Canada.

Emerson Hough, author of "The Mississippi Bubble" and other popular novels, has become so much impressed with the greatness and possibilities of the Canadian West, that he is writing a book dealing with Canadian colonization from the American standpoint. It is called "The Sowing, a Yankee's View of England's Duty to Canada." The work is now appearing serially in "Canada West" Magazine.

Those who know Ernest Ingersoll's book, "The Life of Animals," published some time ago by the Macmillans, may be surprised to hear that Mr. Ingersoll is a Canadian. It seems that he was formerly on the staff of the Montreal Star, going from there to New York, where he has since resided.

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"The Web of Time" is the name of Rev. R. E. Knowles' new novel, which made its appearance last week. Henry Frowde is the publisher. The work will doubtless have a large sale.

The Musson Book Co. are to be the publishers in Canada of Miss Agnes C. Laut's history of the Hudson's Bay Company, which is to appear with the title "The Conquest of the Great Northwest." It is an extensive work, running into two volumes.

An interesting and highly humorous volume that has just made its appearance is entitled "Cy Whittaker's Place," and the author is Joseph C. Lincoln. It is written in New England dialect and various quaint and amusing characteristics are introduced, not the least of whom is Cy Whittaker himself. The story on the whole is a readable one of pleasant village life and experiences, is strong in human interest and something of the real and the true stand out. Cy. owns a fine and attractive country place which he converts into an ancestral home by the help of early Victorian furniture. The publishers are McLeod & Allen, Toronto, and the book has had a large sale.

"From Workhouse to Westminster," by Geo. Haw, is the title of an edifying and wholesome volume issued by Cassell & Company. It is the life story of Will Crooks, M.P., the well-known Labor representative. The record of his energetic and inspiring career is told in a forceful and readable manner. The volume is one that any young man can peruse with profit and inspiration. It tells a story of success and achievement in the face of barriers almost insurmountable.

A book that will be found helpful and timely to all Sunday school workers and Bible students is Tarbell's Teachers' Guide, to the International Sunday School lessons for the coming year. Many suggestions are offered; the information and data presented are invaluable. The author is Martha Tarbell, Ph.D. The work is appropriately illustrated, and the selling price is \$1.

Much interest attaches to the recent marriage in Toronto of Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, who is so well known as the writer of that fascinating book of travel entitled, "A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador."

"The Circular Staircase" is a story of how "a middle-aged spluster lost her mind, deserted her domestic gods in the city, took a furnished house for the summer out of town, and found herself involved in one of those mysterious crimes that keep the newspapers and detective agencies happy and prosperous." It is written by Mary Roberts Rinehart, and the publishers are McLeod & Allen.

Two new Blindloss stories from McLeod & Allen will appeal to admirers of this forceful writer. "By Right of Purchase" is a love story with a western background, full of dra-

matic incident, and the breezy atmosphere of the great new country. In "The Liberationist" Mr. Bindloss shows his versatility in a novel on West African life, which gives an interesting interpretation of affairs in the interior of the dark continent. "The Liberationist" is an Englishman who is fighting for the freedom of the blacks.

"Holy Orders," by Marie Corelli, has probably had a larger sale than any other of the fall publications. It is a realistic and scathing and withal impressive exposure of the evils of intemperance. Miss Corelli wields a trenchant pen and has great influence. Her books are widely read and esteemed for their sincerity, intensity and honesty. "Holy Orders" is a passionate preaching, hurled against the tyranny of the drink traffic, and its ravages upon the health and morals of the rural population of England. A disheartening picture is shown of the position in which some of the best and most hardworking clergymen—typified in this book by the Rev. Richard Everton, resident vicar in a village of the Cotswolds—are placed, not only by the dominant sway of the brewer and the distiller, but because of the waning influence of the church, and the general decadence of religious faith and authority in a "Christless age."

"The Social Duty of our Daughters" is an interesting little book published by Wm. Briggs, Toronto, by Mrs. Adolphe Hoffman, who is also the author of a similar little volume, "Before Marriage." The author, a Christian mother in Geneva, who is prominent in European reform work, addresses a most helpful and suggestive message to mothers and their grown daughters on the dignity and privilege of wifehood and motherhood.

A charming and racy story is the "Sword of Dundee," a tale of Bonnie Prince Charlie, of Holyrood Palace. The author is Theodora Peck. It is generously illustrated. The dedication is taken from that inscription on the Cairn at Culloden, to the memory of "the Gallant Highlanders who fought for Scotland and Prince Charlie." The story is alive with the glamor which we have felt in reading of the stirring Stuart days of romance and intrigue through which moved the figure of that debonnaire young prince, so soon to be blotted out from the page of history. The loves of Agnes Leslie and Donald Cameron, ardent Stuarts, are interwoven in a story which recalls one of the most picturesque and tragic pages in the history of Scotland.

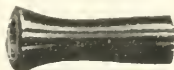
"The Firing Line," by R. W. Chambers, holds first place in Canada during the past month as the best seller, and third position in the United States. Mr. Chambers is the author of "The Younger Set," which had such a large sale and splendid reception a few months ago. So strong-moving and stimulating is the interest in "The Firing Line" that it is now in its fourth edition, the first having been exhausted within one week.

Improvements in Office Devices

THE IDEAL FINGER GUARD.

THE L. E. WATERMAN COMPANY have just brought out a clever new device to fit Waterman's Ideal fountain pens, which will prove to be a valuable article to commercial people everywhere.

The finger guard is a highly finished bell-shaped piece of vulcanized rubber of a size to fit over any cone-shaped Waterman's Ideal. It fits down on the holder just far enough to permit the flange end to come even with the bot-



THE DEVICE.

tom of the gold pen and here guards and rests the writer's fingers.

For bookkeepers, stenographers, professional writers and all business people who do much writing this guard will be found exceedingly restful to the fingers, preventing cramping and acting as a safeguard against contact with the ink, on the gold pen, for fingers, which, through force of habit, creep so far down on the fountain pen holder as to touch the gold pen. The retail price is 25 cents each.

A BOOKKEEPING MACHINE.

There has always been a keen inquiry among many classes of business men for a system that would materially provide rapid sales records.



an accurate and ready reference to every day's business and a swift arrangement of every customer's account for quick inspection. A very large percentage of business losses, no doubt, occurs in this preliminary accounting. Any

remedy for these losses must obviously consist of a system or device that is extremely swift and simple in operation and that will at all times divest the record of any suspicion of uncertainty.

The Central Typewriter Company have introduced into Canada and are now manufacturing here a machine on which every item of business is registered in triplicate with an additional record of all cash receipts. Four rolls of paper are turned through the machine—three detail rolls and one tally roll. To record an order it is only necessary to write it on the strip from the upper detail roll. This is detached, filled and sent out with the goods. A duplicate is simultaneously detached and placed in the indexed file. When the goods are paid for a receipt is registered in the same way and the duplicate finds its way into the indexed file beside the original order. At the same time a tally roll states the amount of cash received and the initials of the salesman. This might seem sufficiently systematic to insure swiftness and accuracy in accounting, but the Centrex sales register and bookkeeping machine does not stop there. By unlocking a door in the machine two spools may be instantly removed which contain every item of business transacted and a complete, doubly verified record of all cash taken in. Briefly, this machine provides four safeguards against an inaccurate order and five safeguards against dishonesty in handling the money. A business man may leave his business in the hands of his clerks for weeks and carry with him the key, which, upon his return, will place under his inspection every item of business transacted during his absence and every cent taken in under double record.

This useful machine is rapidly finding its way into all lines of commercial life; into the stock and supply rooms of railroad corporations, the shipping departments of manufacturing and wholesale houses, printing and newspaper offices, and the varied retail stores of the country. It, undoubtedly, is a promising and progressive factor in modern business.

NEW STAPLE BINDER.

A new staple binder is being placed on the market by the Acme Staple Co., Ltd., of Philadelphia, which is meeting with remarkable success. This new machine is called the Acme No. 2 binder. While it embodies all the good features of the Acme Company's well-known "Sure Shot," "Midget," and "Acme No. 1" binders, it has several improvements which make it meet a popular demand. The Acme No. 2 bin-

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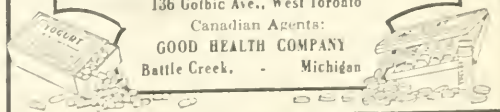
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der is automatic in its action, a spring under the base bringing the machine back ready for use after each staple has been driven. It will hold the thinnest paper without tearing, and will penetrate the hardest or toughest paper. It drives a broad flat staple, and makes a neat clinch. Having few parts it is not liable to get out of order. No. 18 staples are used in this new machine, and it will hold fifty at a time.

SELF-WRITING TYPEWRITER

A self-writing typewriter is just announced from Cleveland in the form of the Main Letter Writer, the invention of F. F. Main. The primary purpose of the Main writer is to do circular work with the actual typewritten impression.

The machine is simply an attachment for any typewriter. In many respects it is like the self-playing piano. The letter is first written on a stamping machine with a typewriter keyboard. The result is a perforated sheet with a hole for each letter, shift and carriage movement, together with line spacing and bi-chrome ribbon control.

This strip passes over a metal feed roll upon which a finger representing each key or movement of the machine makes contact whenever one of the perforations passes under the finger. This sends the current through the solenoid placed beneath that particular key. The core of the solenoid is fastened directly to the typewriter key with a wire and the core is supported by a spring so that the keys of the typewriter are left perfectly free to be used by hand in the usual way. When the current passes through the solenoid the core is drawn quickly into it, thus giving the key a sharp jerk. The momentum of the core carries it past the middle of the solenoid when the current as quickly reverses it and thus allows the key to return before another strikes it.

This use of the system is valuable with the master machine in the office of a wholesale house where the "split order" system is used, and a connected machine in each department.

All these machines are ready for work in the usual way and when an order comes to the office the clerk switches in all departments represented and writes the heading of the order and then department by department is connected while its part of the order is written. When the order is copied each department has an original already delivered.

By using perforated sheets containing the addresses two machines work in unison writing the address, one on the envelope, the other in the letter, the envelope machine stopping while the letter machine finishes its letter by using its perforated sheet, or one machine will write both heading and letter automatically and address the envelopes by running the address sheet through again.

In case of follow up letters a copy for each is perforated and placed on a machine. The whole number of machines print the date lines and stop, envelopes are placed in an equal number of machines and one address is written on

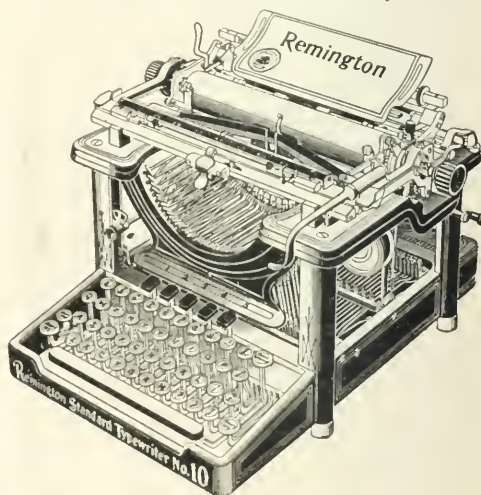
the master machine, all the connected machines writing the same. The perforated sheets are started and finish the letters while the operator puts in new envelopes.

When the machines finish they stop and the whole series for one address is complete. If the battery of twelve machines is used this way, once writing an address is all the hand work on six letters and envelopes complete. In this way the number of actual letters with envelopes may be greater than the number of imitations produced by one operator using any known system.

A NEW TYPEWRITER

An event of no little importance to the business world is the advent of new Remington typewriter models, Nos. 10 and 11. Both models are front stroke machines, that is, "you see the writing as you operate the keys." They abound with new features; features not only new to the Remington, but also to the writing machine. The manufacturers of this pioneer typewriter never offer anything new to the public the merit of which has not been tested and demonstrated by tests so complete and exhaustive that its excellence is proved and established long before it reaches the purchaser.

It is doubtful if new models of any machine



ever appeared on the market embodying so many good features, which will revolutionize the highest and best of former standards of typewriter efficiency.

One of the first things which strike the eye on Model No. 10 is the new column selector. It is operated by five keys back of the regular keyboard. No less than five different locations are determined by the setting of the stops on the reversible rack, which has four sides, permitting the setting for four different kinds of work, the change being made by simply turning the rack. The column selector will jump columns. The operator can jump the carriage instantly to any one of the five starting points in the line, skipping any intermediate point at will.

It will prove an immense time and labor sav-

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er. In the use of ordinary letter writing the column selector provides starting points for date, name, address, "dear sir," and "yours truly" lines, the indentations of paragraphs, the name and address line on the envelopes. Other splendid improvements are so numerous that it is difficult to do them justice in a short article. There is the back spacer key, a superb convenience. Equally useful is the new locking device of the variable line-spacing mechanism, a new Remington feature of great efficiency. Strong paper guides of new design, automatically adjust themselves to any thickness of paper. It is impossible for the type to strike them, something every operator will appreciate. The marginal stops are also of new and improved design. The new shift lock mechanism is within the compass of the keyboard. The side and end guides of both No. 10 and No. 11 models give an accuracy of paper feed heretofore unknown in typewriter construction. The ribbon mechanism of both new machines is automatic in self-reversing, affording a transverse mechanism which permits the use of every portion of the ribbon surface.

THE MEAKER COUNTING MACHINE

In 1877 J. W. Meaker, then teller of the Third National Bank of Chicago, invented a mechan-

ical institution in the country. Though the patents on the original machine have long since expired, it is still made and sold under different names and by different concerns.

In later years Mr. Meaker has improved on his original idea and the result is the new "Meaker." The new machine will be appreciated in banks by tellers, in factories for pay roll work, and in stores, restaurants, hotels and other places where cashiers are obliged to make change quickly and accurately.

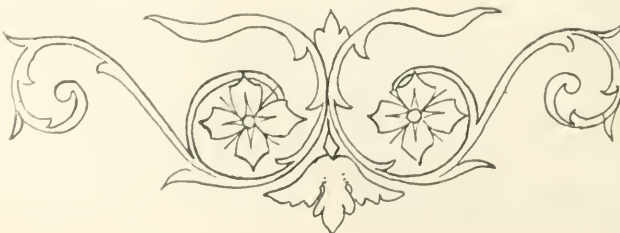
It is a wonder of simplicity and accuracy, and after rigid tests covering a period of several years, is found the acme of perfection.

The new Meaker is made with but eight keys arranged to handle different amounts with the fewest possible movements. Most amounts desired can, as a matter of fact, be handled with one movement. The coin trays are so arranged as to hold the amount most frequently called for outside of regular bank packages. The machine as now perfected does not contain a single screw or spring, and may be operated with one hand as rapidly as the operator can work. Dust, heat, cold or rust do not interfere with it in any way, and the coin trays are all removable and portable. After business hours they may be placed in the vault or safe, occupying but little room. The Meaker coin cashier is made by the Ireland & Mathews Manufacturing Company, of Detroit, Mich.

NATIONAL BUSINESS SHOW

Great interest is being taken in the national business show, which is the first exhibition of its kind to be held in Toronto. It will take place in Massey Hall the week of Nov. 16, and will be of interest, not only to the business man, but also to the general public. All the latest improvements, inventions and appliances in office methods will be on exhibition and some of the machines which will be shown are almost human in their abilities, as for example, the adding machine, the coin machine for making change, sorting and counting coins, the time recorders, the note-folding machine, the electric envelope sealers, in fact, very remarkable devices of all kinds, of which the general public know little. Competitions between champion typewriters, stenographers and among clerks accustomed to the use of adding machines will be a feature. The methods and systems employed by the most up-to-date offices will be a feature that will be sufficiently attractive to be appreciated by everyone. All information can be obtained at Massey Hall, or from the secretary, H. R. Wood, Stair Building.

ical coin-handling device which has found its way into practically every banking and finan-



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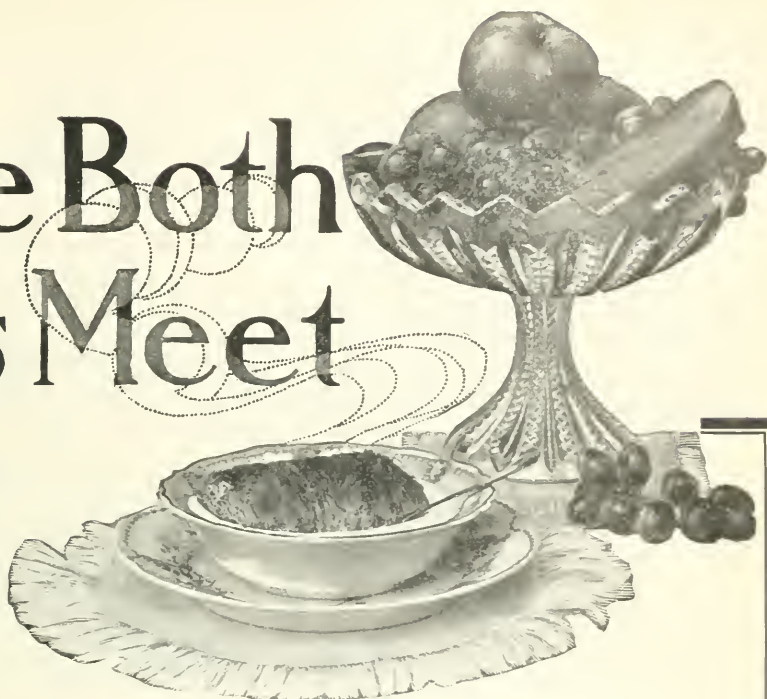
The richest man in America cannot buy a food that is purer, cleaner or more nutritious than Shredded Wheat Biscuit. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with milk or cream and a little fruit will supply all the energy needed for a half day's work at a cost of five or six cents. Try it for ten mornings and you will feel brighter, stronger and happier. Your grocer sells it.

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Humor in the Magazines

DOROTHY, aged five, had just come in from a walk with her auntie, and was relating her experiences to her mother. Among other things she asserted that she had seen a lion, and her mother, after scolding her for saying what was not true, said, "Dorothy, you must run up stairs now and ask God to forgive you for telling that story," and Dorothy obediently did as she was told. In a short time she re-appeared, and her mother said, "Well, Dorothy, did you do as I told you to?" "Yes, mama, and God just said, 'Oh, never mind, little girl, I've often mistaken that dog for a lion myself.'"—Lippincott's.

Elsie and Gladys were bedmates, and shortly after they had been stowed away for the night their mother in the next room heard a slight disturbance. She had not to wait long, however, to know the cause of it all. A piping voice called out, "Mama, how much of the bed is Elsie to have?"

"Why, half of it, dear," was the ready response.

"Well, mama, is her half of it to be in the middle?"—Bohemian.

A French lady living in America engaged a carpenter to do some work for her at a stipulated price. She was surprised later to find that he charged more than the price agreed upon. When she attempted to remonstrate with him, however, her English failed her and she said, "You are dearer to me now than when we were first engaged."—Success.

This little story comes from a very remote fishing village in Cornwall, and shows the inhabitants' idea of "first aid." There had been a wreck; all the crew were saved; but one man was brought ashore unconscious.

The curate was present on the beach, and he asked:

"How do you usually proceed in the case of one apparently drowned?"

And the answer promptly came, "S'arch his pockets."—Pearson's.

Mrs. Newlywed (to cook, whom she had just engaged at registry office): "You see, my husband is so very particular about his food."

Cook (sympathetically): "They're all alike, mum. My old man was just the same. I never cooked nothink to please 'im in my life."—Tit-Bits.

"What makes you so late?" asked the boy's parent.

"The teacher kept me in because I couldn't find Moscow on the map of Europe," replied Johnny.

"And no wonder you couldn't find Moscow! It was burned down years ago. It's an outrage to treat a child in that way!"—Nashville Independent.

"I never was glad for this impediment in my speech but once," said the man from the country, who was in to see the town.

"When was that?"

"Fe-fe-fellow asked me h-h-how much I would take for a-a horse, and, while I-I-I was t-trying to tell him s-sixteen pounds, he offered me f-fifty."—Washington Star.

"Is that the same motor-car that you had last year?"

"Exactly, except the body and three of the wheels."—Life.

"Yes, Granma, when I graduate, I intend following a literary career—write for money, you know."

"Why, Willie, my dear, you haven't done anything else since you've been at college."—Princeton Tiger.

"What is the honeymoon, pø?"

"Well, the honeymoon is the only period in a man's life during which he considers it funny to come home and find that his dear little wife hasn't dinner ready in time."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Stewardess: "Madam, I've attended to you the best I know how, supplied every want, but you are still unsatisfied. What do you want now?"

Seasick Lady Passenger: "I want the earth."—N. Y. Times.

"Hubby," said the observant wife, "the janitor of these flats is a bachelor."

"Whnt of it?"

"I really think he is becoming interested in our oldest daughter."

"There you go again with your pipe dreams! Last week it was a duke."—Everybody's.

"I've just figured out how the Venus de Milo came to lose her arms."

"How?"

"She broke them off trying to button her shirtwaist up the back."—Judge.



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THE Viavi Natural Health movement about which our readers have seen a couple of interesting articles reproduced in previous issues from the Columbus Medical Journal, it may not be generally known has invaded Canada and is doing a noble work among hundreds of men and women who have found no means of permanent relief until they tried this treatment.

Perhaps the chief reason for the movement not being more known is that they do not advertise. Dr. Law, the head of the Viavi Co., having the natural modesty of the professional physician towards undue publicity. Their good work, therefore, is made public almost solely by word of mouth, passed from one to another of those who have been helped or heard of friends being helped by this treatment. It is these quiet movements, however, that demand the respect of the better thinking public, and even if slower, the progress is more sure and carries with it the greater stability.

The Canadian headquarters of the movement are in Montreal and Toronto, whilst busy offices are also located in Winnipeg, London, Hamilton, and, in fact, all the cities of the Dominion. At all these places will be found faithful, enthusiastic and thoroughly trained exponents of the treatment. And, in addition to this, many of the small towns and villages are visited at regular intervals by experienced assistants, and from whom those unable to come to the cities can obtain the benefit of proper information.

The unfailing care and interest taken by the Viavi Company in its patrons is worthy of special mention. Though usually the patron is provided with sufficient of the treatment to bring about a cure, or, at least, effectual aid, according to the diagnosis of the case (say a year or six months' treatment), yet the officers of the company never lose sight of them until it is known that effectual benefit has been received if humanly possible. Once a patient is enrolled his or her especial case immediately comes before the personal attention of the head of

this great institution. By regular correspondence the progress of the patron is watched and advised from headquarters, whilst the local officers, by personal attendance, etc., assist in the general conduct.

Just another word about the treatment itself. It is as explained in the previous articles, a simple, thorough and efficacious method of assisting nature. It is self-evident to everyone that if nature is doing its work properly in all parts of the body there is no need of a physician and disease germs which are said to be floating about in the atmosphere have no terrors for the normally healthy. It is when one part or another of that delicate machinery of the body gives out, or when nature abused by overwork, worry or excess, fails to do its work properly, that disease steps in. To prevent this is the duty of everyone who cares anything for their health. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and only by keeping nature built up are we assisting in this prevention. The physician consulted in time, will invariably attack the cause rather than the effect. Even the patent "cure all" medicine companies are constantly urging upon us the importance of getting the system built up to resist disease. It is just here that Viavi steps in and in a mild, authoritative way of its own follows out the general recognized rule of assisting nature to assist itself. By use, therefore, of the Viavi treatment tired and wornout men and women, are helped towards new life and health, by the rebuilding of the blood and nervous force so essential to the full enjoyment of life's blessings. Gently, perhaps slowly, but surely nature is assisted by its use to the resumption of its natural functions.

The Viavi company have scores of testimonials from reputable people in all parts of the world, many of them telling of marvelous results obtained by the treatment right here in Canada. They do not publish these in the press or even as circulars, but they may be seen by interested parties calling at any of their offices.

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- (b) Canadian Championship
- (c) Novice Event

II. ADDING MACHINES

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ern Spain and Morocco, and bring them back in time to proceed by the next steamer, a week later. For those with more time I have very interesting trips lasting from one to three months. Reference by permission to the Editor, The Busy Man's Magazine.

JOSEPH BUZAGLO, Family Courier, Gibraltar

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I am open for engagements to take tourists into any part of Spain, Portugal and Morocco. Thoroughly familiar with all the sights. Have taken some Canadians to interesting parts seldom seen by even experienced tourists. Terms very reasonable. By arranging in advance can meet the steamer and take parties. For tourists whose time is limited, I can, if they arrange with me in advance, show them the principal places of interest in South-

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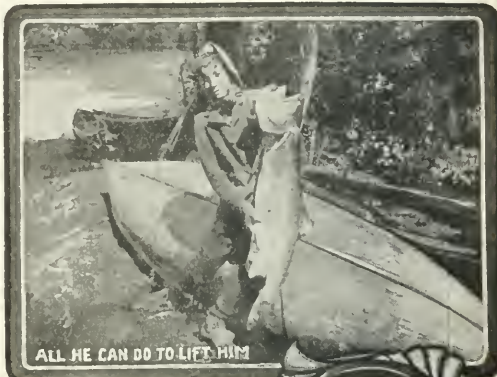
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Mainly About Ourselves

IN PRESENTING this Christmas Number of The Busy Man's Magazine to our readers, we do so with best wishes for their health and happiness during the approaching Yule-tide season. We have endeavored to compile a magazine of general interest, with some article or sketch to suit every taste. We have selected two admirable stories, several character sketches, one or two technical articles, one or two literary articles, a hygienic article and a couple of interesting papers for women. In the department of "Men and Events," we have extended its scope to include not only Canadians, but men in the public eye all around the world, and not only events in Canada, but events in Europe, Africa, Asia and Australia.

We have introduced a strong holiday feature in the special section of Christmas advertising, which appears in the forefront of the magazine. This section, printed on special paper, is placed in the forefront of the magazine, where it will give the best impression. It is the hope of the publishers that the suggestions therein contained will be utilized by readers of the magazine to the fullest possible extent.

And when we are talking of suggestions for holiday gifts, do not overlook the magazine itself. What could make a more suitable present for almost anybody than a copy of The Busy Man's Magazine? Intended as it is to suit every taste and every purse, it will fill in, when other gifts fail to suggest themselves. The magazine in 1909 will be better than ever. With each issue we are strengthening our position. New subscribers mean increased revenue and increased revenue means a bigger and better publication. So, reader, you need have no hesitation in giving the magazine as a present even to your most critical friend.

One of the brightest and cleverest features of this issue is undoubtedly the story by O. Henry, which we reprint from the American Magazine. In O. Henry and F. P. Dunne (Mr. Dooley) the American has two of the wittiest writers of the day. Both contribute to each number of that magazine and both are well worth reading. O. Henry writes semi-business stories that are rich in humor. What could be more clever than his take-off on Hetty Green and his stenographer slang in "The Enchanted Profile"?

Another notable feature of this number is the article on "Preventing Railroad Accidents."

This is a subject which is being brought forcibly to public attention at the present time, not only by an alarming number of accidents on our own railroads, but by the agitation of patent safety device manufacturers, who are seeking to interest the public in their devices through the medium of newspaper advertisements. It is the expectation of the publishers to supply information in future numbers about the working of these various schemes.

The number, as usual, devotes considerable space to character sketches of successful men. The Canadians, who have received honors at the hands of their sovereign are specially referred to. Hamar Greenwood, M.P., the young Canadian, who has entered British politics, is the subject of a special study. And there is the story of "Oscar's" life and his rule of success, that will give ideas to others. We always contend that this feature in the magazine is one of the strongest.

It might be interesting to present a forecast of some of the articles now in preparation for the magazine which will appear early in the New Year. "Cobalt and Its Silver Treasures" will bring the story of this wonderful region down to date. "Our National Art Gallery," "Our Canadian Navy," "Our Secret Service," and "The Headquarters Staff of the Canadian Army," will be four articles appearing in successive issues and dealing with phases of national life. "China and Canada" will treat of a most vital subject to our national welfare. "The Taking of Winter Vacations" and "The Effectiveness of Concrete Dwellings" will discuss live topics that will interest every Canadian. "F. S. Coburn and His Work" will throw light on a young artist who has helped to make the late Dr. Drummond's poems still more effective. "The Penuriousness of Rich Canadians" will disclose a feature of Canadian life which is not entirely to the credit of our wealthy men. These are but a few of the live subjects to be dealt with in early issues.

Our frontispiece this month has more than a passing interest. It will be the first of a series which will depict scenes in Canadian history, as well as the work of Canadian artists. The story attaching to the reproduction of "The Death of Wolfe" this month is told elsewhere. It is full of interest and will bring renewed attention to this wonderful picture.

THE EDITOR

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The Death of General Wolfe
After the Original Painting by Sir Benjamin West.—See Page 21.

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XVII

DECEMBER 1908

No. 2

Some Men and Events in the Public Eye

By S. A. Warner

RANSACKING round in an old artist's studio in Brompton Road, London. Some few months ago, a Canadian antiquarian, Mr. J. M. Simpson, of Toronto, collected a mass of curios, which he purchased and brought out to Canada. Among the odds and ends was an old copper plate, black with age. At first it was laid aside, no one dreaming that it was more than scrap metal. The antiquarian spirit being strong in Mr. Simpson, he examined it more closely the other day and scraping off a little of the accumulated dirt, came upon some color underneath.

His interest aroused, he set eagerly to work to clean the plate. What was his astonishment to find gradually disclosing itself a painting and no ordinary painting at that! Finally there stood revealed to his astonished eye Sir Benjamin West's masterpiece, "The Death of General Wolfe."

Now "The Death of General Wolfe" in its supposedly original form is a life-size painting, the property of the Duke of Westminster. This painting was exhibited a few years ago in Toronto at the National Exhibition, occasioning intense interest. It was painted by Sir Benjamin West at the command of King George III., about the year 1771, and now hangs in the Grosvenor Gallery.

Contrasting the plate in Mr. Simpson's possession with the larger painting, it is immediately clear that the former is no mere copy of the latter. In fact, it is un-

questionably the work of the artist himself, for the smaller painting is full of life, and, in several respects, excels the larger painting.

It is tolerably certain that before Sir Benjamin West painted the large picture, he had painted a small one. It was the small one which the King saw and which occasioned his command that the artist make a life-size copy. There seems little reason to doubt that the real original of the famous painting is the one now in Toronto. The frontispiece shows West's masterpiece.

Sir Benjamin West, though he lived most of his life in England, was an American by birth, being a native of Springfield, Penn., where he was born in 1738. In his youth he traveled a good deal, but settled in England in 1763. He was introduced by the Archbishop of York, for whom he had executed an historical painting, to King George III. The King became his steadfast patron and gave him commissions for many years. In 1772 he was made historical painter to the King, and in 1790 surveyor of the royal pictures. He was one of four selected to draw up a plan of the Royal Academy, was one of its original members, and succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1792 as its president. West's pictures numbered about 400, of which "The Death of General Wolfe" is conceded to be his best. In this painting West departed from the custom of the artists of the day, of giving the characters Greek or



Lord Northcote

Who has Just Retired from the Governor-Generalship of Australia.

Roman costumes. Reynolds, who had endeavored to dissuade him, later said: "I retract my objections. I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in art." Woollett's plate after this work had the largest sale of any engraving of modern times.

LORD AND LADY NORTHCOTE have just passed through Canada on their way home to England from Australia, where during the past five years Lord Northcote has held the post of Governor-General. Interest in the vice-regal couple in Canada is intensified because of Lady Northcote's connection with that distinguished Canadian peer, Lord Mount Stephen, she being his adopted daughter. The Northcotes were intensely popular in Australia, and no little credit for this popularity belongs to Lady Northcote. She won the hearts of the women of the Commonwealth particularly. Of her, the Premier, Mr. Alfred Deakin, said: "Lady Northcote has done more for the women of Australia than any one of her own sex or of the other sex." Just before Lady North-

cote left Melbourne the women of that city honored her by a remarkable demonstration of spontaneous affection. In the middle of a Sunday afternoon they gathered in thousands from all parts of the city and suburbs, and marched, a great and irregular army, up the drive of Government House. They represented every class—women prominent in society, scores of mothers bearing in their arms babies which had been sheltered at Lady Northcote's creches, hundreds of factory girls. And as Lady Northcote, deeply moved, appeared on the balcony, thousands of voices were lifted in "God be with you till we meet again."

POSSESSING TACT, energy and ability in the performance of duty, a man recognized as one of the most zealous and efficient officers that the Imperial authorities have ever sent to Canada, Major-General Percy Henry Noel Lake, retiring Inspector-General of the Canadian militia, is one of the two military men upon whom birthday honors from King Edward were lately bestowed. This is the second occasion that a decoration has been conferred upon the gallant soldier. Three years ago he was made a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and now he has been created a Knight Commander of the Order. Sir



Lady Northcote

Who is an Adopted Daughter of Lord Mountstephen.

SOME MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Percy Lake's career, both at home and abroad, is full of interest and incident. Early in life he was fired with the military spirit, and since his college days he has spent all his time in the service of the Empire. He has won distinction in many a fierce conflict. Beside his recent decorations, he wears the Afghan medal, the Egyptian medal with two clasps, and the Egyptian bronze star. His first Canadian appointment was in 1893, when he was made Quartermaster-General, a post which he held for five years. He was appointed

different capacities in Egypt, Ireland, Canada, India and at Army Headquarters in England. In active operations he was engaged in the Afghan War from 1888-89, being Assistant Field Engineer with the South Afghanistan Field Force. He was also with the Soudan Expedition in 1885, as well as at Suakin, Hasheen and Tofrek, and the advance on Tamai.

ANOTHER MILITARY MAN to be honored by his Sovereign is Brigadier-General D. A. Macdonald, who holds the position of



The Meighen Residence in Montreal

Formerly the Home of Lord Mountstephen, where Lady Northcote lived before her Marriage.

Chief of the General Staff of Canada in 1894, and has occupied that position ever since. He entered upon military service as a sub-lieutenant in the 59th Foot in 1873, and two years later he was promoted lieutenant. In 1881 he was transferred to the East Lancashire Regiment, in which he obtained his captaincy in 1883. His subsequent promotions were: Major, July, 1891; Lieutenant-Colonel, 1899; Colonel, 1902; Brigadier-General, 1904; Major-General, 1905. Sir Percy has served in

Quartermaster-General in the Militia Council of Canada. Brigadier-General Macdonald was born in 1845, and is a son of the late A. E. Macdonald, Deputy Clerk of the Crown and Register of the Surrogate Court at Cornwall, Ont. He married in 1876, Mary, second daughter of the late Hon. Mr. Justice Richardson, of the Supreme Court of the Northwest Territories. He served during the Fenian Raids of 1866 and the Red River Rebellion of 1870, receiving a medal with two clasps. He also

served in the Northwest Rebellion of 1885 and received another medal. He holds the long service medal. He was for some time Chief Superintendent of Military Stores and Director-General of Ordnance, and since 1904 has been Quartermaster-General of Ordnance. In 1903 he received the I.S.O. He has now been created a C.M.G.

ROYAL RECOGNITION of Canadian journalism has been somewhat tardy. When one considers the great educative value of the Canadian press in building up and extending the material wealth and prosperity of the country, when we behold the papers taking hold cheerfully and devoting valuable space and time to the promotion of charitable projects and in other various ways actively bettering of the conditions that surround mankind one cannot help but feel that there is no honor, however high, that could not be fittingly bestowed upon any one of our well-known Canadian journalists.

The Knighthood bestowed on Sir Hugh Graham

on the King's birthday is probably the first that has ever come to a Canadian newspaper man as a newspaper man. Sir Hugh is the owner of the Montreal Star. He is the son of a Scotch settler in the eastern townships, and was born at Athelstan, Huntingdon County, in 1848. Mr. Graham began life as a writer, but speedily turned his attention to the business end of newspaper work, and after some preliminary and preparatory work, such as becoming secretary-treasurer of

the Montreal Gazette when he was twenty, he launched, in company with several associates, the Montreal Evening Star. That was in January, 1867, almost forty years ago. He soon secured complete control, and the Star of to-day with its great circulation and influence in Eastern Canada is Mr. Graham's life-work. Sir Hugh has been generally on the Conservative side in politics, but during the past year or two the Star has been practically neutral.



King's Birthday Honors

The Retiring Inspector-General of the Canadian Militia, Sir Henry Lake, who has been created K.C.M.G.

The handsome new building of the Canadian Military Institute which was recently opened in Toronto, is an ideal military home unsurpassed in appointments and comfort. The cost of the structure was in the neighborhood of \$20,000, the funds being raised by the officers of the different units and a few generous friends. The Canadian Military Institute was formed in 1890 by a group of officers headed by Brigadier-General (then Lieut.-Colonel) W. D. Otter, for the purpose of providing a headquarters for the study of military science, the

giving of lectures on military subjects by authorities in the various arms of the service and affording a social military centre. Its purpose and object are by no means local, the Institute being intended for headquarters where all military men in Canada could gravitate when in Toronto. Officers are now on its membership roll who live on the Atlantic as well as on the Pacific Coast. The library, comprising histories, military text books and the proceedings of scientific military clubs and institutions, is one of the



King's Birthday Honors

The Canadian Press Honored in the Person of Sir Hugh Graham, K.B., Proprietor of the Montreal Star.

most valuable and complete in America owing largely to the erudition and energy of L. Homfray Irving, the Honorary Librarian. It contains over 3,000 volumes. In a word, it may be said that the Institute represents the scientific aims of the service in the same manner as the United Service Institution and other organizations in Great Britain. The conveniences and accommodation of the new building are ample and admirable, and among them it may be noted that there are bedrooms available for the use of officers passing through or temporarily in Toronto. These apartments are designated by such names as "Detroit," "Chateauguy" and "Chrysler's Farm," thus affording a home for traveling military visitors in which there is an atmosphere both cheerful and congenial.

THE GORGEOUS UNIFORM of the Life Guards will soon be seen in Canada, if all reports are correct. There is a well-founded rumor, emanating from headquarters at Ottawa, that a new corps is soon to be formed in the Capital, and that this corps will wear the uniform of the Life Guards. Sir Frederick Borden is to place the new command under his son-in-law, Leslie Macoun, one of the prominent members of the younger set in Ottawa. The illustration

shows a company of the Second Life Guards in London, drawn up for inspection. The uniform is a very brilliant one and when introduced into Canada will undoubtedly create a sensation.

A CANADIAN WOMAN who has brought honor to her native country, her art and her profession, is Miss Christie Macdonald. In the sphere of musical comedy and comic opera she has, by dint of genius, ability and perseverance, rapidly made her way to the front. Nova Scotia is the Province which claims her as a loyal daughter, that sea-girt section of Canada which has given to the world, and to the Dominion in particular, so many sons that have won renown as statesmen, theologians and heads of great seats of learnings. Now, in a totally different sphere, has the historic County of Pictou, the birth place of Miss Macdonald, had honor brought to its borders. As the leading lady in that delightful musical comedy, "Hook of Holland," which Frank Daniels is presenting, she was, during her recent tour of the Dominion, accorded an enthusiastic reception in all the leading cities. Coming from a cultured family, thoroughly artistic in temperament, the progress of Miss Macdonald is in a measure simply the natural development of youthful proclivities; the fruition and expansion of



King's Birthday Honors

Brigadier-General D. A. Macdonald, Quartermaster General of the Canadian Militia, is now a C.M.G.



A Uniform Soon to be Seen on Canadian Soldiers

The Uniform of the Life Guards to be Worn by a New Ottawa Regiment.

a nature that takes kindly and sympathetically to the art of which she is such a gifted votary. Her mother, Miss Jessie Mackenzie, one of the most beautiful women of her day, was a vocalist of no mean merit. The sons were noted for their musical talent, but the daughter has become the brilliant exponent of an endowment which has enriched the profession which she adorns and added to the galaxy of Canadian actresses which includes Julia Arthur, Margaret Anglin, Roselle Knott and a few others whose names can be readily recalled. Miss Macdonald has studied in Boston, New York and other art centres under distinguished masters. Her voice is a lyric soprano of rare charm and sweetness. Her intonation and expression are admirable. In the most ambitious passages as well as in the tender love song or the sentimental ballad she is thoroughly at home. Her singing, so pure, rich and artless, captures appreciation, and she immediately wins her way to the hearts of her auditors. Her first appearance in public was with Francis Wilson as "Lucinda" in "Half a King." She next achieved success in the title role

"Princess Minutteza" in "The Bride Elect." Subsequently she scored triumphs in the role of "Princess Sheik" and in "Hodge Podge." Later she rejoined Francis Wilson's Company as prima donna in "The Toreador," and now she is starring with that drollest of comic opera exponents, Frank Daniels.

WHO IS DR. ANDREW MACPHAIL, who writes such severe criticisms of the American woman in the London Spectator? Dr. MacPhail is a Montrealeur. He is a well-to-do physician, interested in politics and literature. He is the man behind the University Magazine, Canada's best effort in high-class literary journalism. He has written at least one novel, and numerous essays. But when he undertakes to criticize American women, he raises the ire of the fair sex. A writer in a recent issue of a Canadian newspaper voices the sentiments of outraged womanhood thus: "Dr. MacPhail is a logical writer. If one reads any political or literary articles written by him one is immediately struck by the clearness of his thought as much as by the elegance

of his style. Then one picks up his article on Woman—and one realizes how hopeless it is to expect any man, however sane his utterances on politics or literature may be, to discourse intelligently on Woman. In one breath he discourses eloquently on her idleness; in the next, he refuses indignantly to allow her any outlet for that idleness save manual labor. He hints that she is an awful fool—woman taken collectively, that is—quite unfit for a professional or a political career, but capable of bearing children; and neglects to notice that well-known and generally acknowledged fact that the sons of a family are far more apt to resemble their mother than their father and that, consequently, a woman who has never used her brain or her will but has spent her life in obediently kow-towing to the nearest male is almost certain to give birth to a male as foolish and weak as herself.

“But this is logic, and what have ‘the logical sex’ to do with logic where women are concerned. ‘Any stone will do to throw

at a dog’ and any old saw will do to throw at a woman if she attempts to reason with a man.

“How often one hears that ‘a woman’s business in life is to be a wife and mother.’ How beautifully true! but why does no one reply ‘A man’s business in life is to be a husband and father.’ Is that not equally true? but what a nonentity would we think of a man who was nothing but a husband and father! The stupidest and most limited man is at least required to understand some business; and even if he knows nothing in the universe except that business he is expected to give a vote and have a voice in the affairs of the nation.

“If we take Dr. MacPhail’s article seriously we must logically conclude that women are the only people entitled to vote. As they have nothing else to do they have plenty of time on their hands in which to give that serious attention to politics which the busy life of a man denies him.

“But this is logic and what have ‘the



Toronto's Military Club House

The New Military Institute recently Opened on University Avenue.



The Sutton Sisters—May, Florence and Ethel
The Most Famous Tennis-Playing Women.

logical sex' to do with logic where women are concerned?"

THE FAME of the Sutton sisters as tennis players has become international. It is unusual to find a family of players all of about equal skill and all of championship calibre. Miss Florence Sutton was champion of the Pacific States in women's singles and doubles and mixed doubles in 1907. Miss Ethel Sutton (now Mrs. B. O. Bruce) was co-champion with her sister, Florence, of the Pacific States in women's doubles and mixed doubles in 1907. There is also another sister, Violet, who since her marriage has not played lawn tennis publicly. She was reckoned second in strength to her redoubtable sister, May. Two of the Sutton sisters—Miss May Sutton and Mrs. B. O. Bruce—already play golf, but only in the intervals of lawn tennis. Mrs. Bruce won a trophy in the mixed foursomes at the annual golf tournament at Del Monte, California, in 1907, and already shows much aptitude for the game.

IT WOULD SEEM natural to assume that the leaders of the woman's suffrage movement in England were of the Carrie Nation stamp of person. In picturing to the mind the attacks on the Houses of Parliament, the

struggles with policemen and all the other incidents in the fight for women's rights, we are prone to think of the warfare as being waged by big raw-boned women, strong rather than beautiful, mannish rather than feminine. But that this is far from being the case is abundantly proven by a glance at the portrait of Miss Christabel Pankhurst, one of the younger leaders of the suffragettes. In company with her mother and Mrs. Drummond she has martyred herself for the cause and is now serving a ten weeks' sentence in prison as a result of ultra-enthusiasm. She is certainly one of the most interesting and attractive supporters of the movement. She is young and pretty, and if in these topsyturvy days the sex does gain the vote and subsequently the House, she may yet be seen leading a feminine Government. At the trial at Bow Street she spoke for forty minutes in her own defence, and is said to have wept copiously. Max Beerbohm, describing the trial, writes: "Her voice is charmingly melodious, and the art with which she manages it seems hardly compatible with its still childish ring. And her face, still childish too, is as vivid and as variable as her voice, whose inflexions have always their parallel in her eyes and mouth. And not there merely. Her whole body is alive with her every meaning; and, if you



Dr. Andrew MacPhail

The Montreal Physician whose Criticism of American Women has been Much Resented.

SOME MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

can imagine a very graceful rhythmic dance done by a dancer who moves not her feet, you will have some idea of Miss Pankhurst's method. As she stood there with a rustling sheaf of notes in one hand, her other hand did the work of twenty average hands. But "work" is a dull term for those

can Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents, has been long identified with railway work and is one of the most popular officials of the Grand Trunk. The association which has honored him by electing him to preside over its deliberations is the oldest railway organization in the



A Clever Canadian Actress

Miss Christie Macdonald in the Role of Sally Hook in "Hook of Holland."

lively arabesques with which she adorned the air of the police court, so eagerly and blithely, turning everything to favor and to prettiness."

G. T. BELL, general passenger and ticket agent of the Grand Trunk Railway System and Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, who was recently appointed president of the Ameri-

world, having been formed in Pittsburg, Pa., March 13th, 1855. Its membership comprises the chief passenger officers of every important railway, coastwise and inland navigation company in the United States, Canada and Mexico. Its annual meetings afford the members special opportunities to become acquainted with each



George T. Bell

Recently Elected President of the General Passenger Agents Association of America.

other and to familiarize themselves with the constantly expanding transportation facilities and newly developed resorts and sections of the North American continent. It aims to consider questions affecting passenger travel along the broadest possible lines, and to secure uniformity and improvement of methods and to extend them beyond the restricted limits to which the operations of territorial passenger associations are necessarily confined.

FROLICS on the stock exchange are of common occurrence when business is dull. The pent-up excitement of the members on the floor must find vent in some way or other, and if there are no stocks to sell or buy, something else exciting must be done. All manner of pranks are indulged in. The practical joker has a rich field to work, and it is seldom that some fun is not on foot. The illustration shows one of the games played by the brokers on the London Stock Exchange. Those who play this game seek to throw a length of the paper tape from the tape machine over the hand-rail, which runs round the great dome of what is known as the Kaffir Circus. As the dome is one hundred feet from the ground, considerable skill and some strength are needed for the accomplishment of the feat. The picture

shows a broker successfully getting his tape over the bar.

A NOTICEABLE feature about the procession of London's unemployed, illustrated this month, is the youth of most of its members. These young men who should be a bulwark of the Empire are allowed to grow up in haphazard style and become in many cases idle and useless weeds. They know, as a rule, no trade, they are undisciplined, ignorant and easily led by any windy demagogue. If every young Englishman were compelled to learn discipline under a regular system of training, these youths would become assets to their country and the problem of unemployment would be to a great extent solved.

Prince Von Bulow, stands out prominently in the public eye at present. A writer in the Graphic thus describes him: "A fine figure of a man, upright and square-shouldered, not more than pardonably stout, dressed to quiet perfection, smooth of hair and neat of moustache, he distributes perfunctory handshakes at a reception in the Wilhelmsstrasse with a benevolent dignity that nothing, you would think, would ruffle; or standing erect and cool in the Reichstag, facing a savage Opposition, alert for the tiniest slip, he drops with consummate art the clever phrases and biting epigrams of one of those long-prepared orations that have won him the name of the greatest master of meditated eloquence in Europe. In the place of battle where Bismarck would rage like a baited bull, his third successor smiles and dispenses oil and acid with well-kept hands. His speeches are literature. They show him a man of books as well as natural wit and finished statecraft; it is not for nothing that he is depicted with a pocket dictionary of quotations in the caricatures of the comic journals, which in Germany are invariably against the Imperial Government.

"So much the world sees and hears; but the work by which the Prince has won fame for his country as the land of political miracles, his triumph of parliamentary genius, has been done behind the scenes. Faced by the opposition of Socialists and Catholics, the two strongest parties in the Empire, he has created and held together through crisis after

crisis the incredible alliance of Liberals and Conservatives which, as he reminds them at need, stands between Germany and ruin. If there is another man who could have done, or can do, this, he is undiscovered as yet. The leaders of the Chancellor's bloc know the meaning of the strong chin under the debonair moustache; they know perhaps that the fine voice of the *ci-devant* lieutenant of Husars has not lost the notes of the parade ground. Nor were strength and skill needed only in the Reichstag. Prince Bulow has had to work with the Emperor.

"Few men know more of the world than this able aristocrat, after twenty years of diplomacy and ten years of government. But one great gap exists in his knowledge. He understands little of England, and has not always managed to conceal a certain lack of sympathy for that easily misunderstood nation. But an enemy of England he has never been, and when he falls—as fall he must, and that soon—it will not be our part to rejoice at the disappearance of a statesman who said, "War is vulgar: at this time of day the man who prevents war is greater than the man who wins battles." Prince Bulow has not been a great Foreign Minister; it is doubtful if the circumstances—impulsive Imperial circumstances—would have allowed any man to be so. If he leaves the Wilhelmsstrasse now, he leaves it with prestige a wreck. But at least he can claim that he has kept the peace of Europe."

A good story is told in the *Tatler* of Lord Wolseley, whose portrait appears elsewhere in this issue. During the recent manoeuvres at Aldershot an elderly gentleman in mufti saw a young officer placing his men in a

position which had it been a real fight would have been a most disastrous one, and hastened up to him with a little advice. He was pointing out to him gently the folly of his strategy, saying, "May I draw your attention to the fact that you are cutting yourself and your men off entirely from your column, so that you would inevitably be either cut to pieces or taken prisoners?" when he was cut short by the subaltern saying stiffly, "And may I draw your attention to the fact that I am in command here?" "I beg your pardon," said the elderly gentleman humbly; "to be sure, I should have remembered that." And he turned and went his way. Presently the lieutenant learned to his horror that the interfering stranger whom he had so severely snubbed was Lord Wolseley.

Canadians will be interested in a recent engagement announced in England.



A Future Prime Ministrette!

Miss Christabel Pankhurst, one of the Leaders of the Woman Suffrage Movement in England.

From *The Tatler*.

It is that of Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, son of the Marquis of Lansdowne, to Lord Minto's youngest daughter, Lady Violet Elliott. The wedding, according to latest arrangements, is to take place in India in January, and Lord and Lady Lansdowne will probably go out to Calcutta for the event. Lord Charles is a dark-haired, dark-eyed captain of

Lady Violet Elliott is very pretty, and devoted to open-air pursuits. A perfect horsewoman, she is often seen riding astride at Minto, her father's seat in Scotland. Queen Alexandra is warmly attached to Lord Charles's mother, who sometimes fulfils the duties of Mistress of the Robes in the absence of her sister, the Duchess of Buccleuch. Lord Charles is second heir to the Lansdowne title, while his elder brother, Lord Kerry, is without children.

One of the interesting publications of the season in England is Queen Alexandra's volume of photographs, the "Christmas Gift Book."

Her Majesty has been an enthusiastic photographer for many years, writes T. McDonald Rendle in *London Opinion*, and some splendid specimens of her work with the camera have been shown occasionally at the Royal Photographic Society's shows. Her Majesty never travels without her camera, consequently her collection of photographs is both extensive and unique. In sea views especially the Queen's artistic instinct is strongly marked.

Some years ago Her Majesty's skill as a photographer was probably the means of averting a disaster. She took a snapshot of a train as it was passing over Wollerton railway bridge. On developing the negative she noticed a curve in the bridge of such peculiarity that she decided that she had made a defective exposure, and therefore took another photograph.

The strange curve was again reproduced. The result was shown to the King, who suspecting something wrong, at once caused an examination to be made and the defect remedied.

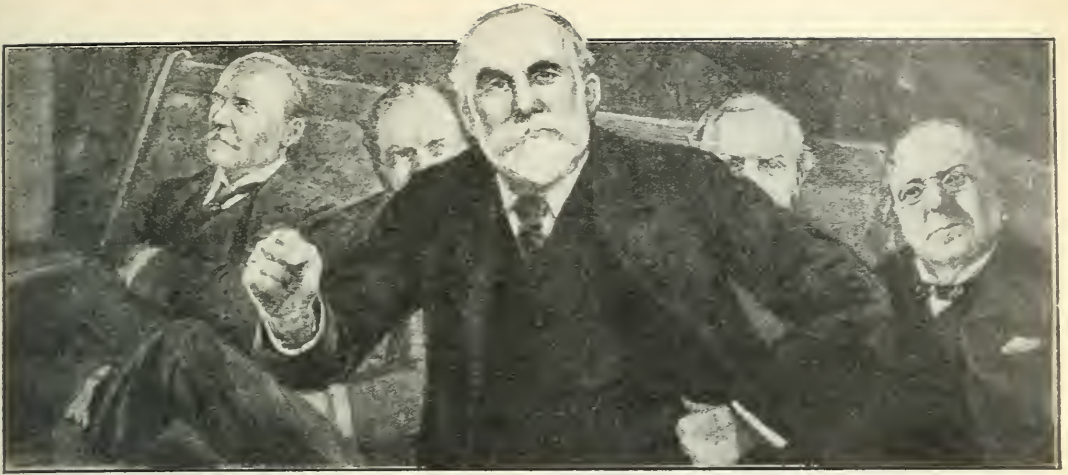
Her Majesty is often observed taking snapshots from one of the balconied windows of Buckingham Palace overlooking the Mall. She thoroughly enjoys the amusement, and takes commendable care not to waste an exposure.



Sport on the London Stock Exchange.

—Illustrated London News.

dragoons, thirty-four years of age, and therefore much older than his fiancée, who is only nineteen. He served in the Boer War, and was present at the disaster of Spion Kop. Lord Charles has a Scottish estate of his own, inherited from the French countess who was Lady Navine in Scotland and Comtesse de Flahault in France. His remarkable resemblance to the portraits of his French ancestors often gives occasion for remark.



The Right Hon. John Burns, M.P., in Action.

The President of the Local Government Board is very Much in the Public Eye at Present owing to Alleged Differences with Premier Asquith on the Subject of the Relief of the Unemployed.

—The Graphic.

JOHN BURNS' appearance and manner, and some of his little fads and foibles, are well enough known, according to a writer in the Graphic. His short, massive frame has been described as suggesting a "stunted giant." His beard is now of uncompromising whiteness, and he possesses the most fiercely expressive pair of eyebrows in Europe. He is the busiest-looking politician in the world. When he walks, he looks neither to the right nor the left, yet never is he known to pass a friend unnoticed or to leave a salute unreturned. Mr. Burns adheres to his bowler hat and his reefer (save, of course, at Court, when, like the sensible man he is, he "does as Rome does"), but the keenest sartorial critic could find no fault with the shape or the cut of either, both alike being the work of the West End at its carefulest. But not for snobbish reasons does Mr. Burns patronize a West End tailor; only because the cutters of

his particular establishment are Battersea men, with votes!

In the House Mr. Burns is wonderful. He is rarely at rest. To follow him during a debate in which he is interested is the busiest of optical feats. He flits from bench to bench, conferring with men of all parties (he has a special penchant for chats with Mr. Walter Long!), and when he does sit still it is as though on thorns, in a veritable plantation of papers.



A Parade of London's Unemployed

—The Graphic. 33



The Sultan of Turkey

The First Picture Taken of Him in Thirty Years.

American Magazine.

Since he has become a Minister, Mr. Burns has proved himself to possess qualities which might fit him for the Foreign Office itself. His self-control under attack is monumental. He scorns to reply in the language in which he is attacked from the Labor benches. Suave, and even polished, with a distinct literary flavor of a modern kind, are his speeches. Where Mr. Lloyd George goes to the Scriptures for his similes, Mr. Burns has a mind for Ruskin and Morris and Carlyle. As a traveler, he has not confined himself to little trips on the Continent. Stern duty carried him, in his engineer days, to the Niger; he has "done" the United States, and most of the European capitals.

ABDUL-HAMID, the Sick Man, is the most mysterious personage of our time. No other has so occupied the imagination of the world, no other has been so feared and so hated, no other has been so much the theme of the contemporary historian. What titanic epithets have been hurled against the unhappy Sultan of Turkey, who has reigned for thirty-three years, throned on the fear of his subjects! Rather tall and exceedingly slender, Abdul-Hamid has the unstudied stoop of the consumptive. His

face is wrinkled parchment, as if a thousand anxieties and suspicions had left their impress there. His features, besides cruelty and cunning, denote intelligence and cowardice. The eyes, of almond shape, by far the most interesting detail of his person, are dark and piercing, aged with eternal suspicion. They denote high intellect, extraordinary intelligence, subtle refinement and pitiless cruelty.

The thin upper lip and the thick, sensual lower, indicate a combination of passion, irascibility and selfishness. His nose is aquiline, and lends to his face the appearance of a bird of prey. The chin, though hidden by a beard, is weak and indecisive.

The voice, however, belies the face. It is marvelously subtle and insinuating, melodious in its modulations, and full of dulcet tones. With this remarkable voice Abdul-Hamid has been able to seduce nearly everybody who has approached him, even his antagonists.—Extract from "The Sultan of Turkey," by Nicholas C. Adossides, in American Magazine.

MR. VICTOR GRAYSON, the British M.P., who "refused to let the House proceed while he was in it," and got suspended for his pains, has seen a good deal of life for a



Victor Grayson, M.P.

The Young British Socialist, who was Suspended from the House of Commons.

young man of twenty-six. He is a native of Liverpool, where, he says, he has spent "days of wild enchantment along its wonderful line of docks, and in the vicinity of the Sailor's Home, gazing with thrills of mixed fear and fascination at the weird assemblage of men from every land." In his early boyhood he had a voracious appetite for "penny bloods," and ran away to sea as a stowaway at the age of fifteen. After this adventure he tramped through Wales, sleeping in barns, casual wards, and low lodging-houses, and begging his way with a crowd of other tramps. Then he spent six years as an engineers' apprentice. Abandoning engineering, he studied at Liverpool University and Owens College, Manchester, with a view to the Unitarian Ministry, living meanwhile in slum dwellings at Ancoats. Here he imbibed that knowledge of the poverty and suffering incident to the lives of the poor which converted him to Socialism, which he proceeded to preach in the northern towns during his weekends. His efforts culminated in the conquest of Colne Valley, and he entered Parliament with a red flag programme embodying the State ownership and control of everything. Mr. Grayson has a pleasant smile, a tremendous voice and great self-confidence, and he talks fluently and well. It is impossible for a man with such an equipment to emulate Brer Rabbit, and "lay low and say nuffin'."

JUVENILE PLAYERS are not so much talked about in the press as their grown-up brothers and sisters, but none the less they fill their places in most plays to the satisfaction of the public, who laugh at their mimicry of older actors and overlook their lack of experience. There is really an army of children on the stage ranging in age from very tender years indeed up to a point when the transition from childhood to maturity is an easy matter. "Baby Esmond," whose portrait in a characteristic villainesque pose, brightens these pages, is quite a genius. He claims to be the youngest actor in the world, capable of taking a special part. He has only just reached the age of four years and he actually earns on an average fifty dollars a week.

THE CHOICE of Durban, the chief town of Natal, as the meeting-place for the important convention which is now discussing the closer union of the four South African

Colonies and Rhodesia was a singularly happy one, for, as Mr. Smuts reminded his audience the other day at the banquet in honor of Rear-Admiral Sir Percy Scott, "the first shot between British and Boers was fired at Durban sixty-six years ago, and it was very fitting that the place where the struggle between the English and Dutch began should be the place where complete peace was finally to be made." For another reason, also, the selection of Durban is to be commended, for the crucial problem facing the convention is Unification versus Federation, and while the other



Baby Esmond

The Youngest Actor in the World.

Colonies were generally in favor of Unification Natal stood apart and declared for Federation. The proceedings of the convention are, of course, strictly private, but the pleasant intercourse which has been taking place between the delegates at Durban is slowly removing all apprehensions on the score of Unification, and on this vital question Natal is gradually falling into line with the other Colonies. Other important issues with which the convention will have to deal are the native franchise, the choice of a capital, and the questions of language

and the readjustment of the voting basis throughout South Africa. The convention was opened by Sir Matthew Nathan, Governor of Natal, on October 12, and it will probably sit for three months devising a scheme which, in his words, "will unite them in a great nation of white people, maintaining their virility, increasing in numbers, and ruling over a contented native population in the interests of all—a nation so governed that . . . there may be carried on through the centuries those ideals of honesty, justice, courage and purity which have made great the nations from which the British and Dutch in South Africa have sprung."

Some of the powers behind the thrones assume quite unexpected guise. Who was the pacificator of Algeria for France? A general? a courtier? a statesman? None of these. The man who gained the day for French influence was a conjurer—Robert Houdin.

The armies of France might fight as valiantly as armies could, but there always remained a mass of Algerians ready to do battle, because the marabouts, their magic doctors, bade them fight on. So long as their implacable medicine men could show miracles and wonders, so long the Algeri-

ans believed in and obeyed them. the French Government therefore sent Houdin to Algiers to outdo them at their own game, to display greater miracles than any of which they were capable. Houdin was completely successful, and Algiers gave no more trouble.

There is no Bismarck behind a European throne to-day, though the mysterious manner in which the German Emperor got hold of the story of M. Delcasse's movements suggests that the Iron Chancellor's methods survive. He did not invent the system, but he brought it to perfection, of employing a beautiful woman. Chief of his assistants was the handsome, well-born Baroness de Kaula, who obtained such an ascendancy over General de Cissey, French Minister of War, that Bismarck had from her daily bulletins of what had taken place in the French Cabinet Council at Versailles.

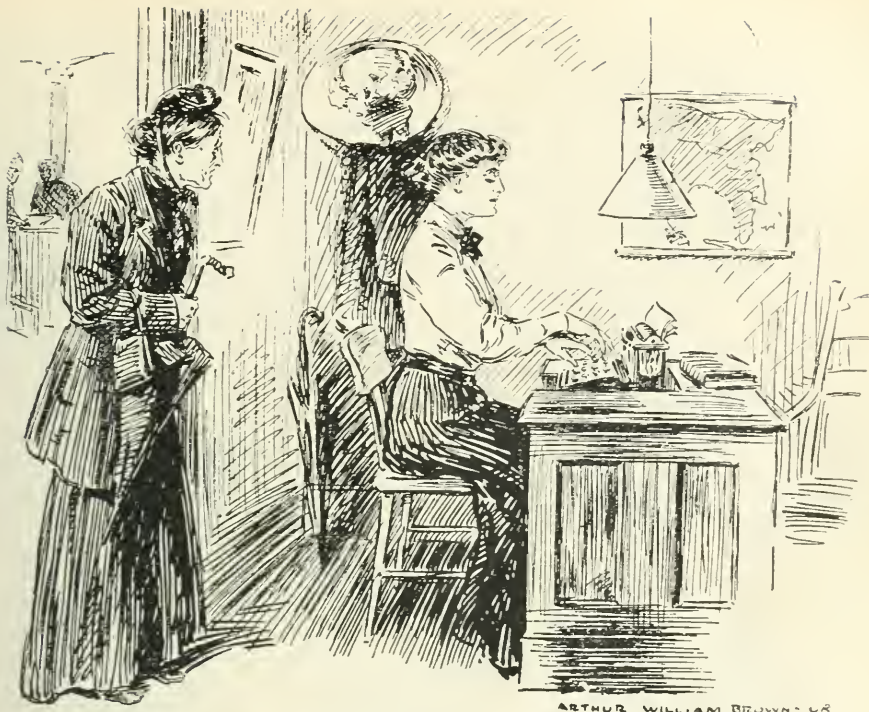
It was a woman who led to the degradation of President Grevy. Madame Limousin was here the all-powerful syren. She got into her toils a number of distinguished French officers, who through her became concerned in the scandal over the sale of Legion of Honor decorations, and by their misdoings and disgrace led to the President's resignation.



A Bird's Eye View of Durban.

Meeting-Place of the Convention to Discuss the Closer Union of the Four South African Colonies.

—The Graphic.



"Stops at the Door and Rubbers at me for Ten Minutes."—American Magazine

The Enchanted Profile

By O. Henry in American Magazine

THERE are few Calipheesses. Women are Scheherezades by birth, predilection, instinct, and arrangement of the vocal chords. The thousand and one stories are being told every day by hundreds of thousands of viziers' daughters to their respective sultans. But the bow-string will get some of 'em yet if they don't watch out.

I heard a story, though, of one lady Caliph. It isn't precisely an Arabian Nights story, because it brings in Cinderella, who flourished her dishrag in another epoch and country. So, if you don't mind the mixed dates (which seem to give it an Eastern flavor, after all), we'll get along.

In New York there is an old, old hotel. You have seen wood-cuts of it in the magazines. It was built—let's see—at a time when there was nothing above Fourteenth Street except the old Indian trail to Boston

and Hammerstein's office. Soon the old hostelry will be torn down. And, as the stout walls are riven apart and the bricks go roaring down the chutes, crowds of citizens will gather at the nearest corners and weep over the destruction of a dear old landmark. Civic pride is strong in New Bagdad; and the wettest weeper and the loudest howler against the iconoclasts will be the man (originally from Terre Haute) whose fond memories of the old hotel are limited to his having been kicked out from its free lunch counter in 1873.

At this hotel always stopped Mrs. Maggie Brown. Mrs. Brown was a bony woman of sixty, dressed in the rustiest black, and carrying a handbag made, apparently, from the skin of the original animal that Adam decided to call an alligator. She always occupied a small parlor and bed room at the top of the hotel at a rental of two dol-

lars per day. And always, while she was there, each day came hurrying to see her many men, sharp-faced, anxious-looking, with only seconds to spare. For Maggie Brown was said to be the third richest woman in the world; and these solicitous gentlemen were only the city's wealthiest brokers and business men seeking trifling loans of half a dozen millions or so from the dingy old lady with the prehistoric handbag.

The stenographer and typewriter of the Acropolis Hotel (there! I've let the name of it out) was Miss Ida Bates. She was a holdover from the Greek classics. There wasn't a flaw in her looks. Some old-timer in paying his regards to a lady said: "To have loved her was a liberal education." Well, even to have looked over the back hair and neat white shirtwaist of Miss Bates was equal to a full course in any correspondence school in the country. She sometimes did a little typewriting for me and, as she refused to take the money in advance, she came to look upon me as something of a friend and protege. She had unfailing kindness and good nature; and not even a white-lead drummer or a fur importer had ever dared to cross the dead line of good behavior in her presence. The entire force of the Acropolis, from the owner, who lived in Vienna, down to the head porter, who had been bedridden for sixteen years, would have sprung to her defense in a moment.

One day I walked past Miss Bates' little sanctum Remingtonium (or whatever make of machine advertises in these pages), and saw in her place a black-haired unit—unmistakably a person—pounding with each of her forefingers upon the keys. Musing on the mutability of temporal affairs, I passed on. The next day I went on a two weeks' vacation. Returning, I strolled through the lobby of the Acropolis, and saw, with a little warm glow of auld lang syne, Miss Bates, as Grecian and kind and flawless as ever, just putting the cover on her Smith-Prem (advertising department please correct), or whatever machine it was. The hour for closing had come; but she asked me in to sit for a few minutes in the dictation chair. Miss Bates explained her absence from and return to the Acropolis Hotel in words identical with or similar to these following:

"Well, Man, how are the stories coming?"

"Pretty regularly," said I. "About equal to their going."

"I'm sorry," said she. "Good typewriting is the main thing in a story. You've missed me, haven't you?"

"No one," said I, "whom I have ever known knows as well as you do how to place properly belt buckles, semicolons, hotel guests, and hairpins. But you've been away, too. I saw a package of peppermint-pepsin in your place the other day."

"I was going to tell you about it," said Miss Bates, "if you hadn't interrupted me."

"Of course you know about Maggie Brown who stops here. Well, she's worth \$40,000,000. She lives in Jersey in a ten-dollar flat. She's always got more cash on hand than half a dozen business candidates for vice-president. I don't know whether she carries it in her stocking or not, but I know she's mighty popular down in the part of the town where they worship the golden calf."

"Well, about two weeks ago Mrs. Brown stops at the door and rubbers at me for ten minutes. I'm sitting with my side to her, striking off some manifold copies of a copper mine proposition for a nice old man from Tonopah. But I always see everything all around me. When I'm hard at work I can see things through my side combs; and I can leave one button unbuttoned in the back of my shirtwaist and see who's behind me. I didn't look around, because I make from eighteen to twenty dollars a week, and I didn't have to."

"That evening at knocking-off time she sends for me to come up to her apartment. I expected to have to typewrite about two thousand words of notes-of-hand, liens and contracts, with a ten-cent tip in sight; but I went. Well, Man, I was certainly surprised. Old Maggie Brown had turned human."

"Child," says she, "you're the most beautiful creature I ever saw in my life. I want you to quit your work and come and live with me. I've no kith or kin," says she, "except a husband and a son or two, and I hold no communication with any of 'em. They're extravagant burdens on a hard-working woman. I want you to be a daughter to me. They say I'm stingy

and mean, and the papers print lies about my doing my own cooking and washing. It's a lie,' she goes on. 'I put my washing out, except the handkerchiefs and stockings and petticoats and collars, and light stuff like that. I've got forty million dollars in cash and stocks and bonds that are as negotiable as Standard Oil, preferred, at a church fair. I'm a lonely old woman and I need companionship. You're the most beautiful human being I ever saw,' says she. 'Will you come and live with me? I'll

hotels—they're looking for just such openings.

"So I gave up my job in the hotel and went with Mrs. Brown. I certainly seemed to have a mash on her. She'd look at me for half an hour at a time when I was sitting, reading or looking at the magazines.

"One time I says to her: 'Do I remind you of some deceased relative or friend of your childhood, Mrs. Brown? I've noticed you give me a pretty good optical inspection from time to time.'



"It came and it was \$600. I saw the bill."—American Magazine.

show 'em whether I can spend money or not,' she says.

"Well, Man, what would you have done? Of course I fell to it. And, to tell you the truth, I began to like old Maggie. It wasn't all on account of the forty millions and what she could do for me. I was kind of lonesome in the world, too. Everybody's got to have somebody they can explain to about the pain in their left shoulder and how fast patent-leather shoes wear out when they begin to crack. And you can't talk about such things to men you meet in

"'You have a face,' she says, 'exactly like a dear friend of mine—the best friend I ever had. But I like you for yourself, child, too,' she says.

"And say, Man, what do you suppose she did? Loosened up like a Marcel wave in the surf of Coney. She took me to a swell dressmaker and gave her a la carte to fit me out—money no object. They were rush orders, and madame locked the front door and put the whole force to work.

"Then we moved to—where do you think?—no; guess again—that's right—the

Hotel Bonton. We had a six-room apartment; and it cost \$100 a day. I saw the bill. I began to love that old lady.

"And then, Man, when my dresses began to come in—oh, I won't tell you about 'em! you couldn't understand. And I began to call her Aunt Maggie. You've read about Cinderella, of course. Well, what Cinderella said when the prince fitted that 3 1-2 A on her foot was a hard-luck story compared to the things I told myself.

"Then Aunt Maggie says she is going to give me a coming-out banquet in the Bon-

reception unless it were given by King Edward or William Travers Jerome. They are men, of course, and all of 'em either owe me money or intend to. Some of their wives won't come, but a good many will.'

"Well, I wish you could have been at that banquet. The dinner service was all gold and cut glass. There were about forty men and eight ladies present besides Aunt Maggie and I. You'd never have known the third richest woman in the world. She had on a new black silk dress with so much passementerie on it that it sounded exactly



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN—08

"Throwing together a fifteen-cent kidney stew while wearing a \$150 house dress."—American Magazine.

ton that'll make moving Vans of all the old Dutch families on Fifth Avenue.

"I've been out before, Aunt Maggie," says I. 'But I'll come out again. But you know,' says I, 'that this is one of the swell-est hotels in the city. And you know—pardon me—that it's hard to get a bunch of notables together unless you're trained for it.'

"Don't fret about that, child," says Aunt Maggie. 'I don't send out invitations—I issue orders. I'll have fifty guests here that couldn't be brought together again at any

like a hailstorm I heard once when I was staying all night with a girl that lived in a top-floor studio.

"And my dress!—say, Man, I can't waste the words on you. It was all hand-made lace—where there was any of it at all—and it cost \$300. I saw the bill. The men was all bald-headed or white-side-whiskered, and they kept up a running fire of light repartee about 3-per-cents. and Bryan and the cotton crop.

"On the left of me was something that talked like a banker, and on my right was

a young fellow who said he was a newspaper artist. He was the only—well, I was going to tell you.

"After the dinner was over Mrs. Brown and I went up to the apartment. We had to squeeze our way through a mob of reporters all the way through the halls. That's one of the things money does for you. Say, do you happen to know a newspaper artist named Lathrop—a tall man with nice eyes and an easy way of talking? No, I don't remember what paper he works on. Well, all right.

"When we got upstairs Mrs. Brown telephones for the bill right away. It came, and it was \$600. I saw the bill. Aunt Maggie fainted. I got her on a lounge and opened the bead-work.

"'Child,' says she, when she got back to the world, 'what was it? A raise of rent or an income tax?'

"'Just a little dinner,' says I. 'Nothing to worry about—hardly a drop in the bucket-shop. Sit up and take notice—a dispossession notice if there's no other kind.'

"But, say, Man, do you know what Aunt Maggie did? She got cold feet. She hustled me out of that Hotel Bonton at nine the next morning. We went to a rooming-house on the lower West Side. She rented one room that had water on the floor below and light on the floor above. After we got moved all you could see in the room was about \$1,500 worth of new swell dresses and a one-burner gas-stove.

"Aunt Maggie had had a sudden attack of the hedges. I guess everybody has got to go on a spree once in their life. A man spends his on highballs, and a woman gets woozy on clothes. But, with forty million dollars—say! I'd like to have a picture of—but, speaking of pictures, did you ever run across a newspaper artist named Lathrop—a tall—oh, I asked you that before, didn't I? He was mighty nice to me at the dinner. His voice just suited me. I guess he must have thought I was to inherit some of Aunt Maggie's money.

"Well, Mr. Man, three days of that light-housekeeping was plenty for me. Aunt Maggie was affectionate as ever. She'd hardly let me get out of her sight. But, let me tell you. She was a hedger from Hedgersville, Hedger County. Seventy-five cents a day was the limit she set. We cooked our own meals in the room. There I was, with a thousand dollars' worth of

the latest things in clothes, doing stunts over a one-burner gas-stove.

"As I say, on the third day I flew the coop, I couldn't stand for throwing together a fifteen-cent kidney stew while wearing at the same time, a \$150 house-dress, with Valenciennes lace insertion. So I goes into the closet and puts on the cheapest dress Mrs. Brown had bought for me—it's the one I've got on now—not so bad for \$75, is it? I'd left all my own clothes in my sister's flat in Brooklyn.

"Mrs. Brown, formerly 'Aunt Maggie,' says I to her, 'I am going to extend my feet alternately, one after the other, in such a manner and direction that this tenement will recede from me in the quickest possible time. I am no worshiper of money,' says I, 'but there are some things I can't stand. I can stand the fabulous monster that I've read about that blows hot birds and cold bottles with the same breath. But I can't stand a quitter,' says I. 'They say you've got forty million dollars—well, you'll never have any less. And I was beginning to like you, too,' says I.

"Well, the late Aunt Maggie kicks till the tears flow. She offers to move into a swell room with a two-burner stove and running water.

"'I've spent an awful lot of money, child,' says she. 'We'll have to economize for a while. You're the most beautiful creature I ever laid eyes on,' she says, 'and I don't want you to leave me.'

"Well, you see me, don't you? I walked straight to the Acropolis and asked for my job back, and I got it. How did you say your writings were getting along? I know you've lost out some by not having me to typewrite 'em. Do you ever have 'em illustrated? And, by the way, did you ever happen to know a newspaper artist—oh, shut up! I know I asked you before. I wonder what paper he works on. It's funny, but I couldn't help thinking that he wasn't thinking about the money he might have been thinking I was thinking I'd get from old Maggie Brown. If I only knew some of the newspaper editors I'd—"

The sound of an easy footstep came from the doorway. Ida Bates saw who it was with her back hair comb. I saw her turn pink, perfect statue that she was—a miracle that I share with Pygmalion only.

"Am I excusable?" she said to me—adorable petitioner that she was. "It's—it's

Mr. Lathrop. I wonder if it really wasn't the money—I wonder if, after all, he——"

Of course I was invited to the wedding. After the ceremony I dragged Lathrop aside.

"You an artist," said I, "and haven't figured out why Maggie Brown conceived such a strong liking for Miss Bates—that was? Let me show you."

The bride wore a simple white dress as

beautifully draped as the costumes of the ancient Greeks. I took some leaves from one of the decorative wreaths in the little parlor, and made a chaplet of them, and placed them on nee Bates' shining chestnut hair, and made her turn her profile to her husband.

"By jingo!" said he. "Isn't Ida's a dead ringer for the lady's head on the silver dollar?"

Did a Woman Inspire the Ferment in the Balkans?

By a Diplomat in Cassell's Journal

THE most fascinating part of history is that which is not written as history.

Europe was staggered by the resolution of the Emperor Francis Joseph to annex to Austria-Hungary the Turkish territories of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The reason given for the act was the thinnest, flimsiest excuse that ever accounted for an immoral act of international character. We know that the Emperor himself, with one foot in the grave, could not for his own gratification commit this robbery. Behind him there is a sinister figure, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, who will succeed his uncle as Emperor, and claim the territory stolen from Turkey in the confusion following her bloodless revolution.

"Tsar" Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who achieves the impossible by making himself king, may be giving rein to his own inordinate ambition. It will not be forgotten, however, that he married six months ago; and women are more ambitious in politics than the most ambitious of men. It is striking that when he visited Hungary with his new bride last month he was received, as it was officially announced, with "all the honors due to a sovereign," which was what no State dreamed of granting him when he was the widowed petty prince of the "volcano of Europe."

The map of Europe has been altered by the secret power of women in latter-day affairs. The Empress Eugenie has repented long in tears and agony the part that she played in France. She it was, on the

French side, who precipitated the fatal Franco-Prussian war. Her weak, vacillating, dying husband was only the cat paw. "This is my war," she exclaimed, delightedly clapping her hands when the direful news of the declaration came. By the strangest coincidence it fell to her, after the brief and bloody struggle, to determine the issue of the war. For five-and-twenty years the whole of Europe was kept in the dark as to what actually happened, but two years ago the wonderful story was laid before the world.

Sedan had fallen, the Emperor was a prisoner, the Empress was a refugee in Lord Cowley's London house. Bismarck sent a secret emissary to her, saying that if Marshal Bazaine, then shut up in Metz with his huge army, would declare for the Bonapartists, he (Bismarck) would seat her on the throne as Empress Regent. A German representative was sent to Metz, where Bazaine and the other French generals agreed to the plan; it remained only for the Empress to say "Yes" to the offer, and "Yes" to the proposal that Alsace-Lorraine should be ceded to Germany.

But she said, "No; I will not consent to any proposal dishonorable to France; and rather than cede any French territory I would prefer that I and the Imperial family should remain in exile for ever." So the woman who had made the war and cost the country two provinces and an Emperor, atoned for her folly by sacrificing a throne which might have been hers to this hour.

Canada's New Baronet — Sir Edward Clouston

By G. W. Brock

FROM junior clerk at a salary of \$200 a year to general manager of the second strongest financial institution in the world—all within a quarter of a century, is a rapid rise. The man who scaled the ladder, whose name is a household word in the great arena of finance, is Sir Edward Seabrooke Clouston, Bart., of the Bank of Montreal. In the recent list of King's birthday decorations conferred upon distinguished Canadians, the name of E. S. Clouston appears highest among the honors, he being created a baronet. He is the second native Canadian in recent years to have hereditary rank bestowed upon him. The other resident of this country receiving a similar title is Sir Charles Tupper, who was raised to this degree of honor in 1888. While Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount Stephen were elevated to the peerage many years ago, they are both Scottish by birth, although spending the major portion of their illustrious and picturesque careers on this side of the Atlantic Ocean.

A son of the late James S. Clouston, chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company, the new Canadian baronet was born at Moose Factory, a typical trading post of the then wild and unsettled West. As a boy he was foremost in play as well as in work. Cricket and football claimed a large part of his leisure hours, and at both he became proficient. He has never lost interest in athletics, and is a staunch advocate of outdoor life. It is not unusual to-day

to see the vice-president and general manager of the Bank of Montreal, golf club in hand, on the Dixie links. He rides, motors and engages in other open air pastimes with all the characteristic fervor of youth. The young men entering the service of the institution, to which he has devoted his time and talent for the long period of forty-three years, have always been encouraged to go in for manly sports and to take abundance of exercise. The Bank of

Montreal was among the first to pay for memberships for its clerks in Y.M.C.A. and other organizations in order that they might have the benefit of gymnasiums, swimming baths and reading rooms.

What are the outstanding characteristics of Sir Edward Clouston, his method and manner of work, and how did he reach the top? are questions of timely interest. The newly-created baronet is one of the quietest and most unobtrusive of men, mild mannered, even tempered, and

retiring in disposition. He is a firm believer and exponent of the gospel of hard work. It was by intelligent, thorough, earnest application, not by any outside influence or other extraneous circumstances by which some directing genii of world-renowned establishments are often erroneously credited with climbing to eminence, that Sir Edward got there. Solely by toil, coupled with energy, aptitude, force of personality and character—carefully following instructions, closely studying the



Sir Edward S. Clouston, Bart.

methods of those around him and mastering every detail—that is the way he paved the road for advancement. He learned and did a little more than the other fellow, and, when the door of promotion opened, he was prepared to enter. He never sought publicity, never as a subordinate tried to foist himself on the attention of his superior officers, but well and worthily did what he was expected to do.

A man of few words and great reserve power, he has always been well liked, not only by his daily associates, but by all the customers and friends of the bank, for his demeanor, candor and straightforwardness. He is not only a diligent but rapid worker, and will get through more detail in an hour than some men in half a day. He arrives at the head office every morning at an early hour, and generally labors right through until late in the afternoon. He takes no lunch unless called upon to do so at some business gathering. At noontide while others are thinking mostly of the bill-of-fare, Sir Edward is thinking more of the affairs of the bank. He has been known to do practically a forenoon's work in the hour when the world is lunching. He is one of the most approachable of men, and by that is not meant that everyone who desires to break in upon him or discuss comparatively trivial matters, can see him. Not by any means. A visitor must state the nature of his business to Sir Edward's private secretary, and, if deemed advisable, he is admitted. He receives a pleasant greeting, but is expected to present his proposition or make known the character of his mission as briefly as possible, for the time of the general manager is precious. The caller instinctively feels that he is in the presence of a gentleman of quiet dignity. There is not the slightest trace of pomposity or importance about him. An answer is given promptly but firmly, and there the interview ends. There is no hesitancy about the manner or tone for the great financier sizes

up matters quickly, his judgment is sound, his decision accurate. Himself wasting no time on trifles, others are not expected to waste his. He is as unpretentious and modest in dress, mien and movement as the most unassuming merchant in the commercial capital, and, while it has been said that he comes to decisions speedily, this does not mean that due care and caution fail to mark his connection with all the larger problems which he is called upon from time to time to weigh. In all such transactions Sir Edward is conservative and guarded.

In private life he is a lover of the fireside and the home, a generous patron and excellent critic of fine art; his private collection of masterpieces is of the most valuable and representative character. He is also deeply concerned in hospital work, and for many years has been a governor of the Royal Victoria Hospital, the Fraser Institute and other public institutions. Although a member of several clubs he spends but little time there. The summer months are passed at his picturesque home at St. Ann. He has traveled much, but it is within the walls of the bank and directing the destinies of that big undertaking, he finds his chief work and pleasure.

A few days ago Sir Edward was re-elected President of the Canadian Bankers' Association, a position which he has filled for some years. Of his business skill and tact, his ability and standing as a financier, the commercial world is conversant. He is an authority on finance in the widest interpretation of the term. By foresight and wisdom he has not only enhanced the prestige of the institution whose fortunes he has guided so successfully for eighteen years, but has raised the credit of Canada in the world centres of capital. He has helped to place banking institutions of the Dominion on the solid plane they are to-day, and to him they are indebted for many privileges as well as rights secured under the Canadian Banking Act.

We will still obey our husbands when once we have married them; but nothing will induce us to admit that it was they and not we who originally conferred the favour.

Even the best of people will do things for the sake of their principles which they would scorn to do for the sake of their preferences; from which peculiarity of human nature arises the spirit of persecution.



The Awful Havoc of Wreck and Fire

Preventing Accidents on Railroads

By S. O. Dunn in Technical World

FOR the prevention of railroad accidents, two things are necessary, a good physical plant, and conscientious, skillful working of the plant. The latter is the more important. The best plant is worthless if inexpertly and recklessly operated.

One of the most important improvements ever made in the equipment of American railroads has been the installation of automatic couplers and train brakes. Twelve years ago Congress passed the Safety Appliances Law, requiring the installation of such couplers and brakes. There is still doubt of the constitutionality of this law. It is therefore to the credit of the railroads that without testing its validity in the courts, they have complied so well with it that, on June 30, 1907, out of 2,181,082 locomotives and cars in service, 2,059,426 had train brakes and 2,159,534 were fitted with automatic couplers: that out of 12,814 passenger locomotives only fifty-

eight were without automatic couplers; that out of 43,973 passenger cars only 1.17 per cent. were without automatic couplers; and that practically all passenger engines and cars had train brakes. The installation of power brakes and automatic couplers has cost the railroads many millions of dollars. The automatic coupler not only subserves the safety of travelers, but also of employes by making it unnecessary to go between cars to couple and uncouple. The fact that 308 railroad employes were killed and 4,353 injured in the year ended June 30, 1907, while coupling and uncoupling cars, illustrates how futile safety appliances are when men will recklessly neglect to use them. The engine brake, with which the engineer can set and release the brakes on the entire train, gives him a control over its movements that contributes greatly to safety.

The safety of travel has been much increased by improvements in passenger cars. Up to twelve years ago the bodies of cars were made entirely of wood. Now, steel underframes are being used extensively, not only in Pullmans, but in day coaches, and the added strength they give to cars is a great protection to passengers. Several roads, conspicuously the Pennsylvania System, are trying all-steel passenger cars. There is no doubt that the increased safety they afford will amply compensate for the added expense they involve. The introduction of the wide vestibule has been an important factor in reducing the fatalities in passenger train accidents. It is practically impossible for one car to telescope another when both are equipped with this device.

A good track—a track suited to the requirements of the traffic, whether light or heavy—is a main essential to safe transportation. There is still a great deal of very bad track in the United States, but there are many thousands of miles more of good track—track that is well-drained, heavily ballasted, laid with seventy-five to one hundred pound rails, and kept in good repair—than there were a few years ago. On every leading railroad system has been spent millions of dollars in strengthening tracks, reducing grades and straightening curves in order to handle traffic more economically and to transport travelers more speedily and safely. There is no better or safer track in the world than may be seen upon the Pennsylvania, New York Central lines, Lackawanna, Chicago & Northwestern, Union Pacific, Burlington, Santa Fe, St. Paul, Illinois Central, and other lines, East and West. Unfortunately, there will have to be a great deal more of such track before railroad travel will be as safe as it ought to be.

The amount of double track increased from 11,018 miles in 1897 to 19,421 miles in 1907, or eighty per cent. The amount of double track is small compared with the total of 230,000 miles of line, but its increase has been large proportionately, the increase in miles of line in the ten-year period mentioned having been twenty-four per cent. There are now about 2,000 miles of third, and 1,400 miles of fourth track. Second, third and fourth tracks, rendering unnecessary the

movement of trains in opposite directions upon the same rails, and reducing the density of traffic upon each track, very greatly increase the safety of travel. Only roads whose traffic is very heavy, and whose earnings are very large, can afford, however, to build them, because the cost of construction involved is always very great, and they greatly increase maintenance expenses.

Many accidents have resulted from the breakage of rails, and there was recently a rather warm controversy between representatives of the railroads and of the steel manufacturers over whose fault this was. The Pennsylvania Railroad has for some time conducted an exhaustive and costly examination of the entire practice of rail manufacture which, it is believed, will enable the company to secure a better rail, and one that will materially decrease the number of accidents attributed to rail breakages.

In all parts of the country, especially in cities and other places where traffic is dense, the railroads have been engaged in elevating or depressing their tracks, and separating grades, to eliminate crossings with streets and highways, and with other railroads, at grade. The Pennsylvania System alone has in the past six years eliminated 727 grade crossings. This is a work of vast importance. In many instances the railroads have undertaken it voluntarily; in others they have been forced to. As no other city has so many railroads as Chicago, so nowhere else is track elevation being done so extensively, the city council having required it by ordinance, and appointed a track elevation expert to supervise the work.

One of the most important results of the study of the problem of safe operation has been the adoption, by all of the railroads of the United States, of the American Railway Association's "Standard Code of Train Rules"—a code of rules which so completely covers every duty of every telegraph operator, every train despatcher, every conductor, every engineer—of every person concerned in the movement of trains—and so comprehensively takes account of every possible contingency and emergency, that one of the greatest railroad operating experts in the world has written of it, that it has



Derailed at Sixty Miles an Hour

been "so carefully prepared, as the result of years of experience, that could its absolute enforcement be at all times secured nearly all accidents involving injury or loss of life to passengers or employes would be eliminated." The code of train rules has had to be supplemented on many lines where traffic is heavy with block signals and interlockers, not because of deficiencies of the rules, but because of deficiencies and derelictions of the human agents whose duty it is to enforce and obey the rules. The mechanism of the interlocking plant will not display signals automatically, but must be worked by the operator.

The "manual telegraph block" system is the simplest system of block signaling in use in this country. The track is divided into "blocks," in each of which only one train is permitted to be at a time, and the operators at the various stations, and in intermediate signal boxes, communicate with each other to locate and control the movement of trains. An improvement on the "manual telegraph" block system is the "controlled manual" block system, under which a block operator cannot "clear" the

signal at his own station without the cooperation of the operator, in advance of the proposed train movement, the result being that all of the block operators are constantly checking each other and reducing to a minimum the possibility of error. Under the "automatic" system the various signals — "distant," "home," "proceed," "stop," etc.—are set by electrical power as a result of the contact of the wheels of the various trains with the rails over which they are passing. But for the fact that engineers or other trainmen may fail to see or may misread or disregard the signals, the danger of collisions on lines having "automatic" blocks would be very small, indeed.

While block signals are very desirable to promote safety, especially on lines of heavy traffic, experience has shown that the multiplication of safety devices is attended with positive danger unless employes fully realize that dependence must not be placed upon the safety devices themselves, but upon their intelligent, skillful and conscientious operation. Instruction of those concerned in the movement of trains, in the rules and methods

necessary to prevent accidents, is usually carried on by experts who travel over the lines in cars fitted with every kind of safety appliance, and who give lectures to the employes on the various divisions. The lectures are illustrated by the manipulation of the various appliances themselves, or of working models.

Frequent examinations and surprise signal tests are used on the larger systems to make sure that the employes both know their duties and are doing them. During the period from June, 1904, to the end of 1907, over 43,000 surprise tests were made upon the Union Pacific System, and no less than 99.1 per cent. were promptly and correctly observed. When they were not promptly and correctly observed and obeyed exemplary discipline was inflicted. The first public reports of surprise tests on the Pennsylvania Railroad showed that the engineers observed and obeyed the signals in 97 per cent. of 2,252 instances, passing the signals by even a few feet being counted a violation of the rules. Later reports of surprise tests on the Pennsylvania showed clean records on seven divisions. On each of three divisions, including the New York division, on which the traffic is enormous, just one engineman's mistake marred the report. The surprise tests in 1906 on the Chicago & Northwestern, which was a pioneer in this work, showed extraordinary results. In every one of 1,625 tests of enginemen the signals were properly observed and obeyed, and out of 1,621 additional tests of minor importance there were only sixteen instances where the signals were not obeyed.

The Union Pacific and Southern Pacific have adopted a novel method of enlisting public sentiment on their side in their attempt to stimulate their employes to obey every rule of safe operation. They organize boards of inquiry to investigate cases of violation of the rules, whether accidents have resulted or not, and invite public-spirited citizens, especially representatives of the press, to sit upon the boards and hear the testimony, the aim being that the public shall be made to know just what the causes of accidents are, may be rendered able to judge whether the discipline inflicted by

the railroad officers is just, and may be led to support the railroad in its efforts to make travel safe. These roads also issue for publication in the newspapers along their lines bulletins regarding the principal accidents, telling the causes developed by the investigations and placing the responsibility wherever it belongs. The Pennsylvania Railroad, likewise, and for the same purpose, has adopted recently a policy of posting similar accident bulletins in its stations.

The statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission demonstrate that about 75 per cent. of the train accidents and fatalities on American railroads are due to disregard or disobedience of the rules by employes. This shows why many railroads are trying to enlist the aid and co-operation of the public in their efforts to enforce better discipline. Accidents have increased despite all the enormous expenditures which, as we have seen, the railroads have made to so equip their plants as to prevent them. Safety appliances undoubtedly have prevented the increase of accidents from being much greater. The enormous growth of traffic has been largely responsible for the increase, but a no less important cause has been the reckless disregard and violation by employes of rules established for their protection and that of the public. The railroads could not during prosperous times effectually remedy the evil by discharging men, because the need of trainmen and telegraphers was so great that every man knew that if he was discharged by one road he could at once secure employment with another; and the walking delegate was always at hand to interfere with discipline that exceeded his notion of fairness. The number of accidents has remarkably diminished since business depression reduced the traffic of all the railroads, but in order to get the accident record where it will cease to be a disgrace to American railroads and to the American people it will be necessary for the roads to spend enormous sums in improvements of their plants and for railroad employes to be induced or coerced by the railroad managements and by public opinion to perform their responsible duties with a more intelligent and conscientious regard for the welfare of themselves, their employers and the public.

According to Agreement

By Archie P. McKishnie

MR. RICH dismissed the fluffy-haired stenographer with a curt, "That's all." and a wave of a pudgy hand. When the door of the inner office swung to behind her, Mr. Rich settled back in his chair with a deep chuckle of satisfaction, not a ripple of which showed on his stern, aristocratic face. Mr. Rich had mastered more than intrinsic money-problems in his sixty odd years of existence; he had mastered himself, his clerks, everybody he came in contact with, in fact. At least that is what Mr. Rich thought. Every morning at half-past nine he donned a business mask and wore it until four in the afternoon. It consisted of shaggy, concentrated brows behind a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, a narrow line of a mouth that dropped slightly downward at the corners, and thought-wrinkles, that formed a dollar sign in a high forehead. Once garbed in this armor of commerce, Mr. Rich was a foe, figuratively speaking, worthy of the steel of any tilter in the commercial lists.

This morning Mr. Rich was having difficulty with his accoutrements. He got as far as the frown, but somehow that gurgle of enjoyment, deep within him, kept chasing the sarcastic curve away from his lips, as often as he would summon it. At last he sat erect with a jerk and muttered, "This won't do." Thomas, the office boy, who was hanging some files on the wall jumped a couple of feet in the air.

"Beg pardon, sir?" he quavered.

"Come here," commanded Mr. Rich, transfixing the boy with his cold grey eyes.

"How long have you been there?"

The boy stood on one foot.

"Not long, sir."

"You've been smoking," said Mr. Rich. "After my warning to you, you have been smoking again."

"O, no, sir, beggin' your pardon, sir, I haven't been smokin', sir."

"Turkish cigarettes," persisted Mr. Rich, calmly. "You have some of them in your pockets now. Put them on the table."

"But, sir——"

"On the table right there, that is right. Now then—what is your name, please?"

"Thomas Bates, sir."

"Well, Thomas Bates, you are discharged."

"Yes, sir."

"We don't employ boys who smoke."

"I'm willin' to give up tobacco, sir."

There were tears in the boy's eyes, and the greyness of apprehension had aged his face. Mr. Rich noted this with satisfaction.

"Humph! well, I can't reinstate you in your old position, but I might give you a chance in another line."

"Thank you, sir."

Mr. Rich arose and crossing softly over to the door of the inner office, he locked it noiselessly. Then he came back softly and drew the astonished Tommie into an inner sanctum. This door he too locked. Then he turned and looked the boy up and down speculatively.

"Boy," said Mr. Rich, as he thoughtfully turned the big diamond about on his finger, "during the forty years I have been busy in making over a million of dollars, there has been at least one rule in business that I have strictly adhered to. That rule is never to re-engage a man I have once discharged. I am going to break that rule now. In return I ask you, will you play fair by me?"

The lad looked him straight in the eyes.

"Ain't you doin' it by me sir?" he asked.

"All right. No more lying, remember—at least not to me. You've found it don't pay. I always know."

"Yes, sir."

"All right, now I'll tell you what you're to do. I've got a hair-brained son in business here with me, perhaps you have seen him, name's Jim." "No?" "Well, it don't matter. What I want you to do is keep your peepers on that youngster—all the time. You're to watch him, like a cat, day and night. Don't let him out of your sight, without ascertaining where he is going. He's a golf-fiend as well as every other

kind of an enthusiast. I heard him say he wants a caddy. You might apply for that job. Don't look anxious, I'm going to pay you, in addition to what he does, just double what I was paying you before. Now I'll tell you what I want to find out. Jim is in love with some penniless girl, just as hair-brained, no doubt, as he is himself, but with acuteness enough to know what it means to marry money. I've been trying to find out who she is, and where she is to be found."

Mr. Rich pursed out his lips—glared down at the boy—then nodded. "I suppose I'll have to take you into my confidence and I want you to remember—that if you betray it—you've got to deal with James Rich. You know what that means, eh?"

The boy nodded.

"Well, then, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to get this girl, this fortune-hunter, to leave the city. I'm going to pay her to do so, understand? For various reasons Jim must not know of my plan. I'm not going to let him tell me anything about this girl—although he wants to mighty bad. I'm going to work this thing out by myself—with your help—and now a bit of advice to you. Young man, don't you try any sharp games on Mr. James Rich, because he's just a trifle sharper than you are. I know I'm taking chances on you—but I've got to risk it. I've got to have somebody to help me. Now do you think you can do what I want you to do?"

The boy arose.

"I'll find the woman," he said, sidling toward the door.

"Understand you are to report to me as soon as possible, and you are not to forget that I must have a square deal."

Mr. Rich, speaking from behind his armor, unlocked the door and the boy with an earnest "I'll remember, sir," passed out.

Mr. Rich, once more back in his chair by the table was muttering, "I'll nip this fortune-hunter in the bud."

The boy, passing down the stairs, lifted a partly demolished cigarette from the window-sill, and stepped out into the autumn morning. "Tommie Bates, de detective," he chuckled. "Or de boy dat played de millionaire."

II.

Mr. Rich reached toward a pile of letters, picked one up, opened it and concentrated

his eyes upon it. He read it through twice turned it over and read it again. He picked up another and did the same thing with it. Somehow, he couldn't fasten his mind on business. For some reason he felt jubilant. That chuckle seemed awake within him still. There was nothing for him to feel particularly happy over, he knew; on the other hand, he had a hard and distasteful task before him. He had to save that hair-brained son of his from disaster. Finally he settled back and the corners of his mouth turned up in a little satisfied smile. He knew now what was the matter with him. Funny he hadn't guessed it before. Strange he hadn't noticed what a charming girl Miss Waetz was, long ago. Mr. Rich sat erect with a frown, only to settle back again with a sigh. He told himself that a widower, even if he were an old widower, had a right to dwell on sentimental thoughts occasionally. Thinking wouldn't do anybody any harm. It was necessary—quite necessary, that he should follow—well a certain line of thought on Jim's account. He didn't want to be too hard on the boy. It might just be that he was in love with this adventuress, and, love is a bad barrier to get over without getting scratched—he wanted to think it out fairly, he—

"Eyes, if they're the right kind now," he reasoned, "they simply play the devil with—a man."

Mr. Rich jerked himself together. He was astonished, shocked at himself. He glanced about him nervously.

"I wonder what's the matter with me," he asked himself.

Somehow, he couldn't forget that pair of deep grey eyes that had laughed fairly and squarely into his own, that very morning. They had stirred a little chord in his long-locked soul, that was tingling still—getting louder if anything.

"She was trying to make an impression on me," scowled Mr. Rich. Then he turned the ring on his finger slowly a few times and whistled.

"Ecad, she has made an impression on me, too."

Mr. Rich arose and strode across to the big mirror in his coat room.

A long time he surveyed himself in the glass. Then he shook his head.

"White hair," he muttered, "nothing about that to charm a young lady, I guess."

"Pompous looking, no, that's not it. Can't be my side whiskers, most girls detest side whiskers, must be my million dollars."

This thought did not satisfy Mr. Rich. He felt it did Miss Waetz an injustice.

He went slowly back to his desk and sat thinking a considerable time, the curve in his mouth changing from the upper to the drop curve, according to the bent of his reflections. At last, he took off his glasses and laid them on the table. Then he called very softly. "Miss Waetz." The stenographer entered with her pad and pencil, and Mr. Rich motioned her to a chair, with a wave that was perhaps a little more deferential than usual.

At any rate, the sweet face of the girl flashed a smile that made the aeolian harp in the old man's bosom tingle so that it was fully a minute before he could bring himself to dictate.

Mr. Rich cleared his throat. Then for the third time that morning he arose. He crossed over to the window and looked down on the street. He saw his son Jim walking leisurely along, and skulking at his heels, Tommie, the detective. It gave him strength to speak out.

Once he turned and saw two big grey eyes looking at him wistfully. If that glance didn't bespeak heart-hunger, Mr. Rich—who had lived 60 years, had never seen heart-hunger in a look.

"Please take this letter—my dear."

Miss Waetz almost leaped from her chair. When Mr. Rich glanced over his shoulder, her fluffy head was bowed above her pad, and shaking—well, just a trifle.

"Unnerved," thought Mr. Rich. "A little sudden, I guess." Aloud, he dictated:

"Dear Miss Waetz—

The girl glanced up with puckered brow—then her pencil touched the line again. She was paid for taking dictation.

"If you would make a lone home supremely happy, consent to become Mrs. James Rich. Take a day or two to think it over.

"Yours, etc."

Mr. Rich stood still, gazing down on the street. Miss Waetz waited a moment or so, then asked: "Is there anything more, sir?"

"That is all, this morning," he answered, softly.

"Will you sign this letter or shall I use —"

He turned then and smiled across at the girl.

"Take it with you, Anna"—he spoke the name very gently—"and believe, if you can, I mean every word of it."

"You are kind," she commenced, "very good and kind—"

Then Mr. Rich turned quickly, very quickly, considering his weight of years. But she was gone.

He went to the coat room and took down his hat and cane. Somehow he wanted room, lots of room. This office was too small to contain him and his feelings. At the door he met the detective.

"She's tall an' dark and she's an actor," hissed the lad gliding in.

Mr. Rich drew the boy into the inner sanctum.

"Who's tall and dark and an actor?" he asked sternly.

"Th' wu-man which would win your son, sir. Th' she vu-mpire, sir, whose trail I have found."

Mr. Rich placed the boy in a chair, with a shake that made his teeth chatter. "Talk sense, sir," he stormed.

"Now tell me what you mean?"

"I'm Mr. Alex's caddy, now sir," spoke the boy, swallowing hard for his lost breath, "and I've been watchin' him as you asked me to, sir. I've seen the wu-man."

"Well?"

"They are deep in love, sir, very deep in it. I should say."

"How do you know?"

The detective lifted his brows.

"Jedgin' from appearances, sir," he said.

"Humph, well did you get her address?"

"Sir?"

"Do you know her street address?"

"No sir, not as yet, but I will sir."

"Did you learn the name of this—this penniless girl with an ambition?"

"Gusty," hissed the boy. "It's that."

Mr. Rich backed away from him. "Gusty," he repeated, "Gusty?"

"That th' fust end, sir. Last one is Knight."

"Gusty Knight," mused the old man—ahem, it promises to be wilder still before morning."

"Sir?"

"Shut up, can't you? How am I going

to think with you leering up in my face. I wish I had never seen you."

"I'm on the right scent, sir."

"Very well, get out and when you come back have that woman's street address, hear me."

Tommie touched his forelock and slipped out.

"What were boys made for, I wonder?" mused Mr. Rich.

The outer door swung open and Jim, the son, tall, straight and debonair, entered.

"Are you in, sir?" he called softly.

"Come in if you wish to see me," answered Mr. Rich, curtly bracing himself and squaring his heavy jaw.

III.

The son entered, closed the door gently behind him, and sat down in a chair opposite his father.

"The Ladlaw Company took over that Frost mortgage on our terms, sir," he said.

Mr. Rich, his pale eyes gleaming coldly through his glasses, vouchsafed no reply.

"I thought, perhaps, you might wish to consult with me about that parcel of Scudd gold shares?"

The father's mouth drooped to a sarcastic smile.

"Consult with you?" he asked, raising his brows.

The young man's face reddened.

"I said consult, sir," he said quickly, "I believe that is the term usually applied to business talks between partners."

"Listen," said Mr. Rich, leaning his elbows on his knees and twisting his ring about on his finger.

"Don't you use that term again, when speaking of a conversation—whether business or otherwise—between us two. In the first place, you are no partner of mine. in the strict sense of the word, in the second place you lack sufficient business ability to talk business, even if I were disposed to take you into consultation. You are twenty-six years of age and you have not, as yet, shown one single trait, that according to my judgment, marks that shrewdness and ability to cope with sharpers, the acuteness that characterizes the successful business man."

"The fact that I do not believe in resorting to sharp practices in business, does not

prove that I could not detect such practices in another, sir."

"Nor does it prove that you can. I will admit, if you were to show me that you possessed one iota of sharpness, my opinion of you might change somewhat. As it is, I don't think you capable of anything very extraordinary. You lack shrewdness, backbone, tenacity—oh, a lot of essentials to business success."

The son smiled oddly. "I guess I'm in a pretty bad way, sir," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

"I realize that these little talks of mine don't help you any," said the father evenly, "at the same time I feel that I am doing my duty in telling you of your short comings. Naturally, I have always been anxious for you to display some of the few traits I would see you possess, but I have given up hoping that you ever will. I took you in as partner, hoping that you would one day show yourself responsible of the trust."

"Perhaps, some day, I will show you."

"No," Mr. Rich shook his head sorrowfully, then finally, "I tell you, you never will, sir."

"Well, I'll take the first opportunity that presents itself, to try and prove to you that I am—well, pretty sharp, when I take the notion."

"That's it. Now you don't let anybody beat you at billiards do you, and why? I'll tell you. You take an interest in billiards. Same with that beastly game of golf, bah, I want to know how long do you think it would take a sharp company to run you into the ground—an opposition company; I mean."

"Well, if I liked the business I was in it would take a devil of a long while."

Mr. Rich gasped.

"Beg pardon, father, I didn't mean to say that. I meant I wouldn't let any competitors beat me in business or anything else. I'm not built that way."

For the first time during the conversation, Mr. Rich's mouth curved upward a trifle.

"It's all right to talk," he smiled.

"I'm pretty sure I mean what I say, sir."

Mr. Rich got up and put his hands deep in his pockets. He took a turn or two up and down the room and stopped directly in front of his son.

"What I want to say—and I'll say it quickly, is this," he said. "You've got to give this girl—this penniless fortune-hunter you have found, up—there you see I know all about it. I say you've got to give her up." He waved his hand as the son attempted to speak. "I don't want to know anything about her. I don't blame her, but I'm going to save you and myself. You haven't—proposed to—"

"Yes, I have, and she's going to marry me."

If the father was surprised, he didn't show it.

He went on calmly. "If you refuse to give her up, why, of course, I can't help it. All I can do is withdraw my support and cut you off with a small allowance. That would pain me, as you well know, but you know equally well I would do it. I can't allow a fortune-hunter to spend my hard-earned money."

"But let me tell you who——"

"There, there, I don't want to know who she is. I don't want to hear anything about this young woman, as I said before. Therefore, you will please keep her name to yourself."

The son sat, his head bowed, his fingers beating a tattoo on the chair-arms. When he looked up, his father stood before a glass smiling at his reflection.

"Toothache?" asked the young man, sympathetically.

The father turned, a flush dyeing his skin. "Thought the filling of one of my teeth had broken away," he explained lamely.

After a time the son spoke again. "Who is she?" he asked quietly.

Mr. Rich turned quickly. Almost he could not believe his ears. If that question didn't show keen perception in this hair-brained son of his—well nothing could, that's all.

"I—I just don't understand your question," he said severely.

"I believe I understand some signs pretty well, sir, I asked you, who is she? I think I have a right to know, haven't I?"

"You are an ass, sir." Mr. Rich turned his back, and Jim arose and walked toward the door.

"Hold on there, I'm not—that is, I want to tell you something," cried the father, turning quickly. Ah—how'd you like a—a new mother, my boy?"

"I think it would be real sweet," returned the son, without a smile. "Somebody to tell me stories and rock me to sleep, eh?"

"I am not joking sir, I mean to marry."

"It's a sort of nice life, I fancy, married life," grinned Jim. "Everybody thinks of it, sooner or later, it seems."

Mr. Rich stood the picture of speechless rage and wounded pride.

"I—I don't think——" he commenced, and Jim laughed.

"It's all right, dad," he said, lightly. "I hope you'll be happy."

"The devil you do," gritted Mr. Rich, backing away. "How about the million I'm going to leave behind me? You don't want any stepmother, and, perhaps——"

"It depends upon whom she is. A nice sort of stepmother, and, perhaps, would just suit me. Going to tell me her name, father?"

"Well, if she'll have me, and, of course she will, I'm going to marry Miss Waetz."

Jim gave a low whistle. "Indeed," he exclaimed.

"I've proposed to her, sir," said the father.

Jim sat down and gazed out of the window. "Of course—you are bound to have opposition," he said, absently. "Miss Waetz, being beautiful and accomplished, is sure to have other suitors, you know."

"I've thought of that, and I thought I would get you to help me win her, Jim."

Mr. Rich's tone had softened to a coaxing note. "You'll do that for me, won't you, Jim?" he pleaded.

"Me?" the son's brows were lifted in mock surprise. "Me help you win anything? Why, father, haven't you often told me that I haven't one ounce of executive ability. I don't want to make a failure of a possibility. Why—with your knowledge of things generally, you surely don't require any help?"

"But, you see, if you would try and make her sort of take to you Jim—the women do take to you somehow, I can't understand that—naturally, she won't mind becoming your step-mother, providing she thinks you are nice—understand?"

Jim smiled. "What do you wish me to do, sir?"

"Get Miss Waetz to agree to become Mrs. James Rich, that's all."

"You are sure that's all?"

"Absolutely."

"And if I—do this?"

"Why—if you do—perhaps, I'll look into your own case, and if I find the girl isn't too much of a fortune-hunter, I'll agree to your marrying her."

Jim pointed to an ink-well. "Put it down in writing," he said, grimly.

"Now then, 'I, James Rich, agree to give my consent to the marriage of my son, James, provided he gains the consent of Miss Anna Waetz to change her name to Mrs. James Rich.' Hold on," as the father was about to sign the agreement, "I'm not through yet. 'And as a further consideration, I agree to bequeath to my son and his wife, one hundred thousand dollars as a wedding gift.'"

"Now sign."

With a smile that was hard to fathom, Mr. Rich put his flowing signature to the agreement.

Jim arose, folded the agreement, put it in his pocket and walked thoughtfully out.

"I believe," ruminated Mr. Rich, sinking into his chair again, "I believe the young cub has got some executive ability after all. And," he chuckled and rubbed his hands together, "that wasn't a bad scheme of his either. Wonder if I have acted wisely——"

He ceased ruminating, and the corners of his mouth went up gradually. He was looking into a pair of grey, laughing eyes again. He was under the spell. After a time he stood up and squared his shoulders. "Mr. Rich," he smiled, turning his ring about slowly, "Mr. Rich, as a schemer, you stand without a peer. While your innocent son is helping you gain the consent of the beautiful girl you would wed, you are going to cook his goose effectively—ahem—with this fair fortune-hunter; you are going to buy her off and send her out of the city. No wonder people respect your shrewdness, Mr. Rich. Well now what is it?" as Tommie, the detective, protruded his black, closely-cropped head in at the door.

"I have run th' wu-man vampire to 'er lair, sir," he whispered hoarsely.

Mr. Rich frowned. "Talk English," he commanded. "Have you got the young woman's street address there?"

Tommie produced a slip of brown wrap-

ping paper and, screwing up his face, winked gravely.

"Miss Gusty Knight, 236 Church Place," he read. "That's it, sir."

Mr. Rich took the slip of paper and sat down to his desk. Then with his brows puckered into the dollar sign, he seized a pen and dashed off a note.

"I want you to place this in the young woman's hands at once," he said ominously, handing it to the boy.

"It shall be did, sir."

"You are to bring—this woman back here with you," explained Mr. Rich. "In my letter I have asked her to accompany you here."

"Yes, sir."

"Keep her down stairs until Jim goes out—then show her in here. After you have done this," smiled Mr. Rich, "I am through with you forever—at least I hope so. I am going to give you a single ticket to Chicago and three hundred dollars. Are you willing to take it and promise me you will never speak of what you have been doing for me?"

The sleuth's eyes danced.

"I'd rather be astayin' on, sir," he replied thoughtfully, "but, o' course, if them's your wishes——" he shrugged his shoulders submissively. "But I am thinkin' as Master Jim 'ud like give me quite a bit more 'n you are given me, if I went to him——"

Mr. Rich strode across to the boy and gripped him by the shoulders.

"Are you trying to hold me, James Rich, up?" he gasped.

"I'm a business man, same's yourself, sir," asserted the lad, meeting the dead grey eyes fearlessly. "I've been doin'—well it's some sort of dirty work, I've been doin' fer you, an' I don't like it. I want \$500, and that ticket, else I'm goin' down and tell Master Jim all about this little scheme, sir."

Mr. Rich drew back slowly.

"I'm almost sorry I dismissed you the other morning, boy," he said. "You have the making of a shrewd business man in you. I'll give you the \$500."

"I'll be takin' it now then, sir."

"What?"

"I say, if you don't mind, I'll take it now. Oh, you needn't be scared of my hedgin'. I'll get the wu-man here, all right. You kin just give me a cheque, if you like, sir."

You kin date it to-morrow, if you're scared of me; before that time I'll have fulfilled my little contract with you, I take it, sir. If I haven't, why, you kin stop payment, see?"

Mr. Rich laughed then. Actually laughed until the tears came into his eyes and dimmed his glasses. He loved a keen play. He was getting it. Ten minutes later Tommie left the office with his cheque.

"Here's where I get even with th' millionaire," he chuckled as he passed from the dim hall into the sunny street.

IV.

"Well?"

Mr. Rich swung about in his revolving chair, and tapped the letter he was perusing with a pencil.

Jim laughed oddly.

"I guess you'll think I'm not so bad at putting through a deal after all, father," he said.

"Then you saw her and she——" cried Mr. Rich eagerly.

"Yes, she said she would do it, father."

"Well, I was pretty sure she would, you know," frowned the older man, pursing out his lips. "I was pretty sure she would. James Rich, sir, is a man who always wins—always wins, sir."

"Then I don't suppose I get any glory for myself?" said the son, in a quiet voice. "There's no credit due me for engineering this thing, I suppose?"

"Pooh, pooh, Jim. What have you done, I ask you, what have you done? Why, the young lady was quite ready to give her consent to my—ahem—proposal, sir, long before you saw her at all. That's the trouble with you. You always expect credit for doing things, when in reality you don't do anything. I'm just about out of patience with you. Why don't you do something?" Mr. Rich leaned across the table and fixed his cold eyes on his son's. "Why don't you do something?" he repeated, tauntingly, "do something yourself?"

"It will have to be something very big—very, very big, before you can see it, I guess," replied the son, quietly. Then he passed out, leaving the elder man pondering over his strange words.

At last Mr. Rich settled back in his chair with a sigh of satisfaction. "Of course I knew she would accept my proposal," he smirked. "Mr. Rich, you're a great man.

You're a conqueror, Mr. Rich; they can't beat you, no sir."

There was a low knock on the door, and Tommie, accompanied by a tall, slender girl, entered the room.

"This is Miss Knight, sir," grinned the detective, bowing low.

"I hope you will reach Chicago safely," said Mr. Rich, handing the boy a railway ticket. "You may as well start right now."

When Tommie had gone, Mr. Rich turned to the girl.

"I want to tell you why I sent for you," he said, sternly.

"I have learned of your ambition and I want to tell you that I will never consent to my son marrying you, never. He, of course, is his own master, but I am his banker. If you marry him you marry him only—not a fortune, as he has no doubt led you to believe you would."

The girl moved uneasily. "But, sir——" she commenced, and Mr. Rich held up one hand commandingly.

"I don't want any explanations, I don't want a word from you of any kind. My son thought he could fool me into believing that he loved an innocent girl, who scorned his money—or rather my money, but, madam, no man, woman, or child has ever fooled James Rich, Esq., and no man, woman, or child ever shall. I would not allow him to speak of you even, and if I have learned who you are, it but gives proof of my acuteness. However, it don't matter. I want you, madam, to leave this city. I am willing to pay you—a consideration for so doing. I have an agreement drawn up here which I trust you are willing to sign. I will give you a cheque for one thousand dollars if you will sign it. Will you remove your veil and read the agreement yourself, or shall I read it for you, madam?"

"You read it, please," faltered the girl.

Mr. Rich adjusted his glasses and read.

"I, Gusty Knight, solemnly promise that in consideration of \$1,000 now paid me to relinquish all claim upon one Jim Rich, to release him from any promise of marriage made me, and to leave the city at once. I agree also never to see Mr. Rich again, if it can be avoided."

Mr. Rich laid the agreement down on the table and picked up a pen.

The girl came forward hesitatingly, and as she signed in scrawly letters her name at the bottom of the agreement Mr. Rich filled in a cheque for \$1,000.

"If you break this agreement I will have you thrown in jail for obtaining money under false pretences," he warned, as he placed the cheque in her hands.

He watched her, with bowed head, slowly pass from the room and the little soul of the man exulted.

"I knew she was after money," he gritted. "Better a thousand dollars now than a hundred thousand later."

He crossed the room and opened the inner office door. The fond smile died from his face when he noted that Miss Waetz' desk was unoccupied.

"Where is Miss Waetz?" he asked a pale-faced clerk so fiercely that a great splash of ink fell upon the spotless ledger page.

"She went out about an hour ago with Mr. Jim, sir," answered the young man, frantically searching for a blotter.

Mr. Rich glared in astonishment.

"With whom?" he gasped.

"With Mr. Jim, sir. She left no word as to how long she would be gone, sir."

"When she returns, please ask her to step into my office, Jennings, and if Jim should turn up, tell him I wish to see him too."

Very well, sir."

Mr. Rich passed around among his clerks, as was his custom, his face set in its armor of icy disapproval. He had his own views of clerks and—well, men in general.

Finally he sought his comfortable chair in his own cozy office and gave himself up to reflection.

He had much to engage his mind. After a time he pulled the telephone over to him and called up Briggs & Briggs, architects. "Guess I'll have that remodeling done as soon as you can get at it," he told them. "I want that house to be not one of the best, but the best on Poplar Row—there's a reason. All right, go down and get right at it."

As he hung up the receiver, the corners of his mouth went up. "Eyes, if they're the right kind now, do play the devil with a man," he mused.

And so throughout the long afternoon Mr. Rich dreamed and planned and won-

dered where the girl with those "right kind of eyes" had gone and wondered still more why Jim had gone with her. It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon before he learned why the girl with "the right kind of eyes" had gone—and why Jim had gone with her. They came into the office arm in arm, and they looked handsome and happy.

Mr. Rich arose with a smile. He must seem glad to think the girl and her stepson-to-be were agreeable companions. Somehow they seemed more than companions. Mr. Rich felt an indefinable, shrinking sort of feeling stirring in his breast and it made him hot and cold by turns. He laughed it away. "My dear," he said, and held out his arms to the girl. She blushed and hung back, but Jim pinched her pink ear and pushed her playfully forward.

"Kiss him," he grinned, and the girl threw her warm, soft arms about the old man's neck and kissed him on the dollar sign between his brows.

Mr. Rich held her gently, smoothing her wavy hair back from her brow pettingly.

"My dear," he said fervently. "This is the happiest moment I have had for many years."

"I—I am glad," faltered the girl.

Mr. Rich cleared his throat, glanced across at Jim's smiling face, and frowned.

"Why don't you go," said the frown.

"I guess I'll stay," said the smile.

Mr. Rich bent and kissed the girl's red cheek. "When you are Mrs. James Rich——" he commenced, then stopped, for Jim had turned his back and was shaking as with the palsy.

While the father stood angry and perplexed watching his son, the girl slipped away from him.

He saw Jim turn and gather her into his arms. Then the father sank into a chair.

"She is Mrs. James Rich, now," said Jim, when he could speak. "We were married this afternoon."

Mr. Rich's face was a study. He attempted to speak, failed and he sat with his jaws working and the dollar sign between his brows deepened into one twisted, baffled wrinkle.

After a time the old man took off his glasses and laid them on his desk. Then he turned the ring about upon his finger as

slowly the drop curve of his mouth changed to the upper, until a smile rested there.

"I guess you've succeeded in 'doing something big,' Jim, something very, very big," he sighed. "I'm beginning to understand things a little." Then he arose and went across to the young people.

"I hope you will both be happy," he said, taking a hand of each. "I have ordered the old home renovated against this occasion, and, Jim, I will place \$100,000 to your account to-morrow." Then Mr. Rich went back to his seat by the table. When he glanced up again his new daughter-in-law had gone.

Somehow Mr. Rich felt happy, reasonably happy that is, considering everything. Of course it was foolish in Jim to marry a girl he had decided to marry himself, just to show his father that he could be sharp

on occasion, when he was in love with another girl. Mr. Rich brought himself up with a jerk. A horrible suspicion had flashed into his mind.

"Jim," he said, "tell me, is Anna the girl you always wanted to marry?"

"Why to be sure she is, but you wouldn't let me tell you her name."

Mr. Rich was looking out of the window. "Come here, Jim," he said. "Do you see that old office boy of ours and that tall girl with him down there?" he asked.

"What, you mean the girl with the suit case? Yes, that's his sister. I just said good-bye to them. They're going to Chicago. Bright lad that, father. Wish you hadn't let him out."

"He is bright," agreed Mr. Rich, slowly. "Yes, I wish myself now I hadn't let him out."



The Roberts Trophy for Schoolboys of the Empire.



Sir Gilbert Parker M.P. Unveiling the Tablet on the Wall of General Wolfe's Old Home in Bath.

General Wolfe's Home in Bath

By Sir Gilbert Parker

IT is a happy accident of fate that the ancient City of Bath, by whose waters and in whose shades the great soldiers of the Roman legions rested between the storms of battle and the Caesar's enterprises of colonization, should be associated with one whose deeds gave England a Western Empire founded upon a French base, which was to remain a new field for the energies and courage and ambitions of our race, when her revolting colonies to the south should set up and maintain the angry claim of independence. Here, at Bath, James Wolfe was resting when the summons came from England's greatest Prime Minister to one of her greatest heroes to lay aside his pain and suffering, surmount the ravages which war and hard campaigns had made on a delicate constitution, and proceed upon his country's business across the seas where the fleur-de-lis waved over the batteries of the noblest citadel of all the picturesque world. And

in this pleasant place of Bath, when his day's work was done and his wages were taken from an Immortal Treasury, his mother came and made her home. She had loved the place before, and had been so frequent a visitor that in one of Wolfe's letters from Bath to his father, Lieut.-General Edward Wolfe, he says: "There are a number of people that inquire after you and my mother; and some that wish you well wherever you are." If it is not true that in the house in Trim Street,

Here first was Wolfe with martial ardor
fired,
Here first with Glory's highest flame inspired,

still it is right to put the mark of a city's and a nation's pride and love upon the house where he sojourned, and in doing so, we can justly add the last two lines of the verse which commemorates the spot at

GENERAL WOLFE'S HOME IN BATH

Squerries Court where, at sixteen years of age, he received his first King's commission of ensign:

This spot so sacred will for ever claim
A proud alliance with its hero's name.

at sixteen, a captain and brigade-major at seventeen, to serve gallantly at Culloden and Falkirk, which brought him public official thanks after the Battle of Lawfeldt at twenty, made him a lieutenant-colonel at twenty-three, a brigadier-general at thirty-



No. 5, Trim Street, Bath, the Home of General Wolfe.

There is a noble monument to Wolfe in Westminster Abbey; there is a lofty column at Stowe; there is a tablet in the church at Westerham; and now there is at Bath a tablet which tells that those walls sheltered that bright genius, whose merits and matchless skill made him an adjutant

one, and a major-general and the captor of half a continent at thirty-two years of age. Why before most men have begun to launch upon their life-schemes and activities he was grown old with wars, and the miseries, duties and achievements of the stricken field had so out-worn that ungainly

frame which shined an exquisite yet indomitable spirit that, only just before the capture of Quebec, he said to his surgeon: "I know perfectly well you cannot cure me,

that Wolfe's fame has reddened the whole sky of British history. The significance of the work he did, the true fulness of his conquest, has only been brought home to the



Major-General James Wolfe.

(From an Old Print.)

but pray make me up so that I may be without pain for a few days, and able to do my duty; that is all I want."

It is only within the last two generations

people of our wide Empire by the rise of the great Dominion, and the mighty activities of the two peoples—that yet are one people—who are building up a stalwart na-

GENERAL WOLFE'S HOME IN BATH

tion between the oceans, in a fertile territory larger than Europe, over which flies the flag that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze. Yonder, where three hundred feet above the River St. Lawrence, Louis' Citadel batteries poured their shot and shell upon Saunders' and Holmes' fleet, and pounded Monckton's defences at Point Levi; where the battalions of Bearn, Languedoc and Guienne under Montcalm and Bougainville challenged our little army to attempt the impregnable fortress; there, the other day, under the eyes of the Heir-Apparent of the British Crown, passed an army of thirty thousand men who represented the loyalty and contentment and steadfast alliance of two great races who proceed together upon the path of a great and manifest destiny.

There were under seventy thousand inhabitants of Canada in 1759; there are six millions now, and the onward tramp of a score of millions falls upon the ear of hope and faith and energy. When Wolfe received Pitt's letter, did he have any gleam of the far-reaching nature of his task? One might ask the same question concerning Columbus, or Cartier, or Champlain. It is to be believed that the eye of genius sees

the wide prospect and the splendid issues of their great strokes, however faintly outlined; that they have premonition of the profound consequences of their deeds to coming generations. But even if they had no such prevision, their own souls must have resounded with the happy cry of conscience at the sight of supreme duty done; so that, as in the case of Wolfe, with task fulfilled, the fainting lips could say, "Now, God be praised; I die in peace."

Something of human personality clings to the places where men have lived; something of them remains in the dwellings where they once have moved and breathed—a tender, persistent influence and sensation; and in the house where Wolfe lived, something of him clings and stays. The City of Bath has materialized the gracious, palpable memory of one of the finest and most powerful personalities of our long history, one of the greatest of our heroes, by this tablet set high for all to see.

"Sacred the ring, the faded glove
Once worn by one we used to love,
Dead warriors in their armor live,
And in their relics saints survive."



Pediment Over the Doorway of General Wolfe's Old Home in Bath.

"Who's Shonts?" Asked the President

By Dorothy Richardson in the New York Sunday Herald

WHEN President Roosevelt first began to consider the project of the Panama Canal he asked his good friend Paul Morton where he could find a strong man to handle the job.

"Well," replied Mr. Morton, "if it was my canal I'd get Shonts to run it."

"Shonts? Shonts? Who's Shonts? I never heard of him before," asked the President.

"Probably not," replied Paul Morton. "Shonts is a man who does not make much fuss. He's just a Western railroad man who does things."

"A man who does things." Instantly the President of the United States took notice. That "does things" phrase hit him between the eyes; it was an open sesame to the very adytum of his strenuous loving soul. He demanded immediate enlightenment anent the obscure Shonts, and Paul Morton then and there, over their demi-tasse—they had been dining tete-a-tete—told Theodore Roosevelt just what manner of man he was recommending to him. He told him, for instance, how Shonts at twenty-three years old had accomplished a feat in railroad construction for the Iowa Central. He told of the genius he had shown when in charge of the construction work for the Indiana, Illinois & Iowa Railroad, and of marvelous things he had done when, later, he became general manager and vice-president of that company, with direct supervision not only of construction, but of operation.

And last, but perhaps most interesting of all else to the President, Paul Morton related some of the anecdotes and traditions current in the West illustrative of "Thede" Shonts' bull-dog tenacity and his gift of initiative.

"Why, Shonts isn't afraid to tackle anything," he cried, by way of a clinching argument. "In an emergency I'm sure he wouldn't hesitate to attempt to tune a piano or shoe a horse, and he'd be certain to make a pretty fair job of either. Why, he actually undertook to learn to play the fiddle in

order to win the girl he loved. He had no more natural ear for music than—I don't know what; but he learned to play the fiddle all right, and to learn it was a thousand times harder for him than would be the digging of a canal from here to kingdom come. But, as I say, he did it, and, what's more, he married the girl."

That settled it. Theodore Roosevelt wanted to see Theodore Shonts, with the result that the latter was eventually appointed chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission. Shonts the obscure, Shonts the unknown save to a more or less limited public in the Middle West, Shonts the man who was to make the Panama Canal possible, had arrived. As chairman of the commission Shonts "made good" his right to the phrase which had commended him to the President. Down in the canal zone he "did things" with such a vengeance that even the President was satisfied—did things so thoroughly and withal so expeditiously that at the end of two years he had whipped them into such excellent shape as to enable him to delegate the remainder of the task to others in order to assume the even more gigantic task of solving the traction problem for the people of New York City.

And yet Theodore Perry Shonts, who is to-day the physical arbiter, just as August Belmont is the financial arbiter, of New York's great traction empire of nearly a thousand miles of track—surface, elevated and subway—over which more than a billion people ride every year—this man, Theodore Shonts, president of the Interborough-Metropolitan system, seems to wear his great responsibilities lightly enough, so lightly, in fact, that it is difficult to recognize the great constructive and executive genius in the velvet-voiced, laughing, leisurely man of fifty-two who from the depths of his big mahogany chair in his private office in the Trinity Building himself spun out the golden thread of romance that arabesques a life full of sombre duty.

"When anybody asks me for advice on

"WHO'S SHONTS?" ASKED THE PRESIDENT

success in life—and success in life unfortunately means nowadays success in money getting—I usually say, work like the devil and spend nothing," laughed Mr. Shonts.

"A man out in Centreville, Iowa, the town I was brought up in, once received that advice in return for a dollar which he sent to a concern in Chicago which guaranteed to tell him how to get rich. And I may state that it's about as good as the average dish of advice that is served our young people on the subject of success. Personally, I don't believe in advice. I don't believe in giving it, and even more, I don't believe in acting on it when it is given me. We are put in this world to make experiments, to forge out new paths for ourselves, not to follow any hackneyed words of advice which may perhaps keep us out of the poorhouse, but which, if followed by everybody, would soon paralyze all activity, stunt all human progress."

Mr. Shonts talks easily, but always to the point, and as he talks he looks at you penetratingly from behind rimless glasses. The eyes behind the glasses are sharp and gray, and the clean cut face those eyes are set in might be taken for Theodore Roosevelt's by a stranger.

As a boy, Mr. Shonts had been intended for a surgeon, but acting on the principle of choosing for himself, he studied law and eventually became junior member of the legal firm of Baker, Drake & Shonts.

The junior partner early displayed an interest in railroads and a pronounced predilection for railroad legislation. This was due, no doubt, to the fact that he had studied some civil engineering while at Monmouth College. He had not been long in the firm before he was put in direct charge of all the less important cases relating to railroads, accidents and condemnation suits.

"About this time," said Mr. Shonts, "about this time my first golden opportunity loomed up in the horizon. It was the initial opportunity of my life, and to the fact that I met the opportunity I attribute practically all my subsequent success. The Iowa Construction Company, of which Russell Sage was president and General Drake vice-president, had procured the contract for building two fifty-mile stretches of road northwest from Marshalltown and from Hampton to connect with what is now the Iowa Central Railroad. General Drake who had been impressed by my inclination

toward everything connected with railroads, suggested to me that I abandon the practice of law and take charge of the construction of these two lines with the idea of becoming a practical railroad man. General Baker, the senior member of the firm, protested against this and said to General Drake, 'You are going to spoil a first-class lawyer in order to make a second-class railroad man.' General Drake insisted, however, that I was a natural born railroad man and that it would be a mistake to allow me



Theodore Shonts

Chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission.

to become buried in the law. So I accepted his proposition after he, General Drake, had promised to stay with me until the work was well under way.

"On July 5, 1881, General Drake and I went to Marshalltown and Hampton and looked the ground over. The next day General Drake, abandoning his promise, in order to throw me on my own resources, left for New York and did not return until the work was completed."

Mr. Shonts was now ready for a new world to conquer, and, casting about him

for a task still more difficult than the one he had just successfully disposed of, what more appropriate selection than that offered him as the president of the Interborough-Metropolitan Company?

"I accepted my present position on the same condition that I accepted the chairmanship of the Canal Commission," declared Mr. Shonts. "In short, I wanted a free hand. I have always insisted upon having a free hand in any enterprise with which I have been connected. It is my one all essential to success."

Fully recognizing that it was the greatest job he had ever tackled, Mr. Shonts was

naturally attracted by the difficulties incident to a satisfactory solution of New York's transit problem. He saw that it presented an opportunity for another piece of creative work, and he was ambitious to solve it. The receivership for the surface lines of Manhattan, which was hastened by the investigation of the Public Service Commission, took them out of his hands and interfered with plans which he was working out, but he is still hopeful that matters will eventually so shape themselves that he can again bring order out of chaos, and evolve a situation of general satisfaction.

What Population Can the United States Sustain?

By Albert Perry Brigham in *British Geographical Journal*

IN the long run, the number of people which a land can support depends, not only on the kind and amount of soil, but upon all other resources, and upon the economic condition of all the countries with which relations are maintained. The sources of error in such computations are numerous and grave.

It has been estimated that the Mississippi Valley could support 250,000,000 as well as it now supports 41,000,000 people. Smaller farms, more effectively utilized, would be needed. Prof. A. B. Hart, writing of the future of the Mississippi Valley, compares this region with the valleys of the Hoangho and Yang-tse-kiang, and concludes that the American valley could comfortably maintain 350,000,000 people. There seems room, however, to compare carefully the standards of "comfort" obtaining on the plains of China in the past, and those standards which will prevail in the fertile heart of the United States in future ages. It cannot be a matter of interest for the geographer or the historian to know how many human beings can maintain a bare existence within a given territory. Further comparisons, however, seem to justify Prof. Hart's estimate, and certainly bear out Mr. Justin Winsor's figure of 200,000,-

000. The Hart estimate gives a density of 282. Remembering that Belgium has 616, we are requiring but 46 per cent. of the resources needed for the present scale of living in Belgium, a country in which the standard of comfort would seem to be reasonably high. We make due allowance also for the waste arid lands of the Mississippi Valley. In forest and mineral riches our valley seems equal to Belgium, and the future will bring its transportation facilities to comparable completeness. We may accept freely the view that the forests of Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia are capable of supporting a population as the Black Forest or the Jura.

The Island of Java has recently been taken as an example of large capacity for population. With an area slightly above 50,000 square miles, the island had in 1896 a population above 26,000,000, and a density of 518. The island raises its own food, and the writer thinks that 106,000,000 people could here live with ease, and with suitable variety of food. This means a density of 2,000. The author works towards the general conclusion that the equatorial belt of 30 degrees in width could safely support 10,000,000,000 people, or seven times the present number of our race. We

here again raise the query, whether, if rice enough for subsistence could be grown, other things having exchange value could be produced to provide for the comforts and general advantages of civilized life. And before adopting Java as a criterion for the Mississippi Valley, we must observe that rice grows in but a small part of the valley, and that the future people of that region can hardly be expected to make rice their staple food. It would remain, therefore, for the careful student to compare the quantity and nutritive value of the various cereals with those of rice. We should further take into account the annual successions of crops possible to a luxuriant tropical region.

As a limited area, and, therefore, capable of more exact comparison, we may take the great prairie State of Illinois. It has a land area of 56,000 square miles. Its population in 1900 was nearly 5,000,000, and its density was 86. Again we compare with Belgium, which has an area less than one-fifth as great, a population greater by nearly 2,000,000, and a density sevenfold greater. The density of Belgium would give Illinois 35,000,000 people. The density of Java would give the prairie State 29,000,000, the area not being greatly different. England is not quite as large as Illinois, and has over 30,000,000 people. The density of England would give Illinois nearly 34,000,000.

There is almost no waste land in the State, and the soil is of high quality. It is probable that in food capacity in proportion to its area Illinois surpasses any of the above examples from the older continents. In other resources she excels in coal, nearly two-thirds of her surface being underlaid by beds of this fuel. She can raise timber if she can spare the land, but is deficient in most metallic minerals. She

is prospectively as favored as any land in commercial and transportation facilities, focussing the trade of the transcontinental railways and of the Great Lakes, and to be open soon to the full possibilities of Mississippi and Isthmian navigation. We may thus conclude that this single State can and will enormously increase its population. But it is not safe to prophesy in figures.

If we exclude the arid and mountainous regions of the West, what remains would appear to have as great an average capacity for population as England. If we take the point of view of soil and topography, it would seem that the poor areas of our Appalachian uplands were amply offset by the meadows and thin pastures of the Pennine range, of the English lakes, and of Devon and Cornwall. England has reclaimed her fens, and we have the probable estimate that as much good land can be reclaimed by drainage east of the Mississippi River as by irrigation to the west of it. As regards abundance of general resources for export, the United States are more favored than England in coal, iron, petroleum, and copper, while her climatic range puts into her hands maize, tobacco, rice, sugar-cane, cotton and all sub-tropical fruits.

Let us see our results, on the basis of equality with England, in the population capacity of the eastern United States. We omit the western division, Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota and North Dakota. It is perhaps surprising that but little more than two-fifths of our territory remains, although including a full tier of States west of the Mississippi River. With a density equal to that of England, this eastern part would contain 742,000,000 people. It remains for our posterity to see how far these theoretical possibilities become real.

Are the Wives of Handsome Men of Genius Happy?

By Wilfred Mason in Royal Magazine

“GOOD looks are necessary to a woman, but they are impertinence in a man.”

This was the dictum of a feminine philosopher long ago.

Women love to generalize, and they do, in a general way, resent remarkable beauty in men, though, of course, in the case of



Lord Byron, the Poet, Drove his Wife from Him at the End of a Single Year by his Fitful Temper and Financial Embarrassments.

to intellect and physical force, will not the combination make the man in whom it is discerned arrogant, unreasonable and overbearing? In this last consideration there is no doubt a good deal of truth. Good looks alone, without mind or manners, or personal magnetism, will not go very far in winning favor for a man. The merely handsome man, who is only handsome, and nothing else, has at the beginning a certain advantage over other men; but his face and form will soon become tiresome if they do not correspond to something equally attractive in his personality.

But the case is very different when the man, in addition to good looks, has also genius. He has then a sort of completeness of which sooner or later he becomes extremely conscious.

Royal marriages, as a rule, are not to be taken as illustrative of the general truth that handsome men are not good husbands, except, perhaps, in the case of Henry VIII., who married, not from policy, but always from love, or what he thought was love, and whose wife-murders and divorces form a unique chapter in the annals of royal matrimony.

Napoleon offers a somewhat curious example of a man who at one time of his life was far from handsome, but who at another period was a perfect type of masculine beauty. It is worth noting that before he became handsome he was a most devoted husband, and that later, when he might have sat as a sculptor's model, he became notorious for his matrimonial infidelities. Soon after his marriage with Josephine, at the time when he took command of the French army in Italy, he was almost a scarecrow of a man.

Veteran officers who were ordered to report to him experienced a shock of surprise at first beholding this shrivelled, cadaverous youth. It was not until they met the rapier-like glance of his wonderful eyes, which seemed to read their very souls, that they recognized the genius that burnt within his puny frame.

any particular man they are captivated by it.

If a man is handsome a woman feels that he is possibly too attractive; that if she cares for him she cannot bind him especially to herself. He will appeal merely through his looks to other women no less than to herself. She will never feel quite sure of him, and woman likes to feel quite sure.

Finally, when good looks are super-added

This was the period when he poured out his very heart in those impassioned love letters written to Josephine by the light of the camp fires, and despatched by special couriers to Paris, so that she might hear of his intense devotion to her, and of the brilliant victories which she had inspired him to win.

But later, when he had crowned himself and her, and when his power was established, a strange change came over him.

His meagre frame filled out, and took on the proportions of the strong and vigorous man. His face recalled that of a Caesar, beautiful in its classical regularity—a cameo of a face, in which the sensuousness of the mouth was corrected by the thoughtfulness of the brow and by the great, lambent eyes.

But from that time he ceased to be a good husband, and his relations with Josephine were marked by unfaithfulness and cruelty.

Napoleon's great adversary, the Duke of Wellington, was no better as a husband, though his defects were of a different character. He, too, at the pinnacle of his fame, was a man of great personal attractiveness. He won the heart of a very beautiful woman, who adored him, and broke off another engagement of marriage that she might marry Wellington.

The great Duke, however, arrogant with success, and almost worshipped by his countrymen and countrywomen, treated his wife with a sort of superior disdain, snubbing her in public and at times showing her a harshness which nothing could excuse.

Wellington was, indeed, almost devoid of natural family affections, implacable, unforgiving, cruel even to his own son. His nature was too self-centred for him to care for any other than himself. He delighted most in consorting with persons of exceedingly high rank, and in this respect he was something of a snob.

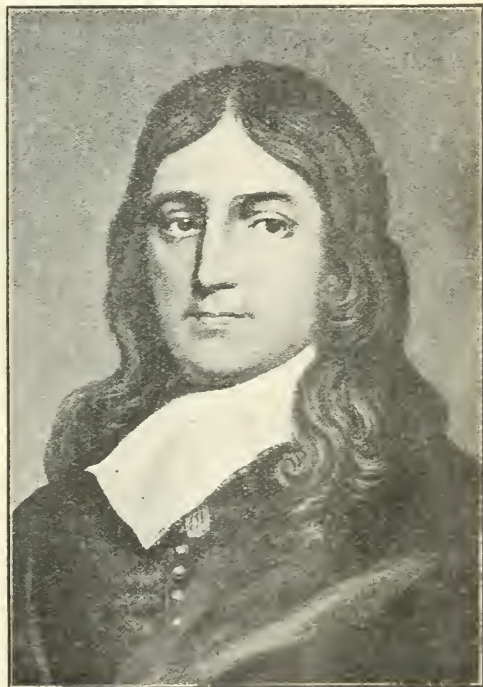
If we turn to English literary history there are to be found some striking instances in the lives of Addison and Milton, Byron, Shelley, Dickens and Bulwer Lytton. All of these, in their youth, were unusually handsome men, yet all of them caused unhappiness at home—Addison by his love of drink, Milton by his Puritanic severity, Byron and Shelley by their lawless and undomestic propensities, Dickens by his unfitness for a well-ordered life, and Bulwer Lytton because of a certain arrogant ferocity.

The case of Milton is a strange one. As

a young man he was very beautiful, so that at the university he was called "the Lady." His light brown hair hung down upon his shoulders, and his eyes, though not luminous, were tender and appealing. It is said that he has drawn himself in the picture which he gives of Adam in "Paradise Lost."

Moreover, he was vigorous and active, a skilful fencer, and one who at that time enjoyed all that is beautiful, as we can see in reading his two exquisite poems, "L'Allegro" and "Comus."

But when he married a charming young



The Poet Milton Married a Charming Young Woman, but he Took her to Such a Dismal, Austere Home-Life That at one Time she Left him. She Ultimately Returned, to Drag out a Tedious Existence.

girl he took her to a home that was no home at all, so dismal was it, so austere its life, and so destitute of anything to attract a merry, pleasure-loving, sane-minded woman.

Milton, indeed, had no respect for women. As one of his biographers expresses it, he had "something like a Turkish contempt of females, as subordinate and inferior beings. That his own daughters might not break the ranks, he suffered them to be depressed by a mean and penurious

education. He thought women made only for obedience, and man only for rebellion."

At one time his wife actually left him, returning to her family, whereupon Milton declared that the Scriptures gave him power to divorce her and to take another wife in her place. Ultimately she returned to him, and dragged out a tedious existence, united with one whose beauty of person made him isolated from all tenderness.

The unhappiness which Byron caused is almost too well known to be detailed again. High-spirited, ardent, and flattered alike for his poetic gifts and for his personal beauty, he married Miss Milbanke, and drove her from him at the end of a single year, since she could not endure his fitful temper, the financial embarrassments which beset him, and the looseness of his living.

Byron's friend and fellow poet, Shelley, was equally unfitted for domestic life. He married a girl of sixteen years—Miss Harriet Westbrook—with whom for several years he lived, wandering in vagabond fashion through Ireland and England until he came of age. He treated his wife with coldness, and told her openly that he regarded marriage as a mere form which had no binding force; and so a little later he eloped with Mary Godwin, and his wife, ere long, committed suicide by drowning.

The failure of Dickens' marriage is difficult to explain. He was married while quite young, at which time his face and form were such as to attract attention anywhere. For years he seemed to live happily enough, but there developed in him a colossal egotism. He began to pose as a *mari incompris*—the most fatuous of all possible poses.

He had nothing against his wife, who was devoted to him, except that she could not understand him. He became intensely restless, wandering from place to place, and writing letters to his friends, in which he spoke of Mrs. Dickens as "poor Katy," and intimating that, for no reason at all, they could not get along together.

At last they separated, and Dickens made a public scandal of it by publishing a long and rambling statement of it in the press.

Bulwer Lytton was a dandy of genius, consorting with the Count d'Orsay and

Disraeli in the days when they astonished London by their airs and graces, and by the gorgeousness of their waistcoats.

Lytton's marriage with Miss Rosina Wheeler was not a happy one; and, undoubtedly, much of the blame rests upon her, for she was extravagant and unreasonable in many ways. Yet nothing could excuse the almost insane ferocity with which he treated her, if we may believe her story. The scenes that were enacted between them, even in the presence of the servants, were almost incredible. He would shriek at her and curse her, and on one occasion he even attacked her like a savage or a wild beast, actually sinking his teeth in her cheek.

Some of the great names in Continental literature recall stories of domestic infelicity no less illustrative of the defects of handsome husbands. The two greatest representatives of German literature, Goethe and Schiller, may be cited briefly. Goethe was as remarkable for his personal appearance as for his genius, and his loves were as numerous as his masterpieces.

Wherever he went he found, as he used to write, "new maidens" with whom he flirted, and then passed on to still others, all of whom he wove into his verse or prose, thus giving them a sure but not very creditable immortality.

In 1806 he married a young woman, Christiane Vulpius, with whom he lived until her death ten years later. His other attachments, however, went on unchecked, especially the famous one with Bettine von Arnim-Brentano. At that time morals in Germany were in a somewhat unsettled state; and of this particular connection one of Goethe's biographers naively says: "Bettine could not endure Christiane."

Schiller, who married Charlotte von Lengenfeld, had for her undoubtedly a romantic attachment. The unhappiness which he brought her came, not from lack of loyalty, but from his strange indifference to financial obligations, which made life almost unendurable, so that he had to accept gifts from women in order to relieve their pressure on him.

Odd Economies Make Big Businesses Pay

Pearson's Weekly

A SOAP manufacturing company, whose works are near London, found that at the end of each year there were tons of strips of waste tin from the manufacture of packing boxes.

How best to utilize them—that was the question which the manager set himself to solve. The strips were large enough for making small boxes, but too small for any kind of soap-box.

A bright idea occurred to him. Boot polish. The very thing! It could be made in the same works as the soap, and packed in the little boxes.

That boot polish put up in neat little outfits, with brush and polishing cloth complete, is to-day one of the two or three best-known articles of its kind in the kingdom. Its sales long ago far surpassed those of its parent soap.

In these days of keen competition no business, whether manufacturing or selling, can afford to waste anything, and it is a fact that in thoroughness of economy some of the great British firms go one better than even the skin-flint Yankee. Various British companies own great cattle ranches in Uruguay. The largest of these has a great factory on the banks of the River Uruguay, where the meat is packed, and tongues and other toothsome delicacies are canned. To cleanse the slaughter houses, a perfect torrent of water is pumped from the river, and, after douching the floors, runs back into the stream. The refuse scraps, which it carries back, attract enormous shoals of fish. The river is simply alive with them. Men with nets constantly sweep the river, and the fish which are not eaten fresh are made to produce oil. This oil is turned into gas, which lights the company's immense factories.

The Chicago meat packing houses boast that they have reduced economy to an exact science. The principal packing business has its own button factory, where the bone and horn of the slaughtered beeves is turned into half a million buttons a day.

Even the dust from the button turning is not wasted. Mixed with a special cement made of scoria and quicklime and other secret ingredients, the dust forms a material resembling ivory, and from it billiard balls are turned.

Rennet, isinglass, sandpaper, felt, bristles, glue, mattress stuffings, are only a few of the many things that are made in different branches of a Chicago meat-packing factory.

There are businesses which would not pay at all but for economies, which a few years ago were unknown. The competition between iron works is so severe that pig iron is frequently sold at a loss.

But the clever manufacturer still succeeds in making a profit, and this is how he does it. Here are actual figures from the working of two furnaces for a week:

Coal consumed, 1,000 tons; pig iron produced, 700 tons; pitch recovered, fifty tons, value, £60; oil recovered, 10,000 gallons, value, £60; sulphate of ammonia recovered, ten tons, value £110.

By these economies a side profit of £230 a week is secured, while the iron just about pays for the coal consumed, and the labor.

Many a wine grower would be unable to make ends meet if it were not for the fact that wine standing in vats leaves a heavy deposit known as "argol." Every atom of the argol is scraped up and saved and dissolved in boiling water. It is then crystallized out in vessels lined with lead, and becomes the cream of tartar used in baking powder and sherbet.

There are other methods of economizing, besides those of utilizing by-products. A firm of Australian fruit growers have lately taken to packing their fruit for export in asbestos, a mineral which they can easily obtain near at hand. They thus kill two birds with one stone. The fruit arrives in excellent condition, and the asbestos sells at a profit which pays the carriage both on itself and the fruit.

Some Noted Exponents of Early Rising

From The Young Man, London

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

SO says the old adage; but in spite of this there is, as a matter of fact, no necessary connection between early rising and a brilliant career.

Nevertheless, it is an interesting fact that many of our most eminent men and women

bath, and was immersed in his books in his library by six o'clock. To this habit of early rising the "tanner President" attributed much of his success in life.

M. Jules Verne was another practical believer in the virtues of rising early. His practise was to rise at dawn in summer and at six o'clock in winter. After a light breakfast he wrote industriously until eleven o'clock, when his day's work was complete, and he could devote himself to recreation. "If I had not been an early riser," he used to say, "I should never have written more books than I have lived years."

Alexander von Humboldt, the great German philosopher and traveler, rarely spent more than four hours in bed, and on the testimony of Sir James Sawyer, was frequently content with two hours; and Littré, who lived to be eighty, thought that to spend more than five hours a day in bed was shameful self-indulgence. Although his invariable hour of rising was eight o'clock, he scarcely ever left his desk until three in the morning, or until sunrise warned him that a new day had dawned.

M. Thiers, the great French statesman of a generation ago, prided himself on never being found in bed after five o'clock in the morning; and more often than not he was drinking his early cup of coffee and eating his roll shortly after four, preparatory to beginning eight hours of unbroken work, which ended with the *dejeuner* proper at noon.

Mr. S. R. Crockett sets an example to his literary brothers, which few of them show any anxiety to emulate, by tumbling out of bed, winter and summer alike, at five o'clock. Long before six he is hard at work, and by breakfast-time he has added three or four thousand words to one of his charming novels, leaving, if he wishes it, the rest of the day "for playing in."

Lord Wolseley, like Von Moltke and Bismarck, is a believer in early hours, and is often at work in his study at six o'clock in the morning; but perhaps no eminent



Emperor William

Who has been suggested as a British Cabinet Minister, is hard at work at 5 a.m.

spend less time in their beds and leave them much earlier than most of us.

Through the whole of his working life the late President Faure, of France, was rarely, if ever, in bed after five o'clock in the morning. At the time when he was President he invariably rose at five o'clock even in the depth of winter, had a cold

SOME NOTED EXPONENTS OF EARLY RISING

man of our times spends more hours out of bed than Mr. Edison, the "Wizard of America." It is no unusual thing for Edison to work thirty-six hours continuously at a single problem, and on many occasions he has spent a whole week "in his clothes," snatching a few minutes' sleep when ex-

The German Emperor has never been a sluggard, and is usually hard at work in his study at five o'clock, and on horseback at six, while the Empress shares her husband's love of the morning hours, and may be seen cantering on her favorite mare two hours before the world breaks its fast. In-



Lord Wolseley

The Famous Soldier is at Work in his Study at Six o'Clock Every Morning.

hausted nature proved too strong for him. There are few earlier risers than the kings and queens of Europe, who might pardonably indulge in later hours than their subjects. In his younger days the Austrian Emperor used to rise at half-past four in summer and five o'clock in winter.

deed, the Emperor leads the Spartan life of a soldier on campaign, so far as sleeping and its equipment are concerned. His bed is of the regulation camp pattern, and the clothing is precisely such as is supplied to his own officers. Eleven o'clock is his invariable hour for retiring.

Stealing the Letters of Corporations

By A. L. Benson in *Herald Magazine*

A YOUNG man, we will say, is employed in a clerical capacity in the offices of a corporation that is much in the public eye because of its exceeding interest in affairs governmental. His salary is \$12 a week. He isn't married yet, but he has picked out the girl he intends to marry. As soon as his salary is raised he will become the head of a household. Meanwhile he is attending the Saturday afternoon baseball games, and, more than occasionally, taking a part in the evening debates around cigar stores. Of actual knowledge or of mental training he has little. But he has a shrewd sixth sense that often tells him of Opportunity's presence before anybody else in his vicinity has heard a footfall—much less a knock.

Some evening the conversation around the cigar store turns upon the furious onslaught that has been made by a politician upon the corporation by which he is employed. He hasn't read the attack, but he quickly learns upon what the heated conversation in the cigar store is based. A high official of his firm is accused of bludgeoning a railroad to obtain rebates in violation of the law, or of giving its moral support to one candidate for office and its immoral support to another. He doesn't say much, but the thought comes to him like a snowslide from a roof:

"By George! that's all true. The old man has written four letters within two weeks on this very subject, and I have seen them all."

However, such reflections do not "get him anything," to use his own expression, and he soon dismisses the subject from his mind. Nor does he think of it again until the next evening. The occasion for his thinking of it then is another article in a newspaper. This attracts his immediate attention, because it was written and signed by the head of the firm for which he works.

And the substance of it is that "there is not one particle of truth" in the charge made against him.

This time the face of the \$12 clerk breaks into a broad grin.

"The old man's got his nerve," he thinks to himself, as he recalls the four letters. And again he dismisses the subject from his mind.

But by this time he has become enough interested in the matter to follow it up in the newspapers. And he notes the next day that the politician who originally made the charge comes back rather weakly, as one must do who has said something that he may believe to be true but cannot prove.

"What a monkey they would make of the old man," he thinks to himself, "if they had the letters I've seen!"

There goes the lighted match into the dry leaves!

The clerk realizes that the missives have suddenly achieved a commercial value; he knows that he can lay his hand upon them any minute, and he straightway writes to the politician who made the charge against his employer the following anonymous letter:

Dear Sir,—I have read what you have said about the Blankety-Blank Blank Company. Now, I know this is all true, and I can prove it is true, no matter what Mr. ——— says about it. What would you give for letters written by him that would prove everything you say? If you mean business meet me to-morrow night at (designating the place). I will have a toothpick stuck under the front of my hatband. Come up to me and say, "Good evening." I will say, "Kalamazoo." You'll know by that that I am the man. Trusting that you will be interested in this opportunity to prove what you have said, I am

Yours very truly,

LETTERS.

The politician is indeed interested. He is not exactly consumed with a burning desire to meet, even by proxy, the anonymous letter writer. So he calls into his office a man who knows how to keep still when he

STEALING THE LETTERS OF CORPORATIONS

ought not to talk, who has a mind like a gimlet, and who is, above all else, a good judge of men. The anonymous letter is laid before him, and the possibility of its truth is briefly discussed. The man is also given \$400 for "expenses," all in one dollar bills. He has a reason for this. This is not the first time that he has gone to call on anonymous letter writers who had stolen correspondence to sell. He knows that such persons are particular about what kind of money they take. Checks they will not touch, nor large notes, nor much silver. They want something light and small; something that can be carried without discomfort and passed without attracting attention.

At the designated spot the messenger sees a man with a toothpick stuck in the front of his hatband. A greeting is given, the password is spoken and they are ready to talk business. Perhaps it would be more nearly accurate to say that they are ready to shout business, since the place selected for their meeting is under an elevated railway upon which there is a ceaseless rush of trains. Nor was the choice of this spot by the letter writer a blunder. Where every one is compelled to shout none but the desired can hear.

The letter writer begins cautiously, if not ambiguously. He first takes pains to find out in detail about the emissary, how long he has been with the politician by whom he is now employed, and if he has any documents on his person to prove that he is what he claims to be. He exhibits letters and papers.

It is now time for the letter writer to unbosom a little. The emissary flies at him. Where are the letters? To whom were they written? What statements do they contain? And a lot more.

But the wise disposer of corporation correspondence does not give up so easily. He wants to see a little money before he says a word.

"I've got to trust you and you've got to trust me," he says. "You may as well begin now. I want \$100 before I tell you a thing."

The messenger expected this, and hands out one of the four packages into which he divided the \$400.

"Now, to whom were those letters writ-

ten and what do they say?" he shrieks above the thunder of the train overhead.

"They are to — and — and —," the anonymous gentleman yells, mentioning the names of four well-known national characters who are referred to in Washington as statesmen.

What a draught of salt water would be to a traveler in the desert this information is to the go-between. His thirst for facts has become a fire. "What is said in the letters?" "Did he say that?" "I want the originals—not photographs. I'll photograph them myself and return them to you if you have to have them back." "You haven't got them with you now? You'll meet me here to-morrow night and bring them?"

The go-between is plainly disappointed. He wants the letters now, now, NOW. This little three letter word holds him like a magnet. He spells it backward and realizes that the first word means the second. But the letters are not here. Worse than that, something that has just been said to him makes him wonder if an old-timer like him has been buncoed by a mere clerk. For what has he just heard? "I'm not the man who wrote to your boss. I'm the friend of that man. He did not want to let himself be known in this matter until he was sure you meant business. So he sent me to represent him. He'll know as soon as I see him that you are all right. He'll meet you at this spot to-morrow night at the same hour you met me. He'll have a toothpick in his hatband and you must have two in yours. And he'll bring the letters with him."

The man with one toothpick met the man with two and delivered the goods next evening. He took the usual precautions to get his money first—\$300 in the smallest bills—but he turned over the original letters—or rather the carbon copies of them—and they were all that they had been represented to be. They not only corroborated everything that had been said about the corporation, but they contained names and references that to the mind of the go-between suggested almost infinite ramifications of the matter in hand. Where a few had been suspected a dozen were now found guilty. His brain drank in like a sponge every word, every suggestion, every fine shade of meaning. What an index of

crime! What a catalogue of corporation corruption! But he must have the books of which he held the indices. These "books" were all the letters that had been written to or received from the men whose names were mentioned in the letters that he held.

Like a hawk on a chicken this political harpy swooped down on the clerk.

"We must have these letters—every one of them. Get the originals, or the carbon copies, as the case may be, if you think you can do it without being caught. If you can get them to me, even for an hour, I can photograph them and return them to you. If you can't get them out for an hour copy them in shorthand. Any way you can—but get them—get them. Mind you, every letter, every telegram. And meet me day after to-morrow about this time. There's one hundred dollars in it for you."

The strong wind is now taking the feeble blaze through the underbrush like a cyclone. In fact, the feeble blaze is no longer feeble. It is beginning to roar out its strength as it sweeps on its way. Here, suddenly, has come opportunity. Here's the home looming up bigger and bigger—the home that the girl will be in as soon as he can get it for her. Will he get the letters? He'll get them, even if he has to skirt the walls of the penitentiary to do it.

Two days elapse and they meet again. The clerk is as good as his word. He's got everything—letters, telegrams and carbon copies of letters. But he must have them back by midnight. That's all right. Everything has been arranged. In an hour a camera has memorized every letter, every crease in the paper, every blot on a page. And the next day, whenever opportunity offered, some of these bits of papers were returned to their proper places in the filing cabinets. By night everything was where it should be. Thank God, the penitentiary draws back into the shadow!

But the mountainside is not yet in ashes, and the strong wind is still blowing. That politician, goaded by his newspaper, is now more searching than the gales of March. Every letter of the second batch has dragged in new names and new sugges-

tions. Where there was before a demand for fifty letters there is now a call for five hundred more. He must have every letter to or from a score of different men. If possible, he must have the head official's private letter book, in which are ink copies of his most secret correspondence. More than that, he must have the key to the telegraphic code used by the head official. His telegrams are a mass of jargon, of which the A B C code book makes nothing. Look at this telegram, for instance, addressed to a prominent Senator:

"Behavior mundane kennel moodily tabulated."

This is not the actual telegram, but it illustrates the point that vexed the politician. The A B C code book says this telegram should be translated as follows:

"Beware has been murdered if you will keep silent money is rather more abundant I will not take it."

Meaningless! The key, the key, the key! Get it at any cost. Have it here to-morrow night if you don't have anything else.

"What makes you so late?" says the political emissary the next evening. "Have you got the key to the private code? You have? Good! What is it? 'Send the second word above the code word that you really want to use.' Now for it. Here's the book. Write out what I tell you as I look up the meaning of the words:

"Bill—must—be—killed. Money—no—object. If—you—can—take—more—telegraph."

"We've got it! We've got it! We've got it! Now go back and go through the third vice-president's private file. Get every letter or telegraph he has written to or received from (about thirty prominent men, whom he names) within the last five years. There's a hundred more in this for you if you get them."

But why go on? That's the way it's done. That poor, starving clerk who started out to sell four letters has stolen and sold a thousand. For flirting with the penitentiary he has received perhaps \$500. He could have had \$5,000 as easily as anything else if he had known enough to ask for it.



Hamar Greenwood, M.P., as Barrister, Parliamentarian and Soldier.

Hamar Greenwood: His Remarkable Career

By G. B. VanBlaricom

FROM stranded actor to member of the Imperial House of Commons, from an amateur 'longshoreman to Parliamentary Secretary of a British Cabinet Minister, from a cattle drover to a Barrister-at-Law of Gray's Inn—all within the period of thirteen years—reads more like the stirring romance of a twentieth century novelist than a stern recital of fact.

In tabloid form, this is the career of Hamar Greenwood, senior M.P. for the City of York, England, since 1906, erstwhile resident of the peaceful Town of Whitby, Ontario. His life has been filled with more outstanding features than that which characterizes the lot of the average young man who has to fight his way to the front inch by inch. At school young Greenwood developed many things, among them a liking for English history and a decided aversion for mathematics. In the athletic arena he was a leader, and, as a long-distance walker and expert cricketer, won more than local repute. His pedestrian propensities resulted in his holding the one mile championship and capturing first place in a six-day contest. Of a naturally optimistic and cheerful temperament he develop-

ed public spirit along with physical agility and self-reliance. When a student at Whitby Collegiate Institute he was president of the Literary Society, captain of the Cadet Corps, and the leader in other organizations. The genius to get on was in the lad; it found expression on all sides. Well liked by his associates for his manly qualities, his sense of honesty and fair play, he was fond of adventure, of coming close in contact with human nature, of investigating things for himself, and then drawing his own conclusions. He believed in the results of actual experience.

Securing a third-class certificate and passing the matriculation examination, he entered the Whitby Model School, which he attended for one month. Learning one day that the trustees in the village of Manchester were looking for a teacher, he secured the position at a salary of \$350 a year, and, obtaining a permit, began to impart knowledge to the young. The reason he gave for not continuing lectures at the Model School was the plausible one of ill-health. However, at the end of the term he presented himself for examination, passed, and all was forgiven. He taught school

in Manchester, eighteen miles north of Whitby, for three or four years, and then determined to take a university course. He polished off the examinations of the first term without being present at a lecture, carrying on his studies while teaching. In 1895 he graduated in Arts, with honors in Political Science. His father, the late John Hamar Greenwood, was a lawyer, the oldest practitioner at the Bar in the County of Ontario, and a Welshman; his mother, of Scotch extraction, bearing the family name of Churchill. "Spencerhouse" was their homestead. A rather remarkable coincidence is that Hamar Greenwood to-day—in his thirty-ninth year—is Parliamentary Secretary to the Rt. Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, President of the Board of Trade—a rare combination of names, although the two men are in no way related.

If there is one ancient and honorable pastime that English gentlemen prize it is cricket. As a boy the batting and bowling of Hamar Greenwood was phenomenal. Charles Logan, Sam Ray, James Lang, and other famous Canadian exponents of the game were his instructors, and he was a proficient pupil. At sixteen years of age he was one of the Canadian eleven that did battle with visitors from across the border in an international match.

With the money earned by teaching, Hamar Greenwood made his own way through college. At the close of the third year he was one of a theatrical troupe composed of ambitious amateurs and semi-professionals, who started out with high hopes but light pockets, to furnish entertainment for several towns and villages during the fall fairs season. F. E. Karn, now a Toronto druggist, was business manager, and Greenwood took the leading role. He was the heavy villain, although his weight never exceeded 160 pounds. The venture of the amateur aggregation was not remunerative, and at Goderich the business manager deserted. The organization was promptly re-organized, and Mr. Greenwood made manager. For a few nights the company played to bumper houses, and for the first time the salaries of the cast were paid in full. Fortune is fickle, and often plays pranks upon her pursuers. At Kincardine disaster overtook the Thespians and left them all stranded. Greenwood had only a few cents to call his own, and wired

home for money. Now Mr. Greenwood, sr., was a strict churchman, and had little or no sympathy for the stage or its votaries. His son's escapade was up to this time unknown to him. Back came the laconic reply: "Hamar Greenwood, Kincardine: The walking is good. Better walk." The love of a mother had been aroused, and she sent her impecunious son enough cash to enable him to get back to Toronto. Thus ended the career of Hamar Greenwood on the stage of dramatic art—just a few years prior to his entering the political stage of which he is now such an aggressive and distinguished member.

His university, as well as his political career, have been full of interest and incident. He was one of the ringleaders in the famous "students' strike" as it is called. In the memorable year of 1895 he stood shoulder to shoulder with the late James A. Tucker, W. L. Mackenzie King, and others. At the student mass meetings he was a power in debate. He had courage, conviction and ideas to which he was not afraid to give utterance. For the principles in which he believed he vigorously contended. Summoned one day to the office of the then President, he there found Mr. Loudon and another member of the professorial staff. Mr. Greenwood made a remark and the professor interjected that it was not true. His tone and attitude intimated that the young man was lying. In a second young Greenwood had peeled off his coat and stood facing his accuser in a menacing manner. "What I said is true and you know it," he exclaimed. "Now, take back your words or I will throw you out of the window." President Loudon was dumbfounded, but finally managed to pour oil upon the troubled waters. The result was the offending professor promptly apologized and took back the statement.

In the pursuit of knowledge and the study of political economy, Hamar Greenwood was resolved to learn conditions first hand—to get an accurate acquaintance with things as they were, and betook himself to Buffalo during his student days, where he found employment as a 'longshoreman. He hustled freight on the docks and shipped in a lumber barge on the Great Lakes as far as Duluth. Having learned of this and the somewhat radical reforms which "the strikers" desired in connection with the

conduct and administration of university affairs, Hon. S. H. Blake put a pointed question to him during the memorable investigation.

"Are you an Anarchist?" thundered the renowned K.C.

"No, sir. I'm an Anglican," answered the witness. The totally unlooked-for sally created much merriment at the expense of the celebrated lawyer, who, for many years has been the most prominent layman in the councils of that great religious body.

After graduation in 1895, Hamar Greenwood, who was captain of a company in the 34th Battalion, spent a couple of weeks in camp, and while there determined he would add to his stock of experience by once more coming in direct contact with common, every-day conditions. A good deal of discussion was going on in the press relative to the British embargo on Canadian cattle. He was anxious to learn more of the question and secured a place on a cattle ship. Roughly attired, he crossed the Atlantic and landed in Liverpool with just five dollars in his pocket. To Radnor, in Wales, he made his way, intending to visit some of his father's relatives at Knighton. An election contest was then in full swing and within twenty-four hours after reaching Radnor he was in the throes of the campaign. His ability as a speaker, his genuine grasp of political problems, made his services invaluable in support of the Liberal candidate who was placed at the head of the poll. A few days later he journeyed to London, where he found work in the office of a broker. At Y.M.C.A. gatherings Mr. Greenwood, who had always been a staunch advocate of temperance, gave several addresses. The cogency and pointedness of his remarks soon attracted the attention of the late Robert Rae, who was president of the National Temperance League. Mr. Greenwood was appointed organizer. In that capacity he visited numerous towns and cities throughout Great Britain and Ireland, organizing temperance societies and delivering lectures on Canada. He spent two years or more on the lecture platform, and early cast in his lot with the Colonial Club. Later he joined the National Liberal Club, and, finally, became a member of the Eighty Club, the biggest Liberal organiza-

tion in Great Britain. Thus he came in close communion with the Liberal party and was engaged as one of the speakers in several bye-elections. For three or four years he rendered excellent service, being valiant, vigorous and progressive. In England it is not unusual for a Parliamentary representative to reside beyond the bounds of his constituency. Mr. Greenwood was offered the Liberal nomination in Grimsby, but declined as the riding was hopelessly Conservative. In 1906 his splendid work on the platform had won such recognition that the Liberal organizers in London requested him to go up to the City of York and speak in the interests of a retired Indian general, who was anxious to secure the nomination and a seat in the House. He complied. The convention after listening to his virile address, said, as with one accord: "It is the young fellow we want, not the old." The nomination was then offered Mr. Greenwood. So suddenly was the honor proffered he thought the party had been momentarily carried away with excitement and was inclined to look upon the whole affair in the light of a joke. He returned to London, but York Liberals would not let him rest. The next day they chartered a special train and one thousand of the stalwarts boarded it "bound for London town." They were deadly in earnest, and would not take no for an answer. The army officer seeing the trend of events, approached Mr. Greenwood: "Take it, man, take it, I can secure another constituency," he said. Mr. Greenwood finally yielded to persuasion and accepted the honor. The constituency had been Conservative, and had sent men like Lord Charles Beresford, Sir Christopher Furness and others to Parliament. In a strenuous contest, Mr. Greenwood was one of the two members elected, capturing York in the Liberal interest and heading the polls. This is how the plucky young Canadian became senior member for York in the Imperial House of Commons.

Meanwhile, during his political pilgrimages in the interests of the Liberal party, he had engaged in newspaper work and studied law, being admitted a Barrister of Gray's Inn. He has appeared frequently before the Privy Council and has been engaged on a number of leading cases, particularly those of the Commercial Cable

Co., the C.P.R., the Provinces of British Columbia, Quebec and Manitoba.

Mr. Greenwood was one of a party of English M.P.'s, under the direction of Sir Alfred Jones, who visited Jamaica a couple of years ago. He was there during the terrific earthquake, which destroyed a large portion of the City of Kingston. He had left his hotel for a few minutes, and was in the act of returning when the cataclysm occurred and the building was shattered. His journalistic instinct was at once aroused; instantly he knew the value of such news as an earthquake doing millions of dollars worth of damage and costing many lives. By resource and diplomacy he managed to land one of the biggest newspaper scoops of modern years, whereby the London Daily Mail beat the whole world in the tidings of the awful catastrophe. All telegraphic and cable communication had been sundered, the earthquake cutting off every line. A United States man-of-war way lying in the harbor and alongside it a swift cutter. Going down to the man-of-war Greenwood addressed the captain in official tones: "I am a representative," he declared, "of the Imperial Government and must get an important despatch through at once to the Under-Secretary of State (Mr. Churchill). Have this conveyed to the nearest cable station at once." The cutter set sail for Cuba, the nearest station, where the message was forwarded to home office. The Daily Mail thus got the first story of the earthquake—about three hundred words—many hours ahead of any of its American or European contemporaries, although correspondents representing all the leading journals were on the scene, madly endeavoring to get off a few words to their papers. Thus Hamar Greenwood scored a record scoop by foresight, tact and good headwork.

Fond of riding, shooting and fishing, the M.P. for York comes to Canada for a holiday every year. As a Parliamentary repre-

sentative he has made his influence felt. The Colonies have no sturdier representative or more gifted champion than he in the Imperial House. He believes on all questions affecting their welfare and interest that the greatest measure of liberty should be accorded them, being convinced that the men on the spot more adequately appreciate and comprehend the true condition of affairs than do the Imperial law-makers on Downing Street. In the recent discussion regarding Natal, Mr. Greenwood spoke strongly against the course of the Government upholding the right of free action on the part of that colony. Canada has not a more spirited or watchful friend in Great Britain than the senior M.P. for York. By nature optimistic, exuberant and broad-minded, he has always displayed decision and judgment in all his actions in the House, while his epigrammatic utterances on questions of statecraft leave no doubt as to the soundness of his views or the clarity of his vision.

An illustration of the deep interest Mr. Greenwood takes in all matters Canadian was furnished in the movement headed by him to erect a suitable stone as a tribute to Mr. Franklin McLeay, a native of Woodstock, Ontario, the foremost Canadian actor, who was associated with Wilson Barrett in many of his master productions. He was determined that the splendid genius of McLeay should not go unrecognized, and to-day a modest monument marks the grave of this brilliant Canadian.

Hamar Greenwood has never lost his zeal in matters military, and was for many years a lieutenant in the Canadian militia. To-day he is a major in the King's Colonials. He is a bachelor. A prominent English newspaper circulated the report some time ago that he was about to wed. In answer to a query from an ardent Canadian admirer, he cabled: "Report untrue. Am still a monk."

Edison is Now Having the Fun of His Life



He Has Given Up
Working for Money
and is Working for
the Love of Work

By The Interpreter in American Magazine

NOT long ago—said the Observer—it was given out in the daily papers that Edison was about to retire: that he would invent no more. He was quoted as saying that he had been at work now for over forty years, week-days and holidays, besides many nights all night long, and he thought it about time that he took a rest. He said he wanted to retire and have fun.

I suppose that many people who read this paragraph formed a swift mental picture of the inventor, rich in both money and fame, living in some restful country place, or enjoying the diversion of a trip around the world in a steam yacht. I had a momentary vision of that sort myself, but it went up in a laugh. I knew it was another of Edison's little jokes.

The other day I went out to see Mr. Edison at his laboratory in Orange, New Jersey. I had not expected to write anything about my visit, having quite another purpose in view, but I came away with a curiously new impression of the man. Seven or eight years ago I had occasion to visit Edison's laboratory repeatedly, and to talk a number of times, more or less at length, with the inventor himself. At that time I was chiefly interested in the results of Edison's extraordinary activities, for if there ever was a place of marvels, that place was, and is to-day, the inventor's laboratory at Orange. At that time I missed a clear view of the man in the multitude of his works. In eight years the plant at Orange has developed new and greater buildings, filled with even more marvelous marvels;

and yet when I came out of the little gate into the street after my visit the other day I found myself strangely unstirred by the new things I had seen. I found myself saying: "The most wonderful thing here is this wonderful old man." For while he has worked for forty years with retort and lathe and dynamo, the greatest of his inventions, after all, is a unique human character.

When we met the other day I referred to the newspaper reports I had seen.

"I thought you had retired and that you were looking for fun?"

"Me?" he answered. "Why, I have retired, and I'm having the fun of my life."

It was one of the hottest days in August, a time when many men rush away to the hills or the seashore; but Edison looked as though he were working harder than ever. He wore an old, thin, black coat, a good deal soiled; on his forehead were a number of bright green spots and streaks, reminders of recent activities in his chemical laboratory and his white hair was well rumpled where he had run his fingers through it in one of his characteristic gestures. He gave the impression of a singularly sturdy, able, active man. And as for looking tired or worn, no man ever looked less so. I have rarely seen eyes with more of the eternally youthful in them than Edison's. Youth and humor, and a sort of accomplished contentment, these are all in Edison's eyes. As for the exact color of them—a friend has asked me since I returned—the other impressions I had, the character impres-

sions, are so strong I can scarcely remember: I should say gray-blue.

He explained what he meant by retiring and resting after forty years of work.

"I've retired," he said, "from money-making. That's what I have been trying to escape from. Now I'm free, and I'm going to have some fun. Money has got me into all the trouble I've ever had. If you want lies and entanglements and trouble, just go in for money-making. If you want to meet rascals and have friends turn out bad, get into business! No, I don't like the crowd or the game. I don't see how any man can go in for money-making as a real business in life. It would kill me. I don't need much of anything personally, but I've had to have a lot of money for my work. It's come, somehow, and now I've got all I need, and all I want—and I've retired."

"And you're having fun?"

"Yes, I'm having the fun of my life—steering clear of anything that has any money-making connected with it. I'm trying some chemical experiments. For years I've been making notes—I've got a lot of books up there filled with suggestions which I've been planning to work out as soon as I could get the time. Now I'm going at them—not to make money—but just to find out things. I'm going to put a lot of things together and take 'em apart and see what the result is. That's the greatest fun in the world."

So far, indeed, as the outer habits of Edison's life are concerned, there has been no change. He has merely retired into new achievements. In the library of the laboratory where I awaited the inventor I saw, on a little bare table in one of the alcoves, the remnants of his luncheon: part of a glass of milk and a crust of bread. Every day, as he has done for forty years past, he takes this simplest of simple lunches alone in his library. In another alcove I saw a cot bed. Here, if he is particularly busy, and fourteen, or sixteen, or eighteen hours a day in the laboratory is not enough, the inventor can drop down and sleep all night. Thus he rests and has fun.

He took me up-stairs to show me his plans for "pouring" houses. In a large work-room he has had the model of a house constructed. It is complete in every particular, doors, windows, roof, chimney and all, but it is only some ten feet high and fifteen feet long. His idea has been to

make a homelike house of architectural beauty, which can be constructed by his new method of "pouring," as he calls it, at a very low expense and in an incomparably short time.

"I wanted to do something," he said, "to solve the housing problem in the cities. My idea is to make a home that will have all the modern conveniences, and yet be within the reach of the workingman."

He has had molds of iron made for a full-sized house like the model. They can be set up and bolted together in a few days' time on the lot where the building is to stand. Into the completed mold is poured a liquid preparation of ordinary cement, which rushes into and fills every crack and corner. It requires only three hours to do the pouring—in other words to construct the house complete, including all ornaments, chimneys and even bath-tubs. After being allowed to harden for a day or two, the molds can be removed and the house stands practically complete, save, of course, for windows, doors, and interior work. Mr. Edison calculates that such houses can be built at absurdly low prices, and being practically a solid block of cement, they will not only be indestructible, but will require next to no repairs. They will also be water and vermin-proof.

"I have been working, off and on, with this scheme for a year or more," said Mr. Edison, "and I think now I've got it. It's more of a problem than you imagine. I have to meet the same difficulties that are found in casting a bronze statue—to make the cement go into the proper channels, expelling the air in such a way that every part of the mold is completely filled. They told me at first that I couldn't do it, because the solid parts of the cement combination would immediately settle to the bottom, and that I couldn't properly fill places where the cement had to flow upward. But I've proved that I can."

He took me down-stairs and out of doors, where he had been conducting a series of cement-pouring experiments in large wooden frames. One of these frames was constructed like a huge letter "U," with a square bottom. Into the top of one leg of the "U" he had poured the cement, and it had risen and filled the other leg. Upon drying, part of the frame was removed and I saw the smooth, even texture of the solid

EDISON IS NOW HAVING THE FUN OF HIS LIFE

cement casting. I asked him when he was to "pour" his first building.

"Soon, now," he said; "the molds are about ready. They cost \$25,000, but can be used for an innumerable number of houses. I am training two young engineers to look after the work. We're going to pour the first building just over there, outside of the laboratory grounds. If it doesn't work out the first time we'll put a stick of dynamite under it and blow it out, and try again."

I remarked that it seemed to me that he stood a chance of making a good deal of money out of his invention, whether he wanted it or not.

"Not a bit," he said. "Personally, I shall not make a cent. This is my contribution to the housing problem. Of course I shall license contractors under my patents to do the work, in order to see that it is properly done. They will naturally make their profit, but none of it will come to me. I believe this system is going to make existence cheaper and better and pleasanter for thousands of men who now have to live in flats and tenements in the cities."

We walked around in the sunshine to the door of the chemical laboratory. Inside I could see the long tables filled with retorts, bottles and glasses and the like, all the familiar paraphernalia, and a number of men in long aprons at work. Edison himself does very little of the actual experimenting. He is the brain that directs, so that he can keep many men at work upon the details of the problem he has in hand. I parted from him there at the doorway, but I carried with me the picture he made standing bareheaded in the sunshine, erect, white-haired, in his worn black coat. His fine face, with the minute humor-wrinkles around the eyes, was unmistakably that of a contented, peaceful, simple-hearted old man. And I thought of his unpropitious boyhood and youth, the lack of education in the sense that we now understand education, the long hours and the hard work—then I thought of the great manufacturing buildings rising all around him here at his Orange laboratory, each the material clothing of an idea that had sprung from his fertile brain. I thought of the manufacturing plants in every part of civilized creation where wheels turn and belts whir wholly or partly because this man has lived and worked. I thought how life had been made brighter and easier and sweeter for

hundreds of millions of human beings through his many inventions. If any one remains who is not convinced of the power of mind over matter, let this convince him: for these things, also, are miracles.

And it is clean greatness—Edison's. He wears by rights the look of a contented man. He has robbed no widows, crushed no competitions, stolen no franchises, taken no rebates. He is rich not because he gambled in the stock markets; nor employed children and women at starvation wages; nor awaited, doing nothing himself, for the rise in the price of land or corn or cotton. He is famous not because he manipulated an election, or bribed a legislature. There is nowhere in his career any record of success which came of devious or deceitful ways. His is indeed a clean greatness. He has worked for what he won, and everything that he has done has been in the direction of making this a better world for mankind to dwell in.

A number of years ago I asked Mr. Edison why he worked so hard and so steadily. He paused a moment, apparently a little puzzled that any one should ask so curious a question.

"Why, I don't know," he said. "I have always felt as though something inside of me were driving me."

It was a significant reply. Really effective men are thus driven by something within themselves which is greater than themselves. There is a sort of yielding to universal force, a unity with life, in which the man himself becomes, curiously, only the vehicle of greater inner forces. Great men are always more or less "possessed." They have been able to raise themselves somehow above themselves. And that is the only true path to noble achievements.

What is it all for? I remember once asking Edison that question: what he was aiming at, what was the use, after all, of his inventions? He answered quickly, as though he had given that matter a good deal of thought.

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know what you and I are here for, or where we are going. Do you? Why do people rush and struggle? Why do you write as though your life depended on it—and enjoy it, too? Why do I invent? We work because in some way it satisfies us. That is all we know."

A Gondola Dinner That Cost \$20,000

Abridged from Royal Magazine

THE world never tires of talking wealth. The romance of affluence, as enduring as the hills, fascinates because it is inseparable from the aspirations of mankind. Comparatively few attain their desired standard of opulence, but the activities of their imagination remain unimpaired, and give zest to the process of passing the world's wealthiest people in critical review.

Popular conception of "how the rich live" is accordingly apt to be somewhat awry, since it places no restriction on individual possession, and invariably associates a big banking account with prodigious prodigality. The Inspector-General in Bankruptcy lends color to the suspicion, by citing cases of noteworthy extravagance, and a captious age has done the rest. The British Empire produces its rich in abundance, but the majority of the best families feel their responsibilities to the country they live in, and spend their money liberally, but, withal, intelligently. Although it may not appear on the surface, the spending of a fortune is accompanied by as many perils and difficulties as is the making of one.

The effect of riches, whether acquired or inherited, on the welfare of the nation is enormous; and the habit in Great Britain of spending money freely and judiciously may be said to be a recognized obligation of the wealthy, notwithstanding that, when regarded from a more circumscribed point of view, individual items in the account appear seemingly extravagant.

In regard to the Englishman who is in receipt of a yearly income between £30,000 and £40,000, unless he leads the life of a recluse or develops a morbid selfishness, he has responsibilities, from the social standpoint, which cannot be shelved. As befits his station in life, he must entertain as generously as he has been entertained. To do this effectively—that is, from the recreative standard—he must have a town and country house. A residence in the West End of London will cost anything between £2,000 and £3,000 a year, while the upkeep and establishment charges will double

that amount. His country house, with its big parties and shoots, hunts, and other festivities, will account for £5,000, besides which he keeps in mind local expectations while playing the part of a country gentleman.

Horses, motors, yachting, racing, represent a very considerable sum, while traveling abroad makes further inroads to the extent of a thousand or so. A box at the Opera for a season, jewelry, clothing, wines, cigars and other incidentals, make a perceptible impression on the exchequer; while, as the family advances into the teens, education forms a formidable item.

At a still later period, when the daughter makes her debut in society, the exactions due to Mayfair are decidedly extensive. In addition to the cost of dress material of the girl during the London season must be added £800 for incidental expenses and presents, so that the first season out easily represents a drain of between £1,000 and £2,000 on the purse of paterfamilias.

Hobbies—somewhat costly, maybe—must be taken into the reckoning; and last, but not least, charitable contributions have to be included. Indeed, the liberality of the benevolent rich in London constitutes one of the most valuable signs of the times. The sum aggregates the enormous total of £10,000,000 per annum.

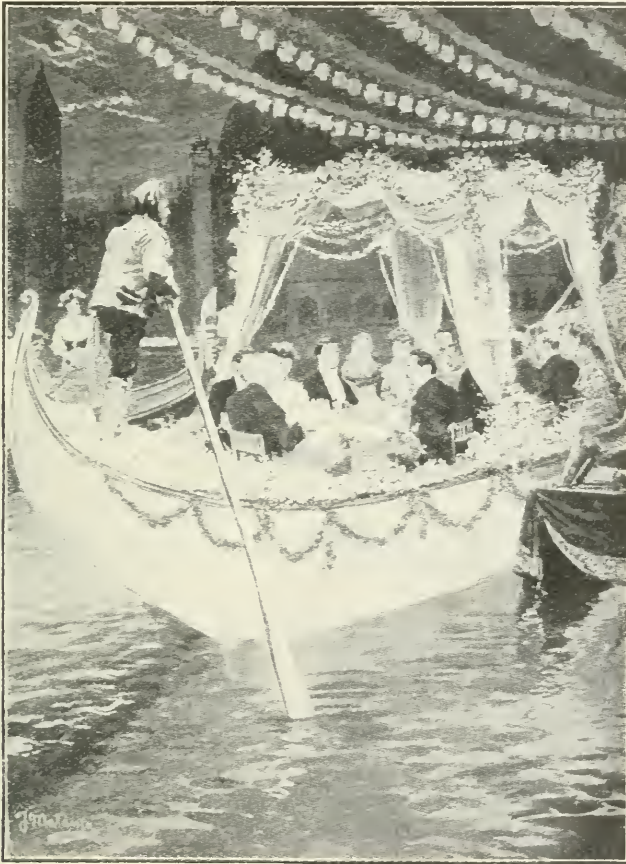
Entertaining, of course, is as varied as it is universal and as costly as it is popular. When the Government in a moment of liberality set aside the sum of £5,000 to be spent annually in providing hospitable fare for distinguished guests, there was a disposition to regard the innovation both as a dangerous departure and the embodiment of lavish excess.

There are scores of society leaders who find it needs a display of rigid economy to keep their entertainment account within the confines of £5,000 a year. Garden parties are considered to offer some sort of solution of the problem of how to restrict expenditure in regard to social festivities, but in a climate so uncertain as this the experi-

ment at best can only be tried in the summer and early autumn, while it is apt to prove a double-edged expedient in the event of the appointed day being wet.

It is during the ball season that the cost-

wealth—not so much for the possession of it as for the means of lavish and rank expenditure—was a destructive mark in the closing days of the Roman Empire. Pliny found in the artificial growth of asparagus,



The Gondola Dinner

At the Savoy Hotel in June, 1905, a dinner costing over £3,000 was given in a floating gondola by Mr. G. A. Kessler. The entire arrangements were completed within twenty-four hours. There were at work one hundred and twenty electricians and scene-painters, fifteen special cooks, and eighteen waiters. The latter, who wore Venetian costumes, had their apparel finished two hours before the function. Mr. Kessler entertained twenty-four guests in a large white gondola floating in the old courtyard of the hotel, which had been flooded for the evening. The guests walked into the flower-decked boat across a bridge, and sat down on gilt chairs at one long table. While the dinner was being served, music came from another gondola floating near by. Round the walls were hung Venetian scenes, including the Piazza of St. Mark and the Campanile, and white pigeons flew about or nestled among the flowers, making the Venetian illusion complete. The guests included Madame Rejane and Signor Caruso.

liness of complying with society obligations shows itself. Such functions as are associated with the principal West End mansions represent the expenditure of thousands of pounds. The average is about £2 per guest.

The feverish desire for the acquisition of

the costly decoration of rooms, and the use of ices, evidences of unbridled extravagances foredoomed to national disaster. What deductions he would have drawn from New York freak-dinners can only be faintly surmised.

There are, however, indications of vast

changes coming over America's wealthiest men. Great wealth has always had a secret longing for the austere delights of self-abnegation. Hence, Mr. Samuel Dunlop, one of the best-known millionaires, has denied himself the privilege of buying more than one new suit of clothes in a period of forty years. Mexico's richest man, Pedro Alvarado, after equipping a gorgeous palace, elected to spend his days in a poorly fitted cellar; while Signor Romolo, suddenly inheriting great wealth, tried a life of luxurious ease for six months, and then sought pleasure and repose in the life of a waiter. Mr. John D. Rockefeller finds solace in the role of a hard-working Baptist. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt was a vestryman; Mr. J. Wanamaker was an elder of the Presbyterian Church, and controls the largest Bible class in the world. Another noted

millionaire, Mr. W. E. Dodge, is a Presbyterian elder; Mr. J. D. Archibald, of the Standard Oil Company, is an enthusiastic Methodist. Mr. Schwab affects the simple life, while Mr. Wiston Brown prefers to play the part of a fisherman. This group forms an interesting contrast to the younger section of American millionaires, who exhibit a restless longing to plunge into the whirlpools of extravagance. "Doing Europe," once an educational mission, is now largely regarded as a befitting chance for fantastically expending vast wealth. The American invasion has this year fallen short of its immediate predecessors, owing to financial disturbances, but nevertheless it is estimated that visitors from the United States have spent several millions of pounds during the last eight months in quest of pleasure in Europe.

Satirizing Rockefeller's Autobiography

From Punch

IT is announced that Mr. John D. Rockefeller's autobiography will be published in twelve languages simultaneously this month. Will it be anything like this?—

CHAPTER I.

Birth.

I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth. One of my earliest toys was a golden calf. I still have it.

CHAPTER II.

Parentage.

I am descended on one side from a thrifty and industrious Scotch stock; on the other, from the famous Kilmansegg family.

My instructors never ceased to instil in me the importance of economy and vigilance.

"Many a mickle," they used to say, "makes a muckle."

"Money," they used to say, "begets money."

"Money," they said, "is the only monarch."

"Money," they said, "is welcome, though it comes in a dirty clout."

I never forgot those remarks. They sank into my system and bore fruit. I am now the richest man in the world. The only thing I regret is that those old counsellors did not tell me how to keep my digestion and my hair. Both have gone. The hair trouble one can remedy with a wig; but there is no substitute for a missing digestion.

CHAPTER III.

Boyhood.

My boyhood was happy. Most of the technique of business may be learned when at school by an observant lad; and I was observant. I did a successful trade in marbles and sweets. I lent money to other boys at a good rate of interest, and rarely returned home in the evening without having added to my property. In this way by

the time that ordinary boys are still doing foolish things I was in possession of a capital of two hundred dollars, and held I.O.U's from most of my schoolfellows.

CHAPTER IV.

Petroleum.

The most eventful moment of my life was that in which I chanced upon rock oil.

I was walking one day in the neighborhood of my home in moody silence. Everything was going wrong with me. My business was yielding only 98 per cent. instead of the 100 on which I had set my heart, and I was in despair. Ruin stared me in the face. Passing through a field I happened to see a spring bubbling from the ground, but I thought nothing of it (as it was not large enough to drown myself in), until a little later a poor old woman stopped me and begged an alms. I obviously had no money to give her, as I made clear; but wishing to do what I could I offered to get her a cup of cold water, it being my steady practice to do what I can for my fellow-creatures. She was very grateful, and I ran to the stream and dipped into it a pocket drinking cup. Judge of my surprise when I found that instead of water it was oil! In an instant I realized the situation, and returning swiftly to town I found the owner of the property, and, successfully disguising my motives, purchased not only this particular field, but all those around it. My fortune was made.

CHAPTER V.

The Standard Oil Trust.

After the discovery of the rock-oil spring, perhaps the most eventful and wonderful moment of my life was that in which I first hit upon the idea of a Trust. It is a beautiful word, Trust, and I have often taken it as a text in my Sunday school addresses. Trust. We must all trust in something or some one. What could be more desirable in a world of darkness, disappointment and flux than that there should be one man to be relied upon for light? Relied upon. Many men have offered light to their groping fellows and have not given it; this man would be trust-worthy.

Coming down to a material plane from these symbolical heights, what does light proceed from? From oil. The man, then, who could so manipulate things that he owned all the oil would automatically be the one person who could give the light. Do you see? He would form an Oil Trust, as we say in America, and illuminate the world.

I, I decided, would be that man; not because I wanted the power or wealth that such a position would carry with it, but because if I, a chapel-going, reputable citizen and Sunday school superintendent, renowned for his simple and frugal life, filled the place, I should prevent its being filled by any one who was unscrupulous or rapacious.

Having made this decision, I at once began to lay my plans, and the Standard Oil Trust was the result.

CHAPTER VI.

My Amusements.

I am very fond of reading the papers, particularly the finance columns.

I have, of course, had my enemies, as every successful and determined man must. But where are they now? I, however, am here, and worth sixty millions sterling.

CHAPTER VII.

My Enemies.

Chief among them was President Roosevelt; and what is he to-day? A figure pour rire, at the end of his term of office; a hunter of bears; the nation's "Teddy." No one ever called me "Teddy," or even "Jack."

CHAPTER VIII.

My Ambition.

I could, if I liked, buy England; but I don't want it. All I want is a cosy little house and a nice uncomfortable pew in the Baptist chapel, and the knowledge that no one can light a paraffin lamp without putting something into my pocket. And, of course, I want also some substantial royalties on this book.

Two Hundred Thousand a Year for Dress

By Julius Klein

THE recent death in New York of Giovanni P. Morosini, the multi-millionaire, and the bequest of the bulk of his estate to Miss Giulia Morosini, his favorite daughter, has served to bring that remarkable young lady into special prominence. Miss Giulia has always been a notable figure in New York society, her striking appearance and her elaborate gowns, drawing attention to her, wherever she appeared, and now that she is in possession of her father's estate, popular interest in her has been immensely increased.

The daughter of a beautiful French-Canadian lady, Miss Morosini inherited both her mother's good looks and her love of fine clothing. She is credited with spending annually on her wardrobe, two hundred thousand dollars. Her supposed extravagance in dress has been the subject of many a homily, but on hearing these stories her father always smiled indulgently, and on one occasion when told that his daughter had spent \$100,000 for her Horse Show gowns he remarked that if she had she had not by any means exceeded her allowance.

He and his daughter were always together in public, and he seemed to find pleasure in seeing her always so fashionably attired. In appearance he was distinguished. His erect form and square shoulders gave him an air of distinction, which was accentuated by his snow white mustache and imperial which he wore after the style of King Victor Emanuel.

Of the early life of Giovanni P. Morosini comparatively little is known. As a matter of fact, he was not born Morosini at all, but his father's name was Pertegnazza. When he was able to go into the world on his own account he adopted another patronymic, partly, it is said, because he did not get along well with his sire and partly because the name he took, which was that of a distinguished family with which he was connected, was better adapted for faring about the world.

Giovanni P. Morosini was born in Venice

in 1832, and at an early age was attracted by the profession of arms. The story is told of him that as a child he went to see the Austrian soldiers drill and that a captain in passing knocked him down. The boy removed his shoe and threw it full into the officer's face.

He went to school for a time to Cavallini, who had been a soldier of Napoleon, and listened to stories of adventure and of war. Young Morosini witnessed many thrilling scenes which attended the efforts of his country to escape from the thrall of Austria, and he was at one time a cadet in the Austrian navy. He and some fellow sympathizers fled to Smyrna, and there he met the American Consul, who advised him to go to the United States.

The youth shipped as a sailor before the mast and arrived at Baltimore and subsequently reached New York. Two trips to Havana and back were added to his adventures before his lot was finally cast in the metropolis.

Garibaldi was then living in exile on Staten Island, engaged in the trade of making candles. He and the young sailor became friends, and Morosini accompanied the Liberator on a commercial voyage. He returned to New York finally in 1854 and soon became identified with the city. His entrance into the world of finance was due to a chance meeting.

According to the story which he told in after life he was wandering in the streets of Clifton, Staten Island, when he saw a young boy attacked by a group of youths of larger size. Young Morosini, who was stalwart of frame, drove away the tormentors and took the boy home. The boy, who was the son of Nathaniel Marsh, told the story of his rescue to his father. Mr. Marsh was then one of the high officials of the Erie Railroad. He offered the sailor money, which was refused.

"All that I wish," said the Venetian, "is a chance to work."

Morosini, with, as he expressed it, the tar still on his hands, became an office boy in

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND A YEAR FOR DRESS

the employ of the Erie. He was then past his majority, active in mind and body and equipped with that native shrewdness which was ever on the alert for an opportunity. His rise in the service of the railroad at a time when there was need of men of force and shrewdness was rapid. He worked with all his energy by day and at night studied English and

of life and limb. He was confirmed in this idea one day when Major Selover, who believed that the loss of his money was due entirely to the reigning Wizard of Finance, picked him up and threw him into an area way. Mr. Gould decided that after that he would not appear in the street without the protection of a stronger man.

He found the help he wanted when he



Miss Julia Morosini

Whose Dresses Cost Two Hundred Thousand Dollars a Year. Her Mother was a French-Canadian.

mastered the intricacies of finance and bookkeeping. He was within four years general auditor of the Erie, with a salary of \$1,000 a month, and when Mr. Marsh died in 1864 Mr. Morosini was one of the strong men in the Erie organization.

It was not until 1869 that he attracted the attention of Jay Gould. There were troublous times in Wall Street and the financier often felt that he was in peril

first saw Giovanni P. Morosini, and from that time the fortune of the Italian was assured. Mr. Gould recognized the keenness of his faithful follower and put him in the way of making money. Mr. Morosini learned the Gould methods, he traded in the Gould stocks and he was soon building a substantial bank account.

His progress from that period until the time of his death was attended by un-

broken success. His natural shrewdness was coupled with the daring and the boldness which distinguished the old merchants of Venice. He took long chances sometimes, but he never played the game of Wall Street beyond his means. As a speculator he was bold, and yet he kept himself under perfect control. During all

the years he was a power in Wall Street he never hung out a sign. His trading was done through brokers, and in later years he was associated with Washington E. Connor, at No. 31 Nassau Street.

The Morosinis were naturally interested in Canada and the family spent a great deal of time in the summer in visiting Quebec.

How Canada Might Have Lost the Loyalists

By J. O'Byrne in *The Australian Lone Hand*

IT is a curious fact of Australian history that the occupation of this country, by a direct transplantation of people from Great Britain and Ireland, was only consummated when a scheme for peopling it from America had fallen through. Had the latter scheme, as presented by James Maria Matra, and taken into consideration by the British Government, been adopted, there would have been no First Fleet, as we know it; no convict settlement on our coasts, and no history to correspond with the first 60 years of the existence of New South Wales. Australia would be to-day American, in the sense that Virginia and Massachusetts were American before the War of Independence, or would, perhaps, have become an independent United States, as other provinces across the Pacific became.

When Matra urged his proposals, those Americans who had stood loyal to Britain during the war were being subjected to many pains and penalties. Men of large estates and extensive businesses were ruined, professional men were ejected from employment, and manual workers were set aside where it was possible to dispense with their services. It was the common case of "spoils to the victors." Independence was not contemplated by the leaders of American opinion when arms were first taken up against England. In fact, the revolutionary party possessed at the time neither arms nor men regarded as capable of undertaking such an enterprise. The utmost determined on was to

assert local rights, using only such physical force as would afterwards prove in a court of law or arbitration that the officials of England had exceeded their constitutional powers. Gradually, however, the constitutional boundary-line was crossed, and those who would not fight for the insurgent cause had to declare against it and take the consequences.

Naturally, the defeated parties looked to Britain for sympathy and assistance. If they dared not any longer openly profess, they continued to feel allegiance to her, and though England had abandoned the field to the army of Washington, she was still mistress of the sea, and, if disposed, could still take away those who were willing to go. The new powers had no objection to the disaffected voluntarily exiling themselves. On the contrary, it was a consummation they desired.

Matra's scheme was to collect, on behalf of England, those remnants of the once strong loyal party, and aid them to emigrate to some territory where British laws would be their laws. He fixed on the newly-discovered Australia as the most suitable for the purpose. In the circumstances of the world at the time—at all events as they appear now to us—the scheme looks feasible and sensible in the highest degree. The unsettled and estranged people numbered several thousands. Some possessed capital, and most had acquired experience in the pioneering of new settlements; and if Britain would afford them a territory where they could

build up their fortunes anew, with the political surroundings they desired, the solution of a grave difficulty would be reached. As it was, some were going to England, some to France, and others abroad, they scarcely knew whither; but most places to which they turned were either overcrowded or hostile. The fact that Britain had so opportunely come into possession of the vast territory of New South Wales, as the eastern coast of Australia was then called, was looked on as an auspicious coincidence. So much did it seem to favor the transportation of those people that it is strange the British Government did not initiate the scheme, or, having considered it, adopt it with patriotic alacrity.

This James Maria Matra, the first to think of the scheme, or, at least, the first to officially formulate it, does not seem to have been either an American or an Englishman. His personal history has to be guessed at. His family was, there is no doubt, of Corsican extraction, and he acted as British Consul at Morocco for some time, but there is very little documentary evidence concerning him. He emerged into this Australian business without introduction, and relapsed into obscurity when it was over without leaving any account behind. He dates his proposal "August 23, 1783." That was more than three years before the appointment of Captain Phillip to take charge of the First Fleet.

Here we have the first practical proposal for the occupation of Australia. "This country may afford an asylum to those unfortunate American loyalists," Matra's document runs, "whom Great Britain is bound by every tie of honor and gratitude to protect and support, where they may repair their broken fortunes and again enjoy their former domestic felicity." Although so little is known personally of this disinterested adviser, it is clear that he did not shape his plans without consultation with others whose opinions were valuable. He discussed the project with Sir Joseph Banks, for one, and that Maecenas of his time appears to have heartily fallen in with it when first mentioned. Banks, however, as we know, adopted the idea of a convict settlement later on. Matra also consulted

assurances that the scheme under the patronage and protection of the Government "offers the most favorable prospects that have yet occurred to better the fortunes and promote the happiness" of the American loyalists.

Matra laid his completed scheme before the Fox-North Government, and it can be assumed that he pressed its merits with energy and ability. There is ground for judging that he received encouragement in return. But the Fox Government fell within a few months of the document coming under consideration, and William Pitt assumed control. Pitt, in many ways, showed he never gave serious thought to anything concerning Botany Bay, and having got out of the distasteful wrangle with the United States, he washed his hands of after-consequences. It is to this change of Governments the failure of Matra's plan must be traced. Gradually a convict idea became associated with it. Banks, Young and others came to the front. Chivalrous duty to the American loyalists ceased to inspire. Banks was willing to accept them in conjunction with convicts. Admiral Young would combine them with settlers from the Friendly Islands and China. But every month the convict idea grew stronger. Wilberforce was at his zenith then as a prison reformer, and England was terrified at the pictures of gaol-suffering he painted. But there was no chance for ameliorating the lot of prisoners while they were packed together as they were in the gaols of the United Kingdom. To thin them out, to send them abroad, was the only hope. Loyalists and convicts would not amalgamate. Consequently the loyalists were dropped. Matra's elaborate scheme was laid aside, and Lord Sydney, on August 18, 1786, announced the determination of the Pitt Government to use the new territory as a convict settlement. Documents dealing with the matter are missing; Matra was not the man to let so fond a project as his be snuffed out without ceremony, and some future James Bonwick may yet show that the foundation of Australia was as it was, and not a foundation of Americans, simply because of the disinclination of Pitt to give the subject of the projected settlement sufficient attention, and his desire to buy immediate peace from the prison reformers of England.

Concerning Puns and Punsters

By Sir Francis Burnand in Pall Mall Magazine

THE Punster, a species of the genus humorist, does not imitate the second

Charles and apologize to every one for being "so long a-dying." He lingers on. His punning life hangs temporarily on a thread, but that thread will last. The punster will never be an extinct species of the genus humorist. The pun has in itself a wonderful vitality. It is for a while brilliant: apparently it becomes decrepit: it wanes: apparently it dies out: its transmigrations and transmogrifications are well-nigh endless. Then, ages after its first utterer has passed away, it reappears in its simplest form, and enjoys a fresh term of successful existence. By "variations and permutations" the good pun and the excruciatingly bad pun never die. There are ad captandum puns whose life and success depend entirely on the popularity of whatever it may be that started them. These are ephemeral witticisms. Some puns are feeble and their life is brief: some are still-born. The Joke-market fluctuates; sometimes it is in a state of depression.

"The greatest authors," says Addison in the *Spectator*, No. 61, quoted in Latham's *Johnson's Dictionary*, "in their most serious works made frequent use of puns. The sermons of Bishop Andrews and the tragedies of Shakespeare are full of them."

According to received tradition, it was owing to the pun "Non angli sed angeli," uttered by Pope Gregory, on beholding the fair-haired Anglian slave boys in the Roman market, that Augustine received his mission to preach Christianity to Ethelbert. And, with all reverence be it spoken, the office and position of St. Peter himself was marked by the solemn emphasis on the similitude between "Petrus" and "petra," both in the original Syro-Chaldaic language and in its translation in Latin and Greek. This impressive play on words which is preserved in French, but lost to us in English, reminds us of Addison's opinion, as given us in his "Dialogues on the Usefulness of Ancient Models," that

"a pun can be no more engraven, than it can be translated."

Punning was a serious literary and conversational fashion in the time of Sir Thomas More. We are accustomed to it in Shakespeare's tragedies, comedies, and farces. Ben Jonson indulges in it occasionally, the double meaning being as a rule conveyed to audience, or reader, through the names of the characters. For example, in the *New Inn*, the landlord asks Lovel: "But is your name Love-ill, sir, or Love-well?" Neither Massinger nor Ford permitted themselves to indulge, excepting exceptions, in such puns. In the later dramatists any play on words, i.e., pun, is rarely to be found apart from the list of the *dramatis personae*.

Charles Dickens punned easily, but rarely, and then unexpectedly. The instances in his works are not numerous, but all humorous. At haphazard I take one from "*Pickwick*" (vol. ii. p. 147). When at Bath that amiable individual is introduced to three ladies with whom he is compelled to take a hand at whist:

"Mr. Pickwick bowed to each of the ladies, and, finding escape unprofitable, cut."

Charles Lever's earlier works present a pretty fair stock of puns, good, bad, and indifferent. Thackeray avoids them, except in his burlesque novels. You may remember in "*A Legend of the Rhine*" how the reckless Wolfgang fell in love with the demon lady. "He thought he would try a devilled turkey wing. 'I adore the devil,' said he. 'So do I,' said the pale-faced lady, with unwonted animation." Well-nigh every one of the names bestowed by Thackeray on his burlesque characters is an absurdly suggestive pun. By the way, how infinitely humorous is Thackeray's description of the Margrave's first joke! "'My boy, my Otto—my Otto of roses!' said the fond father, making the first play upon words he had ever attempted in his life. But what will not paternal love effect?"

CONCERNING PUNS AND PUNSTERS

The following punning quatrain, which appeared very many years ago in an early number of *Fun*, is characterized by a certain touch of serious humor that, had it been written some twenty years earlier, might possibly have been placed to the credit of Thomas Hood. It runs thus:

"All flesh is grass." Need I explain?

That "flesh" means "life" is known.

As "life" is ever toil and pain,

So "grass" is grown and mown.

The quotation is not in the least "musty"; the lines carry with them, as it were, the scent of a late eighteenth-century "keep-sake," that has been laid up in lavender.

The pun, spoken or written, may be the root of an epigram; and an epigram may include more than one pun. An epigram should, of course, be written; still its composer might deliver it impromptu, on the inspiration of the moment, as Theodore Hook was wont to do. The oft-quoted one about Mr. Winter, the collector of taxes:

I advise you to pay him whatever he axes—
Excuses won't do; he stands no sort of
flummery,

Though Winter's his name, his process is
summary.

—was, as is asserted, an inspiration which came to Hook, while improvising a song to his own accompaniment on the piano, when Mr. Winter was announced. It is a model of witty improvisation.

A couplet of Frank Talfourd's in one of his classical burlesques is another excellent sample of epigrammatic wit. Speaking of a mad king, a courtier says, "They say that he is wandering in his mind," to which the reply is, "He can't go far, the space is too confined."

Apropos of Frank Talfourd and his puns, I remember that after the comparative failure of one of his extravaganzas a friend was attributing it to the utter dullness of the audience. "I thought they were dreadfully dull," observed Talfourd, "I used a joke in it that has 'told' well, in every burlesque I have written. But this time it went"—here he paused for a second, his listener brightened up, then Talfourd continued, "oh, yes, it went—without a hand."

The following I came across in a novel dated 1901, and, acting on the practical

advice of Cap'en Cuttle—"when found, make a note of"—I made a "mem" of it in my pocketbook at the time, but the pencilling is almost illegible. I fancy the novel was by "B. M. Croker," and in it is recorded a dialogue taking place between two of the characters concerning the questionable conduct of a certain married lady whose husband was a confirmed invalid, and one of the speakers says, "She is not a widow yet, she soon will be. He (the husband) is going very fast."

"'So is she,' I exclaimed."

Now this is simply a *jeu de mot*: yet it is not, strictly speaking, a pun. It is the ready-witted adaptation of an ordinary phrase to a particular circumstance.

I may be permitted to quote from a certain comedy of mine entitled "The Colonel." An elderly puritanically severe dame, Lady Tompkins, is horrified at the idea of a ball being given in her son-in-law's house, where she is staying. It is got up impromptu, in the course of the afternoon, but the domestic conspirators have obtained the services of a small band, have ordered in a supper, and at short notice a few most intimate friends are coming to assist. Strains of dance music catch the mother-in-law's ear. The fiddlers are tuning up, and indulging in a brief practice. Her son-in-law, her daughter, her niece, Colonel Woottwell W. Woodd, U.S., and others, meet her as she enters the drawing-room. They are all in evening dress. The severe lady starts back, horrified. She had never in her life allowed her child to dance. Somehow, her child had acquired the art. The band starts a waltz. Somebody would persuade Lady Tompkins to join them "in the light fantastic."

"A waltz!" she exclaims severely to her daughter. "Rebellion!"

"No ma'am," interrupts the Colonel pleasantly, "a Revolution."

If this may not be strictly classed with puns, it is certainly playing on a word and "paltering with us in a double sense," but I can swear to its being an appropriate inspiration, or, to use a less lofty expression, it was simply, an uncommonly "Happy Thought."

So too was a pun by Charles Mathews on the name of a well-known and most excellent comedian named Howe. He was in the Haymarket company, under Buck-

stone's management, and was cast for a principal role in "A Scrap of Paper," with Charles Mathews in the leading part. Mathews was alone on the stage, puzzling over the best way of dealing with a difficulty. He decides that he ought to take an important step immediately. His soliloquy finishes by his saying to himself, and the audience, with a puzzled expression of countenance, "Yes, that's what I ought to do, and it is what I will do. But how?"

At that very moment Howe appeared at the back. In a second Mathews, pointing with his thumb to the character who had just entered, said to the audience in a tremendously confidential whisper, audible all over the house, "That's Howe."

It took immensely. The audience was convulsed with laughter. That was a pun—it was said offhand at rehearsal and repeated every night—simply a bona-fide pun.

George Colman should not be omitted

from any early list of punsters. The puns came to him almost as easily and as naturally as, many years after, they came to Hood. I select a fair example from "My Nightgown and Slippers," wherein is recorded, in verse, the sufferings of a lodger who was a "fat single gentleman six months ago," that is, before he occupied a room in the house of a baker, who explains to him:

"In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven,
And your bed is immediately—over my oven."

"The oven!" says Will. Says the host,
"Why this passion?"

In that excellent bed died three people of fashion!

Why so crusty, good sir?" "Zounds!" cries Will in a taking,

"Who wouldn't be crusty with half a year's baking!"



A Caricature of Sir F. C. Burnand by G. R. Halkett.

From Waiter to Manager of Gotham's Big Hotel

By Willis Steell in Herald Magazine

SOME power (equivalent to the "little cherub watching sailors up aloft") whose care is lest men see too much at once provided that Oscar Tschirky, general manager of the Waldorf-Astoria, should not foresee his life from his landing in this country in 1883 to this day. The twenty-five years of hard, incessant work, a grind of an average of eighteen hours a day, winter and summer, would have seemed too depressing. It requires habit, association, all the tendrils that attach a man to one kind of life, one sort of work, and no other, before the life can be carefully lived, the work conscientiously done. In retrospect the monotony is forgotten, and in the light of success the tasks that were so gray acquire rosy edges. "Oscar," as a small but very influential section of New York society continues to call him in friendship, says, and probably says truthfully:

"I have always been content; I have never been blue; doing the same things over and over has never given me nerves; I love my work."

When a man like Oscar, a man who is in earnest, says "I love my work" the platitude shines like a new form of speech. His firm lips, his strong chin, the lively gleam in his black eyes, indicate that he is of such elements that he could have carved out success from almost any sort of material. He is good natured, quick witted, full of life and the joy of life, yet his eyes have looked on life only within the very ornate walls of a modern restaurant or hotel. Nevertheless, he has seen "all," and nobody knows the human animal in all its phases—stupid or diverting—better than Oscar.

Four years in the dining room of the Hoffman House, five years at Delmonico's and sixteen years at the Waldorf cover the hotel experience of this man, which he has traversed step by step, always upward, until he is now the "court of last resort," but under the eyes of such a man the human comedy has not worn out its interest, but remains immensely diverting, reasonably fascinating.

He scarcely knows New York below Twenty-fifth Street, and his knowledge of the upper part of the city, exclusive of the houses of the very wealthy, is largely conjectural. Eighteen hours of daily superintendence of a great hotel leaves no time at all for sightseeing.

"I have never seen the new Delmonico's, Sherry's, the St. Regis, the Gotham; I have seen none of the great hotels or restaurants of this city. This winter I am going to try to call on some of my confreres, and I expect good pleasure in making my rounds."

When Oscar was fifteen he left his native Neufchatel in Switzerland to join his brother Brutus in New York. They were the only children, and Brutus, since dead, was a great chef. The family cannot trace its lineage far back; indeed, so far as the younger son knows his father was the first Tschirky. No one can tell whence comes the name. In that renowned hotel keeping country the Tschirkys had the distinction of not keeping a hotel, and Brutus was the first to follow a branch of that line. Oscar had been intended for the army and was brought up by his father under military-like discipline. Habits of sternly attending to what he had to do and to nothing else, a book knowledge of English, these were about all that the lad brought as capital when, a few days after the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, he landed and was met by his brother. Graphically he describes that first day:

"I was all eyes and ears in this strange city, where it seemed to me I would like to linger and wander and loiter for days, listening, seeing. But at my brother's behest I stifled these wishes. He took me at once to the City Hall, where I made application for my citizen's papers. That was one o'clock in the day. From there he took me to the Hoffman House, and at five o'clock of that day I was at work in the dining room. Since then I have never ceased to work. It was one o'clock in the morning, four years later, that I quit the Hoffman House. At six o'clock of the

same morning I was at work in Delmonico's. As maitre d'hotel I was more than busy at one of the Assembly balls at Delmonico's when Mr. Boldt sent for me to take the same position under him at the Waldorf-Astoria. Two hours later I was installed there. These changes have been rapid, but not violent."

It scarcely requires exposition to convince people that the "head" of a great city restaurant must have many kinds of ability. To be a good executive is not enough. The character and career of European maitre d'hotel have furnished the subjects for ex-

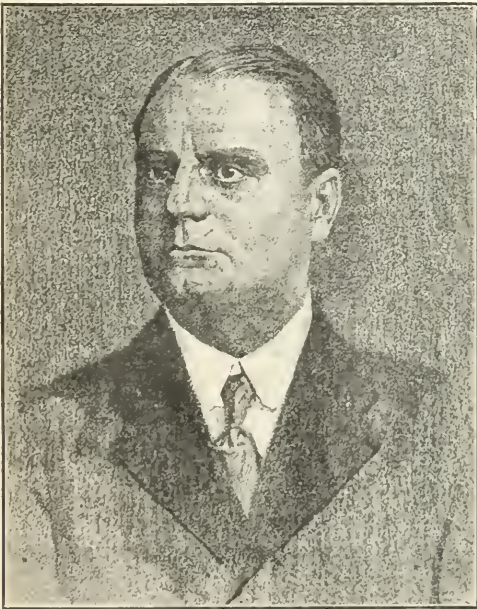
complexion, in the public dining room and in the helps' hall.

The advantage nature has given to this man is that his urbanity is real and not assumed. He never imagines that the persons who consult him about their little dinners (at \$20 the cover) are keeping their private sentiments under lock and key—remembering his power and so treating him respectfully to his face. On the contrary he meets them, for all their money and influence, as fellow human beings to whose innocent enjoyment he is glad to bring anything in his power. He feels no subserviency and shows none. His clients like this and are happy, too, to have no necessity to propitiate—to rub the right way—so business dealings are conducted on both sides with cordiality and good spirit.

On the other hand, and in the lower realms, the regiment of cooks, the cohort of dishwashers, the army of waiters, have not been taught to scrape and bend, to be false and mean. The general who directs all these underground forces started in by letting them feel that downstairs as well as up justice prevailed. He has shown his willingness time and again to listen to anybody's just complaint and he makes no decision, renders no judgment, until the entire evidence has been sifted. In kitchens as well as in Cabinets there is politics. "General" Tschirky will not have the meanest scullion lose his job if there is no better motive than politics to force him out. Once in a while he makes a mistake, but in the main there is no business conducted in a fairer manner to all concerned than the business that is now, after sixteen years of gradual promotion, within his absolute control.

"For the first year at the Waldorf I was in charge of the public dining room. Soon the private rooms were put in my charge, and my standing there finally became what it had been at Delmonico's. Upon the departure of Mr. Hilliard I became general manager.

"It was possible for me, being present at the beginning of the hotel, to benefit by my experience in the way of improving the service. My suggestion to place icebox, pantry and complete outfit for serving meals in rooms on each floor was adopted, and four service elevators were constructed for that purpose. Each waiter on a floor has a series of small tables which he sets



"Oscar."

Beginning life in New York as a waiter, he is now manager of the great Waldorf-Astoria.

tremely interesting studies that chroniclers of manners in London, Paris and Vienna have never despised. Most of these have been personages, some of them have absolutely influenced the currents of society—a few have made and unmade leaders. Oscar Tschirky would have been as successful in either of these foreign capitals as he has been here, for to an untiring energy he unites cleverness and ambition. That he possesses urbanity is not surprising, for without that trait a hotel man would prove quite a failure. It has to be exercised, but in varying degrees and with a different

complete, places the dishes as ordered on them and carries them to the rooms without loss of time. The innovation has worked most admirably and has since, I am told, found its way into most of the modern hotels. Better and quicker service can now be given and at less expense after the first outlay has been paid for."

"I have never been away from my work three days in succession," the Swiss, who is in feeling now much more American than Swiss, said, in accounting for what persons call, somewhat to his own surprise, his great success. "In the beginning I was far from realizing, when my brother Brutus left me, a stranger and quite unskilled, in the Hoffman House, what I had undertaken, what had befallen me. I loved books, I loved music—with both I hoped to study to become—what I did not know—a writer, perhaps, or a musician. To earn a little money as a waiter in a restaurant—it seemed a mere incident in my life, an affair by the way.

"I am glad that I soon had sense enough to see that by specializing and giving no thought to anything beyond my business was the straight road to success. When I had so seen, the hotel life became my exclusive occupation, my whole life's chief concern. Little by little, one after the other, I put aside all my vague dreams and longings, my thoughts of a different career, and I dropped them all to give myself completely to learning my business. That is the story, that is the secret—not a great story, nor a profound secret—quoi!

"It is the same with me as with many men—men who are veritably great. I concentrated on the one thing that offered me more than a bare subsistence. It has brought

comfort and happiness into my life. I still read occasionally books in English, French and German; I hear good music when it is possible, but I do not go far afield. Here (and he pointed to the great hotel corridors swarming with the motley human life) is my life. I have no more illusions and I never had regrets."

The school of life this man attended taught him very much more than his trade. He is not a man who could see all sorts and conditions of men passing under his notice without learning from them. Nor is he the man who can sit still and see young men commit follies under his eyes and say nothing. There is more than a story extant that this accomplished maitre d'hotel has several times gone out of his position to straighten up the scions of rich homes who came to New York for a splurge and got into bad company and under the eyes of the house detectives.

When accused of this sort of benevolent interference "Oscar" made an attempt to waive it aside, but the point being pressed he confessed that it had happened to him occasionally in his career to play the self-elected mentor.

"I have now and then made the sermon," he admitted, "but it is nothing to be talked about. Who likes to see a young man ruin his brain, his health, his career and waste all his money? To moralize is not my inclination and to condemn is not my nature. But if a friendly word given like a medicine—one very small dose—will avail, I, who have sons of my own, will drop it. But it is very seldom, very seldom, I assure you, that I have figured as the doctor of the soul."

Maxims and Moralising

A man without an enemy is a nonentity.—Manning.

A lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies.
—Tennyson.

The maddest people are those who always assume that they alone are sane.—Burgin.

All the world's a stage, but many of the actors are only understudies.—Greenwood.

The Box Office Test of Human Greatness

By Judge Parry in Cornhill

THE Box Office is the barometer of public opinion, the machine that records the vox populi, which is far nearer the vox Dei than the voice of the expert witness. Before discoursing of the Box Office in its widest sense, let us consider for a moment the case of the actor. Here the Box Office must, in the nature of things, decide his fate. It is the polling booth of the playgoer, and it is the playgoer and not the critic who decides whether an actor is great or otherwise. Why do we call Garrick a great actor? Because the Box Office of his time acclaimed him one. Davies tells us how his first performance of Richard III. was received with loud and reiterated applause. How his "look and actions when he pronounced the words, Off with his head; so much for Buckingham" were so significant and important from his visible enjoyment of the incident, that several loud shouts of approbation proclaimed the triumph of the actor and satisfaction of the audience."

Throughout Garrick's career he was not without critics, and envious ones at that; but no one to-day doubts that the verdict of the Box Office was a right one, and it is an article of universal belief that Garrick was a great actor. Of course one does not contend that the sudden assault and capture of the Box Office by a young actor in one part is conclusive evidence of merit. As the envious Quin said: "Garrick is a new religion; Whitfield was followed for a time, but they would not all come to church again." Cibber, too, shook his head at the young gentleman, but was overcome by that dear old lady, Mrs. Bracegirdle, who had left the stage thirty years before Garrick arrived. "Come, come, Cibber," she said, "tell me if there is not something like envy in your character of this young gentleman. The actor who pleases everybody must be a man of merit." The old man felt the force of this sensible rebuke; he took a pinch of snuff and frankly replied,

"Why, faith, Bracey, I believe you are right, the young fellow is clever."

In these anecdotes you have the critic mind annoyed by the Box Office success of the actor, and the sane simple woman of the world laying down the maxim "the actor who pleases everybody must be a man of merit." And when one considers it, must it not necessarily be so? An actor can only appeal to one generation of human beings, and if they do not applaud him and support him, can it be reasonably said he is a great actor? If he plays continually to empty benches, and if he never makes a Box Office success, is it not absurd to say that as an actor he is of any account at all?

There is undoubtedly a tendency—and probably there always has been a tendency—to infer that because a man is rich therefore he is lucky, and that a man who is successful is very likely a dishonest man; indeed, it seems a common belief that to gain the verdict of the Box Office it is necessary to do that which is unworthy. This idea being so widely spread, it appears interesting to study the Box Office in relation to other scenes in the human drama. What part does it play, for instance, in politics, in literature, or in art?

Of course a writer or painter is in a somewhat different position from an actor. He can, if he wishes, appeal to a much smaller circle, or, in an extreme case, he can refuse to appeal at all to the generation in which he lives and make his appeal to posterity. The statesman, however, is perhaps nearer akin to the actor. Let us consider how statesmen and politicians have regarded the Box Office, and whether it can fairly be said to have exercised a bad influence on their actions.

And as Garrick is one of the high sounding names in the world of the theatre, so Gladstone may not unfairly be taken as a type of English politician, and it is curious that the whole evolution of his mind is chiefly interesting in its gradual discovery of the fact that the Box Office is the sole

test of a statesman's merit, that the vox populi is indeed the vox Dei, and that the superior person is of no account in politics as against the will of the nation. As in the theatre, so in politics, it is the people who pay to come in who have to be catered for. In 1838 Gladstone was as superior—"sniffy"—is the modern phrase—about the Box Office as any latter-day journalist could wish. He complimented the Speaker on putting down discussions upon the presentation of petitions. The Speaker sagely said, "that those discussions greatly raised the influence of popular feeling on the deliberation of the House; and that by stopping them he thought a wall was erected—not as strong as might be wished." Young Mr. Gladstone concurred, and quoted with approval an exclamation of Roebuck's in the House: "We, sir, are, or ought to be, the elite of the people of England, for mind; we are at the head of the mind of the people of England."

It took over forty years for Gladstone to discover that his early views were a hopeless form of youthful conceit and that the only test of the merit of a policy was the Box Office test. But when he recognized that the elite of the people were not in the House of Commons, but were really in the pit and gallery of his audiences, he never wearied of putting forward and explaining Box Office principles with the enthusiasm, and, perhaps, the exaggeration, of a convert.

This recognition by Mr. Gladstone of the Box Office as supreme comes with especial interest when you consider that his education and instinct made it peculiarly difficult for him to appreciate the truth. Disraeli jumped at it more easily, as one might expect from a man of Hebrew descent, for that great race have always held the soundest views on questions of the Box Office. As a novelist, the novels he wrote were no doubt the best he was capable of, but whatever may be their merits or demerits, they were written with an eye to the Box Office and the Box Office responded. His first appearance upon the political stage was not a success. The pit and gallery howled at him. But this did not lead him to pretend that he despised his audience, and that they were a mob whose approval was unworthy of winning; on the contrary, he told them to their faces that "the time would come when they would be obliged to listen." A

smaller man would have shrunk with ready excuse from conquering such a Box Office, but Disraeli knew that it was a condition precedent to greatness, and he intended to be great. He had no visionary ideas about the political game. As he said to a fellow-politician: "Look at it as you will it is a beastly career." Much the same may be said in moments of despondency of any career. The only thing that ultimately sweetens the labor necessary to success is the Box Office returns, not by any means solely because of their value in money—though a man honest with himself does not despise money—but because every shilling paid into the Box Office is a straight testimonial from a fellow-citizen who believes in your work. Disraeli's Box Office returns were colossal and deservedly so—for he had worked hard for them.

When you come to think of it seriously, the Box Office principle in the drama of politics is the right for that drama's patrons to make its laws, a thing that this nation has contended for through the centuries. Indeed, there are only two possible methods of right choice open: either to listen to the voice of public opinion—the Box Office principle—or to leave affairs entirely to the arbitrament of chance. With sturdy English common sense we have embodied both these principles in an excellent but eccentric constitution. We allow public opinion to choose the members of the House of Commons, and leave the choice of members of the House of Lords entirely to chance. To an outside observer both methods seem to give equally satisfactory results.

In political matters we find that for all practical purposes the Box Office reigns supreme. No misguided political impresario to-day would plant some incompetent young actor into a star part because he was a member of his own family. We may be thankful that all parties openly recognize that any political play to be produced must please the pit and gallery, and that any statesman actor, to be a success, must play to their satisfaction. No one wants the stalls and dress circle of the political circus to be empty, but it would be absurd to let a small percentage of the audience exercise too great an influence on the productions of the management.

If one were to investigate the lives of great writers and painters, one would find, I think, that the majority wrote and painted

for money and recognition, and that the one reward they really wished for was a Box Office success.

Dickens, who is perhaps the healthiest genius in English literature, writing of a proposed new publication, says frankly:

I say nothing of the novelty of such a publication, nowadays, or its chance of success. Of course I think them great, very great; indeed almost beyond calculation, or I should not seek to bind myself to anything so extensive. The heads of the terms on which I should be prepared to go into the undertaking would be—that I be made a proprietor in the work, and a sharer in the profits. That when I bind myself to write a certain portion of every number, I am ensured for that writing in every number, a certain sum of money.

That is the wholesome way of approaching a piece of literary work from the Box Office point of view. But Dickens well understood the inward significance of Box Office success and why it is a thing good in itself. As he puts it in answering the letter of a reader in the backwoods of America:

To be numbered among the household gods of one's distant countrymen and associated with their homes and quiet pleasures; to be told that in each nook and corner of the world's great mass there lives one well-wisher who holds communion with me in spirit is a worthy fame indeed, and one which I would not barter for a mine of wealth.

Dickens' Box Office returns brought him a similar message from hundreds and thousands of his fellow-men to that contained in the letter from the backwoods of America, and though in the nature of things such messages can only come in any number through the Box Office, Dickens understood the meaning of a Box Office success and had too honest a heart to pretend that he despised it.

In the modern education and in the Socialist doctrines that are preached, emulation, competition, and success are spoken of almost as though they were evils in themselves. People are to have without attaining. Children and men and women are taught to forget that "they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize."

It is considered bad form to remember that there is a Box Office, that it is the world's medium for deciding human values; and that to gain prizes it is necessary to "so run that ye may obtain."

These old-world notions are worth repeating, for however we may wish they were otherwise, they remain with us and have to be faced. And on the whole they are good. Success at the Box Office is not only to be desired on account of the money it brings in, but because it means an appreciation and belief in one's work by one's fellow-men. In professions such as the actor's, the barrister's, the politician's, and to a great extent the dramatist's, and all those vocations where a man to succeed at all must succeed in his own lifetime, the Box Office is, for all practical purposes, the sole test of merit. The suggestion—a very common one to-day—that a man can only make a Box Office success by pandering to low tastes, or indulging in some form of dishonesty or chicanery, is a form of cant invented by the man who has failed to soothe his self-esteem and to account pleasantly to himself for his own failure. A study of the lives of great men will show that they all worked for the two main things, popular recognition and substantial reward that are summed up in the modern phrase Box Office.

It may be that in some ideal state the incentive to work may be found in some other institution rather than the Box Office. It is the dream of a growing number of people that a time is nearly at hand when the Box Office results attained by the workers are to be taken away and shared among those high-souled unemployables who prefer talking to toiling and spinning. Such theories are nothing new, though just at the moment they may be uttered in louder tones than usual. St. Paul knew that they were troubling the Thessalonians when he reminded them "that if any would not work neither should he eat," and he added, "for we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all but are busybodies." St. Paul makes the sensible suggestion "that with quietness they work and eat their own bread." To eat your own bread and not someone else's, you must work for it successfully and earn it. That really is the Box Office principle.

The Pasture Lands of Advertising

By John E. Quinn in Judicious Advertising

NEVER in the world's history have there been so many vast and heroic deeds in advertising, so much money invested and so much interest in publicity as to-day. And yet, hear me declare it, advertising is but in its infancy. How so? Compare the quantity and quality of advertising now with that of ten years ago; compare that of ten years ago with that of the decade previously; ten years from now make another comparison. Giant strides have been made, true, but compared to what may and what will be done, they are only the narrow and contracted steps of the Lilliput. I speak optimistically, you think. Well, I'll go further an' it please you. I'll make a prediction, and mark it.

Now, then—

Ten years hence we will be doing things that to-day are impossible; ten years hence a new field, an entirely new field for the advertiser, will be under tillage. A new field—the air! Ten years hence we will have aerial advertising on a large and profitable scale. Aerial advertising—streaming banners in the daytime and flaming banners at night; mechanical advertising devices operated by skilled aviators; perhaps aerial newspapers, who knows?

Now that the problem of navigating the air with dirigible ships has been practically solved, the next step, it follows, will be aerial advertising. The world is running to advertising now as never before, and it is the new and the novel that counts. Nothing but the best will satisfy. Originality is demanded; there is an unrestricted, unlimited market for practical ideas. Of course before aerial advertising is accepted there must be a campaign of education. A campaign of education always pays. Back in the country there is a good old farmer who was grievously afflicted with seven unmarried daughters. While neither of the seven would have drawn even honorable mention in a beauty contest, yet they were real nice girls, as girls go. The fact that the boys fought shy of his daughters and that they promised never, no never, to leave

the home that had sheltered them so long, worried the old man not a little. So he called in consultation his neighbor, another old farmer.

"The trouble is with you en not th' gals," advised the latter when the distressing case had been laid before him. "Yer too blame free en open with 'em. What you got to do is to hedge 'em about some, en make th' boys believe they want 'em, even if they don't. Yer got to start a campaign of eddycashun. 'Member thet stack o' chaff I set up in th' pasture lot fer my cattle las' winter? Well, jes ez long ez I give 'em free access to thet stack not a blame critter 'ud tech a mouthful of it; but ez soon ez I built a fence 'round th' stack en made 'em believe they had to stay away from it—well! Soon's thet fence went up them cattle went over—fact is, some of 'em didn't wait to go over, but tore down th' fence to git at th' stack. En that's what you got to do with yer gals—build a fence 'round 'em, parabolically speakin'."

Which very sensible advice the farmer followed, inaugurating a campaign of education that resulted in seven elopements, papa serving as best man each time.

What is advertising?

Any sort of public proclamation that arrests and holds attention. Webster defines advertising, briefly, as giving notice. But that is a generic rather than a specific definition. It is not enough. The why and the wherefore is lacking. The people of this progressive age have cultivated no personal trait more than curiosity. They want to know things; they demand a reason. You may say so-and-so is true of a thing; they want you to tell them how you know it is true, to prove it. Because of a lack of definiteness, in itself a possibility, some advertising is about as interesting as the sporting page of the Congressional Record. And yet even the Record's pages are read—sometimes. In our office is a young man of sporting tendencies, who, while he can never hope to go to Washington in any capacity other than a visitor, reads the

Record just to see how the Hon. Knute Nelson delivers a verbal body blow or how the Hon. Ben Tillman swings for an oral upper-cut.

Giving notice? To give notice of what is to be done is one thing; to do it is quite another. No, giving notice will not do.

Another possibility in advertising is the free use of individuality. Put your individuality in your advertising. Be original. Say something no other fellow has said; do something no other fellow has thought of. This is being original. "An ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own." And when you have reached the limit of your originality, quit right there. Don't slop over. There are limits to originality. A printer down the street who was in receipt at intervals of an order for 5,000 envelopes from a certain dealer conceived the original idea of printing double the number the next time, so that he might have 5,000 on hand. He wanted to rush the next order of envelopes back to the dealer within twenty minutes of its receipt and thereby establish a reputation for promptness that would lay his competitors out cold. The plan would have worked all right had it not been that the dealer in the meantime changed his telephone number, which invariably was printed on the envelopes.

Still another possibility in advertising is truth, more truth, and truth all the time. Back of all the heroic feats in present-day advertising lies truth with a big T. It used to be, and you and I well know it, that the proclamations of many advertisers were uttered with no regard for facts as they existed, and as a result they were well served when their assertions were taken cum grano salis by a public whose eyes were open.

Also—

Hope and ambition are a mighty force in advertising when backed by a modicum of brains. If spurred by ambition to what heights may one not climb? As hope is the sheet anchor of the soul, ambition is the centre arc of success. I do not believe I am mistaken when I say that ambition has beat high in every human breast at some time or other. We all of us have served our apprenticeship at the trade of air-castle building. I remember in boyhoods' roseate days when I was one of a class studying hydraulics in Johnson's livery stable we were telling what we would like to be whenever our parents became amenable to

reason. There was among us, I recall, Bob Frisby, a negro boy, who had fits. Bob said he wanted to be an artist and paint grand pictures; he fairly panted to wield the brush, to fit himself into the profession, as it were. The ambition was born in the humble lad and he no more could help it than he could help putting his hands in our pockets in the vain hope of finding some loose change. Well, ambition won the day for Bob. He grew to be a wielder of the brush. Many a time I have seen him put up a landscape, a marine scene and a portrait inside of a few minutes and just as natural as life. As a bill poster Bob had no superiors and few equals. He also achieved some success with the whitewash brush.

And then there was Fat Dillingham, the Baptist preacher's boy. Fat mapped out a most glorious career for the credit of his family—a career that had its culmination in the driver's seat of a circus band wagon. But, alas! this superb dream was never to be realized, for Fat somehow got into politics and went from bad to worse, until finally, with never a helping hand lifted to stay him in his headlong course, he wound up in Congress.

Anybody can write an advertisement. Some can do it better than others. But to write an advertisement which will be a creative force is an art. In no one person is all the knowledge of advertising vested, for which I am truly grateful. We have instances of raw clerks in country stores turning out excellent advertising copy. This talk of "inside information" amounts to nothing. The only person that ever had exclusive inside information was Jonah, and he didn't go around the country bragging about it, either. I do not disparage the advertising schools when I say a person can be a successful writer of advertising without their air.

Then again:

No longer is there any question whether advertising pays. That was a possibility of the past; it is a certainty of the present and the future. I have not forgotten that there used to be grave doubts about a dime coming back for the dollar put into advertising. We used to be told, solemnly and knowingly, that a dollar put into advertising was just that much money thrown away—by heck! The mossbacks who said so had "studied advertising from every standpoint

THE PASTURE LANDS OF ADVERTISING

and knew all about it." If they ever studied advertising they commenced at the wrong end. They were like our neighbor's boy, Wash Seebaw, who studied entomology once because the subject pointedly appealed to him.

About Wash there never was anything smart until he was stung by the hornet he was handling. Wash started the study of entomology at the wrong end.

After all, the proposition in advertising is merely one of dollars for dollars. It is quite right to expect returns from every investment made in this direction, but the person who expects dollars for cents on the very first investment is unreasonable. Be reasonable; don't expect too much from a first investment in anything. You know the first thing in a marriage ceremony is the

wedding march, and many a poor fellow with smiling face has gone to his doom to the merry strains of Mendelssohn or Lohengrin. There are exceptions, of course, and these prove the rule that neither marriage nor advertising is a failure.

Remember your first pair of pants, don't you? I am addressing my male readers now. With what delight you explored those mysterious caverns which Pap and brother Bill called pockets, probing to arm-pit in the vain endeavor to touch bottom. A new vista opened before you when you donned those first breeks. "The world is mine!" And so to-day there are newer and greener pastures in advertising than ever before offered, and the person who wanders far afield may luxuriate in clover. Don new breeches. Thrust your hands into their pockets and touch bottom if you can.

Sufficient unto the day is the knowledge thereof.

Women never *know* anything. They guess or jump to conclusions.

After all, he is a wise man who knows why his wife smiles—and a lucky man.

Don't you know that if a man wants to be in love, fifty closed doors won't stop him. They'll only make him worse.

Men are such feeble creatures when women caress them, and look up smiling into their simple faces and plead softly.

Women are deep humorists. They delight in seeing confounded, nay, in confounding, the deep-laid schemes of mice and men.

I had an impression that she was beautiful; but Rhoda corrected it afterwards. Men and women usually differ in such matters—when some other woman is concerned.

Women must find great satisfaction in their management of men. I have written much about them. On paper they sometimes work out beautifully, but in real life they surpass my understanding.—From "A Laughing Matter," by S. F. Bullock.

Increasing Small Wages by Taking Up Side Lines

By G. F. Stratton in Saturday Post

IN its legitimate field—the eking out of a sorely-restricted income—the side line has cheered many a sinking heart. A clerk who had worked for years for an industrial corporation, at ten dollars a week and the occasional assurance that, if his department and work continued well up to their excellent standard his salary would—not be reduced, bethought himself of a side line. He collected a half-column of notes about the works and the men—there were six thousand employed—and sent it to the local paper. A return note from the editor stated that he would take a little batch of those items each week, paying ten cents an inch for the personals and five cents for the “technical stuff,” and the clerk concluded to devote himself to the “personals.” He was soon sending in from a column to a column and a half, weekly, and scanning the advertising pages for second-hand motor cars. Then it occurred to him that, even if his editor did not care for the “technical stuff,” some other editor might. He made up a bright little article, and, sending it to a trade paper, received fifteen dollars for it. Then he began to show an interest in new motor cars. He had a nose for news, a crisp, snappy style, and indomitable perseverance, and to-day he is a successful feature-writer, and has gained his car—not a second-hand one!

In industrial towns, where shops close at noon on Saturday, many of the brightest young factory workers—men and girls—find a side line of employment in helping the retailers through the afternoon and evening rush. For this they are paid from one to two dollars, or, probably, in the case of clothing, hats or shoes, a commission on their sales. Scores of girls dart from the shops every day, when the noon whistle blows, to near-by restaurants, where they serve as waitresses for forty or forty-five minutes, and then, after a rush lunch for themselves, get back to their factories on time. The pay for this is, usually, the rush lunch.

Many shop or office girls take positions

as evening clerks in small variety stores or ice cream parlors, working from seven o'clock to ten-thirty every night in the week. Working so many hours as this cannot be interfered with, even in those States where labor hours for women are restricted by law, because the girls are working for two different employers, and the law only restrains the employer from working females above a certain number of hours weekly. The employe is not restricted as to the number of places in which she may work.

Many clerks working on small salaries make a few extra dollars by posting and balancing books for some small business man. In cities where evening schools are operated the instructors in drawing, stenography and other specialties are nearly always men in regular, daily employment. In many theatres and concert halls the ushers are high school boys, earning their clothes and pocket money.

All these are very ordinary side lines and very commonly practiced. But there are a number of cases which show extraordinary energy or initiative effort in securing or building up a good side line.

A carpenter who had sunk the savings of years in a speculative venture, found himself, at the verge of winter, without a dollar and without work. He took a job as laborer in a packing-house in Detroit, at a dollar and a quarter a day. In order to help out this wretched support for his family he occupied his evenings in making toy sleds in a shed adjoining his cottage. His wife assisted by painting these sleds and they were disposed of to a down town dealer. In the spring he changed off to toy wagons; and during this period his working hours were never less than sixteen or seventeen hours a day. A few months later, assisted by the dealer—who was also a jobber—he bought a very small, second-hand engine and connected it to a circular saw. Then he gave up his packing-house job and his side line became his main line. Five years afterward he was operating a five-

storey brick factory with four hundred hands.

A young man working for a New York advertising agency had access to a large number of newspapers after the advertisements had been checked off. As a side line he originated the idea of press clippings; his first efforts being confined to death notices, which he collected and duplicated in writing and furnished to monument cutters and to the makers of lithographed and framed funeral certificates, which, at that time, were considered by some people as suitable and touching parlor decorations. From that side line, has developed the great, systematic business of press clipping.

A timekeeper in a great factory, with an overwhelming ambition to buy a house-lot, conceived an idea which brought the reward its ingenuity deserved.

He made lists of names of the men employed, giving their addresses, and particulars as to whether they were married or single, and, as far as possible, information as to where they might readily be found in the evenings. These lists he sold to an insurance agent, who found them invaluable for the means they afforded him of finding and approaching men, with some knowledge of their circumstances and characters. Before the entire personnel of the factories had been exhausted the young fellow had been paid enough to buy his lot. And these same lists, carefully culled, produced a list of names and particulars of young workmen for which one of the large correspondence schools paid handsomely.

A young married man, working for a corporation in a small village in New England, at twelve dollars a week, drove a cab for a stable keeper every evening for five years, in order to pay for a home. During the past year two factory workers have earned two hundred dollars each, scoop-netting herring by torchlight in one of the numerous harbors of Massachusetts Bay.

Side lines such as these mean long hours of work, but not necessarily tedious hours. The change of work often saves them from being tiresome. The man who drove the cab states that the separation from his family was his greatest hardship: the evening on the box, after the day in a close workshop, was as much recreation as work. And, having a personal acquaintance with the two young men, I can confidently

assert that, had they not been fishing by torchlight, they would, probably, have been dancing by arclight or holding the main-sheet of some little sailing craft.

Farmers frequently have side lines which bring in welcome cash. This is specially the case in New England; in fact, in the States of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont the farmers have been rescued from a dire scarcity of cash by the side lines of keeping summer boarders and guiding sportsmen. The long lists of abandoned farms in those States, compiled a dozen years ago by the State authorities, have shrunk one-half, and are still shrinking. The purchase of these farms by city men for summer homes, and the great influx of visitors induced by the increase of game and the development of camping sites, have been taken advantage of by the farmers and their wives. In almost every corner of those States they have a market at their doors for garden truck and dairy supplies; for almost every spare room they can find a boarder, and, while the wives are running these side lines, the farmers are earning two or three dollars a day as fishing or hunting guides. The season is long, extending from the duck-shooting and trout fishing of early spring to the red deer and moose hunting of October.

A New Hampshire boy left his farm home and obtained a job in a wood-working factory in Boston. Two years afterward his father was crippled by an accident, and the boy, an only son, loyal to his old parents and, perhaps, with some little longing for his native hills, decided to return and carry on the work. But, remembering the stones and sterility of that worn out, old farm, and being resourceful and progressive, he decided upon a side line. With his small savings he bought a six horse-power gasoline engine—second-hand—and a small circular saw. These he took back to the farm, and, more valuable still, he carried in his pocket an order from a Boston manufacturer for fifty thousand small oak disks. These were to be sawed, diagonally, from oak saplings and shipped with the bark on; the manufacturer would finish them up as photograph frames and display stands for shoe stores.

This contract paid the young man three hundred and fifty dollars net for his winter's work upon it. Then he purchased a turning lathe and some other tools, and last year

his output was billed out at nearly four thousand dollars. With the exception of wages to four or five boys and girls this sum was clear gain, for every particle of material was obtained from the mass of second-growth pine, oak and birch on that almost worthless farm. Of that total, about two thousand dollars was for birch-bark picture frames, sold to a Boston wholesaler.

The advent of the gasoline engine has opened up a good side line for the farmers of New England and of Northern Michigan and Wisconsin, where the big lumber operators have got through. An eight-horse engine will run a portable sawmill for second-growth logs very efficiently. Such an outfit is inexpensive and can be loaded on a farm wagon. With it the farmer saws his own logs and contracts to saw those of his neighbors. He takes up a side line of lumbering which brings in many good dollars from logs, otherwise valueless, and from days of winter work, otherwise unproductive.

The great inventions are almost invariably the results of working on side lines. While small inventions are frequently made by men in their regular course of work, and identified with the lines of production upon

which they are constantly engaged, the inventions which have revolutionized the methods of the world's work, or produced entirely new conditions and opened up previously unknown fields of enterprise and exploitation, have nearly always been the brain work of men normally engaged in very different activities. The steam engine was developed by a blacksmith, a civil engineer and a mathematical instrument maker. The inventor of the spinning jenny was a barber. Fulton, of steamboat fame, was a portrait painter. Morse, the father of the telegraph system, was also an artist. Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, was a school teacher. Hoe, the printing press inventor, was a joiner. Elihu Thomson, one of the pioneer inventors of dynamos and motors, was a Professor of Chemistry in a High School for boys.

The list might be tremendously extended. It might run from the earliest of the great inventions down to the present moment. The Wright brothers, who are astonishing the world with flying machines, were really dealers in, and repairers of, bicycles. Whatever the flying machine may be to them now, it was taken up as a side line.

A man's ambitions should be high, but they should be guided by his capabilities.

Like so many good wives, she died young. Good people always do; it is their one redeeming quality.

Directly people grow to the age when they ought to know better, you find that they know hardly anything at all.

Circumstance often plays a far greater part in a woman's life than in a man's, for a man will make his own destiny.

When yielding his soul to the influence of the beloved woman, it is not the weakness of a man's nature, but its very strength which plays him traitor.—From "The Duchess of Dreams," by Edith Macvane.

A Danish Statesman Embezzles Seven Millions

By G. S. Stranvold in Post Magazine

"**I** HEREBY surrender my person to the police; I am guilty of frauds, involving presumably nine million kroner (\$2,500,000)."

So spoke his Excellency the King's Privy Councillor, Peter Adler Alberti, M.P., Knight of Danish, Norwegian and Greek orders, addressing one of the police officials in the ancient Court House of Copenhagen.

Imagine the scene: The man who until six weeks before was the very Minister of Justice, sitting before one of his former subalterns, confessing to a crime the like of which had never been heard of in Denmark, and rarely elsewhere. No wonder the police official found it difficult to believe the amazing story. But soon he understood, and Alberti—after being searched and humiliated like any "common" criminal—was placed in a cell.

The news, circulated by the newspapers, posters, handbills, and extra editions, spread fast; three hours after the arrest it was known in New York. At that same hour the King was at the Copenhagen harbor to receive his sisters, Queen Alexandra, of England, and Dowager Empress Dagmar, of Russia. None wanted to be the first to apprise him of the news; but when he arrived at his castle he was told by an aide-de-camp; at first he was incredulous.

"Why, it is a pretty bad joke you are telling me," was his remark.

"But it is the bitter truth, your Majesty," the officer replied.

Alberti's career—he is now fifty-seven years old—has been a brilliant one. He was a son of an attorney-at-law, C. C. Alberti, whom he succeeded as the President of "Den sjaellandske Bondestands Sparkasse," i.e., "The Savings Bank of the Farmers of Zealand," capitalized at \$10,000,000. Alberti, jr., passed through the Copenhagen University with full honors, taking his degree as a bachelor of law, and soon began practice. He also was president of the association, "The Farmers of Denmark," which was founded for the purpose of promoting the export of Danish butter, par-

ticularly to England. From 1892 dates his political activity; in that year he was nominated in a rural district by the Left (progressive) party for member of the Diet, and won by a compromise with the opposition party.

In 1901—on July 24—he was appointed Minister of Justice by the Late King Christian, in the Deuntzer Cabinet, the first democratic ministry of Denmark. During the reconstruction in 1905 he retained his Cabinet seat, M. J. C. Christensen, a former rural school teacher, being Premier. On July 24 of this year the Cabinet underwent a second reconstruction and Alberti and M. Ole Hansen, Minister of Agriculture, left it. This was a direct and inevitable consequence of the attacks by the radicals of his own party—attacks which the happenings of September have amply justified.

As early as November last the opposition demanded that Premier Christensen expel Alberti from his Cabinet. The demand was based on a number of accusations, some of which were:

That Alberti had conceded certain lottery privileges to a real estate syndicate—in which he was personally interested;

That he in many and ostentatious ways favored, with Government contracts and franchises, certain men and firms in whom and which he himself was deeply interested;

That he misused his high office in suspending the sentence of a newspaper editor, who had been convicted of libellous writing, with the distinct understanding that this editor should serve his (Alberti's) interests and defend him at all times; thus he practically annulled the power of the Supreme Court;

That he repeatedly favored the firm of attorneys whose senior member he himself was;

That he again and again caused decorations to be bestowed on otherwise insignificant persons who thus were rewarded for having rendered him personal services.

There were many more charges than

these. The most serious of them all was divulged when certain parties alleged that Alberti, as president of the Farmers' Savings Bank, had rendered an incorrect statement of accounts at the end of the last fiscal year in order to cover a series of illicit financial transactions, which, among other things, involved a loan of a million kroner on the assets of the bank, and subsequent investment of this amount in an unknown enterprise. Further it was alleged that Alberti had withheld certain information required by the inspectors of the bank. This latter allegation appeared in the Politiken, a few days after Alberti's exit from the Cabinet, and, although he scoffed at the charge, and instituted suits for slander, hardly six weeks later he gave himself into the hands of that department whose executive he had been for the previous seven years.

It is established, by the man's own confession, that he has defrauded the Farmers' Savings Bank and the butter export association, "The Farmers of Denmark," systematically for fourteen years, in other words, since 1894, two years after his appearance on the political field.

When he saw that disaster was approaching, he began speculating in American and South African mining stocks—only to sink deeper. This he has confessed; also that he with a small hand printing apparatus produced counterfeit letterheads, and that he forged the signatures of certain bankers to valuable documents.

Of dominating appearance, with hard, cold, commanding features, yet of a corpulent build, Alberti is said to be jovial, good-natured, and an exceedingly industrious worker, who rose with the sun, was at work at all hours of the day, retiring for the night regularly at nine. He took no interest whatever in literature, art, or the sciences, but was simply a huge human dynamo with an enormous capacity for work. His gigantic fraud has been compared to the French Panama and the Italian Nasi scandal. Twenty-five million kroner (about \$7,500,000) is a pretty large sum anywhere in the world; in Denmark, 25,000,000 kroner is practically equivalent to the same

amount of dollars in America; that is, one kroner buys in that country approximately as much as does one dollar in this. No wonder, then, that there were loud demands for a thorough revision of the system in vogue.

The first demand was—immediately after the Alberti arrest—that the Cabinet resign on the ground that Premier Christensen morally was responsible for the development of Alberti's political doings. Two days after the first loud demands in the press, it was officially announced that "the events of the past couple of days in no way whatever will influence the position or the personnel of the Cabinet." Another two days elapsed and then the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Raben-Levetzau, sent his resignation to the King, who, immediately, summoned Premier Christensen, suggesting that he and the rest of the Cabinet offer their resignations. A royal suggestion of this kind is, of course, synonymous with a command. So the Christensen Cabinet collapsed as a direct result of the Alberti frauds.

This accomplished, the Radical press, more than ever pronounced in its demands, clamored for the removal of M. Ole Hansen, former Minister of Agriculture and vice-president of the Alberti Savings Bank, from the directorate of the National Bank of Denmark. This demand also had to be complied with. The latest mail advices are to the effect that the work of regeneration and revision is being pushed on with all the energy and persistence required by the seriousness of the situation. It is nothing less than a general housecleaning which now is being undertaken. In Denmark they do not do things or assert themselves by a revolution, or a civil war, or wild street riots. They simply direct the power of a free press against the sick spots in the body politic. The collapse of Alberti is due to a well-trained, systematic, ably led press campaign of protest and opposition. The regeneration will, in a large sense, also be the work of a press that realizes its responsibilities, knows its goals, and sets out for them, straight and unwaveringly.

Converting a City From Its Evil Ways

By John Ihlder in World To-Day

EVERY history has its obscure beginnings, and that of the new civic spirit in Grand Rapids is no exception. Four years ago there was some public spirit in the people of the city, but it was blind and uninformed. And being blind and uninformed, it believed that all that ailed the city was politics. Therefore it sought to purge politics. By good luck a non-partizan mayor was elected, and under him the administrative boards were reformed. Public works are now under the supervision of a highly paid professional who has brought about economies equal to several times his salary. Even more important, the board of education now consists of nine members elected at large instead of twenty-four elected by wards. Under the old board the schools were considered less important than patronage, quarrels and scandal. Under the new board the schools are becoming a source of pride to the city.

All these changes aroused the interest of the board of trade. For Grand Rapids had even then a board of trade, though its chief reason for existence appeared to be that every self-respecting city had one. Two or three committees, like that of the wholesalers, did some effective work in furthering the interests of their members, but the board of trade as a board of trade was a subject for jest. People asked each other wonderingly for what purpose it existed. The only answer seemed to be: to give a picnic down Grand River every summer and a dinner every winter.

Four years ago the board of trade had a municipal affairs committee. But it was merely a paper committee. Its members did nothing, not because there was nothing to do, but because they had neither the interest nor the information. The political reforms aroused their interest, however, and they took a part in securing the charter changes. Then they began to look about for something else which deserved attention and found the smoke, the bill-board and the vacant-lot nuisances. Against

these they began a crusade which has made considerable progress. This encouraged them so much that a year ago last January they detailed a sub-committee to consider the wisdom of working for a civic centre and a city plan.

This, at the time, seemed to many persons absurdly ambitious. Were not the present public buildings, with the exception of the post office, good for years to come? And as for city planning, there might have been some sense in it if it had been undertaken at the time the fur traders first settled at the rapids of the Grand, but now the city is completed (!)

Yet the sub-committee took itself and its work seriously. It produced a report which showed so clearly the costly errors that had recently been made and those that were then being made—as in the location of the new post office—all because of lack of forethought, that the municipal affairs committee adopted it unanimously and passed it up to the directors. It was finally laid on the table, however, on the ground that a city plan in order to be effective must be authorized by the city government. So a petition was sent to the common council, and after a special committee of the aldermen had spent all summer considering the matter, they were persuaded to recommend the appointment of a commission of nine citizens. This commission considered the subject all last winter, going over the city thoroughly and preparing a number of tentative plans. But at the end it too decided that expert advice was necessary even in the preparation of such a tentative plan as it proposed. Expert advice costs money, however, and the aldermen who had requested the appointment of the commission had done so, not because they believed in the value of its work—they were “practical” men—but in order to quiet the petitioners. They and the new mayor treated the whole matter as a joke.

Then the municipal affairs committee came to the commission's aid. A city plan

proposal with nothing to commend it except its merits might expect little consideration from officials whose thoughts are "practical," but such a proposal backed by public opinion might fare differently. For such backing would give it "practical" meaning. So the committee began to seek means of getting this backing, and then came the thought of the civic revival which would break down the wall of popular indifference. After this, the city plan became simply a symbol; the great purpose was to arouse in the people an interest in all that concerned their city.

The men who proposed the revival had few illusions; converts to their ranks had been won too painfully. But they had reasons for faith. For years one of the local newspapers had been offering prizes for the best-kept lawns in the city and had thus aroused considerable interest of a kind that redounded to the public benefit. During the past year or two it had added prizes for the most attractive group of lawns, and in that way a little community spirit had been awakened. During the same time the managers of several of the larger factories had cleared away the rubbish heaps which decorated their premises and substituted grass and trees and vines. But, after all, this was only a development of the old pride in individual possession. Now it was proposed to arouse a pride in what all owned in common.

A systematic campaign was begun. The newspaper which conducted the lawn contests had been aiding the city plan commission for months by publishing news stories and editorials describing what other cities are doing in the way of city planning. It and its contemporaries now gave generously of their space to the plans for the civic revival. But the municipal affairs committee was not satisfied. It printed thousands of circulars which it distributed among the school children. It sent letters to every organization in the city, clubs, societies, neighborhood associations, asking them to express formally their approval. It put placards in the shop windows and in the street cars. There might be indifference among the mass of the people but the committee was determined, if the thing were possible, to overcome that indifference.

Anything of a political nature, of

course, the great majority could understand and take an interest in. Politics is not only a recognized part of life, but it promises salaried offices. This new movement, however, this demand that one show his patriotism not only on election day, but every day, by thinking and working for community betterment, was not so easily understood. The formal responses from the clubs and societies were reassuringly cordial. But those whose business it is to watch the moods of the people, the professional politicians, manifested no change of heart as revival week drew near.

Not seven days before the revival began the mayor told the secretary of the city plan commission that the aldermen would laugh at its request for money. The budget was by far the largest in the city's history and besides there were important matters to be discussed on the night it was to be passed, matters of street lights, street signs and the granting of two saloon licenses. In the discussion of the last named the mayor himself proposed to take an epoch-making part. Evidently then no one would have time or patience for frills and fancies.

Revival week began discouragingly. On Monday and Tuesday the rain poured down. The church in which the meetings were held, because it had the largest available auditorium in the city, was not half filled. But those who heard Professor Zueblin once came again, and others came with them. The effect was cumulative. The afternoon lectures on "The New Civic Spirit" and its manifestations in "The Training of the Citizen," "The Making of the City," "The Administration of the City" and "The Life of the Citizen" stimulated thought and discussion on subjects unfamiliar because taken for granted as dealing with matters long settled. The evening lectures, illustrated with lantern slides, told the story of city planning in America, beginning with the play cities of the great exhibitions at Chicago and Buffalo and St. Louis, and then taking up the serious work of Washington, San Francisco, Harrisburg and the other towns which have dared to dream dreams of a glorified future. In all these there was constant reference to Grand Rapids, its problems, its opportunities, its mistakes,

COVERING IT UP FROM HIS LITTLE WIFE
and its proposed city plan. The lessons were driven home.

On Friday of revival week, the Friday before the Monday on which the budget was to be passed, the secretary of the city plan commission visited the mayor to make sure that no hitch would prevent the presentation of the request for money. Again the mayor assured him that the aldermen would laugh at the idea of granting any money for a city plan. That evening the church was packed with people and hundreds were turned away.

On Saturday afternoon the regular meeting was omitted and in its place was held a conference attended by eighty of the more prominent business men and city officials. The general interest shown by the increasing attendance at the lectures had value, but the committee wished to get a definite expression from leading men, so that this general interest might not be dissipated but crystallized into tangible form. In order to do this the city plan was made the subject of discussion. First, the secretary gave a brief sketch of the commission's work and its desire. Then a dozen men asked questions designed to bring out the value and the probable cost of a city plan, and at the end Professor Zueblin answered these questions. When he had finished, one of the members of the commission asked those present to signify whether or not they favored its request. The vote was practically unanimous, and the great majority further showed their good will by signing petitions addressed to the council.

These petitions and the influence exerted by some of the leading citizens on individual aldermen caused the mayor to become doubtful about the possibility of the appropriation being granted. On Saturday evening and on Sunday, petition cards were distributed at the revival meetings and many hundreds of signatures were secured. On Monday the ways and means committee of the common council added the appropriation to the budget with the recommendation that it be passed. That evening the members of the commission and several other men who were deeply interested in its work attended the council meeting, to continue the fight if necessary. But the fight was over. One of the commissioners did speak, but no one answered him. Instead, several of the

aldermen in discussing other subjects, street lights and signs, referred to the city plan appropriation as something already granted.

But this success, as said before, was only the symbol of the greater victory. That greater victory lay in arousing the people to a constructive interest in their city, in opening their minds to the fact that Grand Rapids is their common heritage, through the development of which in loyal co-operation, life for each and all will be made more worth the living. Clean politics, an efficient government, instead of covering all the field of a citizen's duty, are now recognized as covering but a fraction of it. Added to the task of being a good citizen on election day is that of being a good neighbor every day.

This new idea revival week drove home. The work of the municipal affairs committee and of an evening paper in substituting beauty spots for eyesores made obvious one way in which the idea could be applied. The richest citizens of Grand Rapids had seldom felt, or having felt had resisted, the impulse which leads the richest men of some other cities to give liberally to the community. Until the municipal affairs committee began its work Grand Rapids had received only three notable gifts: one, a large park given many years ago by a pioneer; the others, a beautiful library building and a downtown park given by a former resident, Martin A. Ryerson, whose home is now in Chicago.

But during the past year several gifts have been added, chief among them three large playgrounds, each containing several acres, and a children's home, which, when completed, will be one of the monumental buildings of the city. This generous spirit was stimulated by the revival. During the three weeks since its close, the management of one of the largest furniture factories has bought a fine grove of trees near its plant to use as a park for its employees and the people of the neighborhood; the proprietor of another factory has given to the city twelve acres of land for a riverside park, and the business men, through a committee of two hundred, have appointed a smaller committee of twenty-one representing manufacturing, commercial, labor and social organizations to secure plans for a building which shall contain not only the large auditorium whose

lack the city now feels keenly, but smaller halls and rooms which will make it the non-official centre of the city's life.

Nor has this been all. The doctrine of co-operation was preached with such effect by Professor Zueblin that, since he left, the first step has been taken in forming neighborhood associations to secure and maintain neighborhood parks and playgrounds. Down in the business section the new spirit is manifested in a desire to do away with the old projecting electric signs which disfigure the streets, and to substitute a system that will not only give light

but will add to the dignity of the city. Along the river front the new spirit is shown in a renewed determination to utilize the million-dollar flood walls, whose erection was begun by the non-partizan mayor, for something besides flood protection. The opportunity is there for quays and parkways. The river front, now the greatest blemish of the town, can be made its greatest beauty. And the people are coming to realize it, for they have come to recognize that in Grand Rapids they have a common property of which they can increase the beauty and the value a hundredfold if they will but take thought, and work together.

Some Clever Epigrams

From "Miss Fallowfield's Fortune," by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler

I am old enough to have learnt that, though the wisdom of life consists in seeing things as they are, the happiness of life consists in seeing things as they are not—oneself included.

The knowledge that one's name is inscribed in the "Landed Gentry," is a surer antidote to mundane ambition than the belief that it is written in the Book of Life.

She had to learn, as we have all to learn sooner or later, that we are called to make the best of the talents which we have, instead of thinking how much better we could have done with those entrusted to other people.

I wouldn't mind agreeing with a man now and then if I knew he was wrong, but a man who is always right—and who you know is always right—and who knows himself that he is always right—is too aggravating for anything.

He may even become wise enough to be wrong sometimes—a height of wisdom to which he had never attained.

Love which is tempered with reason is not love at all, but is merely esteem or friendship masquerading in the part.

Persons who are oppressively unworldly are generally thoroughly mundane at the core; just as persons who are obtrusively polite are usually intrinsically ill-bred.

Mutual approval is a great bond; but it is nothing as compared with the still closer bond of mutual disapproval.

When once a woman begins to pity a man for not having got what he wanted, she will never rest until she has given him something that he never wanted at all.

What's the Matter With American Women?

Dr. Andrew MacPhail in *Spectator*

IT is luxurious idleness alone which appeals to the American woman. In literature and life this is the clue to her actions.

It is an eternal law—at least it has been a law since the beginning of created things—that an organ, an animal or a species cannot exist independently of its function. Life and growth are bound up with work, and we have not yet grown so mighty that we have emancipated ourselves from the dominion of this law.

The primitive functions of the woman were to prepare food and clothing, to care for her mate and the offspring which she had assisted in producing. In course of time, and for reasons largely beyond her control, these obligations have become less incumbent upon her. With one exception, they have been usurped by the male or placed in the hands of hirelings. In the progress of civilization and by the division of labor the food is purchased partially or wholly prepared, as the advertisements boast.

In America this industrial change has been remarkably rapid, and there are women living in idleness to-day who in their youth were accustomed to take a sheaf from the field and prepare the evening meal from it before the night fell.

Every advance in that industrial development of which we are boasting continually makes for the destruction of the family. Originally each family was more or less self-contained and mutually supporting. The man procured food from the forest, from the sea or from the soil, and he was aided in these occupations by his boys, who became competent at a very early age. The woman dressed the skins, made them into garments and prepared the food for eating. In later times she carded the wool, spun the yarn wove the cloth and fashioned it into clothing, and there are men yet living who look back with yearning to a family life in which these occupations were the chief concern.

At an early age the girl, too, was initiated

into these mysteries. She was self-supporting from her childhood, and, indeed, added to the wealth and comfort of the family. The child, instead of being a burden, was an asset. Both male and female were efficient members of the community, and there was an honored place for even the maiden aunt, made honorable by her usefulness.

Into this community of families comes the manufacturer with his machinery, and his love of money, and his formulas about efficiency, saving of labor, industrial progress and commercial development. Every turn of his wheels disintegrates the family by destroying its multifarious occupations.

The butter, which used to be churned in the dairy, kept cool by an overhanging willow tree, is now made in a factory. The sheep which the children tended upon the hillside are gone, and with them the occupations of carding, spinning and weaving which made the long winter evenings too short for the work to be done. The larder is stored day by day from the grocer's wagon, and those delectable times are vanished in which the woman-kind gathered the apple and the berry, and preserved them in shining rows, not for this year alone, but for next year and the year after.

The country has grown rich, but the family is destroyed. There is money and idleness for the women of the well-to-do; idleness alone for the women of the poor. For the daughters of the poor there is the refuge of the factory and its sisters—the slum and the street. For the daughters of the rich there is nothing but idleness, and both classes are more unhappy than when they lived in trees.

The care of the offspring has been handed over to male and female hirelings—physicians and nurses—and thus a wide outlet for the physical and mental activity of the woman has been effectually stopped. Deprived of the care of her children, the woman suffers a diminution of her affection, and it is replaced by a noisy sentimentalism which is equally disastrous for mother, child and husband.

It is the maternal instinct running riot. It exhausts itself upon the infant, and none remains for the growing child to whom it might be of some value. The American mother is famous for the care of her infant and the neglect of her child.

We have seen that women have handed over their function of preparing food to the cook, the making of clothing to the tailor, the care of their children to the physician. If these substitutes were females the case would not be so anomalous; but, on the contrary, they are males, and I believe that all women now recognize the superiority of the man-cook, the man-tailor and man-midwife.

The man and the woman are complementary the one to the other. In so far as the woman acquires the qualities and characteristics of the man she becomes to that extent futile, as futile as the man who has acquired the quality of effeminacy. No matter how effeminate a man becomes, he can never be so adorable as a woman. He will always be an amateur in that role, and the woman has him beaten at the start.

Reduced by a power not her own to a condition of idleness, her case is a most unhappy one, and her manifold activities in the street, in places of entertainment, and finally in the divorce court, are merely blind strivings to free herself from an intolerable ennui.

Her life is one of rivalry for appearance and position. The struggle exhausts her energy and all other means at her disposal. Her mind becomes warped and her ambition distorted. Eternal restlessness is her portion, a dislike of any discipline, a hatred of any law save that which her own whim, will, or desire imposes. To impose this law upon others becomes her constant occupation.

The most oppressive burden which a woman is called upon to endure is that anomaly amongst created beings—the wearing of clothes. In the state of nature it is ordained that the female shall go quietly. The male is the gaudy, strutting creature.

But in the race to which we belong it is the woman who is glorious; and this burden of splendor, falling upon an organism, which is unqualified for the task, breaks it down hopelessly and renders it unfit for the performance of its proper function.

The possession of splendid apparel in-

volves the necessity for its display, and out of that arises vanity, jealousy, rivalry and all uncharitableness. This is the genesis of the thing which is known as society. To the American man there is something mysterious about this society, and his womenkind alone are supposed to understand it. He is in reality a simple-minded person, and his women have entered into a conspiracy against him by which they shall live in idleness, and he shall “labor and toil, and rob, and steal, and bring all to his love.”

The mark of social distinction in primitive communities is idleness on the part of the woman. One mark of poverty is that women are obliged to work. Brought up in an old-fashioned way, the American man thinks that he has extracted himself from poverty when he has succeeded in keeping his womenkind free from the necessity of work. Speaking generally, this is the aim of the “American woman”—to live a life of luxurious idleness.

The next anomaly under which we labor is that we are compelled to live in houses, and have not yet become convinced what the proper form of habitation is. The American man is himself without taste. The possession of taste is the prerogative of the woman. Accordingly she is the one who deals with the architect and decorator, and she is supposed to understand all matters pertaining to architecture, decoration, and furnishing in virtue of her femininity alone.

When it comes to a question of building a “home” as if a home could be built with hands—the rich, free woman, to demonstrate her equality with the rich woman of older communities, must have a house which resembles “the stately homes of England,” or a villa which vies in beauty with the abode of a “merchant prince” of mediaeval Florence; or, to demonstrate the catholicity which exists in a free country, she will probably achieve a combination of both, with certain features added, which belong exclusively to a cathedral or a fortress.

There yet remains one function which is in the exclusive possession of the woman, and no means have been discovered up to the present time by which it can be better performed. That is the part she plays in the propagation of the species. Deprived of this excuse for existence, the female of the human race becomes entirely a parasite. And yet in respect of this remaining function there is some evidence that the “Ameri-

can woman" is not doing her best, that she is following the example of that unprofitable servant who wrapped up his one talent in a napkin. It is quite possible that this indisposition to exercise a natural function is not due to recalcitrance, but to an instinct that the species is not worth reproducing.

But the plea which the "American woman" put forward is the less cynical one that the quality of offspring is more important than quantity.

Professor Karl Pearson has shown from his investigations into the inheritance of tuberculosis that the earlier members of a large family are more apt to inherit disease than those who are born later, and that, therefore, the limitation of families to two children, which now appears to be the desirable number, is increasing the percentage of persons with weak constitutions.

This is Nature's method of dealing with the fictitious law of primogeniture. Human ingenuity is powerless in face of the mysterious laws by which reproduction is governed; and created beings invariably get the worst of it when they set themselves in opposition to those laws. But, fortunately or unfortunately, a diminishing birth rate is confined only to those societies which we are accustomed to think of as highly civilized. The phenomenon is not new.

An instinct fails when it ceases to be exercised. When women in the progress of civilization abandoned the practise of living in trees for the comfort of a cave, it may be well imagined that they quickly forgot the nice art of tree keeping.

Similarly those who live in "flats" no longer retain a remembrance of the days when they dwelt in houses, and the house as a habitation has become as extinct for them as the cave.

The instinct for propagating the species is no exception to this law, and in time the female of this type will become sexless in all but form, which is now so firmly fixed that we may not expect any fundamental alteration.

And yet a variation in type is appearing. The "American woman" retains her girlhood until comparatively late in life, and then suddenly, to her grief and rage, falls into a condition of senility which no devices serve long to postpone.

Indeed, the expression "married girls" is commonly employed in those periodicals which concern themselves with her doings.

And the proof that this instinct is failing is found in the remedy which is offered—that the nature of it be taught in schools from books on physiology.

Self-reliance is the most deadly gift which the female of this race can possess; and yet the girl who is destined to develop into an "American woman" is taught from her earliest years to be assertive of her opinions, insistent upon her rights, and clamorous for a consideration which can only be given ungrudgingly when it is least demanded.

And so she goes through life with squared shoulders and set face, alert for "any insult to her womanhood." The American man, loving peace, desiring to be left to his employments and devices, pretends to acquiesce, and so leaves her in the enjoyment of the fool's paradise which she has created for herself.

The woman differs only in degree from the rest of creative beings. Her natural resources, those by which she will prevail, are gentleness, long suffering, kindness. When she abandons these she does not necessarily, in the present state of civilization, lose her life. She merely becomes an "American woman." In striving for her "rights" the American woman has lost her influence and has given us a new reading of the old fable of the bone and its shadow.

The "American woman" thinks the American man is as good as he is because she loves him so much. She is so self-satisfied that she thinks every one must love her and must continue to love her, entirely irrespective of the conduct which she may choose to indulge in. A husband who should cease to love so glorious a creature must be a fool whose love is not worth striving to retain.

The influence of woman is the subject of all verse, and is best expressed by the word "charm." And what is charm? Certain things it is not. It is not excessive talkativeness, nor that distortion of the countenance in public places which is called laughter. Not intellectual attainment nor the artistic temperament assures its possession. It does not necessarily lie in the physical beauty of a symmetrical musculature. Teeth and eyes and hair are mere epidermal modifications. Charm is everything which the "American woman" thinks it is not. Charm lies in what a woman is, not in what she does, nor in how she looks.

The American women—all women—should turn upon the "American woman," as judges and executioners, with cold, deliberate indignation, in such virgin fury as the workers in the hive display towards the great, idle, sugary-mouthed drones unconscious of the melliferous walls.

And, happily, there is evidence that the people are tired of the farce. This revolution of feeling is led by the really educated women who are willing to confess that even they themselves have missed the mark, and

that their humbler sisters have chosen the better part.

For the ignorant and newly rich the educated women have nothing but scorn: for those who would emancipate themselves from the law they have infinite compassion. The woman who is happy is she who obeys the law of kindness, who goes quietly. Her husband yields her benevolence. His heart doth safely trust in her, and her children call her blessed. The woman who will prevail is the effeminate woman who overcomes man by the force of continual quietness.

How Our Lives Are Shortened

J. Ashby-Sterry in *The Graphic*

Till you make the calculation you will be surprised to know what a lot of time the average man spends in eating and drinking and sleeping. Leaving smoking out of the question altogether, and making a very moderate computation, you will find an ordinary individual passes two months in the course of a year in taking his meals and four months in bed. Six months in the year are devoted to these two occupations. In point of fact, half a lifetime is required for gastronomic delights and the worship of Somnus, so that when a man has reached the age of three score and ten he has actually only lived thirty-five years. This is a matter that should have the serious attention of the promoters of the Daylight Bill. My own impression is that we lead too regular a life. We have our meals at stated times, we go to bed at a certain hour, and we rise every morning at the same period. We ought rather to follow the example of the dog. He eats when he is hungry and drinks when he is thirsty, and he sleeps when he has nothing better to do. Hence he is always ready to go anywhere or do anything at a moment's notice. If we took our meals at odd times and indulged in forty winks whenever we felt inclined—in short, if we did not live so absolutely by rule—we should, doubtless, save a great deal of time, I knew of an old lady in Florence who carried out this idea thoroughly. Her cook was always on duty in case she wanted an omelette in the middle of the night.

The War Against Trusts in America

By Arthur Beaves in the International

If we wish to understand the real causes of the crisis which disturbed the economic life of America during the last few months, we must look beyond financial difficulties to the struggle between the trusts and the people. It was this struggle which destroyed the confidence of the people in the stability of the economic order and of those industrial and financial institutions which are supposed to support it. And since the financial existence of America is wholly based upon a widely extended credit system, this loss of confidence made the quiet transaction of financial affairs impossible. As soon as this confidence disappeared and ready-money payment was more extensively demanded instead of credit, it turned out that the currency of the country only amounted to a minute fraction of the sums that had hitherto changed hands without requiring recourse to ready money, and the threatened financial bodies could not procure the necessary money that was demanded by the terrified people, although they took the greatest pains and offered the highest rates of discount. Thus it may be explained how institutions that were in reality quite well placed, were forced to stop payment, and could only resume their business and meet their liabilities some months later. But all this reacted upon the industrial life of the country: factories were closed, workmen were dismissed, and the country that had been so prosperous passed through a severe crisis. And the primary cause of all this, as before mentioned, is to be found in the conflict between the trusts and the people.

After the end of the Spanish War at the conclusion of the nineteenth century a movement of concentration, which up till then had been extremely slow, began to make itself felt throughout the industrial life of the country. In the most important industries companies which had hitherto engaged in competition united to form large combines. In some cases a predominant company acquired most of the shares in the

other companies, and thus gained actual control of its business tactics. In some cases all the companies joined in still closer union to form one large company, which thereby acquired a position of monopoly. From that time America has been ruled by several large industrial companies. The "American Sugar Co." controls the entire sugar production of the country; the "Standard Oil Trust," the capital of which is just about to be raised to 600 million dollars, controls the petroleum supply; the "Tobacco Trust" the tobacco industry, and the "Steel Trust" the steel production of the country. The union of these industries made large economies in working possible. On the other hand, works which did not pay could be shut down, and the whole production could be concentrated in some few factories which were fitted with the best plant and could be worked with all the advantages that wholesale production implies. All plans of industrial activity could be worked out on a large scale, and all possible advantages could be calculated. Thus the Steel Trust proposes to erect gigantic works on the borders of Lake Michigan. A great part of its production is to be concentrated there, and for this purpose a new town has been built on what was formerly deserted land. This town has been called Gary, and accommodates 50,000 people, workmen and clerks and their families. On the other hand, the cessation of all competition between the single companies rendered unnecessary the huge and costly machinery formerly employed for advertising. Their rival agents and travelers bent on underselling each other no longer traverse the country. All industrial activity is strictly limited to the supply required for actual production and sale. All this considerably increased the profits of the companies concerned. Wages could be raised, and the general business life of the country profited considerably by this.

But the trusts did not content themselves with these natural advantages, which were

indeed good for them and for the whole country. They sought greater profits by making the utmost use of their position of monopoly.

Being free from all competition they gradually raised their prices, and thus exercised a heavy pressure upon the consumers. Other trusts arose—such as the “Beef Trust,” which monopolized the meat trade of the country—which in the first place were not at all concerned with working economies, but principally with the raising of prices. The whole body of consumers, i.e. the people of the United States, felt helpless in face of all this, and this very sense of helplessness in face of the encroachments of capitalistic powers, perhaps even more than the actual financial damage, aroused the wild indignation of the people. They forgot all the advantages of centralized trade activity, they only remembered the raising of prices and the loss to the public. They angrily demanded the breaking up of the trusts, and a return to the free competitive system. Only a small minority possessed sufficient insight into the laws of economic development to understand that it was impossible to take a step backwards towards the industrial anarchy of former days, and that the danger of private monopolies could only be avoided by giving them over to State control. They realized that such a course would retain all advantages of working economy and would avoid all the dangers of monopoly prices. This view of things found the greatest number of adherents among the workers themselves, who naturally repudiated any scheme that implied the splitting up of industrial production and hence the decrease of profits and wages. But even amongst them there was much confusion and perplexity, if we except the Socialist party.

The farmers and petits bourgeois again, who had grown up firmly convinced of the advantages of industrial competition, excepted everything from the forcible destruction of the trusts and the return to the old system of many separate companies.

This popular feeling found expression in two ways: in self-help and in acting upon the Government policy.

The Civil War in Kentucky is the most characteristic example of the first method. The agriculture of this State consists chief-

ly of tobacco growing, and the farmers who devoted themselves to its cultivation saw their economic prosperity threatened by the Tobacco Trust. The trust made use of its position as a monopoly to exercise severe pressure upon the prices, so that the farmers gained less by the sale of tobacco than the planting had actually cost them. They were furiously indignant, and 27,000 farmers joined the union of tobacco-planters. But even they were not capable of checking the trust, and they resorted to open violence. Armed bands of masked farmers attacked the small towns of the State by night, burned down the trust warehouses and terrorized all the farmers who would not join the union. Thus at midnight on the 6th December, 1907, the Town of Hopkinsville, with about 10,000 inhabitants and a flourishing tobacco industry, was attacked by 300 armed men. The tobacco factories were set on fire, and the fire brigade was prevented from turning out. Only the fact that it was an absolutely calm night saved the whole town from destruction. A citizen who tried resistance was killed, the houses of the opponents of the union and the printing offices of the *Kentuckian*, a paper that had advocated the trust policy, were destroyed. Similar raids were repeatedly carried out in smaller towns. But in spite of all this, the authorities of Kentucky State could or would not find out the evil-doers, and, just as in the case of the lynch trials of suspected negroes, the guilty were left unpunished. At the same time the Federal Courts began proceedings against the Tobacco Trust, which was accused of illegal conspiracy to the detriment of free trade. This accusation was based on the so-called Sherman law, which forbids all such combinations. The case is now before the Federal Court in New York, and will soon be definitely decided by the Supreme Court of the United States.

This brings us to the second aspect of the opposition: the fight against the trusts by influencing the Government policy. The destruction of the customs barrier naturally appeared to be the simplest means of breaking the power of the trusts, for European competition was thereby called in against them. The editors and publishers of the country are demanding this course of action at this very moment, because they complain of the rise of paper prices owing to

the Paper Trust. A commission of Congress is at present engaged in investigating all facts relative to this matter, and in deciding for or against the claims of the publishers. It is not impossible that the important influence of these very editors and publishers upon all political parties will prove strong enough to force the giving up of the duties on paper. But with the exception of the paper industry there is little hope of success in this direction, for the ruling Republican party is pledged by its programme and by the feeling in industrial circles, to which it owes its success in the elections, to a rigid system of protection.

In reality other means of warfare were chosen. For some time the Democratic party had been pledged to opposition to the trusts, and for several years the left wing of the Republican party under the leadership of President Roosevelt had also adopted these ideas. At first they were content with punishing the use of unfair means employed by the trusts in fighting the firms which had remained independent. Thus an action was brought against the Sugar Trust, which had taken over the greater part of the shares of a rival company and had then shut down its works to the detriment of the remaining shareholders, owing to the majority it had in the general meeting. The courts are now hearing this case. The trusts were in the habit of forcing the railway companies which were under their influence to grant them preferential tariffs, while the independent firms could only forward their goods at very high rates. Under the influence of Roosevelt a law was passed which makes the granting of such preferential tariffs a punishable offence, and several actions have since then been brought against railway companies who did so, as well as against trusts who were proved to have accepted the offers of the railways. The gravest accusation was brought against the Standard Oil Trust which was proved to have disobeyed the law in this respect several times, and was condemned to pay a fine of 150 million dollars.* Another paragraph of the above-quoted "Sherman Anti-trust Law" condemns every combine that results in the limitation of free trade,

and it is clear that in this way any and every activity of the trusts could be thwarted. Everywhere proceedings were opened against the trusts by their most zealous opponents, to which the Federal Minister of Justice Bonaparte, belongs, and the financial circles which had hitherto been so powerful were seized with panic. A short time ago the Supreme Court of Justice of the United States admitted that the Sherman law might also be applied to combinations of trades unions against unorganized workers and firms who employed them, and heavy damages were brought against such combinations of trades unions. This caused a storm of indignation amongst the workers, and their leaders remonstrated in Congress accordingly. Roosevelt actually promised to introduce a bill that would ensure freedom from penalty to combines of trades unions as well as to trusts, in as far as they acted openly and without having recourse to illegal means. But the extended demands of the workers who demanded these rights for their own unions, but not for the trusts, were not considered in the law, and as the two parties did not come to terms the decision of Congress was indefinitely postponed. Thus everything has remained as it was in this direction, and any and every action of the workers' and capitalists' combines can be rendered impossible according to the arbitrary decision of the courts which select one case or another from the long list of offences against the law.

All this has destroyed the progressive development of American economic life, which was formerly so stable. It has rendered all calculations with regard to the future impossible, and has aroused a fear of increasingly harmful measures among those concerned. As long as the Government and the people adhere to the present method of opposing the natural course of economic development by means of legal verdicts and fines, they will not be successful as far as their wishes are concerned. They will, on the contrary, prevent the country from regaining its industrial equilibrium, from re-employing its dismissed workers, and from finding a paying employment for its industry. With the sound sense of the American people this state of affairs can hardly last much longer. The indignation aroused by the tactics of the trusts with regard to

*The United States Court of Appeal in Chicago has since the time of writing this article cancelled the judgment.—ED.

prices dimmed their keen business sight for the time being, and gained success and the support of the people and the representative bodies for those who were actuated by motives of passion rather than of economic consideration. But the terrible financial and industrial crisis which Roosevelt and his party conjured up has had a sobering influence. The people are beginning to take a different view of things. A strong conservative group is demanding the suspension of the laws of exemption for trusts, and influential combines of organized workers are not unwilling to join them in order to prevent the application of such laws to their own unions. During the recent negotiations they almost united and caused the suspension of the exemption laws. On the other hand, as far as the inveterate opponents of the trusts are concerned, the theoretical understanding of the laws of economic development is more and more gaining ground. Bryan, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, has openly declared himself in favor of railway nationalization, which plays a much greater part than in Europe, owing to the great distances in the United States, and to the fact that the country is only opened up to a very limited extent. If Bryan were to be successful in the Presidential campaign next autumn, and able to realize this programme,

the nationalization of railways would doubtless be followed by that of the other great industries, and the Trust problem would thus be solved in a socialist sense. On the other hand, William Hearst, the leader of the "Independence League," and the possessor of an ever-growing influence among the masses of the people, is preaching war to the knife against the trusts. But he, too, does not uphold the exemption laws as much as he recommends the municipalization of the most important urban industries and the more intense control and supervision of industrial life by the State. The policy which he advocates if consistently applied would also lead to socialism.

Of course the ruling Republican party, which has every prospect of reasserting itself, remains true to its advocacy of the exemption laws. Thus the uncertainty and confusion in the industrial life of America may last a few more years, until the ever-growing harm to the national prosperity brings about a change in popular opinion and leads to the success of that political party which does not aim at a struggle against evolution and a return to the industrial anarchy of former days, but rather at the consistent progressive development of industrial life and the nationalization of all private monopolies.

A woman, when she marries, wishes to be taken for her own sake, not as payment for a debt.

I find that attention to the smaller details often makes life possible when the larger worries threaten to overwhelm me.

Whenever a woman meddles with an affair, there is always something else started other than what was originally intended.

Ladies for the most part lie under such a high pressure of propriety that they welcome a little unconventional license at times

I believe it is one of the attractions for women in the society of the opposite sex, quite apart from any idea of love and admiration, that men do not criticise them.

She was living in a state of existence in which all that is necessary is to travel through one's allotted span of years without anything very bad being said of one, and then to die, unmourned, unmissed.—From "Brendavale," by Ernest Black.

Culture versus Cram

From Scribner's

WHY is it that the common educated Englishman, not professionally a "literary man" so uniformly acquits himself better of a literary task than the corresponding American, can report better what he has seen and done, be it a voyage to strange lands, be it an account of "empire building"? There is, unfortunately, no question about the fact.

"So many thousand Masters of Arts in this country"—Clarence King used to say—"where are the arts?" Lord Cromer is not a literary man. He has for a generation been engrossed in doing things, things "most useful for his country." But now that he has "sat down to tell about them," it would be unpatriotic for an American to challenge a comparison of "Modern Egypt" with any like work of an American official. Lord Cromer exhibits an old-fashioned British willingness to garnish his narrative with Latin quotations, and to make ostentation of his classical culture. But it is to be noted that it is classical culture, that the citations are "all so," and that he nowhere lapses into what Stevenson calls the "swaggering misquotations" of the American journalist.

For that matter, neither Grant nor Sherman straggled into journalese, nor pretended to know what he did not know, nor is that the literary defect of the West Pointer. But it is, doubtless, the prevailing American literary defect, this same "journalistic" sciolism. The things which Macaulay's "every schoolboy" knew, being compiled by a laborious investigator, were found to comprise a formidable body of knowledge. But the British school boy really does know these things. At least he knows them or he does not know them. He does not half know them, as the American sciolist is so painfully apt to do. Two modern instances occur. Not long ago, an American review of hereditary critical authority contained the statement that Edmund Burke's oratorical reputation was made by Samuel Johnson's parliamentary reports! Let us charitably

assume that "Burke" was a slip for "Pitt," the elder Pitt, with whose early oratorical reputation Johnson really had something to do. But, even so, what a vast ignorance of the eighteenth century does the slip denote, what an unacquaintance with the things that "every schoolboy" may reasonably be assumed to know, and that the English schoolboy—Etonian, Rugboean, Harrovian or what not—does somehow subconsciously seem to possess. The other instance is a recent rehabilitation of Chatterton, a zealous and well-meant essay in which the author has diligently "got up" every fact that seemed to him relevant, but of which the reader has sadly to say that the author "does not know enough." His honest enthusiasm is rendered so nearly nugatory by the handful of false notes about his period that he keeps unconsciously striking, unconsciously by his absence of a consciousness of the lack of the background of information which is the subconscious possession of "every school-boy." What can you do with a "literary man" who has to have it explained to him that culture ad hoc is not culture at all, but only "cram"?

One has to own that these modern instances are typical. And the patriot has to inquire with some trepidation what we are going to do about it. It is not for want of express inculcation that the American college-graduate knows less of English literature than the English "every school-boy." He has abundant "courses" in it. Whereas the English school-boy, as certain English educational reformers are busily pointing out, has no express teaching of English literature at all. Given a regular "grind" in classics, the English system assumes that the needed knowledge of English literature, and even the needed capacity of writing English, will "rub off," and come of itself. And it has to be said that, upon the whole, the English system is justified of its children and the American system is not; that, in fact, "something is rotten in the state" of American literary education.

Roumania—The Deciding Factor in the Near East

By Alfred Stead in *Fortnightly Review*

AMONGST the smaller European States there is none of such importance as Roumania, geographically, ethnically, economically, and because the kingdom of King Charles represents the one stable element in the unrest of South-eastern Europe from Budapest to Constantinople, Roumania is the decisive factor in the Near Eastern question, not only because the Roumanians have steadily fitted themselves to fulfil that role, but because they are in a national position to draw the full benefit from their geographical situation. Since the Russo-Turkish War, when Roumania first appeared on the international horizon as a factor, the Great Powers have realized that, from that 4th of April, 1877, Roumania has developed rapidly and vigorously, and has continually shown that she was not inspired with ambitions and vain projects, but with a calm and practical spirit, penetrated with the general needs of Europe; she has never troubled the peace, necessary first of all to herself, and has given proof, under all circumstances, of a wisdom which has earned for her the confidence of all the States.

The potential value of Roumania was early recognized by the shrewdest statesman of Europe, and Bismarck, in 1879, said of Roumania: "An independent Roumania has a very great weight in Eastern questions. Roumania has 50,000 square miles and five million inhabitants. It might have ten million—and what a Power it would then be! To-day its debts are heavy, but with ten millions what could Roumania not do? Turkey falls to pieces: nobody can help her up again; Roumania has a great role to fulfil, but for this it is needful that she be wise, foreseeing, and firmly established." Actually Roumania possesses a population of seven millions, so that it would seem that Bismarck's ten millions are only a question of time. About the same period Prince Charles Antoine of Hohenzollern wrote to King Charles: "Roumania has proved that she exists, and

that she is a factor in the liquidation of European accounts."

The Roumanian statesmen had already grasped the fact that there was future greatness before them, and in 1875 Bratianu declared that "Europe has already recognized that we are a people destined to fight and to triumph through freedom. Our place is marked among the nations which constitute the Republic of Europe. It is for us to conquer it": and in the words of another Roumanian, though Roumania would "have to work alone in order to emerge from the difficulties, Roumania has taken her place in Europe, and the conviction is everywhere established that, in the question of the Orient, Roumania is a factor to be taken into consideration." Nor was British recognition wanting, for we find that Lord Salisbury gave the following advice to the Roumanian envoy in the early days: "Increase your resources, draw the full benefit from the sacrifices you impose upon yourself, fortify yourself, put yourself into a position to oppose by yourself, not an impassable barrier—Roumania cannot aspire so high—but a serious obstacle to the perils which you fear." The thirty odd years since then have shown that Roumania has developed along the lines indicated, and must now be reckoned with as a permanent important factor in the questions affecting Europe. She is the most easterly of European States—there can be no mistaking the fact that Roumania is a European State, and not a Balkan kingdom. The Roumanian political horizon extends through all the points of the compass, whereas those of Bulgaria and Servia do not include the north. Geographically, Roumania occupies one of the most favorable positions in the world, being situated exactly on the route which leads from the West of Europe towards Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, and forming a link on the direct route to India. Roumania, also, as the granary and the market for the Central European industries, becomes a not unim-

portant member of a future Central European tariff union. But greatest of all reasons for the assertion of Roumanian value as an international factor is the confidence which exists between the rulers and Governments of the great European States and the ruler and Government of Roumania. It has become the custom to consult Bucarest about matters of European concern, and the past year has given special proof of this, Monsieur Sturdza, the Prime Minister, having interviews with Baron Aehrenthal, Monsieur Isvolsky, Monsieur Clemenceau, and Prince von Bulow during his annual holiday. The fact that the rulers of Bulgaria and of Turkey compete energetically for an alliance with King Charles is another proof that those who are the most concerned have no doubts where the balance of power lies. It is all a striking demonstration of the value of the national policy of systematic self-development without any entangling alliances or dependence on any outside Power. Roumania has fully attained the place she deserves among European Powers, in that she is the friend of all, and possesses the confidence of all. Baron Aehrenthal, speaking before the Delegations this month, said of Roumania, dealing with the question of the Danube: "In regard to this the Government is conducting a confidential exchange of views with Roumania, with which nation we are united by ties of close friendship." And this expresses the views of all European States, for friendship with Roumania has a meaning, as Roumania is certainly not a State built upon the sands, a creation of yesterday, but gathers her strength and inspiration for the present from that time when, centuries ago, the Roumanian nation stood amongst the foremost of civilized States, and played a great role in the shaping of Europe. The history of Roumania has been one long series of struggles for the preservation of the autonomy and of the national character of those two former principalities of the Danube, Moldavia and Wallachia, which formed for centuries the rampart of Christianity and Occidental civilization against the invasions of the Turks and of the Tartars.

The Western nations of Europe owe indirectly a debt of gratitude to Roumania, since they were enabled to work quietly in the development of their civilization, while Roumania, though reeling under the first

shock of the Oriental advance, kept it at bay. It was in these conflicts and perils that the warrior blood of Trajan's legions, the founders of the Roumanian people, proved that time had not sapped its vitality nor diminished its valor. For it must not be forgotten that Roumania was the scene of the exploits of the Emperor Trajan, the ruins of whose bridge over the Danube remain a sign of the national heritage of the Roman settlement. Roumania's early history stands chiselled in undying figures on the Trajan column at Rome. Not only did Rome's warriors traverse and inhabit the country, but on the shores of the Black Sea, where now there flourishes the great seaport of Roumania, Constantza, Ovid lived in exile. The many vicissitudes of the past have purified Roumania as by fire, and produced a nation which has found itself and which has learned the meaning of true patriotism. Roumania to-day with her 50,700 square miles (only a little less than the area of England), and her population of seven millions, is a constitutional monarchy in the best sense of the term, with all the rights and privileges of the Roumanian subjects amply guaranteed. Nor is the strength of Roumania only derived from within. In a speech addressed to the Roumanian Senate in 1903, Monsieur Sturdza pointed out that the strength of the kingdom of Roumania rests on two foundations. In the kingdom we constitute a uniform homogeneous nationality, amid which are here and there scattered a few inhabitants only of alien origin, as, indeed, is everywhere the case. The second foundation on which our strength rests consists in the fact that beyond our political frontiers the kingdom is girdled round by Roumanian communities. That is a consideration of the greatest moment. For we are thus less directly exposed to pressure from foreign and antagonistic nationalities, nay, rather the efforts of these hostile nationalities are thereby in some measure weakened. The stronger the resisting forces of the Roumanians beyond the kingdom, the safer is the position of the kingdom itself, no one being able to attack it directly. In other words, the danger comes from that side of the kingdom where the national life of the Roumanians beyond the kingdom is imperilled. This additional source of strength must not be overlooked, since it might well play an important part in future develop-

ments, while for the moment it enables the kingdom to decide on its best policy insulated from undue foreign influence. It is largely, thanks to the excellence of her army, that Roumania has been left to enjoy peace and development, undisturbed by foreign aggression. King Charles has ever been at heart a soldier, and his work in connection with the Roumanian army has proved not only his enthusiasm, but his military ability. His work during the early years created a solid administrative foundation for the army, which was tested and found good in the fields before Plevna. There, in 1877, the young Roumanian army saved the Russians, and gained their country's independence, and to-day, with some quarter of a million men on a war footing, and 86,000 in time of peace, the Roumanians are ready and able to play a decisive part in the history of Europe, should their country and their King demand it. The moral of the troops is so good as to call forth the admiration of the foreign attaches, and their arms and equipment, notably those of the artillery, are equal to those of any other country. Roumania is a maritime State in so far as she possesses a considerable coast line on the Black Sea, and for the protection of her interests in these waters there exists a small fleet of secondary war vessels—cruisers and torpedo craft. Roumania also possesses in the Danube a waterway not only of great commercial importance, but forming her frontier with Russia, Hungary, Bulgaria and Servia.

This great European stream is an international highway, and should be subject to international supervision and control. Save, however, for the mouth of the Danube, which is under the jurisdiction of an international Commission, the river has been controlled either by individual powers, or entirely neglected. By the creation of a special river fleet for the Danube, Roumania has given the most satisfactory assurances that she takes very seriously to heart her duty of adequately policing the Lower Danube, that is to say, that part of the river which stretches between the jurisdiction of the International Commission and Hungary. The systematic supervision and regulation of the Lower Danube has an international significance which cannot be ignored, since the success of this undertaking must inevitably affect the question

of the control and supervision of the river above the Iron Gates. In other words, it may eventually mean the realization of the true international idea of a free Danube. It is the mastery of the mouths of the Danube which has helped Roumania to attain her present position in the comity of nations; it has proved a spur to progress, since, in the words of one statesman, "Even if the Great Powers have left us masters of ourselves they have, nevertheless, their eyes fixed upon our future conduct, because great European interests are bound up in the destiny of Roumania; it is sufficiently proved that these interests will not permit them to allow the mouths of the Danube to be in the hands of a nation disorganized, dismembered, enfeebled, and, in consequence, very far from being the powerful bulwark for the creation of which the guarantor nations have spent their blood and their gold." Roumania has contributed much to enable the great work of the International Danube Commission to accomplish the greatest good. "It is especially," says M. Sturdza, "the countries watered by this fine river who profit most from the work of improvement at the mouth of the Danube. Thus the constant and always increasing interest of the Roumanian Government for the great work accomplished is natural enough." So adequate, indeed, is the Roumanian river fleet for the task of maintaining an efficient supervision of the Lower Danube, that, in the unlikely event of the dissolution of the International Commission, its duties could be carried on by Roumania alone. With reason did King Charles exclaim, on the occasion of the Christening of the Fleet at Galatz: "The war for our independence, making us, as it did, masters of the mouth of the Danube, gave to our navy a serious existence. We have, therefore, the duty of enlarging and strengthening our naval forces, in order to be able to fulfil the high mission which has fallen to us on this great river." Besides its international importance, the Roumanian fleet on the Danube is a notable development of the defensive force of the country. Indeed, no other European Power possesses such a powerful river flotilla. This flotilla would be of great value should ever the peace be broken. M. Kogalniceanu, when Foreign Minister in 1875, said: "The despatch of a war fleet to the waters of the Danube, and especially to that portion of

the river lying between Servia and Roumania, might exercise a great influence on the determination of the rights and obligations which touch Roumania as a neutral country, because it might well happen that, owing to unforeseen eventualities, her neutrality would be impossible." But military and naval strength alone do not suffice to make a nation powerful, or a serious factor in international affairs. Financial stability and resources are as indispensable nowadays as rifles and cartridges. Roumania is especially fortunate in this respect, and her financial standing is most satisfactory. The Roumanian State revenues, which in 1875 amounted to £4,000,000, have now reached the sum of £16,000,000. In the last six financial years, there have been surpluses varying from £800,000 to £2,000,000, and it is by means of these surpluses that the public works in course of construction have been provided for. At the same time, the foreign trade of Roumania is extremely prosperous, and in all the normal years, that is to say, when there was at least an average harvest, the exports surpass the imports. Thus the total commerce of Roumania was, in 1906, £36,491,750, of which the imports represented £16,862,740, the exports £19,654,404, which gave a balance in favor of Roumania of £2,791,664. The National Debt of Roumania, both internal and external, amounts at the present moment to £56,000,000, which is equivalent to a sum of £8 per head of population (in the United Kingdom in 1907, the National Debt amounted to £16 per head of population). The greater part of the Roumanian National Debt has been used for the purchase and construction of railways, which expenditure represents nearly £32,000,000. The total length of railway lines in Roumania is 2,000 miles, or 24 miles of line per 1,000 miles of area. This gives about 3,000 inhabitants per mile of line. The State railways, besides being an asset of great intrinsic value, produce annually a net profit of more than £1,250,000, a revenue which is increasing every year. The rest of the Debt has been spent upon the construction of roads, ports, public buildings, military works, and other necessary national undertakings. Although Roumania has never had to offer any spe-

cial guarantees, the National Debt is amply secured, not only by the flourishing condition of the Roumanian finances—which, for the last seven years at least, have produced an annual surplus averaging eleven per cent. of the revenue—but by the property owned by the State: the railways, the forests, the great oil-bearing lands, the fisheries, the immensely rich and practically inexhaustible salt mines, etc. Another very satisfactory point is that all the loans issued by Roumania have been subscribed without any special guarantee of the State being given.

The main source of wealth in the country in the past has been agriculture, and Roumania still continues as one of the great grain-exporting countries. But it must ever be difficult to build up a flourishing and great State with only agriculture as a foundation. And thus the development of the great petroleum resources of Roumania is of paramount national importance, for the most valuable and important of the mineral resources of Roumania is petroleum. The petroleum zone in that country extends to the foot of the Carpathians, with a length of nearly 350 miles, and a width of about 12 miles. The total area of the Roumanian petroleum fields is thus computed to be about 1,800,000 acres, and it is estimated that the petroleum resources of Roumania amount to no less than 4,000 million tons, which, at a net price of 12s per ton, represents a value of £2,400,000,000. In view of the growing substitution of petroleum fuel for coal on board many ships of the British Navy, it is interesting to note that the port of Constantza is situated within easy distance of several British coaling stations, while Roumania stands alone among countries in having resisted all attempts on the part of the Standard Oil Company to monopolize the oil industry. This alone should make it a valuable source of supply to the British fleets, far too vital a defence for this country to have to rely upon an unscrupulous American Trust. And it is interesting to note that the Roumanian Government, in the treaty recently concluded with the United States, reserves to itself complete liberty of action with regard to the industry and commerce of petroleum.

Do We Eat Too Much ?

By Frederick A. Talbot in *Chambers's Journal*

IT is a well-known fact that quack dietary is more responsible for the early failure of the organic structure than underfeeding or overfeeding. The reason is that the bodily activity is forced up to a high pressure, which it is able to maintain for a time; but the cells of the frame, upon whose extraordinary power of rehabilitation life is entirely dependent, being unable to withstand the strain, succumb. With correct nourishment the possibility of such a contingency arising is diminished, but it is the lack of knowledge upon this vital point which propagates many of the ills to which mortal flesh is said to be heir. This deficiency, however, may be repaired by a perusal of Dr. Chittenden's recent volume, "The Nutrition of Man" (Heinemann), which is the most exhaustively informative work upon the stoking of the human furnace that has appeared within recent years. The author is an advocate of no particular system other than that required by discriminating Nature herself; he holds no brief for or against any particular dietary system. He has only investigated the subject from the unbiased and stern physiological science points of view, and the result of his researches admirably enlightens us upon a salient point, and serves to elucidate many of the problems of feeding which have hitherto been in a more or less chaotic condition. The work is not a mere scientific hypothesis or ethical digression, but embodies the results of actual experiments with human beings and animals purposely carried out to prove or disprove the contentions of former investigators and to unravel the many debatable points which they left in mystery.

The process of sustaining life is a chemical one; that is to say, the food you eat undergoes three distinct chemical actions: disintegration, decomposition, and oxidation, by which is evolved the requisite energy to maintain the heat of the body and the power for mental and physical effort. You partake of your meal, and the ensuing digestion of the same is the common ex-

pression of this chemical change. At the same time, the various articles you eat are or should be resolved into three fundamental constituents: proteids or albuminous food-stuffs, carbohydrates, and fats. The first are the most essential. In composition they comprise on the average 52 per cent. of carbon, 7 per cent. of hydrogen, 23 per cent. of oxygen, and from 1.5 to 2 per cent. of sulphur. Without partaking of proteids it would be impossible to support life, since they provide the material for the reconstruction of all the cells. The eminent scientist, Liebig, went much farther. He contended that proteids or nitrogenous food-stuffs constituted the real source of energy. Consequently many so-called food-experts, on the strength of this assertion, and not troubling to ascertain whether the argument was subject to controversy, developed into proteid cranks, and with the eminent testimony at their command soon gathered together a large following. But subsequent investigation upon the part of the scientific world has disproved Liebig's assertion. Nature is not so easily gratified. Although she demands a definite form of nitrogen, at the same time she seeks for its combination with some other elements to maintain the rhythm of physiological evolution. Hence the need for the carbohydrates and fats. The first-named include the two closely allied compounds sugars and starches. These substances are absolutely free from nitrogen; the other gas, oxygen, being the predominating element, which exists in the proportion of 49.4 per cent., followed by carbon 44.4 per cent., and hydrogen 6.2 per cent. It is obvious that the absence of nitrogen precludes any possibility of the carbohydrates serving as cell-builders, but at the same time they perform another vital function. By oxidation they yield energy for the heat of the body and muscular effort. The fats, though also without nitrogen, have a greater proportion of carbon, which aggregates 76.5 per cent. The fats thus, as it were, constitute an auxiliary to the carbohydrates for the furnish-

ing of heat, since they are less oxidizable than sugars and starches, and require a larger supply of oxygen to secure their combustion. Thus the three natural food-stuffs perform two allotted tasks; the proteids serve as tissue-builders essentially, though capable of providing by oxidation a certain amount of energy for heat and work; but the carbohydrates and fats are required for no other specific purpose than as a fuel to the bodily machinery.

Under these circumstances, then, what constitutes the ideal diet? Certain standards have been drawn up in which the proportion of proteids is adjusted to the percentages of carbohydrates and fats, the proteid being about a fifth of the carbohydrates, and fat about half of the proteid in bulk, for a man of about eleven stone in weight and performing a moderate amount of work. In this respect Dr. Chittenden states that "my own conception of the true food-requirements of the body has been expressed in the statement that man needs of proteid, fats, and carbohydrates sufficient to establish and maintain physiological and nitrogen equilibrium sufficient to keep up that strength of body and mind that is essential to good health, to maintain the highest degree of physical and mental activity with the smallest amount of friction and the least expenditure of energy, and to preserve and heighten, if possible, the ordinary resistance of the body to disease-germs. The smallest amount of food that will accomplish these ends is, I think, the ideal diet."

After all, however, no hard-and-fast rule can be laid down as to how much we should eat; but it is an incontrovertible fact that the majority of us eat too much. It is purely a question of environment, occupation and circumstances. It is obvious that the man who follows an active calling involving the expenditure of much muscular energy requires a greater proportion of heat and energy yielding food-stuffs—that is, carbohydrates and fats—than the man who leads a sedentary life, while similarly the man of light weight needs less proteid than his heavier confrere. At the same time, simplicity in dietetic habits ensures a higher level of perfect health. As, however, the limits of our financial resources extend we are apt in a single meal to partake of a wider range of edibles in a greater variety of forms than formerly. What is the re-

sult? The production of maladies such as indigestion, dyspepsia, and other kindred complaints, the cure of which is only possible by a return to the more simple and plainer foods. Neither habit nor instinct affords us any criterion as to how much the body requires to maintain equilibrium, since such results are influenced by the caprices of the palate. It is a curious though noteworthy circumstance that in one dietary article the tree necessary constituents incidental to the support of life are found, and that, too, in relatively large quantities—that article being milk, the natural food of young life and of the invalid, in which the assimilation of large proportions of proteid is imperative to meet the demands for material in the construction of the tissues and cells.

For the purpose of practical experiment, Dr. Chittenden selected a company of thirteen men from the hospital corps of the United States army, and they were kept under surveillance for the purposes of the test for a period of six months. Well-trained cooks and assistants were available, together with every facility for the preparation of the food, which was carefully weighed before being given to the subjects. Regularity of life was insisted upon, while the men had to perform their usual duties. In their case their ordinary food was rich in proteid, especially in meat. Throughout the period of test a daily dietary was drawn up, the composition of every comestible known, and the nitrogen content of each day's ration so graded as to bring about a gradual reduction in the quantity of proteid ingested, while every test was made to ascertain if the men were in a state of nitrogen equilibrium. The meals were of a very varied character, and although the quantity of meat was greatly reduced it was not entirely eliminated. Simple foods only were used. The amount of proteid food consumed by each man per day averaged about one-third of his accustomed quantity. Now, if this small proportion were insufficient for the sustenance of the physiological equilibrium, evidences of the fact would be bound to be manifested by at any rate one or two of the subjects, since there would result a diminishing of the body-weight, showing that Nature was drawing upon her available reserves to compensate for the insufficient quantities of food administered. Out of the thirteen

men five either retained their weight during the test or made a slight gain; four others lost slightly, the falling off occurring within the first few days of the experiment; while two others lost more appreciably, also in the first stages. In these last two instances, however, the loss in weight did not detract in any way from the subjects' muscular appearance. The greatest reduction in weight was in the case of one man who lost practically eighteen and a half pounds during the period; but in view of the fact that he was somewhat stout, the change of diet, combined with hard work in the gymnasium, caused a loss which was beneficial rather than otherwise.

The sum of this experiment was that mankind is capable of maintaining nitrogen equilibrium with a far lower percentage of proteid food than that generally prescribed by dietary standards, with a corresponding improvement in the general health. Nor is the muscular energy impaired in any way by such restriction, since in this case at the end of six months the men all showed a phenomenal gain in strength, a factor totally unexpected and partially due to the change in diet.

In another experiment the subjects were eight athletes who were "in constant practice and in the pink of condition," and who were in "training form" when the experiment was commenced. During the six months' test their daily allowance of proteid food was reduced 50 per cent. Yet at the end of the period every man had attained increased strength, thus testifying conclusively that prolonged low-proteid diet had not affected progressive muscular development and the attainment of a high degree of muscular strength. What does such a result show? Simply that "the normal requirements of the body under which

health, strength and maximum efficiency are best maintained are on a far lower level than the ordinary practices of mankind would lead one to believe." This is diametrically opposed to the general contention which favors rather a diet rich in proteid. Moreover, in the case of these athletes, after they had become accustomed to the dietary change they found that they could carry out their work with less fatigue.

While, then, proteid is imperative to keep the human furnace going, it is very evident that its proportion must be kept within limits owing to the fundamental action of the nitrogenous food-stuffs being merely for the building up and rehabilitation of the cells and tissues. An excess of proteid brings in its train a long line of maladies, and the thesis of Liebig that proteid furnished the most important portion of the energy requisite for physical effort has been once and for all exploded. It is quite safe to say that the greater proportion of our maladies—such as liver troubles, biliousness, gout, indigestion—are entirely attributable to excessive eating of rich proteid foods. Mankind, being an omnivorous creature, must steer his way perforce through the channel between the carnivorous animals which require a high proteid diet and the herbivorous class which thrive upon a very low proteid food. On the other hand, the demands made upon the system in order to furnish the energy necessary for any physical exertion are more advantageously met by consumption of the non-nitrogenous foods—the carbohydrates and fats. Muscular activity does not require stoking with proteid fuel. Yet care must be exercised to avoid underfeeding, since penalties arise from insufficiency as readily as from excess.

The woman who talks to a man about what interests her, rather than about what interests him, is either a born old maid or else supremely happily married.

If Providence means to spare folks He'll spare them, in spite of all the motor-buses in Christendom.

But though the law may be an ass, the law is not a sentimental ass.

After Business Hours

By Gerald Sidney in Young Men

THERE is no denying that the young men of the present are not of the same morale as those of the time of our fathers. I do not venture this from my own observation only—read what one of the leading and most popular journalists wrote not long since—from the point of view of a man of the world, not of a modern Jeremiah, mind you.

This is what he says: "My idea is that it would be a great and good thing if there could be a fierce revulsion in the public mind against the follies and frivolities of the age, and a new wave of Puritanism were to sweep over the land . . . if the country could only see a revival of the gentle christianity, honest business ways, and simple habits of life of the Old Society of Friends. . . ."

Let us get back for the moment to this question of "seeing life," "going it," or "having a bit of a burst"—the titles the thing bears are many, but the thing itself is always the same—and see what it tends to, and its value.

A young man gets this desire for "seeing life" from one of two causes; either he is drawn into it by a foolish desire to emulate some of his acquaintances and avoid being chaffed or thought priggish, or he has allowed himself to get out of hand, and if he comes under the latter category, he may safely expect to rapidly acquire an intimate knowledge of the flavor of Dead Sea fruit. The ultimate result is a foregone conclusion. This "seeing life" is synonymous with making an awful mess of one's life, in nine cases out of ten.

What does it start with? Spending the evenings wrongly, music halls, drinking, gambling, heavier drinking and worse. Now, this is not the place to make a general attack on music halls as places of amusement. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. It is perfectly possible for a man, if his idea of intellectual enjoyment goes no higher, to gain no harm at all from an evening at a "Palace of Varieties." But, underline the but, *Honi soit qui mal y pense* does not

apply to a young man who sets out on the "seeing life" business. He approaches it in an unhealthy tone of mind, with the intention (though perhaps not directly conscious of it) of seeing the worst of anything. To a young man like that there is no doubt that entertainments of the above nature are in varying degrees bad for him, and very often form the nucleus of his going under. Let me emphasize the point that I am not venturing to discuss the modern music hall in relation to the world at large, but the modern music hall in relation to the young man. If he approaches his spare-time hours with the view of "seeing life" (there is, I fear, a redundancy of this title, but it is unavoidable), then the music hall is not going to do him any good. The atmosphere, the kind of intangible appeal to the sensual side, is doubly felt by him, and the result is that he allows himself to loosen his moral overcoat, thereby risking a moral influenza.

Then take the upshot of this. He sees no harm in a little, just a very little, alcohol. A man must liven himself up after an evening's entertainment. What is the result of that? He is excited with the unwonted gaiety of the atmosphere he has created by his trend of mind, and he takes more than is judicious, until all his better self is comfortably put to sleep, and he is ripe for further foolishness, in most cases.

Because I make this assertion, it must not be taken for granted that the music hall is the primary cause of a man going wrong, either by reason of intemperance or worse. I am confining myself to the relation of it to the young inexperienced fellow, who is on the verge of letting himself get out of hand. It is easy to apply a test to the statement. If anything flatters the passions and exalts them above the principles, it is poisonous; in this case the variety show, or at least some portion of it, acts on the young man in the state of mind he is in, badly—in a way subversive of moral tone. It may not kill, but it will certainly injure his sense of right thinking and doing; and there can

be no doubt that such a fellow is led by any artificial stimulant of the senses to eagerly become the recipient of any further stimulation, though not perhaps all at once, that presents itself. Anything that weakens the already weakened mental fibre of a young man who is bent on "seeing life," without noticing its feet of clay, and that makes him indifferent to "plodding perseverance and plain industry," is bad for him, and as such should be left alone.

If a fellow, when he is aware that a state of unrest is upon him, were to take himself in hand and worry the matter out, he would see the idiocy of the thing so many young men follow with the footsteps of inexperience through the devious roads of the senses. There is no happy medium. It is not possible to follow this ridiculous paltriness "seeing life" and remain of the same moral tone (I do not mean sanctimonious, blue stocky or Stigginsy moral tone, but straightforward, clean sense of right) as before. Moreover, it is not worth seeing, or mixing with. It bears no more relation to real life than does an unwholesome degenerate novel of the "realistic" school to the greatest of books.

Look at the results, you can see them all about the office world—gradual lessening capacity and desire for work, impaired health, if no worse; these are but minor effects of "seeing life." When a fellow goes under, who has greater contempt for him than the other fellows, who are still following the road he has reached the end of? Pick up the police report page of the daily paper, and look at the embezzlement cases—they occur repeatedly—by young men. When the young man is asked to explain how he came to do this thing, what does he generally do, or rather say? Why, that he has gradually come to his present position through drink, or betting, or bad companions, or something equally undesirable. And what is that but this "seeing life," which is spoken of so glibly and so soon shows its iron results. When a fellow says he is going to "get about a bit," "see a bit of life," or "have a bit of fling," he always means one thing; he is going to look for and find the worst side of life. There is ample opportunity for a young fellow to see life properly without having anything to do with the other kind of life, the loose end kind of life. If a young man, when he is at that stage of feeling that he is get-

ting just a little out of his own control, were to pull up sharp, and glance forward—no, not glance, but glare—at the probable end of it all, he would think twice about sallying out to have "a night of it."

It is one of the most remarkable things about this kind of "seeing life" that whilst a fellow is going through with it, from small peccadillos to deeper excesses, other fellows, even his seniors, smile deprecatingly. "Oh, well, he certainly is going it a bit, but he's an awfully good sort." "Boys will be boys," chuckles some elder acquaintance; and his boon companions clap him on the back and say, "Come on old chap, let's—etc."

Then when the crash comes, breakdown of health, public disgrace, or what not, there is a different tale. "Silly fool—oh yes, played very funny sort of games. Serve him right." "Young scoundrel!" mutters the senior. "Well, I always said so." Will the fellows who helped him come to the crash, help him now? If he thinks so then, indeed, he is going to be disappointed. They will shun him like something evil they have to avoid at all costs. If he appeals to them for help, will he get it? No. "Really, you know, I'm awfully sorry, and all that, but on principle I couldn't do anything for you. You see you have been—well, you'll excuse me now, won't you, I'm engaged." Then, directly he has gone, they leave strict injunctions if he calls again that they cannot be seen. "Tell him anything." Why? Oh, because he's a "no-account," gone under, awful example, "absolute wrong 'un"—in a word, anathema.

To use a slang term, "seeing life" is "not good enough." Its results may not come all at once; they may not make themselves shown for perhaps years, but they are always on their way. Like Chevy Chase, the adored friend of Montagu Tigg, they are always waiting round the corner, until they require a small advance, when they appear, and unlike the above two gentlemen, invariably obtain it; sometimes, indeed, demanding such a sum that the youthful bon vivant is left stranded.

So much for that way of spending one's after-business hours. What of the other ways?

What is, or should be, the aim of a young man? Why, to get on—to climb higher, in business, in mind, and in knowledge of real life. Very well, then, why not apply the

after-business hours to that end? It is a sensible idea, and praiseworthy, and also distinctly useful. There are hundreds of ways of getting enjoyment and use out of spare time, without in any way making an ascetic of oneself, or an abject idiot of oneself.

Take reading for an instance. There is nothing like it for training one's observation, enlarging one's understanding of men and things and improving one's abilities.

By reading, let us understand that everlasting novel reading, which some look upon as an intellectual pastime, can degenerate into a form of the emptiest dissipation. This negative result of the fiction habit, if it may be called so, is frequently a positive injury. A surfeit of constant fiction reading, without the leaven of real literature, of books that really help, will not work any good for a young man. Sobriety of reasoning is not usually a very common faculty, and is not fostered by constant novel reading.

The novel of the past is not in favor now. The homely pathos of Dickens and other writers is labelled theatrical and vulgar, and out of date. The novels of the great minds of the past decade, that make one feel the better and stronger for reading, are pushed to the wall and scoffed at, as tedious and goody-goody; whilst the modern novel, whose aim is to be as improper as it dare be, is devoured with avidity. A fellow should choose his books as carefully as he chooses his acquaintances and mode of life, and nothing in the way of a book that leaves a "nasty taste in the mouth" in reading should be tolerated on his shelves. Make a point

of having your own index expurgatorius. Putting reading on one side, look at the means at hand for using your after-business hours to help your actual business hours. It matters not what business or profession one is in, there is always a class available, or a lecture available, or, failing that, a correspondence system available to help one on. The fellow who uses his spare time judiciously in this way is going to get on. There is no room nowadays for the slacker. It is easy to see that. And a fellow can get infinitely more satisfaction out of improving himself, and more enjoyment of a lasting kind out of it, than out of any so-called amusements. And, let me say it for the satisfaction of that poor chap who simply fools away his time for fear of being thought a prig, no one thinks any the worse of you either. To paraphrase the immortal Micawber: "After-business hours spent in intellectual pleasures and improvement; result, satisfactory all round. After-business hours spent in 'seeing life' and equal emptinesses, result——" The result, being so apparent, needs no name.

The life of the idler, or the young man who is "seeing life," which is not a success from other points of view, is a ghastly failure from the standpoint of pleasure alone. The "fly-by-night" young man, instead of getting more pleasure out of life, gets less than any other class of man. Wild oats considered as a pleasure crop are an abject and absolutely certain failure, according to the unanimous testimony not only of the moralists, but of those unhappy fellows who are reaping them themselves.

Business Men in Politics

From the London Saturday Review

We hold the rule that a member of a Government must sever all commercial connections to be mischievous and absurd. It confines Cabinet Ministers to three classes of men, lawyers, aristocrats, and men too old to be in business. There have been occasional abuses, we know, but only one or two. There was a member of a firm of shipowners who was also an official at the Admiralty, and who attempted to get a mail contract for his own line of steamers. But with our modern press such attempts are no longer likely to be made, for they would certainly be discovered. Unless the direction of a joint-stock company is a dishonest or contemptible occupation, the rule against Ministers holding directorships should be dropped, as it must, if enforced, keep a great many able men off the front bench.

Fire—An American Extravagance

By F. W. Fitzpatrick in McClure's Magazine

OF all our extravagances, and we Americans are a notably extravagant people, fire is the greatest, the most foolish, the most useless and shameful. And it has become a national habit. The story of fire is told in colossal figures. Carelessness and ignorance are the causes of incalculable wastage through this element. Gas wells are ignited and millions of feet of that precious commodity are consumed in a pyrotechnic display as needless as it is senseless; equally gross carelessness or ignorance sets coal mines afire, fires that burn for months, destroying far greater value in the "black diamonds of commerce" than the world produces of the more beautiful but less useful white diamonds. And so with our forests. Heaven knows that our methods of lumbering are ruthless enough and that the abuse of our forests has made lumber one of our most expensive building materials—it has increased over one hundred per cent. in price in less than twenty years' time. But added to the wasteful manner of cutting, the lack of care or even decency on the part of lumbermen and hunters has been the cause of fire's destroying millions of dollars' value in what is left of those precious forests every year. During this last September our forest fires in Minnesota and Michigan and Wisconsin, in the Adirondacks, in Pennsylvania and West Virginia and Ohio, everywhere—and every one preventable—laid waste an incalculable amount of marketable lumber, besides destroying many thriving villages and seriously damaging more important towns and blocking the orderly and natural course of business. The whole damage done by those fires in the month of September alone can be but roughly guessed, but at a conservative estimate it was at least \$270,000,000. But in what follows let us eliminate our forest fires, mine fires, fires on board ship, and limit our attention solely to fires in buildings, fires that could so easily be prevented were it not that all our energies seem bent upon their mere extinguishment.

Those fires have cost us as many as 7,000 human lives in one year's time, and our loss in money value, through the destruction of property, is almost as appalling. The production of gold in the entire world, something like \$400,000,000 per year, would not recoup us for our losses by fire and the incidental expenses accompanying them, in the same period of time; the value of all the coal mined in this country in a year's time would just cover the cost to us of our fires; the value of our lumber production is only a trifle more. We are fond of luxuries, and import a great many, yet the value of all that importation is but a fifth of our fire cost. We are great and persistent advertisers, and spend huge sums in that accessory to business, but, vast as our advertising bill is, it equals but two-fifths of our fire bill; and all the industrial dividends paid in 1907 aggregate but three-fifths of the amount of our fire extravagance.

In 1907 there were no great conflagrations; it was what might be termed a "normal" year; but we actually destroyed buildings, and property contained in them, to the value of \$215,000,000. This figure represents total annihilation; there was no residue, it was not money diverted into other channels, one man's loss and another's gain; it stands for just plain smoke. Beyond this, we expend in the maintenance of fire departments, apparatus, high pressure systems, and all those so-called, yet often ineffective, curative agents of the evil, \$300,000,000; and we further pay out another \$195,000,000 in a gamble with the insurance companies, in a bet that our property will not burn. Of that last sum a scant \$95,000,000 is returned in the way of paid losses. In other words, the cost of fire and its accessories, in round numbers, is just about an even \$600,000,000 a year. It may be but a peculiar coincidence, or perhaps it is an unconscious economic adjustment, that with all our phenomenal growth and the tremendous boom and vast amount of building carried on in some

years, the most active year we have ever had in building construction netted just \$615,000,000's worth of new buildings and alterations during the twelve months. So that with all our vaunted activity, we produce buildings equal in money value to only a trifle more than the value of the property we destroy by fire. Worse than that, in the first month of the present year our losses by fire were over \$24,000,000, and during the same time we expended but \$16,000,000 in new buildings and repairs. Our average fire loss is \$19,000,000 a month—a "normal" month. But the conflagration risk is such that we have "abnormal" months with startlingly normal regularity. In February of 1904, Baltimore raised that month's figure to \$90,000,000, and in April of 1905, San Francisco added \$350,000,000 to the "normal" month's loss. In five years' time the total has been \$1,257,716,000. No other nation on earth could stand the drain, and even we are beginning to feel it.

Apart from any incidental or accompanying expense, the cost of fire, of actual combustion and destruction of property in this country, is equivalent to a tax of \$2.30 per capita per year; in all of Europe the average corresponding tax is a trifle less than 33 cents per capita. In Italy it is 12 cents; in Germany 49 cents; in thirty foreign cities the average is 61 cents, while in two hundred and fifty-two American cities it is \$3.10. We have 4.05 fires to each thousand people; Europe has .86 fires per thousand. New York City has 12,182 fires a year, with a fire loss of \$7,568,666. Her fire department costs her \$10,000,000 a year, and it is estimated that the cost of public and private protection combined amounts to pretty nearly \$60,000,000 a year. Now, in all of London there are 3,843 fires in a year, and in the whole of the British kingdom in the same period there were but 35 fires of over \$50,000's cost each, and the total cost of those 35 fires was but \$3,785,000. Rome, a city of 500,000 people, suffers a damage of but \$56,000 a year, and her fire department of two hundred men costs but another \$50,000.

In Europe they have always used less combustible material in construction than have we; wood has been less plentiful than here; they are more careful, and, as a matter of fact, a fire scarcely ever goes beyond the building in which it originates, whilst

here hardly a day passes that we do not read of a fire destroying two, three, twenty, forty buildings at one fell swoop. In the earlier times we built our better buildings, at least, in the old European manner, with brick and stone walls and brick vaulting for floors and partitions. Of such construction is the old Treasury in Washington and buildings of that character throughout the country, structures in which much damage to the contents can be done by fire, but where the building itself can suffer very little. As our people pushed farther away from the small original centres, "pioneered" into the interior, wood was the handiest thing to use for the more or less temporary shelters they erected, and wood construction thus began its evolution. The early fathers added a touch here and another there; later we devised what is called the "balloon" frame. Lumber was dirt cheap and abundantly plentiful, and frame building became a custom. Even where stone or brick was used in the external walls, wood was considered the only material for joists and partitions and interior finish, and even the apparently non-inflammable buildings were internally veritable tinder-boxes. Wood became one of the standard materials in construction, and our cities are now so very wooden that the fate that overtook Chicago, Baltimore, San Francisco, and a portion of Boston, will as inevitably overtake and devastate large parts of every one of our cities. In all the land there are something like 12,000,000 buildings; in barely 8,000 of that number has any attempt been made at fire prevention—the others constitute admirable material for individual fires and appalling conflagrations.

Our insurance companies have, perhaps unconsciously, been somewhat to blame for this tinder-box growth. They have advocated better construction of buildings, but have made the rates upon the indifferent structures so low as to constitute a veritable temptation to build just as shabbily as the building laws and the companies themselves would permit. In San Francisco, for instance, the insurance people wrote a ridiculously low rate upon wooden construction (supposedly the only thing that would withstand an earthquake) because of the city's admirable fire department; it came to be one of the most inflammable cities in the land, and when all the conditions were

favorable a historic conflagration ensued. The same thing may be expected at any time in New Orleans, in Philadelphia, or in Boston, cities of narrow streets, and most "receptively inclined" toward fire. Incidentally, it may not be amiss to mention that in the past ten years we have paid into the insurance companies' coffers the sum of \$1,610,885,242. The companies may be said to have aided and abetted us in the past to build poorly; individual fires mean more or less profit to them, and, in fact, are necessary to keep people keyed up to a point where they feel the urgency of carrying heavy insurance. It is the big conflagrations that hurt the companies. But for these they recoup themselves quickly by increasing rates, and our rates to-day are just about twelve times higher than they are in Great Britain and twenty times higher than in Italy.

We are rather impartial as to the nature of the buildings we burn. Our average is pretty steadily 3 theatres, 3 public halls, 12 churches, 10 schools, 2 hospitals, 2 asylums, 2 colleges, 6 apartment houses, 26 hotels, 3 department stores, 2 jails, 140 flat houses, and about 1,600 homes every week in the year. We all live in buildings or spend considerable time in them, and since nearly all of those buildings are dangerous, our lives may be said to be constantly imperiled by fire. Setting aside this general imminence of danger, 36,000 human lives are in direct and grave peril every day in the year, people who narrowly escape from burning buildings, or are carried out by firemen, or jump from windows, etc. The Russo-Japanese War, in which the losses were frightful, shows no such average of lives directly exposed to destruction.

The worst thing about it is that there is such apathy in regard to fire. It is accepted as a sort of necessary evil. Yet tremendous efforts are made and vast expenses incurred in attempts to cure the evil. Our fire departments are the best in the world, and small wonder—they have so much practice that they necessarily become adept. But little by little we are awakening to the realization that cure is well-nigh impossible and have turned our attention toward prevention. It has been found to work satisfactorily in the elimination of epidemics and fevers that used to be thought almost ineradicable; our medical men are centering their efforts upon sani-

tation and such preventive measures instead of trying to fight plagues and disease after they have taken hold.

Our people are peculiarly slow in learning such lessons. For instance, it was known for years that the great bulk of our theatre buildings were ramshackle affairs, possibly no worse than other buildings, but in them the danger of fire and panic was especially imminent. Well, a long list of fatalities, culminating in the holocaust of the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago, finally gave emphasis to the need of reform, and immediately there was a great scurrying, not to remedy the defects in every dangerous building, but to make theatres, particularly, safe. This was all very good, but why must intelligent people suffer a terrible catastrophe before they will take general precautions against the possibility of such an occurrence taking place? So with schools. Anything had been thought good enough for a school. There were school fires and panics and heart-breaking individual losses, but it took the Collinwood disaster to wake the nation up, and now there is a possibility that our future school buildings will be well built, or at least fairly so. But there interest will cease, and we shall have to have a terrible fire in a department store, and then in a church, and another in a hotel, to get each class of buildings properly safeguarded.

With fire it is going to be a long, hard fight. There is already so much all about us that will either have to be torn down or burned that, do what we may, it will be years before we can really enjoy immunity. But one thing we must do and at once—we must add no more fuel to burn. Good building is an economy. People fight shy of it because its first cost is perhaps ten or twelve per cent. greater than the usual shoddy construction. But taking into account maintenance, repairs, insurance premiums, longevity, etc., the well-built building actually costs less than the poor one within five years from the time of its construction, and the difference widens at a rapid ratio from then on, so that inferior construction, considered in the long run, is a rank extravagance and one that only the millionaire can afford. Instead of that, it is the millionaire who builds well, and it is the poor man who occupies the inferior and expensive building. Yet so-called cheap construction has been so dinned into us

that the moment the State attempts any reformatory movement towards better building, a howl goes up that it is going to work hardship to the poor man—the worst kind of nonsense, but one that has to be coped with, because the speculative builder, the only one benefited by shoddy construction, will disturb heaven and earth to prevent stringent building regulations from being enacted.

It is the duty of our authorities to take the matter in hand, and every right-thinking

man, property owner or not, should bestir himself to see that the authorities do take drastic action for the prevention of fire, which to-day is gnawing at the very vitals of the nation. The most stringent regulations should be enacted, positively prohibiting the use of combustible materials in the construction of any new building inside or outside the imaginary fire lines. And just as strenuous an effort should be made to compel the revamping of the existing buildings, so that they shall present the minimum of danger.

Canada and China

By R. Bruce Bennett

IN those cities in Canada where the Chinese have settled in large numbers, they are remarkable for their commercial aptitude, while in political and labor circles they are noteworthy for asking less for their hire than the average workingman. Because of the former attribute, they are admired, and because of the latter deficiency they are despised. Still, the Chinaman may easily be a power in the world. Though not as aggressive as the militant Jap, he has characteristics no less progressive and innate faculties and intellectual abilities that might bring him to the fore in the world's commercial, diplomatic and political circles, were he but to make the effort. And the formation and expansion of the organization which has for its prime object the adoption of Occidental methods and customs, so that they may cope with the rest of the world, indicates, perhaps, at what the modern Chinaman is aiming.

China has never been remarkable for her intercourse with the foreigner, no matter of what race or religion the intruder may have been. Commerce in China has been carried on for ages and ages, and that she has been able to remain integral when nation after nation has passed away is sufficient recommendation for the resources of the country and the ability of the people.

Even to-day, years after the restless pioneer has been stopped on the Western coast of America by the Pacific Ocean, missionaries only are known in the interior of China, and that not far from the seashore. White men are forming part of the industrial life in Japan or Corea, but in China they have secured but a slight foothold. The first foreigner to enter the domains of romantic Cathay was a missionary from Europe, and while he and his associates and followers were there for a considerable length of time, they eventually disappeared and for ages after Cathay was again a strange region. When China appeared on the horizon, it was discovered that this was the same country. Time after time, the commercial trader has endeavored to enter the unknown territory, and though a fairly large trade is now done with the Orient, it is very little compared with what is possible in the opinion of those who know what is in the country. The Chinese, while a great commercial people, (and it is doubtful if any single nation has this characteristic more predominant), are remarkable for the fact that they trade amongst themselves. That this is possible in their own country shows an extensive and diversified range of products. Even the Chinamen in Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, San Francisco, traders still in their

adopted country, maintain their greater commercial relations not with the people among whom they dwell, but among themselves, and between themselves and the homeland. That is why Oriental trade is slow in expansion, and though commissioners may be sent by governments with the hope of developing commerce little will result until the conservative elements of Chinese character have begun to give way before the progressive enterprise of the modern generation which has observed what is possible by contact with the Occidental and his methods. It cannot but be noticed that what trade there is between other nations and China is not because of effort on the part of China herself, but rather as a result of the advances, one might almost go further, the demands of the aggressive commercial spirit of the whiter races. China has desired to remain within herself, and in cities on the American continent no other immigrants have been stronger in their cohesion.

Personally, the Chinaman is as suave as the most accomplished diplomat, and sociable and friendly to a degree. The instinctive fighting element in his nature has been quieted and is almost extinct, since he is



Lee Quong

Secretary Chinese Reform Association, Vancouver.

the progeny of commercial generations. This could not have been better illustrated than during the riots in Vancouver in September, 1907, when the Chinese and Japanese were put on the defensive. The Japanese, when they became aware of what the rowdies were doing, immediately seized what arms they could find—revolvers, clubs, bricks, bottles, in short, anything and everything, marshalled their forces, placed sentries, and, when an alarm was given of the approach of the foe, rushed forward and attacked with vigor. Not so the Chinese. The domestics were called in from the private residences, the cooks from restaurants, the employes from the mills, and they retreated to their own particular section of the city, barricaded their doors, and while armed they only retained their weapons to use them in the last extremity if attacked, not to sally forth with the intent of battle. When it was announced that danger was passed, the weapons were laid aside. There was no subsequent talk of having to disarm the Chinese, although the Japs are still mentioned in that connection.

On the Pacific Coast the cry has gone up against the Chinaman. The reason is that he has found a market for his labor. Wages have been high, domestics scarce and white



Wong Kong Chow

President Chinese Board of Trade, President Chinese Benevolent Association and President of the Chinese Reform Association, Vancouver.

men unwilling to do what he is ready to perform, and when the Chinaman offered his services at a half rate, those who wanted him badly accepted him gladly, and even those who were opposed to encouraging the advent of an alien nation were often unable to get along without him. So now it is a cry against the Chinaman, against the Jap, against the Hindu, against the flow of unskilled laborers from Asia where they are to be found in millions. The coolie class which has come to fill these necessities is of the lowest, living on little and that not of the best, to whom a few hundred dollars is enough to enable him to return to the land of his fathers and enjoy his days in peace and plenty.

The Reform Association Chinaman is of a different stamp. He cuts his hair "à la Melican man," sends his children to the Canadian schools, reads the English papers, talks English, and is gradually becoming a factor in general affairs. He looks with pity bordering on derision on the traditions of his ancestors, who declared that modern methods were not needed, and anticipates the day when crude and antiquated apparatus will disappear before present-day machinery, and China will be a land of

humming enterprises and industrial prosperity. For all of them love their native land, and none more so. This is demonstrated by the frequent shipment through Pacific ports of the bones of some deceased son of the Flowery Kingdom, who has died in foreign parts, and whose wish was that his remains should be sent to mingle with the soil of the land where Chinamen have lived and died for centuries and centuries.

With the increase in membership of the Chinese Reform Association will come greater opportunities for other nations in China, and with opportunities will come advantages. This organization is very strong, and its importance is such that it is a recognized factor in Chinese imperial politics. The open hand to the people of other nations will be followed by the open door. Americans have been quick to perceive the gradual change in conditions, and Canada is not too far behind, for she has a trade commissioner in Hong Kong. To secure business, some one must be on the ground. The greatest amount of trade is now done with the coast cities of China, since there Europeans and Americans are located, but the lines of commerce are being pushed steadily inward. Progress is slow at first, but as commerce expands new avenues will open, and a substantial trade will develop if attention is paid to it. During the recent slump on this continent, the lumber manufacturers of the Pacific Coast, the demand for their product in the Prairie Provinces falling off, turned to the Orient, and the mills in Vancouver and Victoria were able to ship a number of lumber cargoes to China. During the good times previous to the slump, the home markets kept the lumbermen so busy that the Orient was overlooked, and only when business was needed was it sought. To build for the future, nothing should be overlooked for the immediate present. The business should be constantly attended to, not rushed for in an extremity. In such a case it might be found that others are in the field. Moreover, it must be remembered that in dealing with the Chinese, strict and honorable methods must be employed, for although ostensibly heathen, the moral business code of ethics is the same between Chinaman and Canadian as between ordinary man and man.

Canada has, perhaps, better advantages



Yip On

President of the Chinese Empire Reform Association of Canada, Which has Members in Every Large City in the Dominion.

than any other of the countries on the Pacific Coast to secure the benefits of Oriental trade, which all foreseeing men declare will develop. The lines of inter-communication bring the world's markets closer to China through Canada, as has been demonstrated more than once, when the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has delivered cargoes in Eastern America days ahead of competitive companies via San Francisco or Seattle. Another transcontinental line eastward from Prince Rupert will give what is stated to be a shorter route from Hong Kong to New York, and through trade will bring local business, all of which will add to the increasing prosperity of the Dominion.

When at last the Orient is free to the merchant, though a decade or more may elapse before that has eventuated, it will be found that having had the Chinaman established in Western Canada, will be of great assistance in promoting international relations. Those already here will have become a part of the Dominion, and will form the connecting link as it were between the two countries. Racial animosities may not then be so keen, and the people on this side of the Pacific may by that time be more eager to engage in those peaceful pursuits which have enabled the Chinaman himself to withstand so long the press of surging nations.

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Keeping Track of Expenditure

From "Common Sense Papers" by Sir Fortune Free

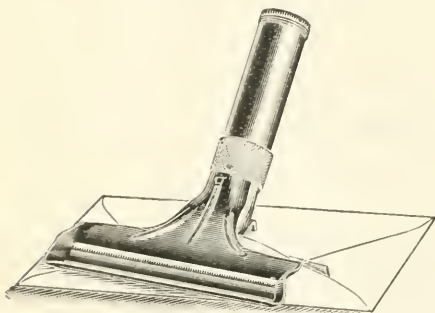
The practice of noting in one's diary at night how much one has spent during the day has had the result of amazing some of my friends whom I have persuaded to adopt it. They have promised me to do it for a week or a month. A single day is, I find, of no avail, for a man is apt to remember only the day on which he happens to have spent nothing save in the most exceptionally rational manner. One learns a good deal more from this custom than one would imagine. But it requires courage. One discovers by means of it that one has acquired habits of money-spending which are little suspected simply because they have been indulged in systematically.

In black and white they stare at one in a manner which a sensible person can hardly overlook. Some of my acquaintances, who have been convinced that they never spent an unnecessary penny in the matter of refreshment, have been surprised at their unexpected consumption. At the end of a month they have been amazed at the unsuspected leakages of the purse, which they have been blind to chiefly because they were matters of daily happening.

Improvements in Office Devices

Envelope Sealer.

The accompanying illustration shows the Saunders one-motion and envelope sealer. This device moistens and seals in one operation. It is made of brass, heavily nickel-plated. The water supply, which is contained in a rubber well in the handle, is fed out to a felt at the base in a sufficient quantity to keep the felt at a right degree of moisture. Over the felt pad and attached to handle is a metal projection which acts as a sealer. The moistening and sealing of the envelope is accomplished by sim-



ply passing the sealer across the envelope, the flap inserts itself between the pad and the sealing bar above. A downward motion with any pressure desired moistens and seals. The effect is precisely that of pressing down the flap with the fingers when sealing by hand.

New Typewriter Impression.

An Austrian inventor has pointed out how to make a typewriter impression that can be cast and printed the same as type, with resulting saving in typesetting for newspaper and book work. If successful, the invention will fill a want long felt. The existing methods are wasteful and time-consuming. A writer uses a machine for expressing his ideas, and the result is clear, printed "copy." Then it has to go to a compositor who must set it into type, using another and costly machine for the purpose. This second copy has to be read and corrected and adjusted in a form before it is ready for the stereotyper and printer. If the whole operation could be completed by one operation on a typewriter the saving would be considerable. The inventor claims that he can produce a

matrix ranging from a column in width to six feet, at the rate of eighty words a minute, and that the invention will reduce the cost of printing 90 per cent.

A Letter-Opener.

A Patent for a machine which is guaranteed to open at least 400 letters a minute has just been granted to Miss Sophie Heilbrun, who is at the head of one of the biggest mail order departments in New York City, and receives a salary of \$6,000 a year. Her department receives an average of 10,000 letters a day, and the labor of opening these took so long that she set her mind working on a machine which would expedite it.

The beauty of the machine is that it in no way injures the contents of the letter. It simply crumples the edge off without touching the contents.

Letters of different sizes are placed in a box, a wheel turned and the electricity switched on. The box containing the letters runs across a rubber roller set diagonally in a plate. Once over this spot the electricity is turned off and letters removed, open and ready to be looked over. A box at the base contains an exhaust fan revolving in water which draws down the dust from the roller and mixes it with the water, thus rendering it harmless.

DuBelle Carriage Reverser.

In placing on the market the DuBelle electric typewriter-carriage reverser and automatic platen spacer a long-felt want has been filled.

For many years—in fact ever since the typewriting machine was universally adopted by the business world—there has been a demand for a means of returning the carriage and at the same time automatically spacing the paper.

Charles Summer DuBelle, of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, the inventor and patentee of this attachment, an expert operator and stenographer, became convinced that it would be an impossibility to secure the automatic return of the carriage without the aid of some form of power foreign to the typewriting machine. In searching for a power to effect this desired movement of the typewriter carriage, electricity appealed to him most.

There is no occasion to reach for a spacing lever, and therefore the operator never has to remove the hands from the keyboard—simply

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March's Thesaurus

Of the many books which the present day printing press pours forth, few have the merit to outlive the drying of the ink on their pages, let alone to be permanent additions to literature. The work of Prof. March, who is recognized by the English-speaking world as being the greatest living philologist, however, stands out conspicuously from all others, because of its great value and merit as a work of daily reference and practical information to the business man, writer, teacher, speaker or student. It matters not what profession, if it calls for the exercise of the powers of thought and expression of the same, "March's Thesaurus" will be found an invaluable companion and of practical use. The Thesaurus furnishes the key that unlocks the rich storehouse of words and phrases with which the English Language teems and gives absolute command of it. The book represents the work of a life time and the author of it has been pensioned at the age of 83 by the Carnegie Committee as the greatest living philologist. He has also been recognized by the United States Government with a patent on the work. This gives it the distinction of being the only patented work in the world. Professor March is also an L.L.D. of Oxford University and Litt. D. of Cambridge University.

The use of Thesaurus will save you from the annoyance of being unable to at all times exactly express your thoughts as the book will guide you to the selections of the best word to use, or to distinguish a delicate shade of meaning.

It is a book of 1,200 pages, giving a complete working vocabulary of 50,000 words and meanings arranged in alphabetical order and can be used as an ordinary dictionary, but its distinctive feature from a dictionary is, the grouping of all the words in the language that have any affinity of meaning in capital captions as reference words following the vocabulary word, the positive and negative terms being given in juxtaposition. By referring to any one of these reference words you have synonymous words and their meanings given, thus placing you immediately in possession of the right word to exactly state your thoughts on any subject, besides going further and extending your knowledge of the same, by completely analyzing every word and subject.

Descriptive circular matter will be gladly sent by the publishers.

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The Grand Trunk Railway System

Its Rail and Water Lines together will total 15,134 miles

In 1907 it carried 20,305,275 tons of Freight
and 13,854,883 Passengers

Many people fail to appreciate the commanding position that the Grand Trunk Railway System occupies among the great Railway Systems of the North American Continent. It is the Pioneer railway of Canada and one of the earliest built and operated on this side of the Atlantic.

From a financial standpoint, the Grand Trunk Railway System is the largest organization in Canada, and one of the greatest in the British Empire—the total capitalization of the Grand Trunk and its subsidiary lines being \$353,268,487. Including the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway the total capital at June 30th, 1903, was the enormous sum of \$447,893,932 for the entire Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific System of Railways.

The present total mileage of the Grand Trunk, including its subsidiary lines, is 5,300 miles, with a double track mileage of 1,035, which makes it not only the longest double track railway in Canada, but the longest continuous double track railway under one management in the world.

Great Rail and Water System

Including the mileage of the Grand Trunk Pacific main line now under construction and contemplated—3,560 miles, of which 2,240 miles are under contract, also 5,000 miles of branch lines—the total length of the entire System of Railways will eventually amount to 13,895 miles.

In addition to the rail mileage the Grand Trunk operates steamer lines on the Great Lakes, between Midland, Depot Harbor, and Fort William, Milwaukee and Chicago. It also owns and operates large car ferry steamers on Lake Ontario, between Cobourg and Charlotte (60 miles) and on Lake Michigan between Milwaukee and Grand Haven (distance 80 miles), the total mileage of lake lines being 1,239 miles. Adding the lake line mileage to the rail mileage above, gives a grand total of 15,134 miles of rail and water lines.

Grand Trunk's Enormous Business

With regard to the amount of business handled: The Grand Trunk also stands in the forefront. During the year 1907, on the entire Grand Trunk System, the number of tons of freight handled amounted to 20,305,275 tons, while the number of passengers handled was 13,854,883. According to the official reports for 1907, the Grand Trunk takes rank among the ten largest Systems on the North American Continent, based on the business handled (freight tonnage and passengers), while on its lines in Canada only it handled 2,000,000 tons of freight and 2,100,000 passengers more than the railway doing the next largest business; also, according to Government reports, it handled 27 per cent. of the total freight hauled, and 33 per cent. of all the passengers carried by all the railways in Canada.

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How often has the average business man dipped his pen in his ink well only to find it filled with dust, the contents dried up, or not enough fluid in it to wet the tip of his pen? On the other hand, how often has the same business man plunged his pen into the ink well and splashed himself and the papers on his desk with a stream of black fluid?

Both of these accidents and annoyance incidents happen every day in business life. The search for a good inkwell that will keep the ink fresh and clean, make it impossible to get too much or too little on the pen, and at the same

time provide an airtight, dustproof protection for the fluid, and prevent its spilling or being tipped over, has lasted through many years.

The Revolving Ink Stand Company, 142 West Main Street, Louisville, Ky., has brought out an inkstand that promises to do all of these things. The ink is fed down as atmospheric pressure is reduced. It is in a receptacle inverted over the ink cup. Just enough ink feeds down all of the time to keep the ink cup filled to the proper depth. In this way dirt and dust cannot reach the ink at all, and evaporation is impossible. To further guard against ink drying up even in the cup, the upper portion revolves, and turned half around will close the lower cup as securely as though it were corked.

There is one more feature to this inkwell. It has two depths of openings, one shallow and one deep, so that the user may secure a small or large quantity of ink on the pen each time. This may be graduated to suit the user or the occasion, and a slight twist changes from deep to shallow or vice versa.

The Fun of Doing Well

James Coates, Ph.D., in *Young Men*

It is related of the late Lord Napier that once he played a trick on some officers to find out the right man for a certain post. The story is that he had three ambitious officers to choose from, all of whom would like to be colonels at once. Lord Napier sent for these young men, and in due order detailed them to some ordinary routine work to be done. They went to their work without suspecting that the general wished to test them and was having them watched for that purpose. The first two, whom I will call A and B, considered the duties very much beneath them, and discharged them in a very careless and perfunctory manner, while complaining of the affront which they had received in being asked to discharge those duties. The third young officer was prompt, energetic and thorough, and acquitted himself with credit.

"How is it," demanded Lord Napier, "that you thought such matters worthy of so much care?" The young fellow flushed. He thought the general believed that he was an officer who had wasted too much energy on matters of no great moment.

"Beg pardon, general," he answered, "but it was just the fun of seeing how well I could do them."

The grim old general's face relaxed into a pleasant smile, and he said: "You are promoted to a captaincy. Go and see how much fun you can get in doing your best in that position."

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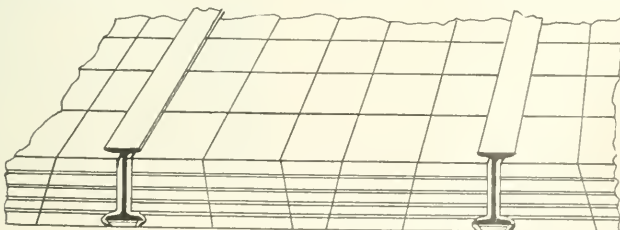
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See article by F. W. Fitzpatrick on "Fire," this issue Busy Man's.

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The Busy Man's Book Shelf

AUTUMN is the great publishing season and probably more books see the light of day between October 1 and December 1 than during the remaining ten months of the year. Holiday buying is largely accountable for this. Publishers aim to bring out their books just before the Christmas rush sets in, with a view to getting the best possible returns.

The Bookseller and Stationer, the organ of the Canadian publishing interests, has collected information from a score of Canadian cities as to the relative sales of the new autumn fiction and has compiled from the individual returns a summary of the best sellers. This month Miss Marie Corelli takes first honors, her latest novel, "Holy Orders," occupying first place. Following it in the order named are "The Firing Line," by Robert W. Chambers; "The Testing of Diana Mallory," by Mrs. Humphry Ward; "Peter," by F. Hopkinson Smith; "The Man from Brodneys," by George Barr McCutcheon, and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," by John Fox, Jr.

The reader in pursuit of an all-round absorbing romance need go no further than Stanley J. Weyman's "The Wild Geese." To the writer's mind this is one of the very best of the season's books and it is somewhat surprising that it does not rank as a best seller. It possesses all the qualifications of the good, old-time romance that must be read at one sitting. With scene laid in the west of Ireland in George I.'s days, it has a setting that lacks nothing of the requisite glamor. As picturing the troublous conditions of that day, it is admirable. The love interest is skillfully interwoven into a plot of exceptional strength.

Our Canadian novelists have been active this autumn and several writers, who have previously sought popular favor, have new books on sale, thereby proving that there is a field for Canadian fiction. Rev. R. E. Knowles, of Galt, who has been honored with the title of the Ian Maclaren of Canada, by his personal admirers, presents a third novel entitled, "The Web of Time." Marlan Keith, whose home is in Orillia and whose name in real life is Esther Miller, also issues a third story, "Treasure Valley." W. D. Lightall, of Montreal, whose name is perhaps hardly as well known as the former writers, has in the press a story called "The Master of Life." Mrs. J. K. Lawson, of Toronto, is also bringing out a novel, with the title, "The Harvest of Moloch."

It is gratifying to note that one of the most charming of this season's juveniles is the work of a Toronto writer and artist, Miss Estelle Kerr. Miss Kerr is a daughter of George Kerr, barrister, and was born in Toronto. She received her earlier education in art under the direction of Mrs. Dignam and Miss Laura Muntz, continuing her studies at the Art Students' League in New York, afterwards going to Paris for two seasons. While there she spent her summers in Italy and Holland, and in the



Miss Estelle Kerr

A Young Toronto Author-Artist who is Achieving Success.

latter country she stayed for some time at the picturesque little fishing village of Volendam. Of this village she writes in her children's book, "Little Sam in Volendam," just published by Moffatt, Yard & Co., New York, illustrating it with quaint drawings of her own. Miss Kerr is now preparing a series of drawings and verses about Sicily, the scene of a recent visit.

Ralph Connor has no long novel this fall, but a short story, "The Angel and the Star,"

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has been brought out in booklet form, handsomely printed. Then a little earlier in the season there appeared "Anne of Green Gables," by Miss L. M. Montgomery, a Prince Edward Island writer. We also welcomed earlier "Mrs. Everard Cotes' novel, "Cousin Cinderella," which might well have been called, "A Canadian Girl in London." Miss Lily Dougall, a member of the Montreal family, who won distinction some years ago with her stories, "Beggars All," and "What Necessity Knows," has a new fall book, "Paths of the Righteous." And so the list grows.

Flora Bigelow Guest, wife of the Hon. Lionel Guest, of St. Anne de Bellevue, Que., is the author of a novel, "The Jewelled Ball," just published, which has already attracted a great deal of attention in society circles in Ottawa, London, New York and Montreal, where Mrs. Guest is well known. Mrs. Guest is of a literary family. She is a daughter of the Hon. John Bigelow, who was United States ambassador to France under President Lincoln. He was the author of a number of well-known works, while a brother, Poultney Bigelow, has achieved considerable fame as a magazine writer, and through a personal friendship with Kaiser William.

Mr. Arnold Haultain, who is Professor Goldwin Smith's secretary, and whose scholarly work has given him high standing as a Canadian essayist, is to publish this autumn through Houghton, Mifflin, of Boston, a volume entitled "The Mystery of Golf," further described as "A Brief Account of Games in general; their origine, Antiquite, and Rampant; and of the Game yeledped Golfe in particular, its Uniqueness, its Curiousness and its Difficultie; its anatomical, philosophicall and moral Properties; together with diverse Conceits on other Matters to it appertaining." The publishers speak enthusiastically of Mr. Haultain's new work. They believe that "The Mystery of Golf," "through its insight and humor, its quaint charm and eloquence of phrase af-

ford a unique pleasure both to sportsmen and lovers of literature."

The Cambridge University Press have on their fall list a new book by Professor William Osler, containing the Linaere Lecture for 1908, delivered at St. John's College, Cambridge. The first chapter consists of an Introduction and Life, the second and third deal with Linaere as Medical Humanist and Grammarian respectively, and the fourth and last is devoted to the Linaere Foundations. The plates, of which there are eleven, include the portraits of Linaere at Windsor and the British Museum.

In "Amedee's Son," by Harry James Smith, which Houghton Mifflin Co., of Boston, publish, we are told the story of an orphan boy brought up among the French fisher folk of Cape Breton. With the skill of the true artist in writing, the author has produced a living picture of the primitive people of whom he treats. The book is a genuine idyl with a tender grace in its descriptions and a quiet humor in some of its situations that remind one of Barrie at his best.

Historical works on Canada are almost as numerous this autumn as are Canadian works of fiction. Mention has been made before of the "Tercenary History of Canada," by F. Basil Tracy, in three volumes. Now we are presented with a "Quebec Tercenary Commemorative History," compiled by the publishers of the Quebec Telegraph. "Kingston of Old," by Agnes Maule Machar, is another local history with a national interest. The indefatigable Agnes C. Laut has written a history of the Hudson's Bay Company, with the title, "The Conquest of the Great Northwest." Professor George M. Wrong, of Toronto University, is the author of an interesting book, "A Canadian Manor and its Seigneurs." Professor Colby of McGill University, writes "Canadian Types of the Old Regime." And these are only a few of the titles.

The Successful Assistant

What the young man of to-day should aim at is to anticipate the requirements of those above him. He may be working under the manager of a particular department, and there are many ways in which he can anticipate the requirements of his senior. The latter does not ask him to share all his responsibility, but the power to know beforehand what his senior may want him to do is the difference between a successful and an unsuccessful assistant.

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The Man Behind the Pocket-Book

How can he increase the "allowance" for household bills when there is no increase in the family income or the wages, or when wages are cut down as a result of industrial depression?

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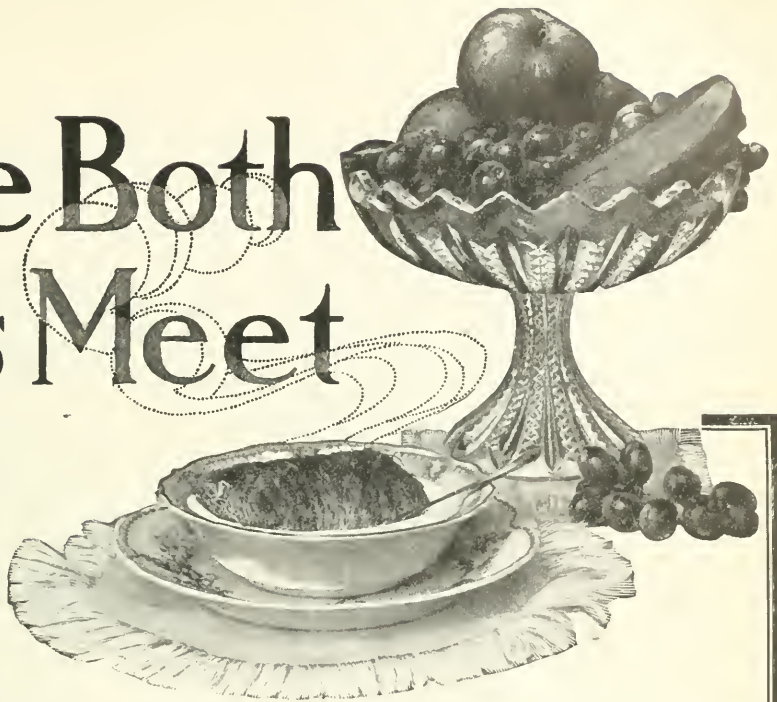
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Humor in the Magazines

THERE is a certain New York business man, of a rather waggish disposition, who contends that his wife has no imagination.

At dinner one night he chanced to mention a tragic circumstance he had read in the evening paper on his way home. A passenger on a transatlantic steamer had fallen overboard in mid-ocean and had never been seen again.

"Was he drowned?" asked the wife.

"Of course not," answered the irrepressible hubby; "but he sprained his ankle, I believe."
—Lippincott's.

There is a ducky in Philadelphia who is convinced that the whole is not always equal to the sum of all its parts. This ducky, who is the recipient of the discarded clothing of several business men for whom he has worked, was one day seen to observe himself carefully in a mirror and heard to deliver himself of the following remarks:

"Here I is, wearin' de shoes of a banker; de pants of a railway president; de coat an' vest of a member of de Chamber of Commerce, an' a state senator's hat; an' in spite'r all dat, I looks like a tramp!"—Lippincott's.

Verbatim copy of a letter which, being typewritten in the heat of an indignant moment, was reserved for reconsideration next morning, and—then not sent at all:—

Johnes smith Esq., wool Excejanje, coFeman Stseet, e.C., deasn MR. Smith: I Umbertand from yojr managing clerk, mr. Brown, that yo require my no longer require my services as stenograpr and typewri. on account of whst yoy are are pleased tocall my drunkeb and swinishj habits. Outf respec Only fryor late inajner I should hacc much pleasure in suing you for jajabes. I new wrute ylym since you refuse to see me imperson, to inform you thay you are mistaken in yout estimage of my charactef, and I truat that you will have as much d9fficulty in obtalbing a clerk toe suik your reqyirements as I shlll have ease in secuting another apointm3nt. I am? deat Sir, Yours faityfully, J. Jallington-Jones.—Business.

Jack London, the author, was introduced one day to a musician.

"I, too, am a musician in a small way," London said. "My musical talent was once the means of saving my life."

"How was that?" the musician asked.

"There was a great flood in our town in my
150

boyhood," replied London. "When the water struck our house my father got on a bed and floated with the stream until he was rescued."

"And you?" said the musician.

"Well," said London, "I accompanied him on the piano."—Cassell's Journal.

In the small hours of the morning the negro porter of a country hotel in Tennessee rapped briskly on a guest's door. A grunt from within invited explanation.

"Is you de white gentleman wot axed to be waked up to catch de fo'-clock train?"

"No, you idiot."

The patient porter persisted at the next door.

"Is you de white gentleman wot axed to be waked up to catch de fo'-clock train?"

"No. Go to thunder!"

Undeterred by these rebuffs, Daniel plowed down the row, inquiring at every door:

"Is you de white gentleman wot axed to be waked up to catch de fo'-clock train?"—and met everywhere with contumely.

But patient application to duty always meets its reward, and the rap at the last door was answered by a thump within as the occupant rolled out of bed.

"Yes, I'm the man," came the answer to the much-asked question. "What time is it?"

Daniel's reply was most respectful.

"I jus' knocked to say, sah, dat I's very sorry, but I overslept, sah, an' de train done gone a hour ago."—Gunter's Magazine.

Riding across the country one day, Dr. Blank noticed an old negro who had been for quite a while perched motionless upon a little bridge, fishing silently from the stream beneath. For some time he watched him from a distance, but finally, overcome by the old fellow's unmoved patience, he rode up and accosted him.

"Hello, Wash! What are you doing up there?"

"Fishin', sah," came the reply.

"Not getting many, are you?"

"No, sah."

"Well, it seems to me you'd get tired fishing so long without a bite."

"I dosen't want no bite, cap'n."

"Well, that's funny. Why don't you want a bite, Wash?"

"Hits this-a-way, cap'n: when I gits a lots o' bites, hit takes all meh time to git the fish off'n meh line, an' I does n't have no time foh fishin'."—Success Magazine.



The Bather

After the Painting by Paul Peel in the National Art Gallery, Ottawa

Photo by Topley

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XVII

JANUARY 1909

No 3

The Millionaires of Cobalt

By G. B. VANBLARICOM

HOW many millionaires has Cobalt produced?

The halo of adventure and romance is around every mining camp. What tales of blasted hopes and dire poverty, what stories of sleepless nights, bodily stress and mental torture could be disclosed. Of these, the outside world hears little and, perhaps, cares less. The record of wealth, achievement and success forms the only pleasing picture, luring on the buoyant, expectant spirit in the hope that he, too, may realize some day and realize handsomely.

Wall Street is not the only throbbing, seething centre where fortunes of immense proportions are reared or dismantled. The average mining camp can also its stirring incidents unfold. Cobalt has produced its millionaires—many of them. The majority are earnest, active Canadians, who, five years ago, little dreamed that fate held for them so cordial a welcome. The big camp was not founded in a day, neither were these fortunes piled up in a night.

The greatest silverized belt in the world has been styled the poor man's camp. By this is meant that he of meagre means had as favorable an opportunity of securing riches as his more independent brother. In mining projects it appears to be a law of universal ex-

perience that it is not the venturesome spirit first on the ground, the rugged weather beaten prospector on the lone trail, who is destined to strike it the richest. Frequently he grows tired of waiting, has no influential friends, and sees no immediate hope of becoming master of the situation. Weary of the struggle, despair filling his soul, he reluctantly comes to the conclusion that ready money in the pocket is preferable to undeveloped treasure in the ground. He disposes of his holdings for a few thousand dollars to the capitalist, the broker, the promoter or the syndicate lawyer. It is then that a company is formed, the property capitalized away up in the millions, a shaft sunk and pay ore struck; next the stock begins to soar, investments pour in and fabulous sums are soon within reach of the few who have engineered the proposition. To the untiring, plodding, prospector or pioneer, who roams the streams and woods in search of hidden treasure, enduring untold hardship and misery, the greatest amount of credit for the mineral wealth of the world is due, but that is another story.

How did the millionaires of Cobalt acquire their wealth? In many instances it is a narrative of faith, courage and foresight leading up to human achievement and realization, rather than a run



W. G. Trethewey

Who After Making Millions in Cobalt has Gone in for Mixed Farming

of luck or happy chance. These men, in the majority of cases, are brilliant exponents of success which has been aptly termed—"knowing and doing the proper thing at the proper time" Many of us to-day might also have been millionaires or, at least, men of wealth, had we discovered, invested or sold at the opportune moment.

Cobalt has made millionaires of several Canadians, while others have found on its glacial surface or beneath its rock-ribbed breast, enough to assure them of freedom from want and hunger for the remainder of their days. An outstanding feature is that most of those who can figure their possessions in hundreds of thousands corralled in the most renowned silver area of mother earth, were not prospectors, metallurgists, mineralogists, assayers or geologists—persons who, it might reasonably be expected, by possession of technical knowledge or trained intelligence, would be in a position to outstrip their rivals in the race for gold—but blacksmiths, wood rangers, drillers, surveyors, contractors, lumbermen and hotelkeepers. Of course, there are exceptions but not many.

Who are the millionaires of Cobalt? Among those, not including any mining brokers, credited with being in this interesting class, and their respective occupations at the time they struck it rich, are: Henry L. Timmins, Haileybury; merchant, formerly of Mattawa, and his brother, Noah A. Timmins, Haileybury, who was in partnership with him; John McMartin, Cornwall, and his brother, Duncan McMartin, Montreal, contractors; David A. Dunlop, Toronto, lawyer, formerly of Mattawa; M. J. O'Brien, Renfrew, contractor; J. B. O'Brien, Toronto, lawyer; Arthur Ferland, Haileybury, hotelkeeper; W. C. Chambers, Harriston, Ont., contractor; W. B. Russell, and his brother, R. K. Russell, Toronto, and Robert Galbraith, Carleton Place, all civil engineers; R. W. Leonard, St Catharines, graduate of Royal Military College and civil engineer; Alex. Longwell, Toronto, mining engineer; Hugh L. Kerr, Toronto, geologist; W. J. Blair, New Liskeard, land surveyor; George Glendenning, Toronto, student; W. G. Trethewey, Toronto, speculator



Lieut-Col. John Carson

A Montreal Military Man Who Struck it Rich in Cobalt

THE MILLIONAIRES OF COBALT



The Founders of the Nipissing

W. B. Russell
W. C. Chambers

R. K. Russell
E. P. Earle

Arthur Ferland

R. Galbraith

and miner; Dr. Milton L. Hersey, Montreal, analytical chemist; J. A. Jacobs, Montreal, wholesale dry goods; Colonel John Carson, Montreal, insurance man; Albert Foster, Toronto, dentist, formerly of Leamington; Clement A. Foster, Haileybury, mining engineer; David Fasken, Toronto, lawyer; Geo. E. Drummond, his brother, Thos. J. Drummond, Montreal, iron masters; E. P. Earle, W. B. Thompson, New York, ore brokers; D. M. Steindler, E. C. Converse and Capt. Delamar, New York, mine operators; Charles L. Dennison, Buffalo, coal mine operator; Geo. Taylor, New Liskeard, hardware merchant; Angus McKelvie and Thomas McCamus, New Liskeard, sawmill proprietors; D. T. K. McEwen, New Liskeard, lawyer; Ritchie Bros., New Liskeard, farmers; Kalil Farah, New Liskeard, hotelkeeper; Burr

Cartwright, Haileybury, miner, and others.

In what camps did they make their money? The Timmins brothers, the McMartin brothers and Mr. Dunlop captured theirs in the La Rose property, M. J. O'Brien and J. B. O'Brien from the O'Brien mine. Out of the Chambers-Ferland camp and from being original stockholders in the Nipissing, Messrs. Chambers, Ferland, W. B. and R. K. Russell and R. Galbraith, won fortunes. R. W. Leonard and Alex. Longwell made their hundreds of thousands from the Buffalo and Coniagas mines. Hugh L. Kerr, George Glendenning and W. J. Blair out of the University property; W. G. Trethewey, out of the Trethewey and Coniagas; Dr. Milton L. Hersey, from the Coniagas; F. W. Chapin, the McKinley-Darragh; J. A. Jacobs, the Crown



Hugh L. Kerr

A University Graduate and Geologist who Put
His Knowledge to Practical Purposes

Reserve and Kerr Lake, in which he recently sold out his interests; Colonel Carson, Crown Reserve; Albert Foster, his son, C. A. Foster, the Foster; the Messrs. Drummond, from the Drummond; David Fasken, E. P. Earle, W. B. Thompson, E. C. Converse and Capt. Delamar, the Nipissing; D. M. Steindler, the Kerr Lake and Nova Scotia; Charles L. Dennison, the Buffalo; G. Taylor, A. McKelvie, Thomas McCamus, D. T. K. McEwen and Ritchie Brothers, in the Temiskaming and Hudson Bay; Kalil Farah disposed of the Big Pete mine, by which name he himself is more familiarly known, to the Cobalt Central while Burr Cartwright made a fortune in the Temiskaming.

Some of these millionaires have held blocks of stock in other properties or still retain them, but it is in the foregoing mines that financial authorities credit them with making their pockets bulky. Other Canadians, including many brokers, have cleaned up tidy sums ranging all the way from \$30,000 to \$200,000 each in Cobalt interests and under this banner probably two hundred or more, investors could line up. The gentlemen



Albert Foster

A Dentist, who Went to Cobalt to Look for his Son
and Found a Fortune



Dr. Milton L. Hersey

City Analyst of Montreal, who First got His Cue as to
Cobalt's Richness by Analyzing Some Ore

THE MILLIONAIRES OF COBALT

in the millionaire category are attributed by those in close relationship to all that is transpiring at Cobalt, with having realized a cool million apiece or sums so large as to be on speaking terms with these magic figures.

"What luck," remarks the casual, unthinking observer. In a measure, this may be true, for the element of chance enters more or less into all undertakings, investments and speculations and always will, but back of all stand solid business principles, intelligence and foresight, the shrewd mind, analytical ability and discerning eye that tell men to strike the iron when it is hot. They knew the minute to touch the fuse and fire the shot. Metaphysically speaking, they arrived at the psychological moment. They knew when to sell, when to hold, when to unload and when to acquire. Some to-day retain their original interests, others have added to their holdings, while a few, like Mr. Trethewey, who owns a model farm near Weston, Ontario, on which is the largest tomato plantation in the world, and Mr. Jacobs, of Montreal, have disposed of all their shares and bade good-bye to the great Cobalt district with its hidden affluence.



George Glendenning
One of the University Graduates who
Discovered a Rich Vein in 1904



Alex. Longwell
A Mining Engineer who has Large Holdings
in Cobalt Properties



R. W. Leonard
A Graduate of the Royal Military College
and a Well-Known Mining Engineer

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE



Thomas J. Drummond

Member of the Famous Drummond Family, who is Interested in Silver as well as Iron

In estimating the wealth of those who have owned, sold or still possess a substantial stake in the vast argentiferous area of the north, there may be differences of opinions with respect to the value of their holdings, but, after making allowance for all fluctuations of the market, its rise and fall at various periods, the number will, at the present time, neither advance much beyond nor recede below forty. They have made their money legitimately and honestly, not by wildcat schemes, fictitious speculations or hot-air propositions. These have all had their day. The camp is now comparatively clear of fraudulent promotions, owing largely to the rigid regulations of the Ontario Government with respect to the prospectuses and operation of joint stock companies.

Naturally, it was during the first and most important periods of excitement that a large share of the greater fortunes was created. The field was not then crowded with ten thousand prospectors, as it is to-day, but alas! few had little

faith, for it was fully two years after the original claims of many promising mines were staked that the camp began to evoke world-wide concern. Many of the unbelieving ones of 1903-4 realize now the truth of the saddest of all re-frains, "It might have been."

To every one, who has devoted a passing thought to the unrivalled resources of Canada, the discovery, exploitation and development of Cobalt is a household story. It is only necessary to mention that in 1904 the ore shipped was 158 tons, valued at \$136,218. In 1907 the shipments of silver, nickel, arsenic and cobalt totalled 14,788 tons, worth \$6,301,095, while it is estimated that the output of the mines for 1908 will reach \$12,000,000, the shipments during November alone constituting 85 cars or 2,603 tons.

Each succeeding month brings fresh intelligence of expanding territory in the wonderful region seamed with silver. A few months ago news was flashed of discoveries of rich deposits at Elk City, about 28 miles north-west of Cobalt and some 55 miles up the river from Latchford. Here is a new town, the head-



George E. Drummond

Another Member of the Drummond Family also largely interested in Cobalt

THE MILLIONAIRES OF COBALT

quarters of the Montreal River territory, with splendid prospects and bright future. The latest tidings to arouse imagination and stimulate the despondent are from Gow Ganda Lake. This new Eldorado is about 60 miles north-west of Cobalt and, as the crow flies, 25 miles west of Elk City. Already many claims are staked in which native silver in great slabs is visible and rich veins of varying width mark the face of nature until the base of some cliff or the jutting off point of a rock is

struck; and the rush is on in terrible earnestness. Along the bluffs the tent of



W. J. Blair
Mayor of New Liskeard

the pioneer may be seen, and on the scopolous ledges markings of the prospectors' picks are noticeable. Scores of claims have been entered in the Recorder's office at Elk City, and on these it is impossible to estimate the silver deposits. During this winter and early next spring prospecting will be extended northward to Bushkong Lake, south to Hanging Stone Lake, and west from Gow Ganda discovery ridge, and a new list of millionaires will doubtless be created. Who can foretell the future

of this marvellous wonderland, its extent, its opulence, and its potentialities?



Clement A. Foster
Mayor of Haileybury



H. H. Lang
Mayor of Cobalt

Three Chief Magistrates of the Cobalt District



Thomas W. Gibson

Deputy Minister and Director of the Bureau of Mines of Ontario

A brief reference to the early associations of Cobalt, though not new, contains, in view of recent discoveries, information that always interests. It was in August, 1903—scarcely more than five years ago—that two poor and unknown bushrangers, J. H. McKinley and Ernest Darragh, who had a timber contract from the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway Commission, staked the first claim in Cobalt. The discovery was made on a timber limit of J. R. Booth, the millionaire lumber man and railway man of Ottawa. An unlettered French-Canadian blacksmith by the euphonious name of Fred La Rose, engaged by John and Duncan McMartin, sub-contractors on the railway, which was destined to plough up such fabulous treasures, was the next to file an application the succeeding month, and the month after, October, a trio of stirring incidents was

completed when Thomas Hebert, another French-Canadian and a railway employe like La Rose, Darragh and McKinley, unearthed the first vein on the Nipissing adjoining the La Rose. Before the close of 1903 Hebert was successful in uncovering the second Nipissing vein, and thus terminated the memorable year's discoveries. Early in 1904 W. G. Trethewey left Toronto and after a toilsome and difficult journey, reached the camp. He visited the veins on the La Rose, McKinley-Darragh and two on the present Nipissing property. Two claims, known as the Trethewey and Coniagas, were located by him, and he at once set about the development of the former, which to-day bears his name and cleared him over a million in cold cash. Within two months the first car of ore left the camp. It realized a profit of \$34,000. The next discovery was made by Alex. Long-

THE MILLIONAIRES OF COBALT

well, of Toronto, and R. W. Leonard, of St. Catharines, on what is now known as the Buffalo property, and out of which several gentlemen in the city of that name have made comfortable fortunes.

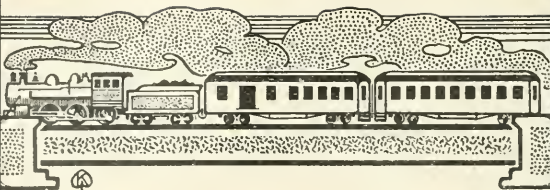
The first mine to make a shipment was the La Rose; to-day it still leads, with Nipissing McKinley - Darragh, and O'Brien close rivals during the past month. In 1904 there were only four shippers; to-day there are twenty-nine. In the fall of 1904 came three more important discoveries—the Drummond, the University and the Jacobs (now Kerr Lake), the first property in the Kerr Lake district in which silver was found. That year the famous and spectacular

Lawson vein was also unearthed. In May, 1905, the Fosters, father and son, staked out the mine which has distinguished their name, and so the story of exploitation and expansion, development and discovery might be continued.

With ever-widening fields of operation, concentrating plants, electric smelters, improved methods and means of transportation, not to speak of the mysteries that mother earth has not yet revealed, many more millionaires will no doubt be created in and around the most phenomenal silver centre ever recorded in the long and romantic history of the great mining camps of the world.



Under Ground View of Rich Vein of Silver on the Kerr Lake Property



Success Romances of Railroad Presidents

By WILLIAM PHIPPS

Republished from Business Magazine

ALL the world loves a clean, successful man in business, whether that business be railroading or manufacturing.

Accountants and book-keepers will be particularly interested in the career of Frank Trumbull, president of the Colorado Southern and kindred lines. Born in a little Missouri town, the son of a schoolmaster, he is a type of the man who has risen through industry in a developing country to a high rank in the field of railroading, and who has come to be classed among the millionaires of the State of Colorado.

When Frank Trumbull took hold of the Colorado and Southern Railway, just fifteen years ago, it was a local ore line in Colorado's mining district, a little more than a thousand miles in extent. Furthermore, it was bankrupt, in the hands of a receiver and without a cent in its treasury. In fact, just four months later came the great "strike year" of 1894, and the riots in Trinidad, the hotbed of the disturbances in the Southwest, even threatened to disrupt the system.

But the Colorado and Southern of today is a system of more than 2,600 miles, earning close upon \$15,000,000 a year, and is one of the few roads in the country that show gains in gross and net returns at the end of as trying a year as our railroads have ever suffered. It is now one of the banner roads of the Southwest, running from the centre of Wyoming through Colorado, New

Mexico and Texas to the Gulf, the shortest through line between the Rocky Mountain section and tidewater at Galveston, through which port the exports already rank next in value to those through New York.

Mr. Trumbull believes he has been able to achieve results because he was quick at figures in the red schoolhouse at Pleasant Hill, Mo. He was the "mathematical wonder" of Pleasant Hill. When he was twelve years old he had been through algebra twice, higher algebra, geometry, trigonometry—in fact, he was proficient in mathematics. But he was getting along so fast that he had to quit school because his head was growing faster than his body.

Quickness at figures has ever since been the keynote of his career. It jumped him into promotion from the days of his early bookkeeping to settling freight claims and finally to financing a railroad.

"I left school at twelve," says Mr. Trumbull, "for a \$40 a month job as deputy postmaster. Soon jealous politicians tried to have me ousted, but a Federal inspector who investigated reported that 'even if the young deputy was only 16 years, he was older in brains.'"

But later he entered the office of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas as clerk and began to climb in the railway business. When Jay Gould got that road, Trumbull was shifted to the Missouri Pacific. There, at 23, he had 170 men under him, in the freight claim and accounting department.

Later young Trumbull went to the Texas

SUCCESS ROMANCES OF RAILROAD PRESIDENTS

& Pacific, where he obtained a broad grasp on railway financing and accounting.

It was in 1874 that he entered the railway field in service on the "Katy" as a clerk. His record for the ensuing fourteen years is representative of the type of railroad man who rises through the accounting department. He became traveling auditor, then clerk in the general auditor's office, and chief clerk of freight accounts of the Missouri Pacific; then freight auditor and freight claim agent and general auditor of the Texas & Pacific.

This phase of his railroad career ended in 1888, when he gave up railroading for five years. And he is accustomed to say that during that period he got his broadest railroad experience, because he studied the commercial side of the business from the standpoint of the shipper. He was engaged in the wholesale coal business in Colorado, and in making reports on railroads and other properties for New York and London banking houses.

Thus from the outside, as it were, the railroad man studied the attitude of the man who ships his freight over the road, his rights, his grievances, and his dealings with the employes of the company. Being familiar with the attitude of the railway official, the dual role gave him an insight into the vexatious problems between transportation companies and the shippers of freight which he could have obtained in no other way.

"I took hold of the road," said Mr. Trumbull, "without a cent of cash in its treasury, in December, 1893.

"Then in June, 1894, came on the Debs strike. The United States judge gave me an order to protect the property. Fifty deputy United States marshals were sworn in on June 30 and sent from Denver to Trinidad, Col., that night, for Trinidad was the hotbed of the strike disturbances in that part of the country. The deputies arrived there on Sunday morning, the strikers captured them and took them off to breakfast.

"Something had to be done quickly then. I got the news on Sunday morning, had it verified, went to the Episcopal Cathedral and caught the judge after services. He went to his chambers with me and wrote a telegram to the Attorney-General at Washington. It was then half-past one o'clock in the afternoon in Denver and half-past three o'clock in Washington.

"Cleveland was President. A meeting was held at once of the President, the Secretary of War, the Attorney-General and the commanding general of the army. Troops were moving from Denver to Trinidad at two o'clock on Monday morning, and on Wednesday forty-eight men were arrested there as rioters by the troops and on their way back to Denver. That was twenty-four hours before the troops arrived in Chicago.

"I think that is pretty quick work, and it was one of the most trying times of my life. Quick action was necessary, because at the beginning of the trouble our first passenger train was taken out of Trinidad by the strikers, who told the crew that they would be killed if they came back."

This experience formed the basis of much of Mr. Trumbull's theories and philosophy about railroading and railroad life.

"The solution of the railroad problem," says Mr. Trumbull, "has got to come about through an individual sense of trusteeship. There are no men higher in the business world than railroad officials, but they should feel that they are trustees not only for their stock and bond holders, but also for the shippers and the employes.

"The relations between the railroad and the population it serves are reciprocal. The people ship their goods over the line, and the line, in turn, transports them and supplies them with the necessities of life. The railroad management in that sense should be impressed with the sense of trusteeship which has been reposed in it for the welfare of the community.

"But the necessity of the railroad to the community is as great as the necessity of the population's patronage is to the railroad. Neither can exist without the other. Without transportation facilities the entire effect of the development in the Southwest would be nullified, since agriculture and industry are so largely dependent on the transportation of commodities and manufactured products to the markets that buy or consume them.

"The people of this country are justly entitled to the best railway lines in the world. On the other hand, the men who own the railway companies are anxious to use every endeavor to make their lines the best to be found in the world.

"But the merchant and agricultural shippers should realize that the railroad corporations cannot carry on extensive improve-

ments in the way of providing the best of facilities to the residents in every section of their territories in the face of receding net earnings. When a period of depression comes, the railroad companies cannot buy more equipment and lay more rails until business improves and they can obtain more money. And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, business cannot fully improve until the roads are enabled to make their usual purchases."

A DREAMER AND HIS RESULTS.

Mr. Stilwell is president of the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway, which itself was only a dream in Stilwell's mind at one time.

It was from his grandfather that he inherited his peculiar tact, energy and ability in the management of large affairs. This grandfather, Hamlin Stilwell, was a man of affairs. He was head of the canal boat combination that flourished in the days when mule power was rapid transit, and when the canal boat fell from its high estate he was wise enough to get in on the ground floor in the railroad business, and he became a director of the New York Central.

One day the grandfather chatted with the young Arthur after the manner of grandfathers.

"Well, young man," quoth he, "what are you going to do when you grow up?"

The answer was quick and decisive.

"I am going out West and build a big railroad." That was his first dream.

Grandfather Stilwell left a big fortune. Before his grandson got big enough to handle any of it unfortunate investments ate it up.

Right here the life story of Arthur Edward Stilwell reads painfully like ditto marks for the careers of those whose names fill Bradstreet's and Dun's. Realizing the necessity, etc., he purchased a small printing press and started out.

He was two years a husband when he landed in Kansas City at twenty-one and started a print shop. An attack of typhoid and the advice of doctors to seek a change of scene sent him to Chicago, where he introduced photo-engraving to the West.

And then it was life insurance. Before he had been in the business long it looked mighty bad for that big Western railroad. Life insurance appeared to be the thing for which a beneficent providence gave A. E.

Stilwell an especial forte. His salary didn't climb. It soared. So inoculated did he become with the insurance serum that he invented forms of it that are now used by all insurance companies.

But there lurked in the young man's mind a germ of honesty that grew and grew. One day he went to the president of the particular company which was dealing out his pay envelope and advised a change of base in regard to certain practices. Arthur Edward was "fired" and "fired" promptly. He wasn't surprised. In fact, he had expected it. But he had \$20,000, and with that he decided to build his railroad.

Stilwell had never given up the idea of making Kansas City the starting point for his railroad. Taking a pencil and a map, he drew a line "straight as the crow flies" from the Western Missouri metropolis to the Gulf of Mexico.

"There is my railroad," said he.

And so he began to realize on the youthful dream he had dreamed. A company was formed and he began to sell bonds. And he sold them, too, at first. Then the panic of 1893 came along and money flowed in like molasses in January.

And then Stilwell showed the daring and the faith that were in him. Taking passage on a liner, he went to Europe. And of all the Continent he, unbacked, almost a boy in years, picked out Holland—conservative, slow-going Holland—for his field of operations. He talked to the rich burghers of the land of dikes, and when Stilwell talks men believe. Twenty million dollars was the fruit of his effort. Twenty million dollars to an unknown youth from a distant land!

The road was built. George M. Pullman believed in the youthful magnate.

"I will be personally responsible for your equipment to the amount of five million dollars," said the builder of sleeping cars.

And then George M. Pullman died. To the Kansas City, Pittsburg & Gulf, the Stilwell line, that meant a reorganization. A reorganization meant Wall Street. Wall Street meant the elimination of upstart railway magnates who did not ask its advice. They took Stilwell's road away from him. They did more. They even rechristened it and called it the Kansas City Southern.

Out in Kansas City they felt sorry for Stilwell. As a sort of salve for his in-

SUCCESS ROMANCES OF RAILROAD PRESIDENTS

jured feelings it was agreed by the business men of the town that they would give him a testimonial in the form of a banquet. Privately they agreed that they would make the obsequies as cheerful as possible.

So they had flowers and music, and the men who were good at forming pleasant phrases stood up and told what Stilwell had done for Kansas City and how grateful Kansas City ought to be, and then as a final balm they brought forth a loving cup that was to solace Stilwell as much as possible for the loss of his railroad.

Of course it was up to Stilwell to reply, and the banquetters shifted uneasily in their seats and cast uneasy glances about when the inevitable could not be put off any longer. They were not anxious to be treated to an exhibition of their friend's grief.

But there was no sign of grief in the face of this man who arose before them to the full height of his six feet and stood smiling at them. There were no tears in his voice when he said:

"I would much prefer to have the friendship of Kansas City than to be president of the Pittsburg & Gulf."

And before he sat down he remarked:

"I have another project in mind. It's another road, and I will be in a position to announce its destination in a few days."

The diners could scarce believe their ears. Talking it over on the way home the consensus of opinion was summed up in the remark:

"Well, I'll bet he makes it go. You can't stop Stilwell."

He had discovered the remarkable fact that a point on the Pacific coast of Mexico was five hundred miles nearer to Kansas City than is San Francisco. Perhaps you are railroader enough to appreciate what a saving of five hundred miles of rail haul means. Stilwell knew.

"There's my next road," said he.

And that is the road, the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient, 1,629 miles long, that he is building now. In that road there is not one cent of Wall Street money. There are millions of dollars in it that were put there by the Hollanders who invested in the Kansas City Southern. There are millions in it that were put there by men who bought one share or two shares or half a dozen. There are more millions there that were put there by the rich men of Old Mexico.

For Mexico believes in Stilwell. The doors of Diaz's palace swing open to him always and when he visits the States of the Southern Republic the Governors have the military bands at the depot to welcome him.

Such is Arthur Edward Stilwell, dreamer of dreams and doer of deeds. When his Kansas City, Mexico and Orient road is finished it will be one of the greatest railroads in the world. It will bring the trade of the Orient to the territory along its route.

CLERK, MANUFACTURER, LAWYER TO
PRESIDENT.

There are few railroads so much before the public as the "Reading." It is one of the very few whose securities are of daily interest to Wall Street, and the only one which has a "post" in the stock exchange.

The reason is that the Reading (its real name is the Philadelphia & Reading R.R.) is the chief anthracite coal owning and carrying road, and its control is important in the national strategy of railways.

The man who has been the president of this road for the last seven or eight years, and who has been very much in the public limelight, is George F. Baer.

The great anthracite coal strike of 1902 brought Mr. Baer before the entire nation, and he has been a national railway figure ever since.

The success-romance of Mr. Baer is very stirring and unique. He was born poor, in the mountains of Pennsylvania, on a farm, and all the education he got beyond his three Rs was won by hard work.

Mr. Baer was a printer's devil in the office of the Somerset (Pa.) Democrat at 13 for several years, and then went to school for a while. Then, going back to work as clerk at the Ashtola Mills, near Johnstown, he became chief clerk within a year. Once more young Baer quit to go to school—this time to college—and then, at 19, he and his brother purchased the Democrat. Shortly afterward his brother went to war and left Baer to manage the paper alone. He set type by day and wrote items at night. Then he, too, got the war fever and went to the front—returning in 1863 with the rank of captain.

Baer then studied law and when admitted to the bar moved to Reading, Pa., which was then rapidly becoming a considerable railway centre and manufactur-

ing point. The Reading R. R. already was there, and rival roads were building lines there. Baer was engaged by these rival roads, and fought for them so persistently and relentlessly that the Reading company offered him a good salary to become their solicitor.

Ever since then Baer has been the leading counsel for the road, and has done a great deal of very clever work.

But he did not find enough to do looking after the legal interests of the Reading road in those years, and his essentially business mind sought other channels for his energy. He got into the manufacturing business—several kinds of it. He became heavily interested in the manufacture of iron. The Reading Iron Company is a big concern, employing several thousand men, with a number of mills, manufacturing tube and other products—even big wire-bound Brown guns. Of this company Baer was for many years and is now president.

In addition to iron, Mr. Baer became interested in paper manufacture, and still owns a big mill near Reading. Not satisfied with these activities—any one of them enough to keep an ordinary man busy—Mr. Baer became the directing figure in several banks, and even in insurance and coal mining companies.

Now you might imagine Mr. Baer far too busy to interest himself in charity, in industrial education, in literature, or in

public parks. But you would be mistaken. Mr. Baer is very much interested in all of these. He is a heavy contributor to intelligent charity; he is a member of Reading's Park Board, and has done more than any other man for public parks—even contributing much valuable land. Mr. Baer is a great reader, and a thinker of some consequence, and a considerable church worker. He wrote an essay on "Work is Worship," which ought to be a classic, and in it he disclosed his intimate knowledge of the best literature.

Industrial education finds in him a strong friend. He has built a club house for the employes of the Reading Iron Co. and provided classes in technical training, and has contributed heavily to the railroad Y.M.C.A. work of evening instruction.

"There is a great dearth of intelligent, trained workmen," says Mr. Baer, "and we must rid the minds of our young men that mediocre clerical work is more desirable than doing things industrially. Technical, thorough training is what we most need, and the young man who says there are no opportunities does not have his eyes open. We are looking for the able, trained man who can do things and get them right."

The Reading road in his hands has changed from a notoriously mismanaged and unprofitable road to a profitable dividend payer, through Baer's efforts.

Enthusiasm As a Business Getter

(Success Magazine)

You might as well try to thaw out a frozen pipe with an ice cake as to interest a customer in your proposition unless you are interested yourself.

If your heart is in your work your enthusiasm will often cause a would-be customer to forget that you are trying to make a sale.

Enthusiasm is a great business getter. It is so contagious that, before we know it, we are infected with it, even though we try to brace ourselves against it.

Men and Events in the Public Eye

By R. B. CHESTER

NO paper is more frequently quoted throughout the world than "The Iron Age," because its weekly review is regarded as the best authority on the iron situation. It is carefully watched by financiers and all classes of business men. David Williams, New York, the owner of the paper, is an Irishman by birth, and the man who for many years wrote the article that is so regularly quoted was Mr. Hobson, a Canadian. Mr. Hobson grew up in the produce commission business in Montreal, and was one of our first big cheese exporters. The market going heavily against him on one occasion, he was stranded and sought a situation in New York. Mr. Williams recognized his experience and capacity and offered him a place on his editorial staff. This he held

for over thirty years until his death about eighteen months ago. Early trade publications were merely advertising sheets, but Mr. Williams determined to make "The Iron Age" a great newspaper, and he has succeeded so admirably that it is generally regarded as the highest type of a trade or technical publication. It carries about 300 pages every week. When

"The Iron Age" began to be a factor in the metal situation Mr. Williams was introduced to the President of the British Iron and Steel Institute, who remarked "You publish one of those papers that have no literary merit." Mr. Williams answered that there might be some truth in that for poetic license would be entirely out of place in a paper whose chief aim was to be absolutely accurate. Mr. Williams is the Dean of the



David Williams

Proprietor of "The Iron Age," one of the Greatest Trade Newspapers in the World

trade publishing business on this continent and was elected President of the National Federation of Trade Press Associations last month. He has a large estate on Lake Champlain near the borders of Quebec.

Mrs. Asquith, the wife of Britain's Premier, whose latest portrait, taken in the garden of the Prime Minister's official residence at Downing Street, is reproduced on this page, has a keen sense of the obligations of her position. She has recently issued an appeal for personal service and investigation to alleviate the wants of the poor and needy during the forthcoming winter. Mrs. Asquith also takes a deep interest in all her husband's work. The other day a deputation of suffragettes waited upon the Prime Minister and were given a private audience in his study. During the remarks of one of the visitors a strange lady entered the room quietly and stood listening near the door. The speaker paused and looked



Sir John Barker

Head of Barker's Stores in London, a Business Man
Knighted Recently by His Sovereign

reproachfully at Mr. Asquith. "A stranger has been permitted to enter," she said. "Oh, no, madam," replied Mr. Asquith. "This is my wife, who has come to look after my interests."



Mrs. Asquith

The Wife of Britain's Prime Minister

In conferring a title on Sir John Barker, the King did honor to an outstanding figure in the world of business. John Barker's career is in itself one of the modern romances of business. He began life with very little money—I think I heard him once say that his first job brought him in five shillings a week. For a long time he was one of Whiteley's young men, and then, with his natural shrewdness, his resolution, his ambition, and his downright aptitude for business, he set up for himself in the now famous shop in High Street, Kensington. He had little money of his own at that time, and had to borrow capital; but in a few years he was able to pay everybody out, though it took a good deal more than £100,000 to do it, and High Street, Kensington, which was a somewhat remote and unfashionable suburb, had—doubtless owing to his great shop—become the centre of a great area of the most fashionable shoppings of London. Sir John, though a thorough man of business, allowing nothing to interfere with his daily, or almost daily, visit to his great house, has always been



A Glimpse of Tenterden

The Home of Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid, where Canada's Postmaster-General, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, recently Planted a Maple Tree in Honor of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Birthday.

a strong politician, though a moderate one. He has been especially strong on the question of Free Trade, as to which he speaks with knowledge and skill.

A maple tree from Canada was planted in the grounds of Tenterden, near London, England, by Postmaster-General Lemieux in honor of our Premier's birth day. Tenterden is the new home of Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid who is a warm admirer of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and one of the best friends Canada has in the Motherland. Though Sir Hugh's parents resided in and sleep beneath Canadian soil, he has been in this country only once, about four years ago, when he made a flying trip from the Falls to Ottawa. The view of Tenterden, as can be seen, was taken in winter.

The Duke of Northumberland, a lineal descendant of the fighting Percys of mediaeval days, believes in taking severe measures to overcome the difficulties with motorists, which have reached a somewhat acute stage in England.

His Grace was present recently at a meeting called by the Road Union at the



The Duke of Northumberland

Who Prescribes Confiscation of Cars as a Remedy for Excessive Speed in Motoring.

Reprinted from the sketch.

Mansion House in London, at which he made a speech, in the course of which he said: "I say frankly, that I am so prejudiced against motor cars that I am

monarch, has a "king's champion" ridden into Westminster Hall, gleaming from head to foot in full armor, to clash upon the floor a mailed gauntlet, and to proclaim himself ready to defend the new monarch's title to the throne. A hundred other mediaeval formalities were revived when George was crowned; and Lord Gwydyr beheld them, all, going from Whitehall to Westminster in the state barge of his grandfather, the second Baron Gwydyr. Lord Gwydyr has lived not only a long but a very honorable life. For thirty-three years he was secretary to the Lord High Chamberlain and he has been high steward of Ipswich—near which town is his country seat, Stoke Park—besides acting as a magistrate at the Suffolk quarter-sessions.

The leader and organizer of the "volunteer movement" in England was Lord



A Nonagenarian Peer

Lord Wemyss, now Ninety Years of Age, Organized the Volunteer Movement in England.

not impartial; but I feel I can express my mind more freely because I am now by way of ordering a motor car. . . . I do not believe you will ever get over the difficulties with motorists unless you have for certain definite offences the right to confiscate the car for so many months."

The oldest member of the House of Lords, the fourth Baron Gwydyr, was born ninety-eight years ago, in the year 1810. Few men alive to-day can say, as does this nonagenarian peer, that he can remember the battle of Waterloo and the coronation of George IV. Lord Gwydyr was ten years old when George IV. was crowned; and the boy witnessed the splendid ceremonies which that expensive monarch revived, and which for nearly a year kept all the antiquarians of the United Kingdom hard at work. Never, since then, at the crowning of a British



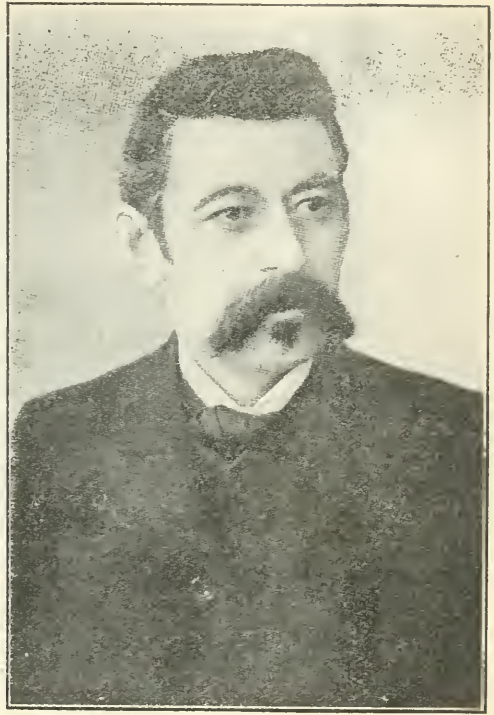
Lord Gwydyr

The Oldest Member of the House of Lords, who is Ninety-Eight Years Old.

Elcho, now Earl of Wemyss, another nonagenarian peer, who, at the time Napoleon III. threatened an invasion of England, stirred up the people to such

MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

an extent that volunteer bodies were formed in all parts of the country. Lord Wemyss is still active as a statesman and only a few months ago he tried to dissuade the House of Lords from enacting the Old Age Pension Bill, under the stress of what he regards as socialistic sentiment. Although ninety years old, he is erect and tall, keen of eye, and resonant of voice. In London he lives in a house which overlooks St. James's Park, and which is crowded with rare books, fine paintings, and other works of art. A correspondent who lately visited him asked how he preserved so much of youthful vigor. "I have no recipe for living to be ninety," Lord Wemyss replied with a smile; "the most important things are parentage and moderation. To be sure, it is no easy matter to select one's parents; but what one can do at every period of life is to keep on and hold to what one believes to be exactly right. That is the most important of all."



An Enemy of Socialists

M. Aristide Briand, the French Minister of Justice.
Reprinted from The Throne.

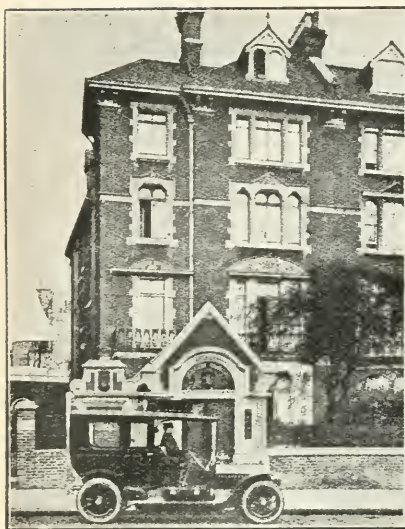


The Watch-Dog of Paris

M. Lepine, the Prefect of Police.

Reprinted from The Throne.

M. Lepine, the Prefect of Police, and one of the most active men in France, is credited with the intention of formulating a scheme for putting down ruffianism in Paris. The Apaches have certainly had a long reign, and it is no secret that their blood-curdling exploits have caused M. Lepine many sleepless nights. He has launched brigades of police against them, he has arrested them by scores, he has sent dogs trained in running down criminals after them—and yet the roughs are as daring as ever. One wonders how certain Paris newspapers, which publish columns about the doings of these marauders of the night, will fare should M. Lepine, assisted by M. Hamard, the detective chief, find a solution of the Apache problem. Popular with Parisians because of his bonhomie, his devotion to duty, and his solicitude for their security, M. Lepine will earn their everlasting gratitude if he succeeds in freeing the streets of those fiends in human form who lie in wait to rob, generally pre-



Keith House



Study in Keith House

The Residence of Sir Clifton Robinson

facing the operation by stabbing or shooting.

When speaking of the French Socialists, one is reminded of the man who has

done a great deal in the way of taming these politicians, teaching them that Socialism does not necessarily imply a negation of patriotism. M. Clemenceau gave evidence of great shrewdness when he included M. Aristide Briand in his Cabinet. When he accepted office M. Briand, who is now Minister of Justice, was decried by the Socialists throughout France. He was regarded as a recreant to his faith, and called upon to resign from the party. M. Briand ignored these attacks, but did the duty which lay nearest to him. He is the Government's crack speaker, either in the Chamber or in the country. A section of the Socialists do not believe in the idea of a fatherland, and they would disband the army. M. Briand has fought against these doctrines. With what result was shown by the Socialist rally round the Government when it was a question of Germany seeking to humiliate France over a few miserable German deserters from the Foreign Legion.

Sir Clifton Robinson, managing director and engineer of the London United Tramways, is one of those remarkable men, whose natural abilities and resolution of character would make them masters of almost any form of activity to which they devoted attention. His ap-



Sir Clifton Robinson

The Man Who Has Revolutionized the System of Tramway Traction in London

pearance is that of a soldier. His mind is a machine tempered to the nicest finish of efficiency. Business with him is not a labor; it is a passion. Dividends are not the goal but victory. Sir Clifton Robinson has the distinction of being the first, and is, in fact, the only knight who attained that honor by indefatigable service in providing modern electric tramway facilities for the multitude in England. He has recently been chosen an honorary treasurer of the new association of Knights Bachelors. He has taken an active interest in the success of the Franco-British Exhibition. As chairman of an important engineering section devoted to transport and as a juror he fostered a very desirable cordiality with foreign manufacturers. He is a director of the District and Underground electric railways of London and of various tramway companies, is a J.P. for Middlesex, and is on the Board of the London Hospital, besides being a Freeman of the City of London. Had he accepted the numerous offers made to him to aspire to Parliamentary honors he might have been in a position to contribute his expert knowledge, his clear judgment, and his strong common-sense to the counsels of the nation.

Sir Frank Lascelles, the retiring British Ambassador at Berlin, has held the Em-



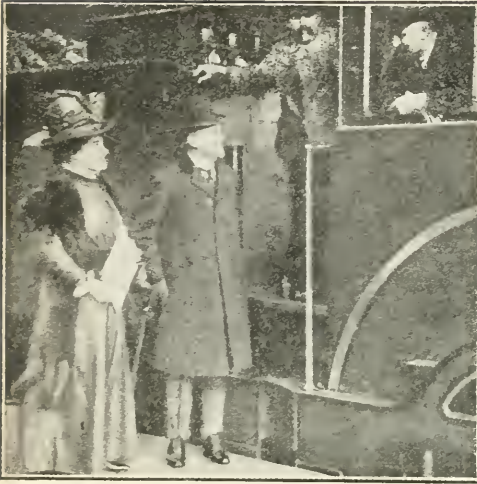
Sir Frank Lascelles
The Retiring British Ambassador at Berlin.



England's First Lady Mayor
Mrs. Garrett Anderson, Elected Mayor of the Municipality of Aldeburgh.

bassy there since 1895. He entered the diplomatic service at the age of twenty. One of the most interesting and withal hazardous, experiences he ever passed through was at the time of the Commune in Paris. The Embassy building was nearly shot to pieces by batteries, the onslaught being so terrible that the roof finally fell in with a crash. Sir Frank, along with Sir Algernon West, was quite unmoved by the danger and went calmly through the building collecting all the important official documents, which they took away to a secluded cellar underneath. Here they stayed until the worst of the turmoil was over, and in order to appear as unconcerned as possible, they donned evening dress and sat down to dine amid a hopeless confusion of valuables, hurriedly removed from the danger zone above-stairs. Sir Frank has made himself greatly beloved in Berlin, though he has had some difficult times to endure, especially during the Boer War. His successor in Berlin is Sir Edward Goschen.

A woman has been elected mayor of an English town. The sleepy little old



Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude

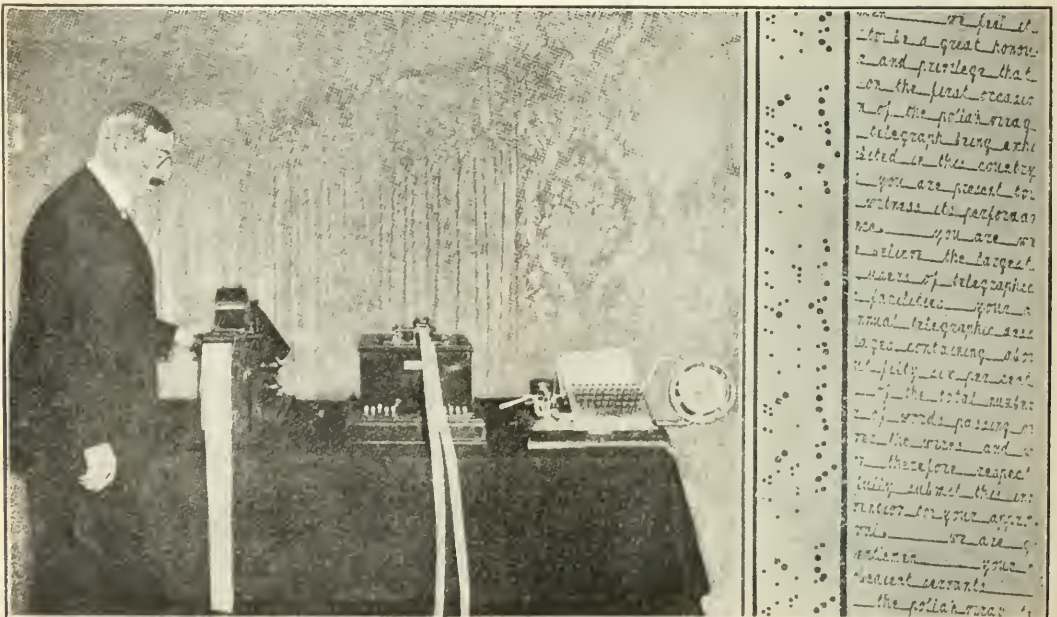
On Their Way to Give a Command Performance at Sandringham. Mr. Maude Chats With the Engine-Driver Before Starting.

Reprinted from The Tatler.

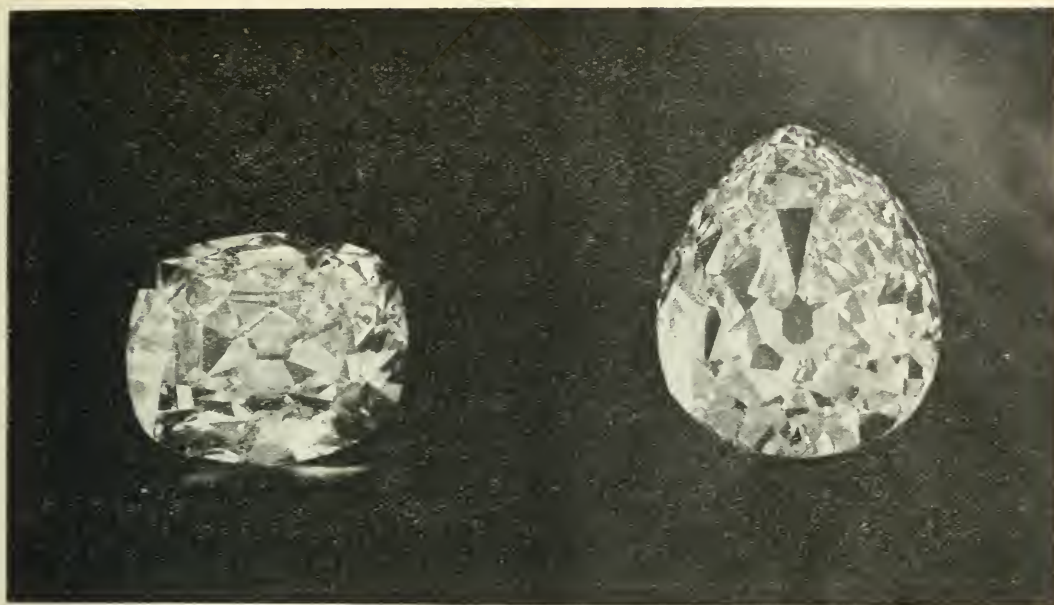
municipality of Aldeburgh has brought renown to itself by being the first place to choose a woman as its executive head. The honor has fallen on Mrs. Garrett Anderson, who, in addition to being a woman of executive ability, is also a clever doctor. She was in fact, the pion-

eer woman doctor, as she is now the pioneer woman mayor, in England. Her father before her was the first mayor of Aldeburgh, when it became a reformed corporation.

Cyril Maude made one of his early appearances on the stage in Toronto in 1881 in an amateur performance. The critic of one of the daily newspapers paid especial attention to him and concluded that of all vocations the stage was that for which he was least suited. At that time Cyril Maude, not very long out of Charterhouse, was attempting to learn farming with several fellow-countrymen near Oakville, Ontario. He made the usual success and from the farm drifted to the stage two years later, in 1883. His rise in London was rapid and he quickly assumed a leading place among the younger comedy actors. He then became co-manager of the Haymarket Theatre, in which post he remained nine years, but latterly has been the lessee and manager of the Playhouse, Charing Cross. He is one of the most polished and agreeable personalities that the ranks of modern comedy have known. He doubtless recalls with humor some of his Canadian rural experiences and most of all



A New System of Rapid Telegraphy, 45,000 Words an Hour



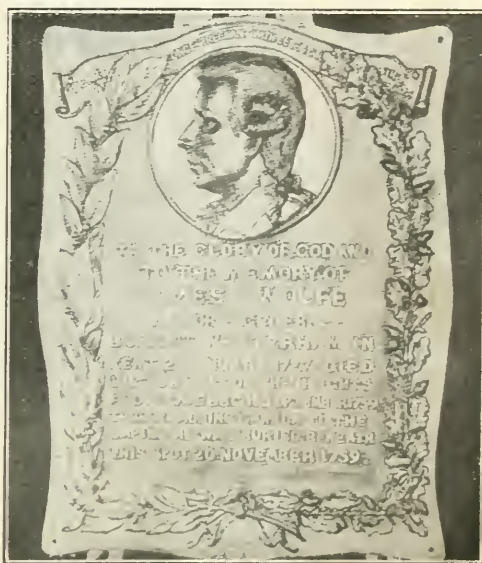
The Largest Diamonds in Existence (Actual Size)

Cullinan II. Weight 309.3-16 Carats. Cullinan I, Weight 516.1-2 Carats

the Toronto writer who saw so little promise in his acting. He is a son of Captain Charles Henry and the Hon. Mrs. Maude, and married, in 1888, the charming actress, Winifred Emery.

In telegraphy, next to certainty of communication, the most important thing is speed of telegraphing; and it is in this particular that for the present the advantage rests incomparably with wire-transmitted rather than with wireless messages. Mr. Antal Pollak, at the meeting which was held at the Royal Colonial Institute recently, to further the alluring prospect of penny cablegrams, gave an exhibition of the Pollak-Virag system, of which he is part inventor, and which was once said to be capable of transmitting as many as 100,000 words an hour. That was the usual over-estimate, though in practice 45,000 words an hour have been sent between Berlin and Konigsberg, over a distance of nearly 500 miles. The great feature of the Pollak-Virag system is that the message when received writes itself in characters, which resemble those of handwriting.

The great diamond, given by the loyal South Africans to show their appreciation of King Edward, has at last been presented to His Majesty, having reach-



A Memorial to Wolfe

Tablet in St. Alfege's Church, Greenwich, England, Unveiled Last Month by Field-Marshal Sir George White



The Winner of the Nobel Prize

Professor Ernest Rutherford, of Manchester, Formerly of McGill University, at the Lecture Table

ed that state of perfection which only the art of a foreign cutter, apparently, can produce. The story of the Cullinan savours of romance. It was discovered almost by accident by an overseer of the mines of the Premier Diamond Mining

Company three years ago. He was going his rounds when he noticed something glistening in the earth; he dug it out with a pocket-knife, and recognized it as a diamond, the hugest that had ever been seen. It was named the "Cullinan" after the then chairman of the Premier Company. Its weight was 3,025 $\frac{3}{4}$ English carats, or more than 1 1-2 lbs. avoirdupois. As it has reached the King, however, it forms two of the largest brilliants in the world, a third stone weighing 92 carats, a fourth 62 carats, while there are a hundred others of varying sizes. By an expert who has had an opportunity of examining them, this scintillating handful of gems is estimated to be worth £1,000,000. Provision has been made for Queen Alexandra to have a bijou out of this glorious brilliant, which, in its present forms, now takes the place of honor in the Tower, whence it awaits transfer to the orb and sceptre.

The death of Samuel Carsley, of Montreal removes still another of Canada's merchant princes, whose name has been stamped on one of the most important of Montreal's business houses. Mr. Carsley's career in Montreal was a long and honorable one. From comparatively a small beginning, and encountering untold difficulties, he built up a business which is a landmark in the city's history.



The Flight of an Aeroplane

G. H. Curtiss, One of Professor Graham Bell's Young Associates, Navigating the "June Bug."

MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

After his business was well established, Mr. Carsley became interested in many financial and commercial institutions, and was a noted philanthropist. At the time of his death he was vice-president of the Banque Provinciale, a director of the Dominion Textile Co., Limited, president of the Central Light, Heat & Power Co., and of the Canadian Vacuum Cleaning Co. He was a life governor of the Montreal General Hospital and a member of Christ Church Cathedral. Among his notable actions he was the first to introduce machinery into Canada for winding cotton thread, and silk on spools.

Mr. Carsley was a native of Shropshire, England, where he was born in 1835. The early part of his life was spent in his native county, where he was apprenticed to the dry goods business at the market town of Ellesmere, at which place he received his earliest training in business. Later Mr. Carsley engaged in business in Liverpool, Manchester and London, and in 1857 left for Canada, where he continued in the dry goods trade, and in 1862 commenced business on his own account at Kingston. In 1871 Mr. Carsley removed to Montreal, where

he established the business which developed into one of the largest departmental stores in Canada.

Ernest Rutherford, of Manchester University, who was awarded the Nobel chemistry prize on December 9 for his contribution to the solution of the problem of radio-activity is a New Zealander

by birth, and, though but 37 years of age, is one of the greatest authorities in the world on radium and radio-activity. Quite recently he demonstrated experimentally the truth of the atomic theory. For eight years previous to 1907 he was Macdonald professor of physics at McGill. The Nobel prizes are awarded annually in accordance with the will of the late Dr. Nobel, the Swedish chemist and inventor of dynamite, to those persons who shall be considered to have conferred the greatest benefit on



The Late Samuel Carsley, Montreal

mankind during the preceding year. There are five prizes, each worth about £8,000. One is awarded in physics, one in chemistry, one in physiology or medicine, one for the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency in the field of literature, and one for the best efforts in the interests of peace among the nations.

A Billion Dollar Amusement Business

By GLENMORE DAVIS

Reproduced from Success Magazine

IN no other branch of American activity is so much money invested as in amusements. In no other business save stock gambling and the biggest kind of a monopoly is money made or lost so quickly. No other business pays such large salaries or such large returns on the capital invested. No other business is so far-reaching in its appeal, and no other business is half so varied. Ever since Time began people have sought amusement from outside sources, but never in history has there existed a nation with such a passion for expensive entertainments as that of the United States of America.

Our theatricals may be on a lower plane than those of some other countries, but we pay more for them than does all Europe combined. American taste for music may be depraved, but grand opera, comic opera, symphony concerts, and brass bands draw more money here than they do in all the rest of the world. Name any branch of amusements you wish—Wagnerian opera, Shakesperian drama, baseball, prize-fighting, the circus, motion pictures, expositions, vaudeville, the horse show, or a German band—and it is a certainty that it is more popular, better patronized, and more remunerative in the United States than anywhere else. This is partially due to the fact that we, as a nation, are rich, and partly to the fact that we are amusement mad. There is such a thing as the billion-dollar smile, and it is spread to-day from Seattle to New York, from Bangor to the Gulf.

Last summer the whole country was baseball mad, and in eight Eastern cities upward of six million dollars were spent

by amusement-loving fans. Now the theatrical and operatic seasons are well under way, and before the dandelions sprout again in the parks fifteen million dollars will have passed into the box offices of New York City alone. Two months before the Metropolitan Opera House opened for the first performance of the present season, six hundred and fifty thousand dollars had been paid in by subscribers. One month before that Mr. Hammerstein had collected two hundred and forty-seven thousand dollars in Philadelphia toward the year's support of the temple of music which he built in the Quaker City, and the New York Hippodrome at that time was playing to as much as eleven thousand dollars a day. A billion-dollar smile? Figure it out for yourself.

Americans have to pay big prices for their smiles because it costs a great deal to furnish them. Theatres and other places where entertainment is to be found must be located in accessible places in the very centres of population. Such sites are invariably the most valuable and the most expensive. There are eighty-six play houses in New York City, the majority on street corners where it would be natural to expect to find towering office buildings. Father Knickerbocker requires these theatres to have numerous exits on streets, and stipulates that they be nothing more than theatres—a stipulation which prevents them reaching skyward farther than the roofs over the fly-galleries. Hence a theatre in New York must be absolutely self-supporting.

The eighty-six playhouses of the biggest American city bring yearly rentals ranging from fifteen thousand to one

A BILLION DOLLAR AMUSEMENT BUSINESS

hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars, and the average—thirty thousand dollars a year—holds good in Chicago, where there are twenty-two theatres; in Philadelphia, where there are the same number; in Boston, where there are fourteen; in Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, each of which has eight; in Buffalo and Washington, which have seven each; in St. Louis, where there are ten—in fact, in every one of the American centres of population.

As every one who has arrived at the age of comprehension knows, there are scores of American amusements besides theatricals. Each is a separate and distinct business with its own variations; each is complex, costly, and, in the long run, tremendously remunerative; and each is necessary in the building of the billion-dollar smile else it would not exist. The biggest, the most complex, the most widely interesting, the most costly, and the most potent of all is the one which has to do with the men and women who paint their faces, impersonate real and imaginary characters, and strut nightly across five hundred American stages, before as many thousand people who are unable or unwilling to amuse themselves. A few inside facts concerning Theatreland, the things one sees there, the people who populate it, the men who control it, and the money and brains involved in it may be taken as indicative of similar quantities in the other branches of the amusement world; for amusements, no matter how dissimilar they may seem on the face, are all alike basically. Some one gets an idea, builds on it, puts a fence around it, and demands of the public a dollar a head for the privilege of "having a look." That's all there is to the "show game." If you have what is vernacularly known as "the goods" you succeed—are an astute manager and wear diamonds. If the smile-loving people don't care for your goods you close the box office search for another idea, and, once you have found it, start all over again.

The average American theatrical production is conceived by a human being who is designated a playwright. He writes what he considers the Great American Drama and takes it to a man

of supposedly vulgar ideas who sits behind a mahogany desk smoking a black cigar and fingering a bank roll. Playwrights never produce their own plays. Sometimes they don't even write them; but always, when they are presented successfully, they take full credit for everything in sight and incidentally accept the royalties. If the play fails the author invariably blames the manager. If it succeeds it is because the piece is so big that even the producer's vulgarity, asinity, and utter inability to appreciate Art could not destroy its worth. In other words, any author will tell you that plays succeed in spite of managers—not on account of them.

Generally the playwright insists on reading his play. He figures that no brain other than his can appreciate the subtleties and beauties of his composition, and forgets that any real audience which hears it must get its impression from a dozen actor-intellects much less keen than the one possessed by the poor, looked-down-upon manager. The manager, however, has been in the same position before, and if he is wise he reads the play himself, explaining that, while his brain-cells may be undeveloped, his time and his money are his, to do with as he likes. He reads the play, likes it, sends for the author, draws up a contract, and they come to an agreement. The author, who realizes that his is a master-work, makes a modest demand for five thousand dollars down, but the manager finally gets him to accept two thousand, and agrees to give him five per cent. of the gross up to four thousand a week, seven per cent. of the gross when it is over four thousand and under eight and ten per cent. of the total when it foots up eight thousand a week or over. They sign the contract after the author has impressed on the man with the bank roll the necessity of having Miss Tottie Coughdrops play the lead, and the awful ruin that will come from altering a single line of the masterpiece.

The manager has a stage director to whom he pays seventy-five hundred dollars a year, and a press agent to whom he pays six thousand dollars, and he immediately starts them to work, building,

casting, and booming the play. A company of actors is engaged at salaries ranging from forty to five hundred dollars a week—the total amounts to twenty-seven hundred dollars every seven days—and, as none of these players has saved a cent during the summer, he advances two week's salary to each, as well as the money for their costumes. For eight thousand dollars he has the scenery and "props" built, six thousand is spent on scenic painting, electrical effects and lithographing. The piece goes into rehearsals, and after another thousand has been dissipated in whipping the company into shape the Man of Means and No Brains buys three hundred dollars' worth of railway tickets, signs a check for five hundred dollars for transporting the show, and they all go away to Rochester to try the masterpiece on the "dog."

He is \$21,800 "in" before the curtain rises on the opening performance. For two weeks he stays with the show, neglecting all other business in an effort to bring order out of chaos and realize the author's conviction that this is the Great American Play. Of course the receipts during these two weeks are far below the expenses, and, when the show finally lands in a Broadway playhouse ready for the great test, the manager has backed the author to the extent of \$26,400. Incidentally he has seen a number of glaring errors in the piece and has forced the obstinate improvement on W. Shakespeare to cut lines, re-write scenes, eliminate characters, and obliterate dialogue, until the manuscript is about as similar to the original as a pair of gauze stockings is to a silkworm. If the play succeeds, the author will never say a word of thanks to the man responsible for the thousand and one changes; but if it fails he will damn him eternally as an idiotic meddler, a carpenter, a gas-fitter—anything but an expert in plays and players.

But the play doesn't fail. It makes a hit; and the next morning the reviewers proclaim it a powerful and welcome aid to the billion-dollar smile. It settles down to a season's run and week after week draws an average of ten thousand dollars into the manager's coffers. He is

playing "fifty-fifty"—that is, the theatre gets half of the gross receipts and he gets half. They divide on the newspaper advertising, which amounts to one hundred dollars a day, and they pay equal shares of the billboard, street car, subway, and elevated booming. When he signs the first royalty check for one thousand dollars he learns that this is to be sent to a playbroker who three years before made a life contract with the at-that-time unknown playwright, whereby the broker is to get ten per cent. of all royalties which may come to the author, no matter whether he (the broker) has been instrumental in disposing of the play or not. At the end of the week, after subtracting all expenses from his share of the box office receipts, the manager possesses profits amounting to eight hundred and fifty dollars. The author has nine hundred dollars, the playbroker one hundred dollars, and the house management, after deducting all disbursements for lighting, stage hands, ushers, advertising—everything save the rent—is winner to the extent of \$2,800.

This goes along for thirty weeks, when the hot weather forces the business to such an ebb that the theatre closes and the show goes to the storehouse for the summer. The manager balances his accounts and finds that of the original \$26,400 spent on the production he has regained \$20,500, and is \$5,900 loser on the season. The author has put twenty-five thousand dollars in the bank, or spent it; the playbroker has soaked away three thousand dollars—not spent it—and the theatre is winner to the extent of eighty thousand dollars, out of which forty-five thousand dollars must be paid for rent. If, as generally happens, the play does not average more than eight thousand dollars a week, all these profits are materially diminished, while the manager's losses are greatly increased. But he is not complaining. He smiles his share of the billion-dollar smile, realizing that he has the dramatic success of the year, and bides his time until cold air shall again make theatricals interesting.

His production is practically paid for, he has no unsettled bills (perhaps) and he possesses the greatest of all theatrical

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assets—the record of having remained an entire season at one of the leading Broadway playhouses. The whole country has heard of the play and is waiting for it. The manager's innings have arrived. He orders a duplicate production; he engages and rehearses a second and less expensive company, and as the first of September approaches he makes a pilgrimage to the New Amsterdam Theatre on Forty-second Street, near Broadway. In this theatre, which they built and own, the Messrs. Marc Klaw and Abraham Lincoln Erlanger have their offices and from there they control the chief theatrical interests of the United States. They are the men who pull the strings which work the muscles that make the great American face break into the billion-dollar smile. Because they control three-fourths of the available first-class "time," a producer is forced to come to them for booking when he is ready to start on tour. Our manager is a man of importance, and he obtains an immediate audience. A frozen-faced man opens a set of books, does a little scratching on a pad, and before many hours have slipped by things are arranged satisfactorily. The "Number One" company will open in Chicago, Labor Day, and work east, playing only in the big cities until Boston is reached, where the run is to be indefinite. The "Number Two" company will start in St. Louis and, after swinging round a circle made up of Minneapolis, St. Paul, Milwaukee, Kansas City, and Omaha, will make a beeline for Denver and the Pacific Coast. The original organization does not take half of the gross—it takes sixty and sixty-five per cent., and the second company gobbles, on an average, seventy-five per cent. of all the money taken through the box office window. The result? The organization which didn't quite pay for itself during the thirty weeks' metropolitan engagement plays forty weeks to an average weekly profit of \$2,600, and the second company plays forty-two weeks to an average weekly profit of nine hundred dollars.

The manager greets the dandelions and the hot weather of late June with a broad grin. He has made \$141,000 on the season—\$104,000 by the first com-

pany and \$37,800 by the second company. From this he subtracts \$5,900 unpaid on the original production and \$8,000 which it cost him to build the "Number Two" show and if he has been wise, he still has a net profit of \$127,000 drawing interest in the bank.

These two companies should be good for \$80,000 the third year, and, if the play is a "Brewster's Millions," or a "Way Down East," or a "Polly of the Circus," it should continue to bring fifty thousand dollars for the next three seasons. If it is a musical play or a dramatic piece, requiring a small cast and an inexpensive production, these profits may be greatly increased. "Floradora" made six hundred and thirty thousand dollars in three years. The "Merry Widow" has made two millions for its several producers and four hundred thousand dollars for the composer. "Paid in Full," written by a young newspaper man who less than two years ago was drawing a salary of fifty dollars a week, played an entire season at the Astor Theatre, New York, and this year five companies are presenting it throughout the country. The profits from this little play will amount into the hundreds of thousands of dollars before the second season is over and the author is receiving weekly royalties bigger than any year's salary he ever before made.

In the making of the theatrical part of the billion-dollar smile a curiously varied lot of wheels are constantly turning. There are establishments whose sole business is the typewriting of theatrical manuscripts; there are in New York a dozen scene-painting firms, employing from ten to one hundred men each. Frederic Thompson's stage carpentering, stage property, and electrical shops at Luna Park, Coney Island, employ one hundred and fifty men, all experts in the construction of the inanimate parts of theatrical productions. One wig-making establishment last year furnished the false hair for one hundred and seven plays, and for one of these four hundred wigs were necessary.

Along Broadway and Sixth Avenue there are forty establishments which have as their several functions the manufacture or sale of grease paints, costumes,

stage shoes, and stage lamps. One firm makes a comfortable fortune annually by furnishing chorus girls to managers; another does nothing but furnish "supers" for mob scenes; a dozen make a business of "placing" actors and actresses; five do nothing save sell plays, while a half dozen others make a business of furnishing plays for stock companies. Down on Twenty-eighth Street, which is known as "Tin Pan Alley," a dozen music publishing houses grind out new song "hits" daily, and every month or so one of these songs becomes so popular that it makes for the author from fifteen to forty thousand dollars in half a year. In every block there is some school of acting or some academy where stage dancing is taught, and there are at least two places where, for six hundred dollars down, the people in charge will teach you how to write successful plays any one of which may be the Great American Drama. Stage transfer companies, trunk makers, theatrical photographers, and tremendous plants which make millions from the manufacture of photographs and block signs dot the landscape of Theatreland. Boarding-houses by the score which cater to none but theatrical folk, and printing plants which exist by the making and sale of theatrical post cards, theatre tickets, and theatrical newspapers are as thick as the actors themselves. All these and more are part and parcel to the billion-dollar smile—they are absolutely necessary to it.

Is it clear to you that there really is a billion-dollar smile? Do you believe that hundreds of thousands of people, scores of variegated trades and professions, and millions and millions of good, hard, round dollars are constantly at work in the effort to keep this sign of good nature ever present on everybody's face? Perhaps the fact will be a bit clearer if you take a glimpse at one of the smallest and seemingly most inconsequential things in the amusement world—the motion-picture industry.

There are six thousand individual motion-picture exhibition houses in the United States. Nine firms manufacture the films which furnish the material for the 4,500,000 performances which are given during the amusement season. In the

manufacturers' association upwards of one hundred film-service firms are represented, and every week twenty-one new reels of one thousand feet each are placed on the American market. So keen has become the competition in this film business that several firms maintain stock companies which do nothing but pose for motion pictures. Before the film is finally exposed the company goes through a course of rehearsals quite as rigorous as any preparation for a Broadway "first night," and one company is made up of well-known players headed by a former leading man for Madam Modjeska. Thousands of men, thousands of machines, millions of dollars are represented in this business, which has become so popular and so powerful, even in the big cities where other amusements are plentiful, that three of the most famous New York playhouses have been changed from vaudeville to picture theatres—the Union Square, the Harlem Opera House, and the Twenty-third Street Theatre. One of these auditoriums brings an annual rental of forty-six thousand dollars, and the total sum paid for locations in this country is more than six million dollars.

But pictures, like phonographs and band concerts, and musical festivals and penny arcades, are the small reasons for smiling, although they represent many millions of dollars and are responsible for a goodly portion of the grins, laughs, giggles, chuckles, chortles and guffaws which are constantly being heard in this good-natured land. There are other and bigger elements—there must be, for our standard of humor, like our standard of living, is as variegated as a Pennsylvania patchwork quilt or a Massachusetts mince pie.

A considerable wrinkle in the national smile is occasioned by that most American of all amusements, the circus; exhibitions are another big factor, as are their near relatives, the great summer parks; baseball, the national game, is an entertainment which contributes a large part of the oft-mentioned billion; college sports, especially football, are becoming yearly more popular as amusements, and there is not so great a difference between the entertaining possibilities of prize-

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fighting and grand opera as would appear from a casual consideration of their opposite characteristics. Understand, people do not get all their amusements in theatres; all their smiles are not brought about by watching play-actors; Spaniards obtain more enjoyment from bull-fights than from Calderon and Lope de Vegas; scenic railways and "helter-skelters" are quite as powerful amusement purveyors in America as are C. Fitch and R. Wagner.

It costs thousands of dollars a day to keep a circus "on the road," and there are a score of big and little tent shows operating 'twixt the Atlantic and the Pacific between the months of March and November. The average American may have an innate love for the sawdust ring and the excitement in and around "big tops," but he also has an instinctive bump of caustic criticism and a bred-in-the-bone hatred of being duped—despite anything the late Mr. Barnum may have had to say. A circus, to succeed, must be good because its patrons are expert judges of circuses. Competition among tent shows has become so strong that nothing save the extraordinary can live through a season, and the extraordinary costs money—hence the billion-dollar smile.

Do you know that every circus—John Robinson's, the Forepaugh-Sells, Barnum and Bailey's and the Ringling Brothers, Buffalo Bill's, the Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch—has connected with it a carefully organized department which watches the crop reports, the weather reports, the market reports, and the financial conditions of the whole United States as keenly as does the Government itself or the corporations which depend on interior industrial affairs for their very existence? Before "booking" Galion, Ohio, a circus looks over the reports for the last five years. The man who maps out the route finds whether the town is prosperous or poverty-stricken, he investigates the weather conditions that have existed during the six months previous; he inquires whether serious strikes or other labor troubles have visited Galion and the neighboring towns recently; he al-

ready knows the conditions of the roads, and the railway, hotel, and exhibiting facilities of the place, and when the time for decision arrives, he can name within two hundred dollars the business which the show will do in Galion, rain or shine. He is an expert. If he were not the circus would fail. Ninety-six car trains, seven hundred animals, and one thousand employes with a daily expense of five thousand dollars are things not to be trifled with—especially when winter quarters are eight months away and the whole countryside is dotted with competitors all alive and alert and willing and anxious to grab every dollar in or out of sight.

The billion-dollar smile is a result of business acumen. If the nation's amusements were not conducted with a view to obtaining nothing save the Almighty Dollar it would be only a million-dollar smile—and a very weak smile at that. Take the amusement parks as an example of the system and the long, hard thinking which is behind every American laugh. The greatest amusement park in existence—there are seven hundred in the United States alone—is Luna Park, correctly described as the Heart of Coney Island. It cost \$2,500,000 to build Luna Park and the weekly expense of running it amounts ordinarily to twenty-six thousand dollars. When the last summer commenced and the time arrived to throw open the gate of the big inclosure Frederic Thompson, who designed, built, and controls it, decided that, because of the recent period of financial unrest which had affected most the working folk of the country's metropolis, there would be less summer spending money than ever before during his career as a showman. Acting on this decision he sliced his weekly expenses to eighteen thousand dollars. Other less astute managers did not foresee the inevitable and lost hundreds of thousands of dollars. Thompson didn't. He contributed monumentally to the smile and made money which permitted him to join in the national chortle; but he would not have been able to do so had he not learned lessons while amusing the public.

Canadian Work in the Season's Books



The music of the old school bell stole on the morning breeze
And children of the long ago played 'neath the maple trees.

Reproduced by
Courtesy of William
Briggs.

Drawing by A. M.
Wickson, Toronto, for
"The Toiler and Other
Poems," by William
J. Fischer.

At the Old Rail Fence

By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

IT was the evening of a late June day. A long splash of gray cloud, hanging near the horizon, was edged with gold and lined with fiery crimson. Bye and bye the cloud opened its meshes so that the tardy glories of sunset dropped through and kissed the wide fields of standing grain like a promise. When the lights sped back and out, the breezes that had bounded all day across the fields settled to silence with a long sigh like a benediction.

Dayman, leaning against the old rail fence, watched it all. To him it was but the end of another day; a little resting time between days that he had grown to look forward to with pleasure. After he had eaten his supper and attended to the chores about the barns, somehow he always found himself here by the old rail fence, leaning against it and in the twilight enjoying the respite that comes to man after labor. If his nature responded to the beauty, the poetry, of the scene, he was unconscious of it. Or he may have become inured to it as man will become to things he does not realize the value of till he loses them. But Dayman was of that rugged mould of man who looks upon sentiment as a weakness and stifles its birth in his soul almost before its breath has stirred it. Strong and rugged, with a will that planned and executed in spite of resisting obstacles, God-fearing and honest, owner of four hundred acres of choice land, deacon in the Methodist Church, county councillor and school trustee, and a widower with a girl child eight years of age—such was Dayman in reality.

"Straight and honest as ever man was, a lover of office, opinionated and narrow, self-willed and conceited, reserved and

cold, a man loved by few and respected by many, four years a widower, with one child, a girl named Moll, eight years old and as wild as a stray kitten, and a housekeeper named Sarah Anderson, a widow also with a daughter."

This is how his average neighbor would describe the man. Perhaps he might go further and say that it was confidently expected that Dayman and the widder would make a match of it.

Dayman leaned upon the fence and watched the streak of light fade from the skies. His pipe had gone out; his thoughts had gone out, too; out away to when Fannie had been with him and Moll was astride this very fence, between them. Five years ago that was. Unconsciously he told himself much of the world's beauty had died with Fannie. He would have considered such a thought a weakness had it not been a dream of the aftertime. Even a strong, practical, unsentimental man is not responsible for the dreams his fancy weaves.

When he returned to the house, the oil lamp was burning brightly on the dining table. The weekly paper lay beside it. A tall, dark-featured woman was placing the supper dishes on the cupboard shelves. On a chair near the table sat a stockily-built, furtive-eyed girl about nine years of age. She leafed the picture book on her knees, her eyes on Dayman's face the while. When he glanced toward her she dropped her eyes to the page again and formed the words there with her lips.

Dayman seated himself, and, picking up the paper, read the council proceedings, the annual school report and the announcement of the annual tea meeting of

the Zion M. E. Church, the proceeds of which were to go toward erecting a Sunday school room. He read the reports with satisfaction. The council proceedings stated what Mr. Dayman had said, the school report what he had advised, the church announcement what he had done. He believed that people respected his opinions. He knew the church appreciated his donation of \$100. He felt that he held an enviable position in the community, and with characteristic frankness told himself that it was no more than he deserved.

He laid the paper on the table and took up another.

"Let me get your glasses," spoke the woman, reaching toward the mantel.

He watched her, speculatively, his habit with people and things, particularly with people. He believed Mrs. Anderson to be a model woman; accordingly that settled it. She was. It might be said of Dayman also that he believed New York city to be the greatest city in the world, although he had never seen it.

He had been considering asking Mrs. Anderson to marry him. She was thrifty, tidy and a good housekeeper. During the three years she had managed his household affairs, he had learned this. He had been kept too busy with the farm work to make an analysis of the woman even if he had wished it, and he was quite satisfied to let matters rest as they were. She performed her duties creditably. He paid her for doing it. Now that he wanted companionship, he felt he should marry again. Besides, there was Moll, little Moll, who needed a mother's guidance if ever a child did. Somehow, to think of the child was to think of the mother also. Dayman knew that no woman could ever take his dead wife's place in his heart, but of course he would not dwell upon such thoughts. "Love!" he thought. "I do not need love. I need companionship."

"May and I are going over to Mrs. Wilson's to spend the evening," said the woman, as she put Mr. Dayman's glasses before him.

He looked up, with a smile.

"I will wait up for you," he said. "I have something to say to you."

"Then I will not go," she said eagerly, her black eyes reading his face.

"Yes, go, by all means. I will speak with you when you return."

He passed into the library when mother and child had gone to their room. The long window was open, and he stepped outside on the verandah. He walked down it, to its farthest end, his slippers feet falling noiselessly. Through the open window of the far bed-room voices came to him, but he paid no attention until he heard his own name mentioned.

"Why do you call him Old Dayman?"

"You are such an old-fashioned child, May," came Mrs. Anderson's voice chidingly. "Of course I'll marry him."

Then the voices sank to a murmur.

Next came the girl's voice.

"And you'll send that Moll away, won't you, mother. I just hate her, I do."

"She won't bother you any more after to-night, dear," the mother reassured her.

"If Old Dayman knew you whipped her and sent her to bed without her supper—"

The man on the verandah clinched his hands and waited for the answer. He heard the woman laugh.

"It isn't the first time, you dear old-fashioned child, is it? No fear of her telling him. Once when she threatened to do it, I told her that if her father knew how bad she had been, he would leave her and never see her again. That settled her. She begged me not to tell him, but—"

The voice died away.

Dayman sat there until he saw mother and daughter leave the house; then falteringly he arose and groped his way inside like a drunken man. The moon had come up above the distant wood and its mellow light swept the wide fields that were his. Down at the foot of the garden his gaze wandered, down to where an old rail fence stood silhouetted against the moon's glory.

He entered the house and groped his way upstairs. It was the first time he had ascended those stairs in weeks. Down the hall he felt his way, until his fingers found the latch on a little door. He opened it softly; and through the dark came to him a long sigh of a restless, weary child.

AT THE OLD RAIL FENCE

"God! God!" he groaned, and stepped back as though struck.

He descended the stairs slowly and took the lamp off the table. Then he went back to that little room.

He set the lamp down upon the bare little table, and stood looking down at the wee face upon the pillow. It was a dirty, tear-stained face, and the fullness of cheek belonging to a child of eight was not there. The long lashes were tangled together, and one grimy little hand was clenched tight against the coverlet. The golden red hair was massed across the forehead. He bent lower. There were burdock burrs in it.

He looked about the room. In places the plaster had fallen away. The walls were mouldy and smelt of damp. The boards of the floor were damp. A pair of old, frayed shoes lay on the floor, their toes touching each other. He picked one up. God! he thought, "How blind I must have been!" He picked up a little, torn stocking, pressing its foot between his hot hands. It was wet and chill. He held it to the light, and, pitiful heaven, there he saw the long stitches baby fingers had made; red yarn woven in and out among the black, to hold the shabby, clammy thing together. He threw it from him, and leaned against the wall. He brushed his arm across his face; he stooped, and picked the stocking up again, pressing it to his bosom with a dry sob.

"Daddy, oh, daddy!"

He sprang erect at the cry, his throat muscles tense, his face gray with the stress of years of pity, given him in a moment's time.

"Moll, oh, Moll!" he cried, and gathered the little girl to his breast.

He carried her from the room, down the stairs and outside. Down the long, dewy lawn he carried her, his whiskered face against hers, her fingers stroking his hair.

At the old rail fence he paused, and, wrapping his coat about the girl's shoulders, he placed her upon the top-most rail.

"Oh, Daddy!" she cried, and looked with her dead mother's eyes into his,

"Take me here in the evenings always, will you, Daddy?"

"Always, Moll, always," he answered, chokingly.

And the moonlight, kissing their faces, showed a heart-hunger satisfied.

For more than an hour the man thought and saw; thought of all his blindness had made him miss, saw what his awakening was to give him. When he turned toward the house, Moll slept, cuddling against him, her weak hands still clasped about his neck, as though to hold what she had found. So nature is ever wakeful and watchful of its master, the soul.

He carried her to his own room and placed her in his bed. He had to loosen her clasp with his hands. Oddly, they seemed so strong to hold, his so weak to untwine.

Then he passed out, and into the library. From a pigeon hole in his desk he took a crumpled letter, and, unfolding it, perused it half aloud.

"Dear Brother Ben,—In spite of all you say, I still want to come to you. Oh, believe me brother, I know I would be satisfied to live your life with you. And you want me—you want me more than you know. I am growing older every day, Ben; imagine me, a gray-haired old spinster if you will, and I am that, I know. But, brother, I have a heart full of love for the lad who used to romp with me in the old, dead days. You are all I have in the world now, you and baby Moll, whom I have never seen, but love just the same. Let me come to you both, Ben; something tells me that you need me, something tells me little Moll needs me. We could all be so happy together.

SISTER ANN."

He laid the letter aside, his face working. Then he picked up the one he had laboriously penned in reply, and tore open the envelope.

As he read it, his cheek reddened at its heartlessness.

"Dear Sister,—Your letter to hand. I thank you for its kindly sentiment; it is like you to want to do something gener-

ous. But as I have told you, I do not think you could be satisfied among us rough farming people; you, a wealthy, educated woman, accustomed to the ease of city life. No, I cannot consent to it. It is best to let matters rest as they are. I have an excellent housekeeper, who also looks after my child as though she were her own—"

Dayman broke off; gripping the letter in his strong fingers, he tore it into a thousand pieces, and threw them from him. Then he picked up his pen and wrote:

Dear Ann,—Come as soon as you can. I have needed you—yes, more than I knew. Little Moll needs you, you cannot guess how much until you come. We will have—"

He straightened up, his face crimson. He felt ashamed to express his feelings. With a smile he finished the sentence:

—"One another. Come to our home and our hearts, sister.

BEN."

As he sealed the letter and put a stamp upon it, he heard Mrs. Anderson's voice in the hall.

"Why, the dining-room is in darkness!" she was saying.

Dayman took the lamp from his desk, carried it out to the other room. Then he leaned against the table, waiting.

"I came back as soon as possible," said the woman, as she entered. "You said there was something—"

"I wished to say to you. Yes. Please sit down."

Dayman's voice was even. There was nothing about the man to betray his feelings. In some respects he was strong—very strong.

He observed, without seeming to, the look of understanding that passed between the black-eyed woman and the old, Jap-eyed child.

"I wish you to remain, May," he said, as, at a nod from her mother, the girl turned to leave the room.

She flung herself sullenly into a chair, at his command.

"Mrs. Anderson," said Dayman, tak-

ing up the paper and folding it carefully, "as you are aware, I am a man not given to long speech."

She nodded, and leaned toward him slightly.

"Therefore," he resumed, "I will be brief in what I have to say. Tell me," he said, forcing a smile, "has not your position in my home grown irksome of late?"

She hesitated before, woman-like, putting her own construction on his words.

"Yes," she answered at length. "It has."

Relentless, he watched the hope grow in her eyes.

"I am glad to know it," he said, "because the arrangement has also become irksome to me. I want more than a housekeeper, I want a companion. Someone," he cried, his voice low with feeling, "to look after my little girl, who has lost her mother and needs a woman's love."

She arose from her chair, and came over beside him then. He looked upon the woman, all his soul sick with disgust, not altogether for the part she was playing, but for the one he was playing also.

"Dear little Moll!" sighed the woman. "Surely it would not be hard to find one who would love such a sweet child."

"I don't know," said Dayman, wearily. "I only know for an assurance there is one—and she will share my home, and look after my daughter. This woman is my sister. You are at liberty to leave whenever you wish, Mrs. Anderson."

At the low words, casually spoken, the mask seemed to drop from the woman's face. She turned slowly and faced him, gripping the back of a chair with her long, strong fingers. Unconsciously, Dayman's gaze wandered from her narrowed eyes to those of the child in the corner. They were the same. Narrow, cat-like, baleful.

"That is all," he said, seating himself and taking a cheque-book from his pocket. "I believe I was to give a month's notice. If you will go to-morrow, I will pay you six month's wages in advance."

"Take it, Ma. You know how we hate the old hypocrite," cried the child.

AT THE OLD RAIL FENCE

Dayman looked up with a frown. The woman simply laughed.

"Give me the cheque and we will go to-morrow," she said.

Dayman hurriedly filled in the cheque. he had said enough; he did not want to say more. He had learned so much in such a brief time, he felt he could not stand a much greater strain. He handed the cheque to the woman without a word. She snatched it eagerly.

"Now," she cried, turning upon him, "I will tell you just what you are. I will tell you—"

He held up his hand.

"Another word and I shall stop payment of that cheque," he said, calmly.

"At six in the morning I shall have the man here at the door with a conveyance to the station. If you are ready to go at that time, he will drive you over."

He watched her sweep from the room; then turned away, the child's parting shot in his ears:

"Blind old miser!"

He closed and locked the doors, turned the lights out, and went back to his bed-room. He sank beside the bed and drew little Moll's hands over against his cheek.

And so he stayed, watching through the window the moon-rays kissing an old rail fence until a great peace rested in his soul.

Canadian Work in the Season's Books



HALF-BREEDS RUNNING BUFFALO.

From a painting by Paul Kane, by permission.

Re-produced by Courtesy
of William Briggs.

Illustration in "Where the Buffalo
Roamed," by E. L. Marsh

Northcliffe and Munsey

Two of the Greatest Publishers in the World, Lord Northcliffe, Representing Great Britain, and Mr. Frank Munsey, Representing the United States, met Recently as Guests of the New York Herald at a Luncheon—They Met to Discuss Important Literary Questions of the Day, and Their Views About Newspapers, Books and Magazines are of Interest to English Speaking People Everywhere—Here Were two Notable Personalities, two Brilliantly Successful Careers Brought Into Interesting Contrast.

WHEN asked about the ideal magazine, and how the American and English magazines compared, Lord Northcliffe said:

"I do not hesitate to say that your popular magazines are infinitely the best in the world. There is no question about it. The monthly magazine of America has a *raison d'être* that we lack in England, where weekly publications have grown greatly and have somewhat taken the field away from the monthly magazines.

Then the magazine in England has a competitor that appears to be missing here. I refer to the cheap copyright novel by the best writers, sold from nine cents to fourteen cents a volume. For fourteen cents you can obtain clothbound well-printed books by the very best writers.

Charles Dickens' Household Words, in my opinion, was the ideal magazine. Dickens was, par excellence, the best magazine editor of his or any time. You may get some idea of the labor he took by reading Foster's Life. Examine a page of manuscript edited by Dickens or talk of the matter with any of his contributors, as I have done with Mr. Parkinson, one of the last of them, who died but a few weeks ago, since I left England.

Dickens had initiation in looking ahead and ordering the suitable contribution. He knew exactly what man to commission, and think of the brilliant men he produced! George Augustus Sala, for instance. Was there ever a better general and descriptive writer? I consider Sala's "Journey Due North," which appeared in Dickens' Household Words, or in his other magazine, All

the Year Round—I forget which for the moment—the very best piece of travel writing I know.

As to the competition of the American Sunday newspaper and the American magazine, that, I think, is somewhat exaggerated. It is heresy, I understand, to say anything against the Sunday newspapers. But they have been so systematized into sameness and are shot at you every Sunday morning in such an arbitrary form as to be robbed of half their value.

The American Sunday newspaper has no possibility of existence in England, for many reasons, though one would be enough, this very arbitrariness.

Let us suppose that you are a bachelor, a lawyer, for example. There is fired into your apartment every Sunday, whether you want it or not, a real estate section; a section urging children to be, if possible, noisier than nature made them; a section devoted to people out of work, and another section given up to the mysteries of the feminine toilet. When a man has thrown away all that he does not want to read he has about as much left as would make a French morning paper.

I do not say that our method is better, but the same person in England will for about the same amount provide himself with several publications. Our range is so much more elastic than yours. Our weekly publications are issued in myriads. I should not like to say how many there are in our country. Of weekly gardening publications alone, at prices ranging from one cent to six cents, there is a whole library, and as I do not happen to possess one of



Lord Northcliffe]

Lord Northcliffe, born Alfred Harmsworth, is the son of a barrister of Dublin county, Ireland. He is forty-three years old. When a boy he ran away from home and became a reporter, earning \$5 a week on a London weekly. At twenty-two years of age he founded a weekly paper, *Answers to Correspondents*, which he built up to a circulation of 200,000. Its success prompted him to start other weekly periodicals of various types. He is the owner of the *London Daily Mail*, which has a circulation of a million copies a day, and he recently acquired an interest in the *London Times*, commonly known as "The Thunderer." To-day he controls fifty publications. In 1905, for distinguished public services, he was created Northcliffe, first Baron of the Isle of Thanet.

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

them myself I may be permitted to say that they are excellently edited.

Instead, therefore, of buying one "arbitrary" publication, the British readers, who spend a great deal on their reading, purchase a number of varied publications. Our method again helps to stop the growth of the English magazine.

I do not see any great increase in weekly publications here. The country is too vast. It is more suited to monthly publications.

"What is the ideal price of a newspaper?" Lord Northcliffe was asked

"Mr Munsey and I have often quarreled over that; we disagree radically. He has very clear ideas on the subject. As for me, I think the one cent paper must be either raised in price or materially reduced in size; as the forests are depleted, the price of paper therefore naturally increases.

With paper at its present price no human being can make a self-respecting living from an eighteen page one cent paper unless he puts himself at the mercy of the advertisers."

Mr. Munsey said, among other things: "Most of the American publishers edit their advertising carefully. Our advertising pages are far cleaner than those in England.

The problem of the Sunday newspaper? Well, I publish a Sunday paper in Washington, but if I were running one in New York I wouldn't know how to run it. Nothing new in Sunday journalism has been discovered for fifteen years. Since that time we have had only copies of copies. All you can say is that some of them are worse than others. Few of them are bad enough to be really bad, but none of them is good enough to be really good.

I can say now what I said to the Paris Herald a year ago—the Sunday paper should be made better and sold at ten cents. There should be more quality and not so much quantity.

I would add to the regular daily issue a Sunday magazine section. The daily paper

is in a position to do the magazine business better than the magazine can do it. It can get the same circulation in a more compact field, saving enormously in shipping charges; it can get heavy local advertising; it can give local news, and it can be timely. All of these things are denied to the magazine. I'm giving away a good thing, but if I ran a Sunday newspaper in New York City I'd make at least one section of it as good as the best magazine.

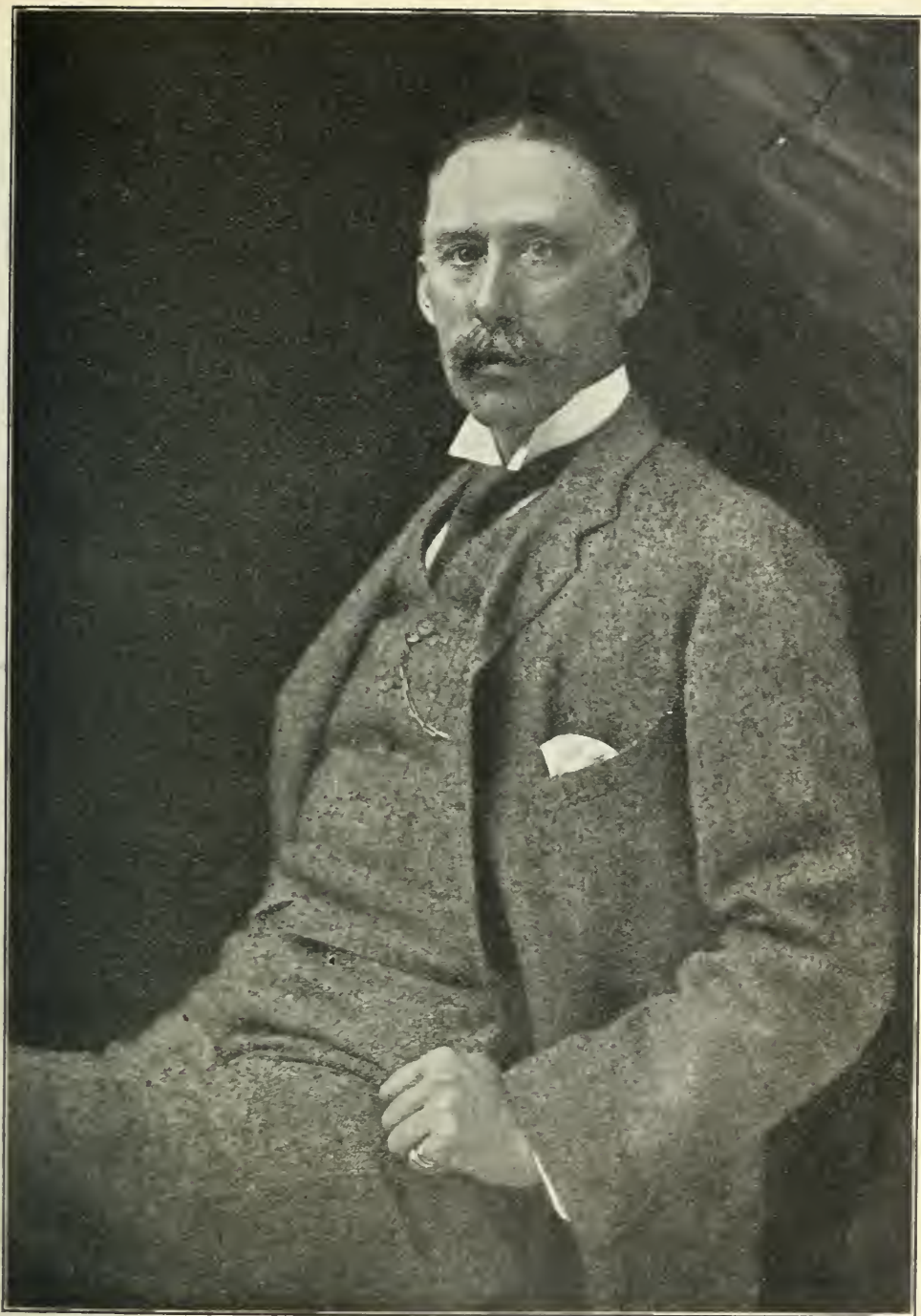
The trouble with the book business lies with the authors and the agents. The book business is all wrong. The normal price of a book ought to be fifty cents and not a dollar and a half.

Fifteen or twenty years ago the author put himself in the hands of a good publisher and stayed with him for life. His publishers built up a business round him and paid him the standard royalty of 10 per cent. Both publishers and authors did well.

Then came the literary agent. Watt, of London, was the first, I think, who made a business of booming authors' prices; he set the publishers to bidding against one another and ran royalties up as high as 30 per cent. or more on the gross retail price of a book.

With such large royalties—amounting on \$1.50 book to 40c or 45c a copy—the publisher gets no satisfactory return, for he must sell a \$1.50 book to the dealer for about 80c. The whole thing is wrong. A man with hardly a dollar can get an author to rent him a manuscript, get somebody to set it up in type and somebody to print it. Then he offers it to the dealers.

Men of to-day don't put the thought, the candle-light into their work. They are too eager to live well and buy well. I wouldn't turn things back. This is all a part of human development. We'll square the new things to us and ourselves to the new things, but at present the authors are too much interested in fine houses and automobiles"



Frank A. Munsey

Mr. Munsey was born in Maine, August 21, 1854. As a boy he 'picked up' telegraphy, and was sent to Augusta as manager of the telegraph office there. In 1882 he obtained a backing of \$4,000 and came to New York to found the Golden Argosy. At the last moment his backers withdrew, but he started the magazine with \$40 he had saved. In five years he found himself \$120,000 in debt, but the tide turned, and in 1889 he started Munsey's Weekly. Two years later he changed it to Munsey's Magazine and charged ten cents a copy. It was a new venture in the publishing world and a risky one. The news companies refused to distribute the magazine, and Mr. Munsey organized his own distributing business. To-day he owns four magazines devoted to popular literature and four daily newspapers. The Munsey magazines reach about 15,000,000 readers, and consume nearly 1,000,000 words of fiction monthly.

The Man Who Built the St. Clair Tunnel

By G. W. BROCK

HE, who can peer into the future, and with unerring judgment, foretell what will come to pass years hence, should, in these modern days of idle dreamers and glib conjurers, be entitled to special distinction. There are a few men, however, even outside the ranks of the ubiquitous weather prophet, who, basing their predictions solely on genius and power developed in life work, complete mastery over detail and comprehensive grasp of potentialities, stand in a class by themselves. Invariably they have been the greatest inventors and benefactors of the age they lived in and the cause they served.

The famous St. Clair tunnel between Sarnia and Port Huron was opened in the fall of 1891. At that time the chief engineer of the marvellous work, Mr. Joseph Hobson, who designed and supervised its construction, suggested that electricity be used instead of steam for hauling trains through the two and a quarter-mile tube; but electricity had not been sufficiently tested then as a tractive power and no company, contractor or capitalist had faith sufficient in its feasibility or economic value to undertake the project. To-day—just seventeen years later—the suggestion of Mr. Hobson has become a realization. The electrification of the under-

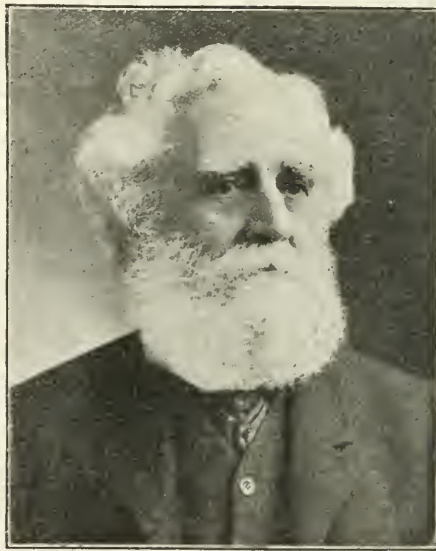
ground road is a feat, recently accomplished, and signalized by a demonstration that attracted to the scene the master minds of a continent—an auspicious event marking that quickening interest which heralds the success of an other great enterprise and establishes an epoch in the march of human achievement. It is a culmination of engineer-

ing triumph that stands out pre-eminently in the open book of success. Though not the man in charge of this wonderful piece of electric engineering it was no doubt the suggestion and confidence born in the practical mind of Mr. Hobson which inspired in others the faith and conviction in a project since translated into purpose and action.

When the former chief engineer of the Grand Trunk Railway system made the suggestion, nearly a generation ago it was an evidence of superior

insight, the eye of concentration focused on the possibilities of the future, and unshaken confidence in a science that has developed with marvellous strides in the world's uplift and progress.

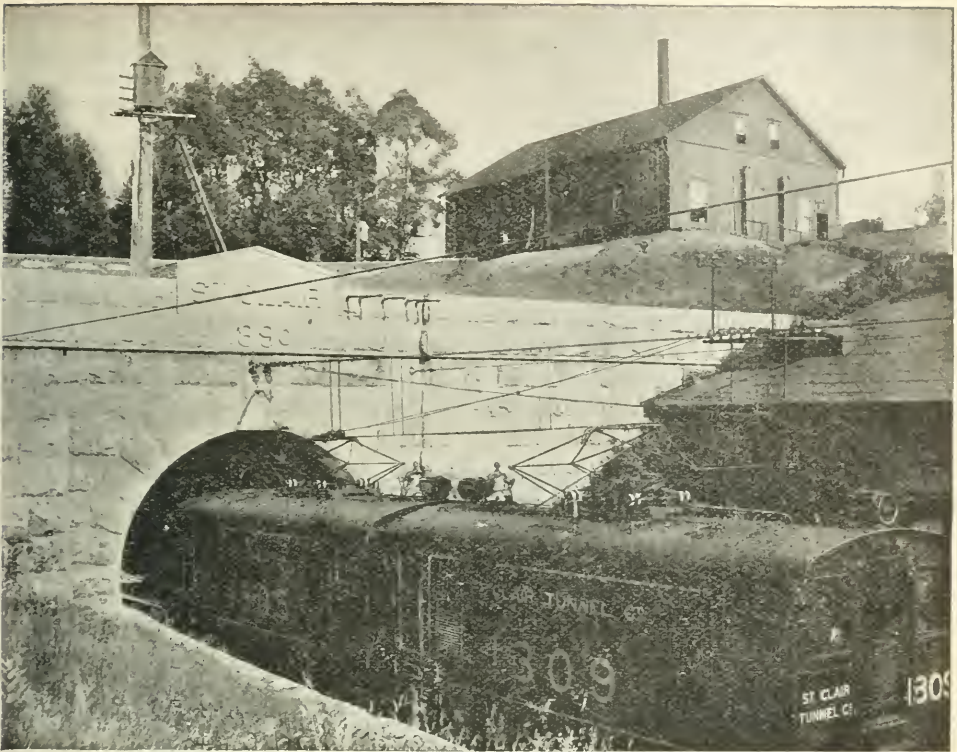
Such a man is Mr. Hobson, the veteran consulting engineer of the G.T.R. The gifts of imagination, foresight and resource with which he is splendidly endowed, early manifested themselves. They were carefully trained and cultivated un-



Joseph Hobson

The Man who Engineered the St. Clair Tunnel

THE MAN WHO BUILT THE ST. CLAIR TUNNEL



Electric Locomotive at Tunnel Entrance

til in later years they found expression in that stupendous undertaking, the building of the St. Clair tunnel. It was he who planned, designed and carried through the work, requiring a little over two years in construction and involving an outlay of two and three-quarter million dollars. Away back in the eighties the work began; the fall of 1891 witnessed its completion. It was regarded in those days as a proposition of tremendous magnitude but all difficulties were eventually overcome. At the formal opening on September 19th, 1891, railway magnates and renowned engineers from two continents assembled to take part in the ceremony and do honor to the indomitable pluck and perseverance of the man behind the exploit.

All this is an old story now; nevertheless it is an important link in a chain of circumstances leading up to November 12th, 1908—the electrification of the tunnel. Once more there journeyed to Sarnia from all over America engineers,

contractors and railway men who a score of years before, would have scouted the proposal of the displacement of steam by electricity for the purposes of traction as utterly impractical—for the mightiest of all forces was then a comparatively unknown and unheard-of power. There was not a trolley car, an electric railway or an electric locomotive in Canada; now there are nearly 1,000 miles of electric line in the Dominion. Mr. Hobson's suggestion, considering the time that it was made, the then lack of acquaintance with electricity, the doubts and criticisms with respect to its use and possibilities, reveals to-day all the more clearly the practical turn of a master mind. So strong and deeply rooted was public prejudice that men fought shy of investing a dollar in such enterprises, whereas now capitalists crowd the world centres anxious to pour their millions into city, suburban and cross-country lines of transportation. The reversion of feeling has been almost as wonderful

as the varied operations of the current itself. It is only by recalling such incidents and circumstances that one can measure the mental girth of a man like Mr. Hobson, his broad outlook, commanding ability, keen foresight and pre-eminence in his profession.

Near the City of Guelph in Western Ontario, Mr. Hobson was born and to-day resides in Hamilton, within thirty miles of the spot of his nativity. Now, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, his abundant hair and flowing beard whitened by the snows of seventy-five Canadian winters—honored and esteemed—

veying and engineering. He laid the foundation of his life work so worthily and well that he rose to the highest position in the branch of the service that the company, with which he has been engaged so long, could bestow—that of chief engineer of the Grand Trunk system. His railway experience dates from 1862, and his first commission was as deputy engineer of construction of the G.T.R. west of Toronto. Later, he was assistant on various lines in Nova Scotia. Then for eleven years he was employed on construction of the old Wellington, Grey and Bruce road. From 1870 to



Interior of St. Clair Tunnel

the veteran engineer of St. Clair tunnel fame is enjoying restful old age. His eye is still bright, his mind alert and his step elastic. A gentleman of kindly manners and quiet dignity, it is an impressive sight to see him walking along the streets of the Ambitious City keeping step with his strong, stalwart son, Robert, who is president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and is rapidly winning as foremost a place in the busy industrial arena as his aged father has in the great engineering world.

As a boy Joseph Hobson studied sur-

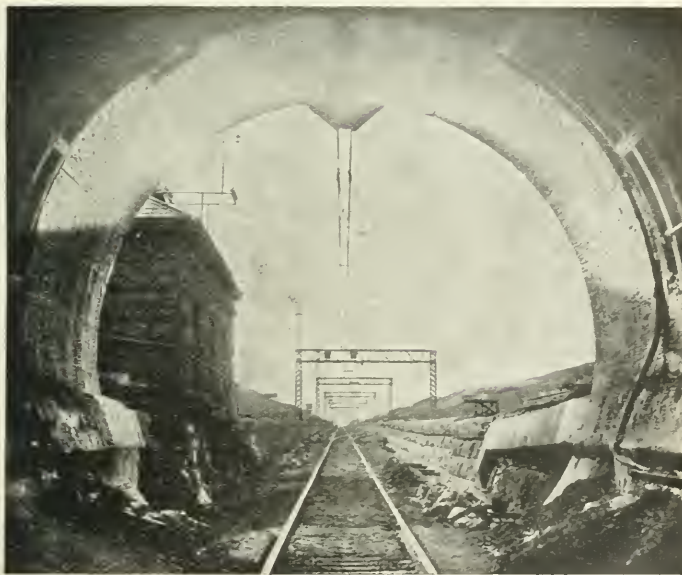
1873 he was resident engineer of that mammoth undertaking, the International Bridge, which spans Niagara's rushing waters. Next, appointed assistant engineer of the western division of the G.T.R. he was two years later made chief engineer, a post which he filled with such efficiency and acceptance that, in 1896, he was created engineer-in-chief of the entire G.T.R. system. To-day he is consulting engineer for the great highway, after a life crowned by many achievements and marked by numerous triumphs, the final undertaking of his active career being the enlargement of

THE MAN WHO BUILT THE ST. CLAIR TUNNEL

the Victoria Bridge, Montréal. Mr. Hobson is a member of the Canadian and American Societies of Civil Engineers and of the Institute of Civil Engineers in England.

Why, it may be asked, was the St. Clair tunnel built? Simply to overcome the fickle disposition and changeable character of the river of that name, its waters rushing first this way and then that, sometimes standing still and at other times in their turbid rush, causing an ice jam that rendered the stream impassable for ferry, barge, or tug. Often was traffic completely obstructed. A great corpora-

tion of the tunnel is two per cent., while the flat middle section, about 1,700 feet in length, has a grade of 0.1 per cent., sufficient to provide for the proper drainage of any seepage water. A single track extends through the tunnel, while a double track is laid in both the approaches. The tunnel itself consists of cast iron rings built up in sections, the inside diameter of which is about nineteen feet. The advantage of hauling freight and passenger cars through the underground road by means of electric locomotives rather than steam appealed strongly to railway for many rea-



Port Huron Grade From Tunnel

tion like the G.T.R. could not stand to be baffled or blocked in its onward march and its schemes of international development; and so came the tunnel under the St. Clair River, whereby cars were run to and from the east and west banks without interruption or break in the service.

A short reference to the electrification of the St. Clair tunnel, which has been so successfully accomplished, will doubtless prove interesting. Between the Canadian summit on the Sarnia side and the American summit on the Port Huron side the tunnel is 12,000 feet in length. The grade on the approaches and the incline sec-

sons, among them freedom from smoke, gases, etc., with their attendant dangers and discomforts, together with economy of operation and facility of handling.

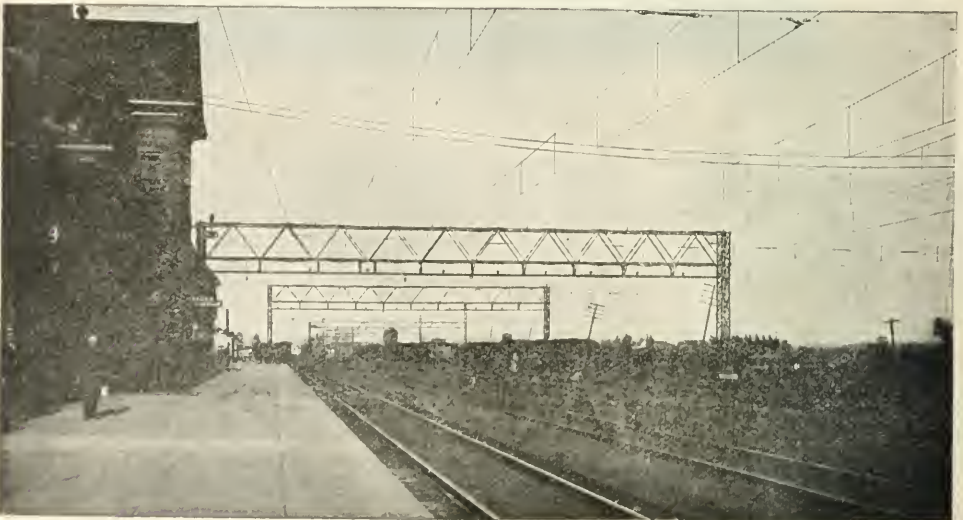
The tunnel is lighted by electricity and all drainage and seepage water removed by electric pumps. The alternating current system is in vogue, a three-phase system being used for the distribution of power required for pumping and for shop motors, with single-phase distribution for locomotives and lighting. It was the first single-phase piece of road started in America. Three electric locomotives are provided for the traction service, which,

it may be remarked in passing, is the heaviest railway service in the world handled by electricity. Each locomotive has a draw bar pull of 50,000 pounds when operating at a speed of 10 miles an hour, and can make the trip from terminal to terminal with a 1,000-ton train in 15 minutes, or four 1,000-ton trains an hour, which gives a capacity three times as great as demanded at the present time. Future needs and development have thus been amply provided for in the electric installation. Each of the three locomotives, which have replaced four steam ones, consists of two half-units, each half-unit mounted on three pairs of axles driven through the gears by three single-phase motors of 250 horsepower each, the nominal horse-power unit being 1,500. A locomotive will easily handle a 1,000-ton train at a speed of 12 to 14 miles an hour on a two per cent. grade. Electric pumping plants have been installed at both tunnel portals to free the approaches from water due to rain or melting snow.

This wonderful underground tube is illuminated by 480 incandescent lights while 30 arc lamps are provided in the yards at either terminal. The overhead equipment for supporting the trolley in-

side the tunnel shell does not encroach on the tunnel opening more than nine inches. This has been accomplished by bolting through the tunnel shell special iron brackets each of which supports two speel-shaped insulators. These insulators uphold steel messenger cables which are drawn taut throughout the length of the tunnel and attached at the portal to special brackets. Special clamps are attached to these messenger cables at points between the insulator supports and these in turn serve to sustain the two trolley wires. The insulator supports are attached to the tunnel shell at intervals of 12 feet as also are the clamps connecting the messenger cable with the trolley.

A splendid power plant is located on the Port Huron bank of the St. Clair River not far from the centre line or the tunnel. It is a pressed brick structure amply equipped with pumps, turbines, generators, excitors, and a ten-panel switchboard. The complete electric equipment of the tunnel was installed without interference to traffic, and the gradual transfer from steam to electric operation was made without delay in the service—a feat in itself remarkable and unique.



Overhead Work at Port Huron Station



Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

The Alders Parted and Out From Them Stepped the Most Magnificent Brute I Ever Saw Alive.

The Reward of Virtue

By M. R. S. ANDREWS

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THIS is a story about my guide, Josef Vezina. He's a corking guide and a wonder at hunting, and all sorts of a good fellow besides, but he's a French-Canadian habitant, and that means that he's blind as a bat to some ideas perfectly evident to us. So he did a stunt last autumn one day, all out of kindness of heart, which came near get-

ting me into a nasty hole, and would, if my friend, Arthur Shackleton, my roommate at college last year, hadn't been the best ever, and too square himself to think unsquareness of another fellow. It turned out only a joke on me after it was straightened out, but I was feeling rather shy for a while along at first.

I ought to give some idea of the sort

Josef is. Well, to look at he's a tall lean, powerful chap of twenty-four, with slim hips and big shoulders, and black hair, and large, light blue eyes which are simply marvellous. They are wide open always, and snap back and forth over everything like lightning, and there isn't a visible object for miles that they miss. Why, one day out on the lake in a canoe, fishing, Josef said, in his soft respectful voice:

"M'sieur Bob!"

And I answered "Oui—what is it, Josef?"

"If M'sieur will look—so—in the line of my paddle"—he held it out as lightly as a pencil—"V'la un oiseau-de-proie"—hawk—"on the tree across the lake."

I looked till my eyeballs popped, and not a blessed bird could I see for minutes, and then, with much directing from Josef, I caught sight of a lump with a wriggle to it, on the top branch of a spruce like a thousand other spruces, halfway up a hillside.

It's a treat to see him bend over a dim footprint in the moss, deep in the woods, and to watch those search-light eyes widen and brighten, and notice how he puts his rough fingers down as delicately as a lady. Then in a minute he'll blink a quick glance and say quietly:

"Un original, M'sieur Bob—a moose. There is about an hour that he passed. It is a middle one, and he was not frightened. He but trotted."

At first I used to say "Gosh! how can you tell all that, Josef?" and he would shrug his shoulders and look embarrassed.

"But it is easy—c'est facile—M'sieur. The print is not large or deeply sunken—c'est—so the animal is of medium size. The marks are close together—he did not jump long jumps as one does to hurry, when effraye. And the left hind foot and right fore foot come side by side—an animal trots so."

"And the hour, Josef?"

For the life of him he can't exactly explain that, but two or three times his guesses have been exactly verified. He murmurs something about whether the fern is withered which the moose crushed into his step, and whether a leaf or little twigs have fallen into it, but he lets a

lot go unexplained. I reckon it's judgment that's come to be instinct by practice and thinking about it. For I believe he dreams hunting, he's so crazy on the subject, and he's sure a shark at it, too.

He's a shy fellow and won't talk to most people, but he's got used to me because we've gone off on trips. Being in the woods alone with a person, camping in one tent at night, and tramping in one another's steps all day long; putting up with short rations and discomfort, and then having the fun and glory of killing a caribou, or getting a five-pound trout together—that game makes you feel as if you knew the other fellow pretty well. Especially if it rains—Holy Ike! We did have rain on one trip to drown a frog. Three days of it. We were off to find a lake up the right branch of the Castor Noir River, and we didn't find it at all that "escousse"—as the guides say—and we got wetter every step and didn't get dry at night so you'd notice it, and altogether it was a moist and melancholy excursion. But Josef was such a brick that I had a good time anyway—I've discovered that there are many varieties of good times and there's one tied up in about every package, if you'll look hard, and shake it out. So we used to have lots of fun building a whooping blaze at night near some little green-mossy arrangement of a brook, and making it go in spite of the rain—Josef's a wizard at that. We'd get the tent up and chop for the all-night fire, and dry out our clothes and things—it's wonderful how much you can. And then we'd have supper, and I never hope to taste anything as good as that fried bacon with corn-meal flapjacks. Maple sugar's fine mixed right in, too—we didn't stop for courses. I've had meals at Sherry's and they're not in it with our bacon and flapjacks. Then Josef would fumble in his soggy pocket and bring out an old black pipe, and fumble in another pocket and bring out a marbled plug of tobacco, and slice off some with his ferocious hunting knife, out of the caribou skin case with fringe of the hide, which he wears always on his belt. Then, when he'd lit up he'd start in to amuse me—I think he was deadly afraid I'd get bored before we found that lake. He'd tell me any-

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thing on an evening off in the woods like that by ourselves—especially, as I said, if it rained. He told me about his sweet-heart who died, and about the hundred dollars he'd saved up in five years and then had to pay the doctor from Quebec when his father was awfully ill. He's had a hard time in some ways, that Josef—yet he has his hunting, which is a great pleasure. I'd tell him about college and big cities, where he's never been in his life, not even to Quebec, and he'd ask the simplest, most child-like questions about things, so that sometimes it made me feel sorry and a bit ashamed somehow to have had all the chances.

After we'd talked a while that way I'd get him to sing for me, for he's got a corking voice and they are all musical, these habitants. Some of the airs were fascinating, and the words, too, and afterward I got him to write down a few for me. The one I liked best began this way:

Les grands betes se promenant
Le long de leur foret—
C'est aux betes une salle—
Le foret, c'est leur salle;
Et le roi de la salle
C'est le Roi Original.

Chanceux est le chasseur
Et louable, qui est capable
Vaincre le Roi Original.

I had a bit of trouble making out the words because he spells his own style and splits up syllables any way that it sounds to him. I'd like to give some of it the way he wrote it, for it sure was queer, but I'd feel as if I were playing a mean trick on poor old Josef if I did that. When he brought the songs to me, written on a piece of brown paper that came around a can of pork and beans, he shrugged his shoulders in an embarrassed way and blinked those enormous light eyes half a dozen times fast, and said:

"Sais pas, if M'sieur is capable to read my writing. I do not write very well—me." Then the shoulder stunt. "M'sieur will pardon, as I have had little of instruction. I was the eldest and could go to the school but two years. It was

necessary that I should work and gain money. Therefore M'sieur will pardon the writing." And you bet I pardoned it, and you see I can't make a joke of it after that.

All this song and dance is just to explain how Josef and I got to be a good pair, so that he'd get up any hour of the night to hunt with me, and jump at the chance; and would always manage to get me the best pool on a river for fishing, and never let me realize that I was hogging things till after I'd done it. Sometimes the other guides were up in the air at him, but Josef didn't mind. However, the one chance that was apparently the ambition of his life he'd never yet been able to give me, and that was to kill a moose. I'd been pretty slow at getting even a caribou, and missed one or two somehow—they're darned easy things to overshoot, for all they're so big. But that I'd finally accomplished, and I drew a good head with thirty points to the panaches—horns—so Josef's mind was at rest so far. At the present moment the principal reason he was living—you'd think—was that I should get "un original," and I didn't have any objections myself either.

That's the way things stood when Arthur Shackleton came up to the camp. Shacky's the best sport going, but a greenhorn in the woods—he'd tell you so himself promptly. I saw Josef sizing him up with those huge shy eyes, as Shacky stood on the dock and fired my 30-40 Winchester at a target before we started out on the trip I'm going to tell about. Josef had one foot in the canoe, loading packets into it, busy as a beaver and silent as the grave, and almost too shy to glance at the bunch of "Messieurs" who were popping the guns—all the same he didn't miss a motion. He knew perfectly that Shacky had to be shown the action of the Winchester—how you saw the guard to load, and then saw it again to throw out the shell and put in a fresh cartridge. If it had been the Archangel Michael, Josef wouldn't have taken much stock in a fellow who didn't understand the Winchester action, and that afternoon poor old Shacky settled himself. We'd been traveling all day, paddling in canoes and tramping on portages, and we'd gone

through two or three lakes and were now working up a little river full of rapids, but with long "eaux morts" between them. We were getting to the end of such a dead-water, and Shacky's canoe was in front, with a guide in bow and stern, and him in the middle, with a rifle. We were behind, but neither of Shacky's guides, Blanc or Zoetique, saw the caribou till Josef gave a blood curdling whisper that waked them up:

"C—caribou! C—caribou!"

And, sure enough, there it was, but so hidden in the branches on the left bank that no eyes but those big microscopes of Josef's could have picked out the beast. The stream narrowed just there and a ripple of water dashed over the stones between alders on one side, where the caribou was, and a pebbly shore in front of alders, on the other. Of course the animal heard Josef's whisper—that couldn't be helped. And what do you think he did? They're crazy in the head, those caribou. He gave a leap out of the alders that hid him, and jumped across the rapids with a tremendous splashing, and stopped on the pebbles in full sight of the audience, and stared at us. I suppose he didn't know where the trouble was coming from—or else he didn't know it was trouble, and liked our looks—but that question can't be settled this side of the grave. Anyhow, Zoetique swung the canoe around with one mighty stroke so that Shacky had a nice left-hand shot, and the caribou stood as if trained and waited for him to be good and ready; and poor old Shacky proceeded to profit by my lessons on the Winchester. He put the rifle to his shoulder and sighted with care, and started in and worked the lever back and forth, back and forth, till he'd loaded and thrown out all five cartridges—and never once touched the trigger. The caribou stood petrified with astonishment while he went through with this supporting performance, making a most unholy racket of course. And when he'd quite finished and the last cartridge lay in the bottom of the boat—they rained all over him—then the beast stuck out his nose and took to the underbrush, a perfectly good caribou still. It sounds like an impossibility, but it's an absolutely true tale—it was a pure case of blue funk of course.

And he wasn't used to guns—it's an outrage to bring a boy up like that.

Well, old Shacky was as game as they make 'em about it, and apologized profusely for wasting good meat, and never whined a whine on his own account. But that didn't help with Josef. I explained at length how the M'sieur was new to the gun, but when his big eyes lighted on Shacky I saw such contempt in them I was dreadfully afraid Shacky'd see it too. He'd queered himself all right, and I believe Josef would have hated to guide for him at three dollars a day, he despised him so. Yet that's putting it strong—there aren't many things the French-Canadians won't do for money, poor fellows. Anyway, as things were, Josef never looked at Shacky, and acted, as far as he decently could, as if he wasn't there.

We came to the lake where we were to camp, and the four men put up the tents, and we settled things, and then Josef sneaked off in a canoe alone to see what the signs were for game. We'd planned to hunt first on the Riviere aux Isles, the inlet to this lake, which was said to be broad and grassy in spots.

It was clean dark when Josef got back, and when he walked into the firelight his eyes looked like electric lights—blazing, they were. I never saw such extraordinary eyes. Some old cave-dweller that had to kill to eat, and depended on his quicker vision for a quicker chance than the next cave-dweller, may have had that sort—but I've never seen the like.

"Did you find good 'pistes,' Josef?" I asked him.

He had stopped on the edge of the light, shabby and silent and respectful in his queer collection of old clothes, his straight black hair sticking all ways, like a kingfisher's feathers, under his faded felt hat. I tell you he was a picture, with his red bandanna knotted into his belt on one side and the big skin knife-sheath with its leather fringe on the other. That knife gave a savage touch to his make-up. But he stood erect and light and powerful, a bunch of steel springs—there's nothing to pity Josef about on the physical question. He was shy because of Shacky's being there, but when I asked about the "pistes"—signs you know—up went his shoulders and out went

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Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

Never Once Touched the Trigger

his hands—he was too excited to think of anything but the hunting.

"Mais des pistes, M'sieur Bob! C'est effrayant! C'est epouvantable!"

Then he went on to tell me, with hands and shoulders going and his low voice chipping in with the cracking of the fire. It seems that, as there was a light drizzle falling, which would wipe out his scent, he had landed on the shore of the wide-water of the Riviere aux Isles near where he thought the beasts might come in. And he had found signs to beat the band—runways cut wide and brown with steady use, and huge prints of both caribou and moose. But what excited him particularly was that, according to his statement, there was a big moose which watered there every day.

"He is there to-day about 10 o'clock in the morning. He was there yesterday. There is also a grosse piste of day-before-yesterday," he expioded at me in mouthfuls of words. "He walks up the pass—I have seen his steps all along—I have followed. It is necessary that M'sieur Bob shall go there of a good hour to-morrow morning and wait till the

great one comes up the river. It is a shot easy for M'sieur Bob from the wide-water to the place where that great one comes. In that manner M'sieux Bob will kill a large moose—crais—but yes."

"Hold on there a second, Josef," I halted him. "M'sieur Shackleton's got to have the first chance—he's my guest," and then I stopped, for not only was Josef looking black murder, but Shacky threw his boot at me.

"No you don't," said Shacky. "No more ruined chances and healthy wild beasts for mine. I won't go, and that's all. If you've got a good harmless spot with one caribou track to amuse me, and you'll let me sit and work a crank, I'll do that fast enough. But as for throwing away any more meat, I plain won't."

"Oh, cut it out, Shacky," I adjured him. "It was only a cow caribou any way, and you'll be steady as an old soldier next time"—but he wouldn't listen to me.

Then I labored with him, and finally after much agony we came to an agreement. There was a place, Lac M'sieur, a little pond to the east, which we had every reason to believe would be fine

hunting. It was good country, and might beat out Josef's place, only we didn't know for sure. So I terrorized Shacky into a consent to draw lots, the winner to have the choice. We drew, and I won the choice. Josef stood there waiting, his eyes snapping and gleaming and watching every movement—he could understand enough English to follow, though he couldn't speak any. He saw that I had the long stick and he flashed a glance of unconcealed rapture at me.

"At what hour is it light, Josef?" I asked him.

"One can see enough to go en canot—in the boat—at three hours and a half,"—he answered happily. "I will wake M'sieur Bob at that hour, is it?"

I really hated to disappoint the chap, he was so tickled to death and so certain I'd get my moose. So I spoke very gently. "I'm sorry, Josef, but we're not going en canot, you and I. M'sieur Shackleton and Zoetique will go to the river and we'll go to Lac M'sieur, and rake out a moose before they do."

"Oh come," burst in Shacky. "This is a crime. I simply can't"—but I interrupted.

"Shut up, dear one," I said politely. "You talk like a tea-pot in early June. It's my choice, and I choose Lac M'sieur."

Josef bent over with a quick swoop, and picked up the two sticks and held out the long one. "Pardon, M'sieur Bob. It is this one that M'sieur drew?"

"Yes," I said. It came hard to rub it into the fellow and I was just a little sick myself, I'll own, to have to throw away that moose on Shacky's fireworks. "Yes," I said.

"And it is for M'sieur to choose?" he asked, blinking.

"Yes," I agreed again—I let him fight it out his own way.

"Then—Mon Dieu! M'sieur Bob will choose the river. It is certain that M'sieur will there kill the great moose."

Well, I had to send him off sulky and raging, and entirely uncomprehending. He simply couldn't grasp why, when I had fairly drawn the choice, I should throw it away on such a thing as Shacky. I couldn't put a glimmer of it into him, either.

At gray dawn, out of the underbrush

there was a low call of "M'sieur!" repeated more than once before it got us up. We crawled shiveringly into our clothes by a smoky fire kicked together from last night's logs; we had hot chocolate and not much else out in the open; and off we went, Shacky and his guide up the lake in a boat, and Josef and I through the woods that seemed to have a deathly stillness in them as if all the little wild creatures were sound asleep that make an underbuzz in the daytime.

A little cold light was leaking, up in the branches, but down where he walked it was dark—mostly I couldn't see the plaques—blazes on the trees, plaques are. But you couldn't fool Josef—he went straight from one to another as if it was a trodden portage. My! but he sure was in an ugly temper. Once when he whipped his axe out of his belt and clipped a branch in our way, I just knew he wished it was Shacky he was chopping at. The light brightened as we went and before we got to Lac M'sieur I could see the sights of my rifle. As we came to the lake, the tree trunks stood black and sharp against a white wall of mist hanging solid on the water; above that the mountains showed black again, on the sunrise—only the sun wasn't risen. The marsh grasses were stiff with frost and when you stepped the marsh was crisp. We walked to the east side to get a good watch; we settled ourselves, and the sun came up behind us as we sat shivering with cold. First it lit the tops of the mountains across, and then crawled down the trees and lay on the water in a band. The stiff grasses suddenly stood up white in masses, and then as the sun hit them the frost melted, and they turned yellow. I wish I could tell how pretty it was and describe the feeling it gives you of the world's being just made that morning expressly for you to play with.

We watched there till the light shone high and came shooting through the branches where we sat straddling two logs, and the minute it touched us it grew so warm we had to shed our sweaters—about seven o'clock, I think. And about then Josef got restless. He picked twigs, and he crawled about, and he kept looking at his big silver watch as if he had a train to catch. Finally, he

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took out his pipe and began feeling in his pockets for tobacco—the flies were chewing us by then. But I couldn't have that—it's a crime to smoke on a hunt, because the caribou have wonderful noses and scent things a long way off if the wind is to them.

"C'est bien dangereux," I whispered.

Then Josef whispered back that this lake was no good—he didn't think we'd see anything.

"What can we do about it?" I asked him. I didn't agree, yet I trusted Josef's judgment more than my own, and he knew it, blame him. He shrugged his shoulders.

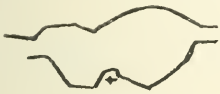
"Sais pas!" he said, and then he changed his manner. "If M'sieur Bob wishes, there is another pond where one might have a chance."

"What distance?" I asked.

"Sais pas," said Josef. "It might be an hour, it might be more. I believe well that M'sieur will kill a moose if he should go to that pond."

"All right," I said. "Come on."

So we crept off through the beaver meadows edging the lake, where every step comes "galoomph" out of soggy moss. Josef gave me a peach of a walk that morning. The sun went under and he had the compass, so I lost directions and we had a lot of bad going—wind-falls and spruce thickets and marshes—all sorts. We walked forever, it seemed to me, more than an hour any way. But finally, we came out, around nine o'clock, on a little pond like a million others in Canada, which looked the real thing. There seemed to be quite a big inlet up at the end where we were. Here's a map to show how the thing lay:



We watched at the cross-marked spot and from there you could shoot all over the pond and up the opening which seemed the inlet.

I could judge at a glance that the place was good for game. Opposite us, two hundred yards across water, lay a bank

of mud with lily-pads and grass, and that bank was trampled like a cow yard. From where I stood I could see huge sunken hoofprints, lapping, and the mud thrown up on the edges, not caked or dry even—done inside a few hours. The big roots of the water-lilies had been dragged up—they look like snake pineapples—and partly eaten and left floating—that's the stunt of only a caribou or moose. I patted Josef on the shoulder silently, and his big eyes flashed as if he was satisfied. We selected a stump with some thin bushes in front, where I was screened, yet could swing my gun all around the place, and Josef effaced himself back of me, and we sat there and waited.

Not long. We hadn't been there over five minutes, and I hadn't stopped jumping at the sound of the water on a big stone below, and the sudden breeze through the trees back of me, and a squirrel who kept breaking twigs sharply and then scolding me about it—when all at once there was a thundering, unmistakable crack across the pond, in the trees close to the shore. My heart gave a pole-vault—I reckon everybody's does at that sound—and I heard a breath from Josef:

"Original."

Neither of us stirred a finger. It was still as the grave for a second. There was another great crack, and then a huge rustling and breaking together, unguarded and continued. My eyes were glued on the thick screen of alders, and the alders parted, and out from them stepped the most magnificent brute I ever saw alive—a huge moose with spreading antlers that seemed ten feet across. As big as a horse he was, and looked bigger because he stood higher and because of the antlers. My! what a picture that made. He waded grandly into the water, making a terrific rumpus of splashing, and then, as I sighted down the barrel, I felt Josef's finger light on my arm.

"Il va marcher—he's going to walk up the shore. Wait till he turns."

It was plain that he wanted me to have a broad-side shot, and while it wasn't flattering, yet I didn't care to take chances on this moose myself. I lowered the rifle. The beast put down that gorgeous head and tore up a lily and tossed it on the

water, and then bit off a piece of the root and munched it. It was hard to wait while his lordship lunched; I was so afraid I'd lose him I nearly exploded. But in a minute he turned and began to wade again arrogantly and deliberately up stream—it was plain he felt himself cock of the walk and the monarch of the forest all right. Then Josef's finger touched me again, and he grunted—I think he was beyond words. I lifted the rifle and held on to the back of his head and pulled the trigger. The stillness sure was smashed to pieces by the roar of that rifle shot. I reloaded instantly, but Josef yelled:

"Vous l'avez, M'sieur Bob—you've got him."

It was so, you know. Of course it was a fluke, but I hit him in the back of the head where I'd held, and he dropped like a log. Well, for about five minutes things were mixed. Josef and I talked to each other and listened to ourselves and both of us were mad to get across that pond to where the big moose lay, still and enormous—but we hadn't any boat. We didn't dare start to walk around it, for fear the moose might not be quite dead and might get up and make off while we were in the woods. So we stood and waited, ready to plunk him if he stirred.

"Where the dickens in Canada are we, anyway?" I burst at Josef in English—but he understood.

"It is a place not too far from camp, M'sieur Bob," he answered quietly. "If but we might have a canoe, a c't heure-mais v'la"—he broke off.

And, please the pigs, I lifted my eyes and there was a canoe paddling down the inlet, and in the canoe sat old Shacky and Zoetique.

"Where in time did you drop from?" I howled, and then, with my hands around my mouth, "I've killed a moose! I've killed a moose! There he is!"

Not a sound from Shacky or Zoetique—I couldn't understand any of it. Why were they there? Why weren't they surprised to see us? Why didn't they answer? However, they paddled steadily on, and as they got close I saw that Shacky was looking rather odd.

"What's up," I asked. "Can't you talk English? Aren't you glad I've killed him?"

"Fine!" answered Shacky with a sort of effort about it that I couldn't make out. "Whooping good shot!" he said, and the boat ran in on the bank and I squatted on the bow to hold her. Shacky proceeded to get out, but he didn't look at me, and Zoetique, who's generally all smiles and winning ways, was black as thunder—there was something abnormal in the situation which I couldn't get on to. "Corking good shot," he went on in a forced sort of way. "The moose went down like the side wall of a church."

"How do you know?" I threw at him, for his manner irritated me.

"Know?" Shacky laughed a queer laugh. "Of course I know. Didn't I see him?"

"See him?" I repeated. "Where were you? What's this lake anyway, and what are you doing here?"

Shacky looked at me hard enough then. "What in thunder do you mean?" he asked with an astonished stare.

"Mean? I mean that," I yapped. "There's something about this I don't grasp. Do you know what this pond is? For I don't."

Shacky's lower jaw actually dropped, the way you read about in books. He stood and gaped. "What! you don't know—where you are?" he jerked out. "Why, this is the lower still-water of the Riviere aux Isles—just below where you sent me to watch, you know!"

I gave a gulp; he went on:

"We've been listening to that moose an hour—he walked in from way up the mountain—we've heard him crack all the way—he was just in sight around the turn when I heard you shoot and saw him fall. I had my gun cocked and was waiting till he got a few yards nearer."

With that Zoetique could no longer control himself, but burst in with voluble, broken-hearted indignation. "C'est b'ea malheur!" he moaned, gurgling like an angry dove. "M'sieur had well the intention to shoot straight—he would not have missed this time—M'sieur. M'sieur had examined and practised the movement of the carabine constantly—he now knows it comme il faut. Also I remarked the arm of M'sieur, it had the steadiness of a rock—I say it as at mass—it was in truth the moose of M'sieur. He would

have gained great credit—also me his guide. So that it was a hard thing to have that moose torn from us at the point itself of gaining. *C'est b'en malheur!*"

Now here's the rest of the map to show how it was, and how we were both holding on that moose around a corner from each other. That beast's last day had come all right, but I got the first crack at the trumpet of doom. Here's the map:



When the business had filtered into my intellect I whirled on Josef.

"You knew where we were? You knew this was M'sieur Shackleton's hunting ground? You brought me here to get that moose?" I flung at the fellow in nervous French, never stopping for tenses.

Josef shrugged his shoulders just a touch. "*Sass peut*" (*Ca se peut*) he murmured irresponsibly—which is Canadian for "It may be."

I could have choked him. To make me play a trick like that on poor old Shacky! And with that Shacky spoke up like the white man he is.

"I guess we're both stung, Bob," and he banged me on the back. "But it is a thousand times better you should get it. I'd probably have missed again. It's the reward of virtue; you gave me your chance. Only I did want to redeem myself. I really was steady, and I'd been fussing with the gun till I knew it by heart. I was going to do it right or bust—you'll give me credit for not being two fools, won't you, Bob? But it's the reward of virtue—that's straight."

I could nearly have cried. Poor old Shacky! when he was ready and nerved up, and that glorious moose within gun-

shot, to have me step in and snap him off his upper lip when he was almost tasting him.

I was afraid to speak to Josef for a minute. I felt so much like killing him. I simply hustled those two guides, without another word about it, into the canoe and we crossed to where the moose lay, and the business of skinning the brute and cutting him up, and all that, took three good hours of hard work. But I was laying it up for Josef. I can tell you. I'd have dismissed him if it hadn't been that at lunch, when the men were off, Shacky took me in hand and reasoned with me, and made me see, what indeed I knew, that Josef had acted up to his lights. He couldn't understand our point of view if I talked to him a year, so it was no use talking. He had found that hunting place and he considered that he had a right to it for me, and that I should throw it away seemed to him pure childishness. By his code it was correct to circumvent me for my own good, and he had plain done it. Anyway I didn't dismiss him, owing to Shacky, and also because I'm fond of him.

But I did give him an almighty serious lecture, which did no good at all. He was bursting with joy and quite ready to face small inconveniences, so he just shrugged his shoulders and blinked his light, big eyes when I preached at him, and I don't believe he listened to much of it. Zoetique was sore too, but Josef let the storm rage around him and was content.

And all the way down the river and through the lakes, as we went home in triumph with those huge antlers garnishing the middle of the boat, I heard old Josef humming to himself as he paddled stern back of me:

Chanceux est le chasseur
Et louable, qui est capable
Vaincre le Roi Original.

Canada's Non-English Newspapers

By FRANK YEIGH

IT may not be generally known that of the fourteen hundred odd newspapers and periodicals published in Canada, at least one hundred and twenty-five are in languages other than English, thus emphasizing the variety of races now constituting the population of the Dominion.

The one hundred and twenty-five represent no less than thirteen different tongues or dialects, viz.: French, German, Danish, Galician, Hungarian, Icelandic, Italian, Jewish, Yiddish, Polish, Swedish, Gaelic and Chinese.

There was a time, and that not so many years ago, when English and French publications met the needs of the two chief divisions of the population, but with the inflow of other peoples from different parts of Europe, resulting in a foreign population of twenty-five per cent. of the total in the Northwest, the demand for papers in their respective tongues has followed. The printing press has always closely followed the pioneer, and wisely so, for it is still the universal method of education, the democratic distributor of news and knowledge.

The fact remains, however, that Canada is no longer a dual-language country. The immigration returns of 1907 showed arrivals representing no less than fifty-eight different nationalities or races, and the thirteen languages, other than English, now being recognized by periodical publications, may soon be doubled. Even the much discussed Doukhobor may yet have his weekly paper, printed in his enigmatical Russian characters.

Ninety-two papers are printed in French. Eighty-two of these are issued from Quebec; five in Ontario; three in New Brunswick, and one each in Prince Edward Island, Manitoba and Alberta. With one out of every three-and-a-half in Canada of

French descent (1,649,371 out of 5,371,345, as per census of 1901), the total of ninety-two papers in French is surprisingly small, but the number bids fair to be substantially increased within the next decade, as the French-Canadians hive from their native Province into Ontario, especially its northern parts, and the Western Prairies. In old Quebec itself, the long-established practice of a communal dissemination of news by word of mouth, at the parish gatherings of the people at church or market or otherwise, may have rendered less necessary the weekly paper as a mirror of the local life, but the habitant is becoming more and more of a reader, and his paper will correspondingly become more and more a necessity.

The large German population in Canada, notably in Waterloo County, in Ontario, and in certain sections of the West, is responsible for fourteen papers in that tongue. Nine are published in Ontario, two each in Manitoba and Saskatchewan and one in Alberta. As a rule, they are excellent mediums of news and opinions, well edited, and of proportionate influence on public opinion in their respective constituencies.

The Northern European peoples in Canada have seven journals. A Danish weekly was for long issued from Ottawa; while the Swedes of Manitoba have two weeklies and the Icelanders of the same Province support four. No more virile additions to the population have been made, since the immigration movement set in Canadaward, than these hardy Scandinavians, Icelanders and Danes, and their interest in and support of their organs of opinion is on a par with their interest in education, and, as an illustration of this fact one is not surprised to learn that the Icelandic children carry off the bulk of the prizes in the schools of Winnipeg.

КАНАДИЙСКИЙ ФАРМ

CANADIAN FARMER

— ПАСПОРТ ДЯД. РУССКОГО ГОРОДА В КАНАДУ

НОВИНИ.

Sammelingin.

Screen bārōlr

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Nú er byrjað

Anderson & Thomas

CAUGHNAW

ONKWEHONWE AGA

LOHN- u. WAGENBREMSE
LAKOBENWASSER

Der Evangeliums Bote
 Evangelische in Amerika bei Gottes Wort in Christus
 Sonntag, 24. Juli 1938
 Berlin, Charloer, 2401, 106

BALDUR.

LE MANITOBA
JOURNAL HEBDOMADAIRE

CANADA

MAC-TALLA

Volkszeitung.

Der Krieg.

Die
Volkszeitung

75

Canada has, among her population from Central Europe, twenty thousand Hungarians, and these have two papers, published in Manitoba. The seventy thousand Galicians have as yet only one paper, but as they decrease their high rate of illiteracy, and their children become educated, the one will soon in all probability be increased in some degree of proportion to their numbers.

The Poles have two weeklies in Manitoba, while the Italians also have two, with Montreal as their offices of publication. These peoples are so scattered throughout the country, in railway construction and kindred work, that it is probably difficult to reach them through the periodicals printed in their native tongues.

Montreal is also the publication centre of two Jewish papers, one being in Yiddish. With the rapid increase of the Jewish population in Canada, and their clannish concentration in the cities, it is not to be wondered at that they desire papers of their own.

For some years a Gaelic paper was published in Cape Breton, where there is a large sprinkling of Scotch, but I doubt whether it is still issued.

Among the curio papers published in the Dominion, one of the most curious is the Kamloops Wawa, printed in the Chinook Indian tongue as translated into a system of shorthand and taught the redmen of the Kamloops district of British Columbia by the French mission priests.

A Chinese paper, issued tri-weekly, is one of the latest additions to the list of Canadian newspapers. It is the Chinese Reform Gazettee, and is printed in Vancouver.

It will thus be seen, by the foregoing references, that Canada is rapidly becoming a polyglot country, as evidenced by the news and other papers published in a score of tongues and dialects other than English.

The Right Kind of An Error

(The Circle)

A manufacturer had something new to submit to his trade.

Making up a list of one hundred of the principal buyers of such goods, he had unblemished samples prepared, packed and addressed to them in person.

Then, to make the record complete on the transaction, he wrote each buyer a personal letter, announcing that sample was being forwarded, and enclosed a bill for one-twelfth dozen, on approval.

Samples and letters were made up together, but by different clerks. Through some oversight the letters containing the bills were sent out and the samples held back. When buyers received the bills without the samples, they immediately wrote asking where the matter was, some treating it as a miscarriage of shipment and others growing a little indignant at being billed for goods never forwarded.

When the manufacturer got fifty of these letters from a hundred buyers he was indignant, too, and came near discharging the clerk who had held up the samples. On second thought, though, he didn't. For the amount of attention his samples got by this delay was much greater than would have been the case had the affair gone through as he had originally planned it.

Muscular Work, Appetite and Energy

By G. ELLIOTT FLINT

Reproduced from The Outing Magazine

THERE is an odd notion current that man is a kind of vessel, in some compartment of which he has a definite supply of energy; and it is thought to be of vital importance that he conserve this energy as much as possible. We hear constantly such phrases as, "Saving the strength," and "Wasting the energy." Now, as a matter of fact, free expenditure of energy and a considerable employment of strength are absolutely necessary for the existence, in any great degree, of both. Naturally, there are gradations. One who expends little will possess little, and as he expends more he will have more, provided he goes not beyond what his system can bear. The more energetic about us are, therefore, those who give out much energy; while those are least energetic, even when occasion requires action, who save themselves most. Though some persons are naturally more energetic than others, yet energy can be acquired by any sound man or woman, however indolent he or she may be naturally, just as easily as strength can be acquired; and, curiously enough, the only way to acquire it is to expend at certain regular intervals the little that one has.

If the above proposition seems strange, a little reflection will show any one that, as in physiology, the same principle holds good in finance. If one wishes to make money he must spend it, and, if his business methods are sound, the more the outlay, the greater will be the return.

This is an age of over-much conservation, so far as physical energy is concerned. A certain class work prodigiously with their brains, and utterly neglect all bodily exercises; and they expect to

escape the consequences of this neglect by lessening their amount of food. But they deceive themselves. As the water in a pool which has no outlet becomes stale and at last foul, so the blood in man becomes foul when it does not freely circulate. Again, however trite the observation may seem, the fact in its practical significance is often lost sight of, that you cannot force new matter into a body from which the old matter has not escaped. There must be the need and capacity to receive the new matter. It is by reason of this principle that men who do no physical work have poor appetites, and can hardly digest the little food they force into themselves. In contrast to these are those who take much physical exercise; they eat largely, and are benefited by their food, because there is previous need, manifested by sharp appetite. Energy comes from food only if the food is appropriated after it has been digested; when there is no need for it, it is merely eliminated. So I repeat that to get energy we must give out energy.

We are told that we eat too much; that we can live on less food, and that therefore we should. But it is a serious thing to weaken the nutritive functions; and we assuredly weaken them by cultivating the habit of eating little. Rather should we sharpen the appetite by more work, and thus strengthen them. The writer has always found that, after any kind of hard physical work, he could eat hugely and digest perfectly. Laborers are usually large eaters, are not nice about quality, and, yet, rarely realize they have stomachs. The dyspeptic American

needs not to eat less, but to work more and to eat more.

It is as easy to cultivate a strong stomach, on the vigor of which our amount of energy depends, as it is to cultivate strong biceps. But our method should be the reverse of "babying" it. Not that I suggest indiscriminately overloading it with rich foods. There are plain foods, such as beefsteak, boiled rice and a variety of fresh vegetables, which, to the healthy appetite that has resulted from a proper amount of work, taste infinitely better than the so-called made dishes; and these should be eaten in quantities that completely satisfy. I do not believe in leaving the table hungry. I never do, and I am never troubled with dyspepsia; indeed, did I know nothing of physiology, I would not know there was such a process of digestion. Though these remarks are quite personal, my excuse for interpolating them is that I thought it might interest some to know the effect the practise of my dietetic beliefs have had on myself. Perhaps some will think that my digestion is naturally strong. But I assure them that the contrary is the fact. As a boy my stomach was so wretchedly weak that the simplest breakfast usually made me sick; and even as a young man my digestion was not specially good. Now, at the age of thirty-seven, I can eat anything, in any reasonable quantity, and digest it perfectly.

Statistics have shown the great value of abundant food. Dr. J. Robertson, an eminent surgeon of Manchester, Eng., has remarked that the families of working people, when well fed, maintained their health surprisingly, even while living in cellars. And he observed that during four years of prosperity the number of fever cases admitted into the Manchester House of Recovery were 421 per annum, while in two pinching years 1,207 cases per annum were admitted.

The ultimate effect of curtailing the food supply is to weaken the stomach so that it cannot digest what it once could easily. Thus the source from which our energy is derived is weakened to our great detriment. Now as man is really no stronger than his stomach, and as "good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both," should we not rather

seek to strengthen the stomach by giving it exercise, than to enfeeble it by dieting? I think we should, and I think that persons with common sense will agree with me; Chittenden, Horace Fletcher and other dietarians notwithstanding. Loss of weight is the first symptom of failing health; and cutting the food supply invariably causes loss of weight.

To develop strong muscles we train them gradually to do strong work. In the same way we can, by judicious care, accustom even a weak stomach to digest hearty meals. But we cannot do this by forcing into the stomach more food than it calls for; we must first create the need of a greater quantity by a proper amount of bodily exercise. Of all cures for dyspepsia with its accompanying languor, exercise is the best cure I know of.

We shall consider now what kind of exercise develops the most energy. The slight, muscular contractions of light exercises can be repeated successively many times; which shows that each contraction requires but little energy. On the other hand, heavy exercises, requiring, as they do, much energy for their contractions, cannot be often repeated successively. Whence it follows that only those who have much energy can perform heavy exercises; whereas those with but little energy can perform light exercises. The exclusive pursuit of light exercises will, then, not form much energy, for the simple reason that it is not required. But any sound man can, by proper training, learn to perform heavy exercises, and these will inevitably form a large amount of energy; for did they not the exercises could not be performed.

How this energy is produced in the latter case is interesting. When a considerable weight is lifted, or when the body's weight is raised high and thrown forward or backward by means of the arms or legs, the muscles must be contracted powerfully through energetic explosions of the nervous force. Moreover, the circulation is greatly accelerated, particularly in the muscles used; and this devolves hard work upon the lungs and heart. Thus do heavy exercises quickly deplete the body of energy. Then fol-

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lows rest, which, if sufficiently prolonged, results in sharp appetite, eager digestion and quick repair. Ultimately the body becomes accustomed to, and easily capable of, the heavy exercises; thus proving that it has acquired the capacity to form sufficient energy to meet the successive expenditures.

It is true that light exercises also, when prolonged, use up much energy; but the stimulation of the entire system being not nearly so intense as it is in heavy exercises, the bodily capacity of forming energy is increased by light exercises in a by no means equal degree. Long-continued light exercise, if repeated daily, uses up more energy than the body can form.

We see the above theory often exemplified. Postmen, who walk all day, are usually haggard and tired-looking. Silk-winders in factories, whose days are spent in unremitting light toil, obviously lack energy. In fact, all whose callings tax their endurance, and athletes who establish records in endurance tests, alike seem deficient in vitality and are rarely long-lived.

The exhilaration that is felt after vigorous exercise is altogether wanting after prolonged lighter work. What woman has not experienced the depression that follows a shopping tour, or the languor and ennui consequent on her eternal round of small duties? For such, vigorous exercise of any kind, performed, say three times a week, would stimulate the formation of energy, and make their tiresome, but necessary duties, less exhausting.

It is a principle in physiology that the greater the muscular activity, the greater is the general organic activity that follows it; or, in other words, when exercise is vigorous, the formation of energy through the nutritive functions is very great; whence results an augmentation rather than a diminution of energy. But light exercise stimulates the organic functions not much more than no exercise; so, in this case, when much energy is used up if the exercise be prolonged, there ensues a depression, sometimes amounting to an almost complete exhaustion.

How long-continued light strain is more prostrating in its after-effects than

a heavier strain can possibly be, may be clearly seen by an illustration. Suppose a man "puts up" a five-pound dumb-bell until he can put it up no more. The effect in the muscles involved is to leave them not sufficient energy to raise the light weight of five pounds. But this effect cannot be attained by putting up a fifty-pound weight as many times as possible; for the muscles will still retain enough energy to put up immediately forty pounds. If this statement be doubted the "Thomas" can easily convince himself by trying the experiment.

To sum up: Light exercise, when prolonged, consumes much energy and forms less—in fact, can be carried almost to the point of exhaustion; whereas, heavy exercises, while they also consume much energy, form more, and absolutely cannot be continued until there is exhaustion, because such work, obviously, can be performed only by comparatively fresh muscles.

I have mentioned the above facts relative to the respective effects of light and of heavy exercises the more particularly because the latter do not hold the high place in modern physical culture that they deserve. Calisthenics and light exercises generally have a value; but the claims made for them as regenerators of mankind have lately become so absurd that it is well to know their limitations.

Still another effect of prolonged light exercises or exercises of endurance deserves mention for its important bearing on the general health. Using the muscles of course draws the blood to them away from the internal organs. Now this does not affect deleteriously the internal organs unless the muscles are employed too constantly. But if muscular work be continued for several hours each day—and only comparatively light muscular work can be so long continued—then these organs do suffer, and this is detrimental to health; for health depends far more on the organic, than on the muscular strength. This (organic deterioration due to too-prolonged muscular work) is probably one reason why many athletes who place a high value on feats of endurance die young.

That I may not be misunderstood I shall now say plainly what I mean by

"heavy work." Certainly, I do not mean work requiring excessive strain. In dumb-bell exercises there is no weight which I would advise all, or even the majority of persons to use; for what would be a proper weight for one would be not proper for another. Here, however, is a rule which every reader may apply to his particular case. Whether you raise two weights to the shoulders and put both up simultaneously to straight arm above the head; whether you "see-saw" them—that is, put up each alternately, lowering one as you raise the other; or whether you put up a single weight with one arm; use weights with which you can repeat the movement successively about five times. Such a weight will be neither too heavy nor too light, and there will be little danger of overstrain. Increase the weights as your strength increases, and you will soon grow strong enough to perform with ease exercises requiring considerable strength. If a chest-weight is used—and this apparatus is especially suited to women and children—repeat each of the various movements, which can be learned from pamphlets describing them, from fifteen to twenty times. When you can repeat more than that number of times make the weights heavier. The many exercises on parallel, and horizontal, bars are also excellent for developing strength and energy, as the raising and propelling of the body's weight necessitate strong contractions.

We come now to the usually neglected, but really the most important, part of physical culture as it relates to the formation of energy—namely, rest. Very vigorous exercises should not be repeated daily. One hour and a half a week distributed in half-hours on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, or on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, is not only amply sufficient, but will produce the best results. But when you work, work. Don't play at calisthenics, or at heel-and-toe drills. But always after the heavy work go through some active quick movements for a few minutes, such as running, boxing, or punching the bag.

Strenuous exercises, as I have said, necessitate a large expenditure of energy; but they also favor the after forma-

tion of as much, or more, energy than that used. Thus, during the alternate days of rest, particularly during the two full days of comparative rest, the natural vigor of the system, much augmented by the hard, regular exercise, easily forms more than enough energy to meet the next expenditure. Furthermore, in the days of comparative rest, the blood, enriched by the digestive processes which have been made more vigorous by the half-hours of sharp work, is not drawn from the internal organs, which consequently derive the full benefit of the blood's increased nutritive power.

Surely such a result is worth while! The plan saves time (any man can snatch an hour and a half a week from his duties), keeps exercise from becoming monotonous, and benefits health as much as it increases strength. By thus exercising and resting there is at no time a depletion of energy—"staleness," but always a feeling of well-being! We entirely miss the languor due to the lowered vitality resulting from constant, grinding muscular work; and these benefits with no interference with other important duties! For illustration: what bounding energy is manifest in the horse that has remained in the stable a day, as contrasted with the spiritless nag that plods the same weary round daily.

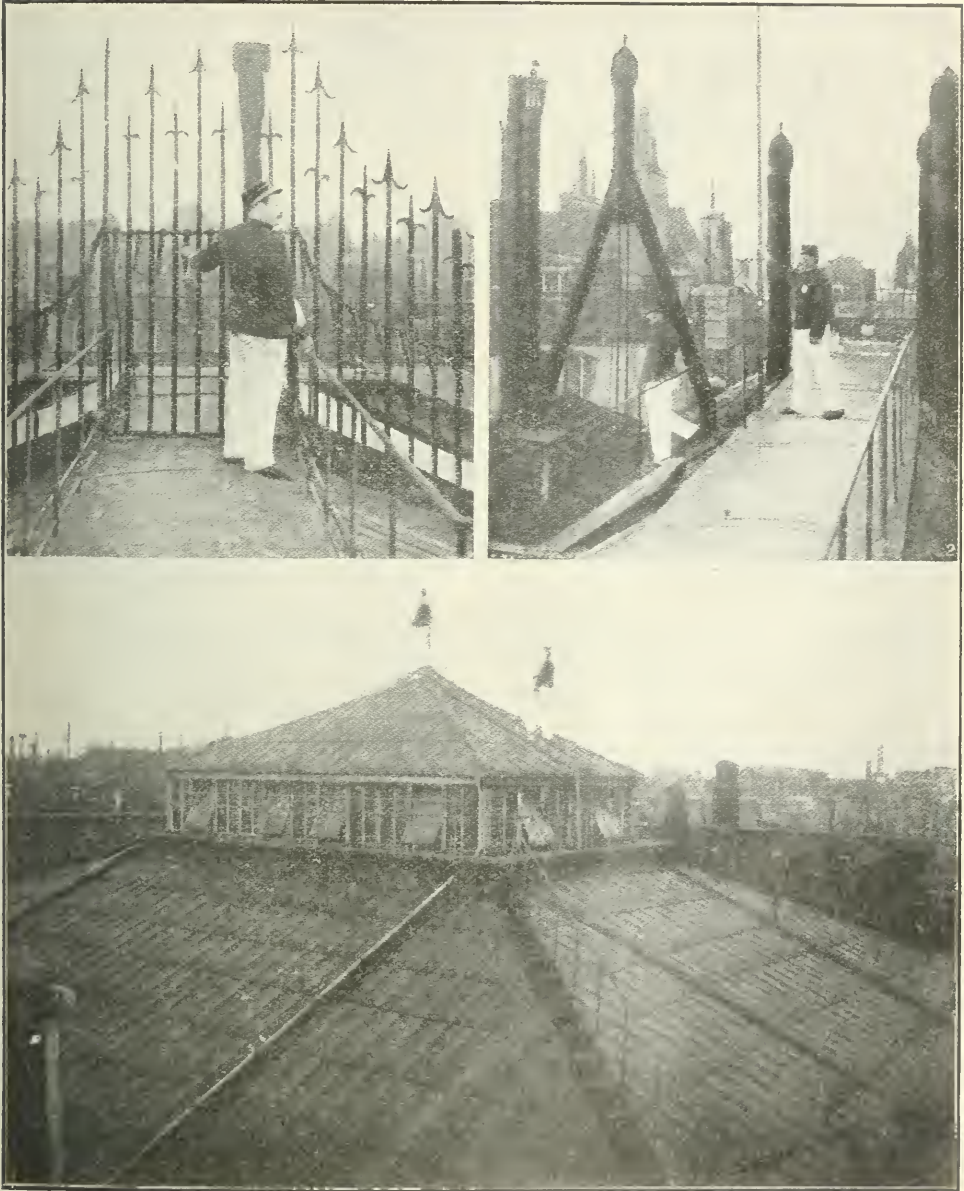
The above simple system of training has enabled the writer to retain his full muscular power for the past twenty years—a long time to keep in condition; and what he has done almost any one can do.

Then, when we consider that, by accustoming the body to withstand hard work, we thereby render its ordinary duties far easier of accomplishment, besides making it fit to undergo the strain of prolonged mental labor, we are perforce impressed with the great value of a system which has the added distinct advantage of exacting a very little time.

As to the amount of work necessary on exercising days; that will depend entirely upon the strength and endurance of the subject. A safe general rule is to discontinue any exercise as soon as the muscles have become too tired to perform it vigorously.

A Bank Guard that Sleeps on the Roof

Watching Over the Bank of France



The Bank of France, like the Bank of England, is guarded with the greatest care. Watchmen patrol its roof day and night, and at night the guards take it in turn to sleep upon the roof. The roof itself is divided into sections by means of stout iron railings, and each section is separately patrolled. Most of the guards are ex-firemen.

The Real Owners of America

By FRANK FAYANT

Reproduced from Appleton's Magazine

TWO and a half million investors own the American corporations. Twenty million thrifty Americans are indirect partners in corporate ventures. These two dry-as-dust statements of cold fact contrast strangely with the highly colored figures of speech of certain yellow purveyors of written misinformation, and with the fantastic fairy-tale pictures of the yellow cartoonists. The car-seat student of American affairs who assimilates pseudo-political economy from head-lines and cartoons, has been led to believe that a few "Magnates" own the railroads, the industries, and the banks of the country, and that they are leagued together to enslave "the common people." But the cold figures, as revealed in the stock books of the corporations, tell a very different story.

The widespread ownership of the corporations is striking evidence of the faith the great body of industrious, thrifty Americans have in corporate enterprise, despite all recent disclosures of the misuse of corporate power by the unscrupulous. This faith was shown, as it never had been before in our history, in the recent disastrous financial panic, when hundreds of thousands of small investors came into the market place with their savings to take railroad, industrial, and bank shares off the hands of thoroughly frightened speculators and capitalists.

The popular fallacy regarding the ownership of the corporations has been in part due to a very natural misconception. The rapid growth of industrial "trusts" and railroad combinations in the past ten years has centralized control, and the careless observer has mistaken

this for centralized ownership. But the centralization of control has been accompanied by the spreading out of ownership.

The steel corporation concretely illustrates this among the industrial combinations. Before the formation of the steel "trustlets" of the nineties, many of the mines, mills, and furnaces were privately owned. A few rich men owned these independent industries. The public did not participate in the profits, except in the form of wages. Now, with centralized control, 110,000 investors are partners in the steel business and participate in the profits. A good many investors, it is true, paid high prices for their interest, but as many more, who had the patience to wait their opportunity, paid very low prices—witness the 27,000 new partners who joined the enterprise in the panic of 1907.

Southern Pacific is a good illustration among the railroads. When this was an independent property under the control of the Huntingtons, it did not have 3,000 shareholders. Now that it is part of Mr. Harriman's railroad empire, the bulk of its stock is divided among 15,000 investors, and 15,000 more Union Pacific shareholders participate in the earnings of the big block of its stock held for their benefit. In a word, 3,000 partners received no dividends in the days of the Huntington ownership, and 30,000 investors now divide \$17,000,000 a year under Harriman's control.

The figure—two and a half million partners in corporate enterprises—is an approximation. It is probably too small. Four years ago, when the Interstate Commerce Commission made its report

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on railroad shareholders, the railroads had 350,000 owners. Since then the Pennsylvania list has increased from 42,100 to 59,200; Atchison, 17,500 to 25,000; New York Central 11,700 to 22,000; Southern Pacific, 4,400 to 15,000; Great Western, 5,900 to 10,500; Erie, 4,300 to 10,000; St. Paul, 5,800 to 10,000. These seven roads had 92,000 shareholders in 1904; now they have 152,000, an increase of 65 per cent. The other roads only have to show an increase of 35 per cent. to bring the total up to 500,000, a conservative figure. These half million railroad owners divide \$300,000,000 a year in dividends, an average for each owner of \$600—just about the average earnings of the 1,500,000 railroad employees.

Seven of the big industrial combinations have 200,000 owners on their books: Steel, 110,000; Telephone, 25,000; Sugar, 20,000; Copper, 18,000; Pullman, 13,500; Smelters, 9,400; Oil, 5,500. These account for only 1,600,000.000 of industrial stock, a minor fraction of the country's total. It is conservative to estimate the number of other owners of industrial shares at several hundred thousand. How many people own mining stock in proven properties can only be conjectured. The Lake mines have 30,000 owners; one new silver mine has 13,500 owners, a new Western property has 12,000, another 5,000. Taking no account of "wildcat" companies—for we are talking about investors—the mines of the country must have several hundred thousand shareholders.

And then there are the banks. The last report of the ownership of the national banks (1904) showed that 318,000 investors owned the 8,800,000 shares of the 5,400 national banks, an average of only 28 shares to each holder. The popular fallacy is that a few thousand rich men own all the banks, but the truth is that as many thrifty Americans own bank shares as railroad shares. Since 1904 the number of national banks has increased 1,500, and it is fair to estimate that upward of 400,000 people now own these institutions. This takes no account of the twelve thousand trust companies, State banks, and private banks, whose owners make up another great army of investors.

Through the banks with their 15,000,000 depositors, the life insurance companies with their 25,000,000 policyholders, and the fire, accident, and guarantee companies with millions more, it is safe to say that 17,500,000 people, not direct owners of corporation securities, are indirect partners in corporation profits through the investment of their savings in these securities. So the whole American people—all thrifty Americans—have a pecuniary interest in corporate ventures.

The "man in the street" speaks of "the Havemeyers" and the Sugar Trust as though they were interchangeable names, but the ownership of no "trust" is so widely distributed. So, too, Smelters and "the Guggenheims" are used in conversation in Wall Street with the same meaning. The man who has sold a mine to the American Smelting & Refining Company says: "I have sold a mine to the Guggenheims." But all of the Guggenheim brothers and their families own only a minor minority interest in the company they organized and developed. The 10,000 shareholders, if they were agreed that the Guggenheims were mismanaging their property, could throw them all out of the directorate. The cart-tail orator pictures the Telephone "trust" as a composite monster made up of Alexander Graham Bell and a few Boston plutocrats. It is true that there are forty rich men, mostly New Englanders, who own large interests in Telephone, but their combined holdings are only one-tenth as large as those of the 25,000 small investors in the company's stock. The New England newspapers picture the New Haven railroad as even a worse monster than the Telephone "trust," but the New Haven ownership is so widely scattered that the average shareholder's certificate represents only 39 shares. The Manhattan Elevated in New York is always spoken of as a family affair, but a recent inspection of its books showed only a small fraction of its shares in the Gould family, and only six holders with more than 5,000 shares, with the majority ownership absolutely in the hands of 3,000 small investors. Even Standard Oil, the most closely owned of all the big corporations, is owned by investors

who never sit at the council table at 26 Broadway. That Standard Oil shares are distributed among 5,500 owners, despite the fact that they cost in the neighborhood of \$600 each and cannot be traded in on any exchange in the world, is convincing proof that "the people own the Trusts." The elder Rockefeller owns a quarter of his company's capital, and there are fifteen Standard Oil capitalists whose combined holdings are a fifth of the capital. So all the "big men" in Standard Oil own quite a bit less than half the stock.

Looking over the stock books of the railroads one is impressed by the large proportion of women shareholders. The Georgia Railroad has many more individual women owners than men. This is true of most guaranteed stocks, which are favorite investments for women, whose sole thought is security of income. But the big railroads also show a surprisingly large proportion of women owners. When the last detailed examination was made of the Pennsylvania's books, at the beginning of the year, 26,471 of the 57,226 shareholders, or 46 per cent., were women. During the panic of 1907 the number of women shareholders increased 7,189. One reason for the large proportion of women railroad owners is that many husbands speculate in their own names, but invest in their wives' names. A man who trades in a thousand shares of Union Pacific on margin and makes a turn of \$3,000 on a three-point rise may put the profits into twenty-five shares of Pennsylvania for his wife. The proportion of women holders of industrial stocks is not as high, because very few industrials are considered desirable as women's investments. Bank stocks are favorites with women. Of the 318,000 owners of national bank stocks four years ago, 104,000 were women, who held one-fifth of the national bank capital of the country. Since then the number of banks has increased a fifth, and it is fair to estimate that 125,000 women now own \$200,000,000 of national bank capital.

On the Stock Exchange anything less than 100 shares is dubbed an "odd lot." The purchase of an "odd lot" isn't registered on the ticker tape—it's too small a financial transaction to be noticed in the speculation in a million shares a day. But the average investor's ownership in American railroad and industrial enterprises is an "odd lot," and without the two million "odd lot" partners commercial progress in this country would still be at the mercy of foreign bankers, as it was years ago before we found ourselves. The "odd lot" investors are the bulwark of American corporate finance. Thirty thousand shareholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad own less than ten shares of stock each. Four-fifths of the shareholders of Illinois Central are "odd lot" owners. Nearly all the Old Colony shareholders are "odd lot" investors. Tens of thousands of steel shareholders have one, two, or three shares each.

But many thrifty Americans do not know that they can buy one share of Steel or Pennsylvania, or Union Pacific, or Standard Oil. They have an idea that there is no market place for the man who wants to invest a few dollars in a prosperous corporation. But there is—and it's a big market. More than a score of Stock Exchange houses, with nearly sixty board members (an investment of \$4,000,000), make a specialty of "odd lot" orders. One house, with eight board members, employs ninety clerks to handle the odd-lot business. And still, the newspaper reports of the activities of Wall Street rarely mention the "odd lot" investors. The man who buys one share of Union Pacific receives his engraved certificate of stock, his reports of earnings, his annual reports, his quarterly dividend checks, his notices of shareholders' meetings which he is privileged to attend; he has his proportionate share of all "rights" and extra dividends—in a word, the one-share owner of Union Pacific, or any other corporate stock, is on exactly the same footing as the owner of 1,000 or 10,000 shares.

Canadian Work in the Season's Books



The Passing of the Prophet.

By Courtesy of
The Musson Book Co.

Drawn by J. S. Gordon, Hamilton,
for "The Master of Life."

Sending Christmas Money Over Seas

By RICHARD M. WINANS

Reproduced from Scrap Book

THE Christmas gift from Uncle Sam to the fatherlands in Europe last year amounted to nearly fifty million dollars in cash.

That is a fairly substantial remembrance to the folks at home—a good-sized stockingful. It is enough to go a long way toward making a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year for hundreds of thousands of families in America who enjoy, as it is, little more than the vague quantity of good-will that impregnates the spirit of holiday atmosphere. It would provide enough to satisfy with unaccustomed good things even the Christmas dinner appetite of every poor family in the country. With that amount retained and spent at home, the holiday week could be made a merry round of rollicking cheer for every one of America's poor.

Although at first it may appear a paradox and a statement for spectacular effect it is a fact that this enormous wealth of the real coin of the realm is sent to the old countries by the poor: by the strangers within our gates, the laborer of the Old World who has adopted, temporarily, the United States for his financial betterment.

The emigrant, for the first few years of his residence here, sends a large portion of his earnings to the mother country, either for the support of a family left behind or for investment; or, as in many cases known, to the aged mother, with no means of livelihood, in the cottage among the hills, or sequestered in the little native village.

After a few years, however, he usually begins to hoard his savings in this country, if he intends to permanently adopt

it as his home. But even then, at Christmas time, the folks at home in the lands across the sea, are remembered very liberally, and the mails are heavy with the carrying of money-orders of the post office and the express companies, and drafts of exchange on the banks.

Generally it may be said that the most material increase at this time is to Germany, Italy, Scandinavia, and Ireland. The individual money-order has the largest average to Italy, the smallest to Ireland.

The remittance to Ireland for the year 1906, however, was about ten million dollars, out of a total of twenty-five million dollars to all of Great Britain. This seems proof sufficient that the big-hearted Irishman has by no means forgotten the Emerald Isle. But they are among the oldest of the emigrants into the country, and they, like the Germans, are becoming established with their families, and so have less occasion to send their earnings home.

It may be said, in this connection, that the per capita remittance of the 3,700,000 Germans in the United States is \$4.05, while that of the 3,500,000 English and Irish is \$7.14. Against these figures the per capita remittance by the 2,300,000 Italians of \$30, or \$28.10 by the 2,250,000 Austro-Hungarians, and the high-water mark reached by the Greeks, whose per capita remittance is \$50, the contrast is marked, and tells itself the story of where the latest and largest streams of immigrants come from that reach our shores.

When these later immigrants have made the United States their home, rather than a place to stay and work, the

SENDING CHRISTMAS MONEY OVER SEAS

amount of their remittances will decrease, unless this human tide should continue to come as in the past few years. If this were the case, however, some of the provinces would be so depleted in population that there would be few left to send the money to. In some districts there are not now enough laborers to carry on husbandry, and in some towns not enough young men to run municipal affairs.

Notwithstanding the panic in the fall of 1907, the remittances of Christmas money to the old countries was the largest on record. The New York post office, the clearing house for most of the United States, handled nearly ten million dollars of this holiday toll from the States to Santa Claus overseas, while the banks and the express companies combined transmitted fully fifteen million dollars.

The superintendent of the foreign money-order division at the New York post office presented some interesting data in detail of the distribution of the stream of Yuletide wealth that the postal service transfers to the home-tree of foreign lands for Christmas cheer. The largest number of postal money-orders were sent to Great Britain, there being 188,352 orders, carrying \$2,178,443.06; while Italy received but 53,557 orders that, however, totaled almost as much, \$2,050,322.36.

The Germans sent a few more postal orders than the Italians, 62,426; but they totalled only \$690,092.12. This places Germany and Great Britain about equal in the amount of their Christmas gifts, the individual orders averaging about \$11, while their close neighbors, big Russia and little Belgium, received orders that averaged nearly twice this, and those to Austria more than doubled it.

Italy's average in postal-orders is nearly \$40 for the Christmas-time remittance. One money-order sent was for nearly \$6,000, and two others of about \$3,000. The Greeks sent their mother country 6,097 postal money-orders as holiday remembrances that lacked just \$488.07 of totalling a quarter of a million dollars, an average of about \$42 per remittance.

The Greek differs greatly from the Irishman in his attitude toward this country. The son of Old Erin comes to us

with a mind filled with visions of a land of plenty, with gold lying profusely in the streets, the market-places, and the highways of the bucolic wilds, only waiting his coming to be picked up; and he has no idea of coming to pick what he may, and then return to his native bogs and fens, to live after the old manner on what he has gathered in a few years here.

He comes to remain permanently, or so long as the picking is good, at any rate; and Pat has seen to it that it has always been of the best. He comes to make himself a part of the country; and—witness the legislative halls and the high places from which cities are ruled—he has stayed to take part in the making of it, by grace of his indefatigable push and inherent stick-to-it-iveness.

The Greek, on the other hand, comes to America as to a place only of his temporary adoption. As home, his mind always turns to his native land, to which, when he has made his "fortune," he will return. He lives as cheaply here as he can, saving every possible penny to send home to buy land, or for other investments.

It is this fact probably that makes the Greek the largest per capita remitter of all our emigrants, with the Italians second, for the same reason, and the Austro-Hungarian treading very close on the Italian's heels. They are sending their money where they expect to enjoy it when their best laboring days are over.

In referring to the amounts sent home through the international postal system, especially to Italy, Greece, and Austro-Hungary, account should be taken of the enormous sums handled by native bankers for these nationalities. While there are two banks that are credited with drawing a greater number of drafts than the Banco di Napoli, it is said that last Christmas the latter bank received about thirty-five million lire (nearly six million three hundred thousand dollars) for distribution in Italy. It is through these native bankers that most of the Italian's money goes out of the country. Of Italian bankers, there are nearly a thousand in the United States, a third of whom are in New York City.

Most of the Hungarian bankers, of whom there are several hundred, are

located in the Eastern cities and in the coal and iron districts. Then there is a liberal quota of small bankers, natives of Russia, Greece, Norway, Sweden, and other countries, who probably handle the bulk of the Christmas money, since these private institutions are said to forward about one hundred and twenty-five million dollars annually by drafts. The Hungarian-American bank places the remittances of the Austro-Hungarians for 1907 at eighty millions.

In connection with the management of some of these smaller banks, it was told me by a government official that some of the Italian bankers were misleading their people here by placards in their windows advertising "Postal and Telegraphic Money-Orders," which would give the unsophisticated the impression that these private affairs were connected with and secured by the postal system of the United States Government, which has, in fact, no remote connection with such private or other concerns, nor are they connected in any way with the telegraph and cable companies. These bankers handle millions of money annually, but are responsible only to the extent of fifteen thousand dollars.

The time was when most of the money entrusted to these institutions for forwarding went into their money-bags simply as grist to their mill. The trusting depositor, by the time he learned of the fact that his money had never been sent across, could usually go to the banking place and find, instead of the once

gaudy signs, a simple placard reading, "This Store for Rent." But all that has changed now very materially. There are yet some absconding bankers among the native foreigners, of which a recent notable case is an instance; but they are few in late years, and these foreign forwarders of money give their clients, on the whole, very fair and honest treatment.

The express companies forward money to foreign countries to the extent of twenty-five million dollars to thirty million dollars a year; and as the Christmas season approaches, their business increases about in proportion to that of the postal service and the banks. An express money-order is one of the favorite ways by which returning emigrants carry their hoarded store of money back with them when they go home for the holiday season.

The drafts and money-orders of one kind and another do not include a full account of the registered mail, which is heavy, as may be judged by the fact that one of the White Star Line ships landed at Queenstown a year or two ago mail sacks that contained registered letters and packages to the number of over ten thousand, that enclosed something over one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. And this was only one ship of one line. There were probably more than a score of ships on the ocean at the same time bound for European ports that were carrying treasures of Christmas gold in their steel mail-rooms and strong-boxes for the "folks at home."

On "Living Up to One's Income" Habit

(Cassel's Journal)

The "living up to one's income" habit is responsible for a considerable amount of unsuspected extravagance. When the income expands, the habit of living up to it grows with it. I remember Sir Henry Irving pointing out to me one day an actor who was enjoying an income of several thousands a year.

"He got into the habit," Irving said, "of spending all his income when his income was three pounds a week, and it has clung to him ever since. He lives up to his last pound a year now. You see, the income has grown and the habit has remained the same—of living up to it."

It is human nature. It is wonderful how one's wants expand when one has got money to play with them.

Power From the Pit's Mouth—A Forward Step

By J. W. PRESTON

Reproduced from Technical World Magazine

THE power engineer is trying to realize a new vision. For years he has been watching the long trains of coal-cars which rattle over the country, carrying the raw materials of power to a million distant fire boxes; he has seen the great three-horse coal wagons, which block the city streets and scatter powdered carbon over pedestrians; he has looked up to see a million chimneys, belching soot and smoke into the sky, polluting the air men breathe, blackening the grass and trees, doing damage incalculable to health and property, half shutting out the sun. He has noticed the trail of ashes and cinders left by the creaking refuse carts on their way to the unsightly dumps.

And he has dreamed of a future city, as active, as powerful as this first, but a city of clean and unobstructed streets, lapped in an ocean of fresh, pure air, where tall and flourishing trees rise in the stead of smoking stacks and where grass and flowers and little children may bloom in the clear colors which nature gives them.

Out in Colorado, for the first time, he has made his dream come true. There, at the mouths of the coal mines owned by the Northern Colorado Power Company of Lafayette, great power houses have been built and the coal, once loaded into cars by the miners' shovels in the lower levels of the pits, is transformed, without further handling, into electric power, which supplies already nearly a score of towns and cities, strung on a 150 mile loop of wire like jewels on a necklace.

Organized to supply electric power to the towns of Northern Colorado at a

cheaper rate than it was produced in the individual plants in the various towns, this great central station does that work and also runs the Denver & Interurban road and the Fort Collins electric street car line. The towns of Lafayette, Louisville, Superior, Boulder, Longmont, Bertoud, Loveland, Fort Collins, Timmath and Greeley and mills at Niwot are all being supplied with electric current with which to light residences and streets and provide power for operating machinery of every description.

Additional transmission lines will be built to the mining district west of Boulder and also to the towns of Windsor, Evans, Lucerne, Eaton, Ault and Niwot. When these extensions from the main transmission lines are completed, the lines will be run around from Greeley to the central power house, thus completing a loop 144 miles in length.

The loop will add the towns of LaSalle, Fort Lupton, Platteville, Brighton and Erie to those already receiving electric current from the central station. As rapidly as the smaller villages warrant the investment lines will be built to serve Lyons, Johnstown, Mead, Canfield, and Wellington.

More than 75,000 people are now being supplied with light and power through the new plant. Within the next few months this number will be increased to more than 100,000.

No small draft upon the large central station is the power furnished for the operation of the cars of the recently opened Denver & Interurban railroad, operating cars between Denver and Boulder. The Fort Collins and Boulder street car lines also get electric power

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

for operating cars from the Northern Colorado Power Company. An unique feature also of the operation of the plant within the next year will be the supplying of power to farmers to use in pumping water into irrigating ditches. The economy and advantage in agriculture to be gained through this medium are said by experts to be unbounded, and the experiment will be watched with great interest throughout the country; the whole of this huge combination of tasks is accomplished practically directly by the swing of the miner's shovel.

The current now being sent over more than eighty miles of wires is generated at the steam power plant located between the towns of Lafayette and Louisville. The plant is situated in the coal fields. The slack coal used under the big boilers is obtained from the mines, its energy is extracted and in form of electricity is sent out over the wires of the system to do its work, without hitch or interference from the moment the pick is swung underground.

Interesting in the extreme is the method of conveying the coal from the bottom of the mines to the fire boxes under the boilers where it is consumed. From the moment the coal leaves the mine until it is burned the hand of man is not brought into service. Coal is handled from either mine to the power house by means of an industrial railroad. The cars are dumped automatically into a big hopper. From the hopper the coal is elevated by an inclined rubber belt conveyor system which carries it to a coal bunker situated upon the top of the boiler house. From this point the coal is fed to the hungry furnaces through spouts. Mechanical stokers are used in burning the coal and thus the greatest degree of efficiency is obtained. Then the dynamos take up the task and send the electric current on its swift mission.

In a tunnel beneath the boiler house are cars to catch and carry away the ashes. The ash tracks are connected with the coal haulage system, and the ashes are used for ballast along the road-bed. Not once, from the time that the coal is shoveled into cars underground at the mine until the ashes are deposited

along the tracks as ballast, does a human hand have anything to do with the work. Not once, except in control, does the human hand interfere from mine's mouth to street car or factory motor or to the very lights in the cities' streets.

Water for the boilers is secured from an artificial lake. The lake is filled during the irrigating season and is sufficient for operating the plant during nine months of the year without taking water from any other source. An artesian well has been sunk, but so far this has not been used.

The electric generating facilities at the plant are of the most modern pattern. Without going into technicalities as regards voltage and other details in which the engineering expert revels, suffice to say that the dynamos will produce more than 12,000 horse-power under purely normal conditions.

In discussing the big plant, N. A. Carle, the engineer who directed the construction and planned the details of the power station and transmission lines, said:

"The aid which the plant will give to farming alone cannot be estimated. By using electric power the farmer will be able to pump an acre-foot of water at a cost of between \$4.50 and \$5. The increased production from this irrigation alone will average \$25 per acre per year. This will result in reclaiming much dry ground that is now above the ditch. Also, ground which is too wet or too swampy can be drained by the same scheme of pumping and the water delivered and sold to the nearest irrigating ditch. It is estimated that there are more than 12,000 acres adjoining the transmission lines of the Northern Colorado Power Company that can be reclaimed in this way. The average price of land that is not suitable for farming, owing to either of these conditions, is \$40 per acre. For land that is under the ditch or has been reclaimed the price is \$125 to \$150 per acre, depending upon the proximity of the railroads. This means that irrigation by electricity will add approximately \$11,700,000 to the value of property and add \$240,000 to the yearly production in Northern Colorado.

"Adjoining the Union Pacific track running north to Cheyenne, there are

POWER FROM THE PIT'S MOUTH—A FORWARD STEP

thousands of acres too high to be reached with water by gravity, although the Platte River flows through this region. All that is necessary is to raise this water, of which there is ample supply, a sufficient height to flow over the adjoining ground. Then this section of the country will be reclaimed and become as fertile as that lying next to the mountains."

The proposed extension of the Northern Colorado Power Company's transmission line to complete the loop system will pass through this territory. The prospect opens up a vista of prosperity for this section of the state which is almost unlimited in its scope.

Another phase of the enterprise and improvement that will follow in the wake of the electric current will be the starting of many manufacturing plants in these northern towns, which would otherwise be unable to exist because of the great cost of fuel and the freight charges of shipping coal.

The grinding of alfalfa is a new industry just getting started in the state. The largest plant is located at Nivot and is operated by electricity supplied by the Northern Colorado Power Company. Since this company was put in successful operation, companies are being organized and are asking regarding power to run new plants at Longmont, Fort Collins and Greeley.

The twenty-four hour service maintained by the central power plant makes it desirable to use this current in operating factory machinery. Day and night shifts can be put on in this way.

Ground was first broken for the construction of the power plant at Lafayette on October 2, 1906, and the first carload of building material was received at the site on November 14, 1906. On June 2, 1907, the two big turbine engines for power and lighting were started. The

construction of the transmission lines and substations and the reconstruction of the distributing systems in the various towns was carried on in conjunction with the power house work. After testing out the various parts of the system, the first service to the towns was inaugurated in September, 1907. A month later all of the local plants purchased by the Northern Colorado Power Company had been dismantled and the towns are now receiving service from the very mines' mouths at Lafayette. Additional turbines have been placed in commission with the recent opening of the Denver & Interurban railroad between Denver and Boulder.

Of considerable interest to the layman following a visit to the main power is a trip to the various substations. There are two types of substations differing only to the extent necessary for the difference in voltage of the transmission lines entering them. Each substation is supplied with every known device for regulating and breaking the current.

As an aid to the progress in developing the lands of Northern Colorado and upbuilding that section of the state, the system is the biggest thing yet. It is difficult to estimate to what extent the central power plant will advance agriculture, manufacturing and the business of the score of towns to the north. However that may be, it has already become a tremendous boon to values. Each month will witness an added improvement in this section of the state traceable directly to the plant.

But it is not alone to their own state that these men have done great benefits. As a result of the successful operation of the Lafayette plant, capitalists in the Indiana, Illinois and Missouri coal fields are already planning and building similar electric power plants to send the energy of the coal direct from pit to factory and home.

The Social Responsibilities of Empire

By SIR WILLIAM CLEAVER, BART.

Reproduced from *Empire Review*

THE social responsibilities of the mother-country to its colonies and dependencies must vary considerably. These responsibilities, in truth weigh much more heavily upon us in regard to our dealings with the colored races which are subject to our direct rule than in regard to our dealings with those of our own blood. Past experience has taught us that the latter can only be dealt with as free peoples, and in fact they are only bound to us by community of race, community of religion, and community of interest. We should deal therefore with "Greater Britain"—by which I mean our self-governing colonies—just as a wise parent deals with his children when they have grown to man's estate; that is, we must recognize that, while we can give advice which may be taken or not as the case may be, and assistance when it is desired, they are free to choose their own method of government and mode of living.

It was once said that, "Colonies are like fruits which cling to the tree only till they ripen." The revolt of the American colonies was given as an illustration; but we now see that the saying only holds good where a mother-country attempts to force its grown-up colony to its own ideas and ways of thinking. The unexpected result that at no time in the history of the Empire were the colonies so closely attached to it as at present shows how Turgot's apothegm has been falsified. I do not think that our colonies have now any cause to complain of our dealings with them. If any complaints were to be made at all it would come from our side. For example, at the pre-

sent moment our colonies appear to have made up their minds to prevent some of our fellow-subjects and their fellow-subjects from settling and trading in their territories. This undoubtedly interferes with the social responsibilities of the Empire, in that it prevents us from giving to our Indian subjects, as theoretically we ought to give, the same privileges within the Empire that India gives to ourselves and our colonies. And yet there is much to be said for the contention that the colonies are for white men and for white men alone. White men cannot emigrate to India because of the climate, so that as a matter of fact that country is closed to them. The two races therefore do not meet on fair ground. There is a real danger in establishing in our colonies different races with different ideals of government, and so giving rise to racial antipathies. After all, the people of India do not emigrate much, and East and West Africa, and British Guiana where the tropical conditions are suitable, remain open to them, in addition to large tracts of country in India itself which still await development. The whole question illustrates the difficulties that sometimes arise in carrying principles into practice.

I think little more remains to be said on my subject so far as the self-governing colonies are concerned. Our social responsibilities to them are now almost entirely limited to trying to make their inhabitants feel that they are still Englishmen, and that, when they visit the "Old Country" they will be received and treated as such. We should indeed remember the second definition of the word "social" as "the mixing in friendly

THE SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES OF EMPIRE

society, or companionable." The Victoria League was established with this special object, and has met with much success. We are heartily welcomed by our colonial brothers and sisters when we visit them in their homes, and they should be equally welcomed here. We must look upon our colonies only as parts of one vast nation—Greater Britain—and we must treat them as such. We need not then fear any attempts at separation, from which, indeed, the colonies have nothing to gain and much to lose.

When we turn to consider our social responsibilities to India, different considerations arise. There we find, as I have said, an Empire in the old sense of the word. Different races, different civilizations, and different religions have possession of its soil, and largely owing to this fact, the Pax Britannica is preserved by some 75,000 British soldiers, over a population of 300,000,000 natives. The Roman watchword of Empire for the preservation of peace among its component parts was *Divide et Impera*. This policy, which was intentional on the part of the Romans, has been created for us in India in spite of ourselves, for we have never deliberately fostered or stirred up strife between different races in order to secure our own dominion. But we must admit that India is governed by force, and that, if the various races could unite to drive us out, we could hardly prevent their doing so.

What then, is India? It is a country, to begin with, as large as the whole of Europe without Russia. Professor Seely, indeed, compares it with Europe: "Our conception of Europe," he says, "is the sum of our conceptions of England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain and Greece. Perhaps the name India would strike as majestically upon the ear, if in like manner it were to us the name of a grand complex total. In the first place, it has one region which in population far exceeds any European State except Russia, and exceeds the United States." This is the Bengal Presidency, which, including the native Bengal States, has a population of some 78 1-2 millions, on an area of about three-fourths that of France. Of this population roughly 50 millions are Hindus and

25 millions are Mahomedans. Then there is the North-West Provinces, which may compare with Great Britain, "being in area somewhat smaller, and somewhat more populous" (total population, including Native States, 48 1-2 millions, of which 41 millions are Hindus and 7 millions Mahomedans). The Madras Presidency, again, has a population, including Native States, of some 42 1-2 millions upon an area rather larger than that of Hungary, of which 37 millions are Hindus and three millions Mahomedans. The Punjab, with a population of 25 millions, (12 millions Mahomedans and 10 1-2 millions Hindus), closely approaches the area of Austria. The Bombay Presidency, with an area approaching that of Prussia, has a population of 25 1-2 millions (20 millions Hindus and 4 1-2 millions Mahomedans). The Central Provinces approach the area of Italy, with a population of 12 millions, almost all of whom are Hindus. These provinces, together with others of lesser importance, make up that part of India which is directly under English government. But the region which is practically under English supremacy is still larger. When we speak of the Empire of Napoleon, we do not think only of the territory governed by his officials; we reckon in States, nominally sovereign, which were practically under his ascendancy. Thus the Confederation of the Rhine consisted of a number of German States, which had by a formal act consented to regard Napoleon as their protector. Now England has a similar dependent confederation in India, and this makes an additional item which, reckoned by population, is superior to the United States.

When we talk of India, therefore, we must regard it as a collection of great States, "a crowded territory with an ancient civilization, with languages, religions, philosophies and literatures of its own." It has not the slightest resemblance to a colony, and cannot be governed as such. It is no more united by language than is Europe, it contains as a whole none of the elements of nationality already referred to; namely, community of race, a common religion and community of interest. But we en-

deavor to govern it for its own interest and for that of the Empire at large. The money drawn from India is spent upon its government, and no money is levied beyond what is supposed to be necessary for this purpose: and generally we hold ourselves bound in accordance with Queen Victoria's proclamation of November 1, 1858, "to the natives of our Indian territories by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our other subjects." Indeed, it is difficult to see what benefit we derive from our possession of India in return for the vast and very heavy responsibilities it imposes upon us. But we have, I think, done our best to rise to the level of those responsibilities. We have endeavored to govern India justly and impartially. We have not attempted to interfere with the free exercise of its religious worships except in so far as to forbid Hindu rites and ceremonies involving human sacrifice, which were indeed originally no part of Brahminism. For example, the practice of young widows throwing themselves on the funeral pyres of their dead husbands so that they might not survive them has been made a criminal offence, but for a long time the Government of India was unable to prevent the offence, until it was clearly shown that the practice was not enjoined by inspired authority.

Again, we are constantly hearing of famines in India. Before our rule became firmly established, a famine was considered as the visitation of God, and no attempt was made to cope with it. Now every possible effort is made by the government to prevent the death by starvation of millions of natives and on the most scientific lines; while the estimates set aside a large sum of money every year for the purpose of meeting the cost of relief when a famine takes place, by which the extra burden on the taxpayers is spread over a number of years and so falls more lightly on them.

I think the English people may fairly say that they have tried in their government of India to put into practice the

divine precept to "love our neighbors as ourselves," in their social relations with their great dependency; but they have not been so successful in the other meaning of the word "social"; namely, "companionableness"; and this is not their fault, for it can probably never exist between a subservient race, which, in spite of its subserviency, considers itself the superior of the two, and a dominant race, which, whether it regards itself as the superior or not, from an ethical or philosophical point of view, must in practice act as if it did. We have to do with a people—and I am now mainly referring to the Hindus, although real social intercourse between the Christian and the Mahomedan is almost equally difficult to secure—who follow one of the oldest religions of the world, far older than Christianity, and whose social ideas are the very antithesis of ours. Perhaps we have not gone the right way to work to bring about a closer intercourse with the natives of India. Perhaps we have not tried sufficiently to find out what is good in their religion and customs—and there is much that is true and good in these—and, believing in our own institutions and social customs as the best, have not been sufficiently sympathetic to theirs.

The late Professor Monier Williams, in his admirable book, "Modern India and the Indians," quotes the following passage from a letter to the *Times*, written by a citizen of Bombay:

"I have found a Cimmerian darkness about the manners and habits of my countrymen, an almost poetical description of our customs, and a conception no less wild and startling than the vagaries of Mandeville or Marco Polo concerning our religion."

Probably, whatever we do, they will never love us, nor can we expect it; but we can at least avoid referring to them, their religion and customs in derogatory language. "Physician, heal thyself," should always be in our minds in this connection.

Canadian Work in the Season's Books



De House is Shake Lak' Beeg Eart'quake.

Courtesy of
G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Illustration by F. S. Coburn,
for Dr. W. H. Drummond's
"The Last Fight."

The Man Who Was "Horse-Crazy"

By CAROLINE LOCKHART

Reproduced from Lippincott's

LONG-LEGGED Jim Gaylord sat on the edge of the empty manger and looked reflectively at five silver dollars which lay in the palm of his hand. Then he looked at Phoebe.

"It's a question, Phoebe," said he, "which of us eats to-day—you or me. Them Saddlerock restaurant beefsteaks have a turrible takin' smell when you pass the door. If only I could fill up on alfalfa or timothy, it would reduce my livin' expenses considerable; but I can't and be comfortable, so I gotta get resigned to the idea of goin' on eatin' the rest of my days. But fortunately," he continued in his low, husky voice, "I has the ch'ice of what I eats. I can eat beefsteaks or I can eat them blamed breakfast foods. If I eats beefsteak I has to cut out your oats, but if I eats breakfast foods you has all the oats that's good for you and the best timothy what's hauled into town. When it comes to a question as to who eats, Phoebe, I guess you wins, as usual. If I heard you whinnyin' for oats, and I hadn't none to give you, I reckon it would set me to stealin'."

Jim Gaylord slid from the edge of the manger and slipped his gangling arm about the little brown mare's neck, patting the white star in her forehead, with his other hand.

The mare's eyes grew soft and limpid, as a horse's eyes will when caressed by some one he trusts, and, turning her head, the mare pushed him a little with her velvet nose.

"Meal-time, Phoebe? Gittin' empty, eh?" He gave her a farewell pat.

There was a horse in the other stall, big and showy, and far handsomer than

Phoebe, but he only slapped the horse's flank good-naturedly as he passed.

If Jim Gaylord had been forced to speak the truth, he would have had to admit that he loved the little brown mare some better than his life. He exercised her each morning at daybreak on the half-mile track east of town long before anyone else was up, and at night by moonlight and starlight when every one else was in bed.

It was stated in a vague way that Jim Gaylord had a couple of old plugs that he thought could run, and the town described him as "horse-crazy" and let it go at that.

He ate his breakfast foods three times a day, sitting on the edge of the manger, and his blankets, tattered relics of the old days on the round-up, were spread on the hay near the stalls at night.

As Jim crossed the street to the feed store, a stranger on a high-stepping sorrel rode into town. The stranger sat his horse with the air of a man who believes he is riding the best, and Jim's glance took in the small pointed ears, the shining coat, the slim legs and neat hoofs which bespeak the blooded horse.

There was a little shine in his eyes, and a slight increase in the quickness of his movements, when he returned to the stall with the oats. As Phoebe ate, he slipped his hand the length of her slender legs. The inside muscles were like steel springs. He lifted her front foot. There was no fever in the frog or the small ankle. He went back to the street and sauntered into the saloon in front of which the stranger's horse was tied.

"He only weighs ten hundred and fifty pounds," the stranger was saying in a

THE MAN WHO WAS "HORSE-CRAZY"

loud voice. "I weigh one hundred and forty, and he can carry me for half a mile and outrun anything that wears hair."

Jim sat down at a table and regarded the stranger with calmly contemplative eyes.

"Ain't that some of a weight for him to carry for that distance?" inquired the bartender.

"It would be if he was packin' a feller that didn't know how to ride. But me? Say, maybe you've heard of me? They call me 'Mormon Slim.' I can ride a flyin'-squirrel!"

Did the corners of Jim's mouth lift a little—just a little?

"Wisht we had some runnin' horses in town. I'd like to see a good race onct more," said the barkeeper wistfully. "I ain't seen one sence I left the East. I'm from Nebrasky," he added proudly.

The bartender's eye fell upon Jim.

"Say, feller," he called, "ain't you got anything that kin run?"

"Oh, I dunno. I got a little old skate of a pony that can sift along some." Jim's voice was hesitating, almost timid.

"Kin he jump out a-tall?" demanded the bartender.

"She does tol'able—for her size."

"What's her weight?"

"Eight and a quarter."

"Eight and a quarter? This ain't a pack-rat you're talkin' about, is it?" "Mormon Slim" and the barkeeper laughed.

"I haven't any money, either," added Jim.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, feller, just to show you I'm a good sport. I'll run you horse for horse—my horse against yours. I price him at five hundred dollars, and if your mare ain't any heavier than you say, seventy-five dollars would be a plenty for her. That's big enough odds to suit anybody."

"She's been on the range," Jim demurred. "She's looking turrible rough."

"Oh, well, if you're afraid——"

"Gimme a couple of hours to think it over, and I'll let you know."

"Mormon Slim" winked at the barkeeper as Jim went out.

"He'll never come back," he said.

But Jim did come back. He came in

with a half-scared look on his face not more than an hour later.

"I—I b'lieve I'll take you up," he stammered.

"Good!" cried "Mormon Slim." "I'm needin' of a new pack-pony."

Jim dropped into a chair at the table and his head sank upon his breast in an attitude of troubled thought.

"Losin' your sand?" inquired the bartender.

The saloon was filled with local sports, who exchanged knowing looks as they noted Jim's dejected attitude.

"N-no, but my mare seems a little foot-sore, and I can't get hold of the kid I aimed to ride her. I'll have to ride her myself, and I weight one hundred and sixty-five." Jim's voice choked and the tears came into his eyes.

"He must be nutty to take the bet," whispered the bartender. "He's beat to a pulp before he starts."

Jim borrowed a hundred dollars on his saddle horse.

"If I'm goin' broke," he explained, "I might as well go broke right."

Then he placed the hundred dollars, getting odds of ten and twenty to one, which he had no difficulty in doing, as the crowd snapped at each dollar he offered.

"He'll be afoot by this time to-morrow," said the wise ones.

A murmur of delight and admiration swept over the grand-stand at six that evening when "Mormon Slim," in a red silk shirt and black silk trunks, rode out on the track on the high-stepping sorrel. He looked the real thing in the way of a jockey, did "Mormon Slim," on his racing saddle, and the gamblers already had Jim's money spent as the sorrel warmed up to his work on the preliminary gallop.

A spontaneous shout of laughter went up from the grandstand when Jim rode out. The mare's mane and tail were matted with cockleburrs. Her coat was dusty and as rough as though each hair had been brushed the wrong way. Jim's long legs did not look to be more than a foot and a half from the ground. He was riding bareback, he was barefooted, and he wore a pair of faded blue overalls and a salmon pink undershirt. "Mormon

Slim" grinned in Jim's face as the sorrel dashed past on a spectacular gallop. The hopeless race was made more so by the fact that Jim drew outside place.

When the race was called the sorrel fought the bit and fretted to be off. The little brown mare stood still, her nose out, her soft eyes shining.

"Go!"

The leap she gave startled the sorrel. It floundered, and scarcely eight jumps from the line she had the rail. But the sorrel had heart, and he gathered himself and gained and gained until they were neck and neck. The crowd shrieked and howled.

"Why don't he let him out?"

"He's holdin' him in for the finish!" yelled the wise ones.

"But look at the mare! She has no feet—she flies!"

At the quarter of the half-mile track they were still running neck and neck—even, like a team. The sorrel did not lose, but he did not gain.

"Now!" roared the grandstand. "On the last quarter!—on the turn!—on the home-stretch watch the sorrel!"

"Good Lord!" yelled a man who had bet Jim twenty to one. "The Mormon's whipping!"

He whipped at the beginning of the last quarter. He whipped around the turn. He was whipping on the home-stretch. The gravel flew behind them. The rat-a-tat-tat of their hoofs was like the roll of a drum. Down the stretch they came, but no longer neck and neck! The little mare was running low, like a hound, her neck stretched, her tail flying out on the breeze. She swept by the paralyzed grand stand, game, graceful, reaching out like an antelope with her slim legs and tiny hoofs while the stretch of daylight grew between her and the pounding, straining sorrel behind. And crouched on her shoulders was Jim, who turned his head to throw one glance of exultation and derision at the grandstand.

"I'll tell you wot," said Jim, as he took a hatful of money from the stake-holder, "I had a turrible time a-sheddin' of them crocodile tears and a-huntin' cockle-burrs."

Sleeping Out of Doors

To sleep out-of-doors for a month is better than a pampered trip to Europe. In this climate one must have a roof, of course; but any piazza that is open to three-quarters of the heavens will serve as a bedroom, and the gain in happiness is unbelievable. With an abundant supply of good air sleep soon grows normal, deep, untroubled and refreshing, so that we open our eyes upon the world as gladly as a hunter or any pagan shepherd in the morning of the world. Too often we grow anxious and flustered and harried with distractions; the goblin of worry becomes an inseparable companion indoors; and we groan in spirit that the universe is all awry, when in truth half a dozen deep breaths of clear air lend a different complexion to life. Our anxieties are nearly all artificial, and are bred indoors, under the stifling oppression of walls and roofs, to the maddening clangour of pavements, and a day in the open will often dispel them like a bad dream.



Main Front of Berlin's Novel Combination Store

A Novel Business Organization in Germany

By MAX A. R. BRUNNER

THE time when German offices and shops used primitive methods of advertising, buying, selling and delivering goods is now over and it is astonishing how quickly the German business man has adopted systems that were familiar to the modern American or Englishman years ago. But it is true that if a German does anything especially new he does it with characteristic thoroughness. An example of this fact is the Passage Kaufhaus which was opened a few weeks ago in Berlin.

The new institute is not a dry goods store but a combination of retail shops

(at present about sixty, with as many different branches) arranged under one roof. The shopkeepers who have joined the Passage are independent and their profit depends on the sales they make in their own department, yet they derive considerable advantages from joining the central institute. Among these is: having the goods shipped at reduced rates in large quantities from any distance to the Passage store; delivery of sold articles to the customer in Berlin as well as other cities by the teams and motor cars of the central office; saving the employment of a cashier and book-keeper, as

this business is done by the central office for all participants; cutting down the costs for advertising, which is done by a special trained staff who make an ad far more effective and besides secure cheaper rates as the advertisements are issued by the central office for the whole institution; and last, being represented in a big catalogue chiefly intended for outside customers. The public on the other hand has the advantage of buying in sixty special shops where the variety of articles is much greater than in a separate store and yet finds comfort and easy shopping just the same as in the latter because these numerous branches are located on one spot under one roof.

There are no doors between the various shops and twenty-four elevators, besides wonderful stairways, communicate between the floors. The goods are also delivered by a number of teams and motor cars to any part of Berlin four times a day, and also to suburbs and other places. From all this it is clear that the new organization offers to the shopkeepers as well as the public the combined advantages of the big store and the retail shop without their drawbacks.

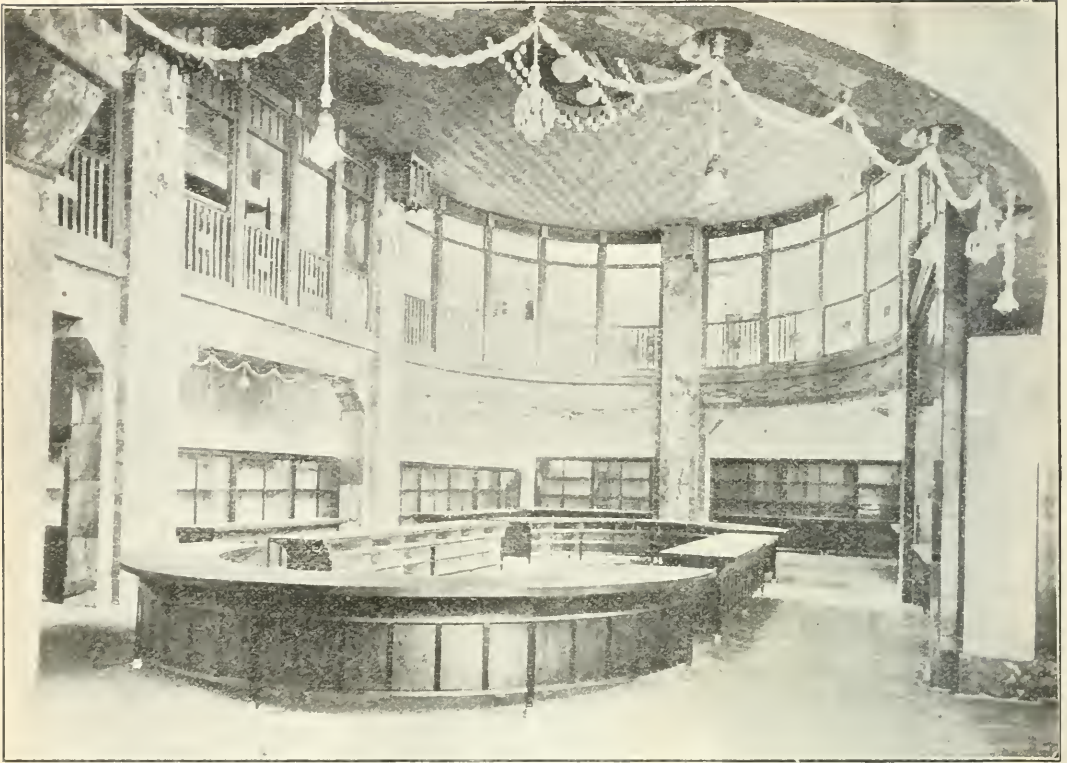
It is known that every modern business man spends a rather considerable sum for advertising. This is true even of Germany where the value of it has not been recognized until comparatively recently. If an ad is to bring good results it must be made up in an attractive manner, but only large firms are enabled to employ specially trained people. Now, the Passage Company, with a capital of several millions, can, of course, stand the expense and a good skilled staff of illustrators and advertising men are kept employed who make the ads for the newspapers and magazines and also prepare catalogues. As sixty retailers have joined the Passage organization it is clear that each has to spend only the sixtieth part of the whole advertising cost and yet they are given such an excellent service that even the largest stores cannot compete with it. The central office makes large contracts with the numerous papers and considerable sums are saved thereby. Large placards and electric signs are also to

be found in various parts of Berlin, in addition to posters on the many typical poster columns, the railway cars, stations, etc. Contrary to American and British practise, this advertising is done in an artistic manner with really pretty and effective designs, not disfiguring the streets and surroundings of a city in the offensive American way where the esthetic side is so often neglected. In some ads only certain branches are mentioned, the expenses of which are to be paid by those particular retailers, while other ads simply draw the public attention to the Passage store generally as a good place to buy at. For these every retailer has to pay an amount depending upon the quantity of goods he sells per month.

Certain businesses have to spend excessive money for advertising compared with their sales, for instance, soap factories, food manufacturers, mail order houses, etc. Others go to large expense when they wish to extend their business or add a new department. These expenses become smaller, only if a firm exist for a long time and build up a large business which becomes itself an advertisement. When the Passage was founded the question was considered how to cut down the advertising expenses. The management first took into consideration the fact that each of the sixty shopkeepers embracing the Passage organization had a number of old customers and acquaintances who would continue to buy from him; he would draw them to the new store and thus to the other departments where they would always find goods to interest them. Another feature considered was that the Passage is a novel institution which has no counterpart in the world and is attracting every cultured person by its wonderful architecture, its fine parlors, reading, writing, music and refreshment rooms, all of which were advertisements themselves. Other ads costing money were cut down as much as possible and the sum each shopkeeper represented has to pay is rather trifling. He thus becomes known and makes good sales while otherwise in his former little shop his firm would be rather obscure. Because these and the general running



Central Court of the Arcade Under the Cupola



The Yellow Salon where Jewelry is Sold

expenses are cut down to a large extent the articles can be sold cheaper and the public profits by it. It is the purpose of the Passage to bring the producer into direct contact with the consumer, thus saving intermediate expenses. In large dry goods stores the store is always intermediate while here in many cases the manufacturer has a salesroom in the Passage where his goods go directly to the public.

Another department where almost revolutionizing methods are applied is the mail order business. A glance at the map will show that Berlin is excellently located as a centre not only of Germany, but of the whole of Europe and is well adapted for a business centre. Railways, telegraphs, mail connections, canals, etc., are abundant and in excellent condition. The reason for the slow development of the mail order business is probably due to the fact that catalogues contained too few different ar-

ticles and that these were not clearly brought to the attention of the customer. The Passage organization has now issued one big catalogue where all the different branches are represented and each article is very clearly pictured and described as regards weight, size, quality, character, etc. It is clear that every reader will find in such a general catalogue at least something which he needs while he would probably throw away a prospectus dealing with one subject only. This catalogue is made up by the trained staff of the central office and has no counterpart in any retail shop or big store. Yet the cost to each of the sixty shopkeepers of the Passage is low and much less than if he prepared a special catalogue for himself. Each retailer is entitled to several pages and his space forms the basis for the amount he has to pay. Finding out the addresses to whom such a catalogue is to be sent, the work of mailing it and the future trans-

A NOVEL BUSINESS ORGANIZATION IN GERMANY

action of business with the outside customer is taken up largely by the skilled staff of the central office which saves the retailer much trouble and expense and gives him a service of greater perfection than he could find elsewhere. The whole forms a new era in the mail order business in Germany.

When goods are shipped to other places, all that has been ordered among the sixty branches is collected in the freight department of the central office and shipped in one parcel by freight or by parcel post. This shows at once how much is saved by this economical delivery. Furthermore, in larger towns agencies are being established which help to make the Berlin house better known and to cheapen the transaction of business. As with insurance companies, there will be general and sub-agencies. Only the most modern and efficient methods for delivering the goods to the home customers and those outside are applied. Pushcarts take the articles to special elevators which go down directly to the

wagons and automobiles while for smaller articles chutes are installed. For transporting goods to be sold there are special lifts distributing them to the various stories and anything can be carried upstairs from a pin to a large billiard table, piano, heavy safe or automobile. From time to time special trains will be run from the provinces to the capital with single fares to allow a large percentage of the population to visit this unique store.

As with the advertising and delivering of the goods, so in a similar manner the expenses are divided among the sixty shopkeepers for other privileges. Among these may be mentioned the rentals, the show windows, the heating and lighting, the cleaning and repairs, fire insurance and guarding, telephones, elevator service, postage, taxes, lawyers and music. The latter is also a novel feature as a band is playing every day from four until eight when the store is closed. Books could be written about other interesting features but only a



Elaborate Architecture of the Building

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

brief review can be given here. Not only can any description of article be bought, but also tickets procured for theatres, music halls, concerts, museums, regattas, races; in another department articles can be hired on reasonable terms, such as costumes, china, tables, chairs, carriages, linen, etc., which will be welcomed by the housewife receiving unexpected visits. The central office will also provide, for small fees, banquets, wedding parties, dinners, etc. The trouble of finding reliable servants, about which the housewives of all cultured countries are now complaining, will be largely overcome by the employment department. Here a customer will find good male and female servants, waiters, butlers, cooks, tutors, gouvernants, etc. Clothes and linen can be cleaned here chemically and by ordinary washing, carpets beaten and cleaned by vacuum apparatus, repairs made and reliable workmen provided, such as plumbers, joiners, clockmakers, tailors, locksmiths, showmakers, etc. Material of any kind, such as coal, wood, ice, can be ordered here. The stranger

and foreigner passing through Berlin will be taken care of. The Passage makes up a plan how he can spend his time in a nice way without much expense and without missing the sights; the tourist office provides him with tickets for railways, steamers, amusements, etc. He is also informed about hotels and boarding places and provided with interpreters.

While this description has shown the wonderful and novel organization of the Passage store it is also a remarkable building from the architectural standpoint. The immense structure has two long fronts on two streets. These latter are connected by the arcade from which the whole has its name (arcade means in German, Passage). This is a curved walk covered by a glass roof and in the centre is an immense cupola with a diameter of 30 meters and a height of 45 meters. The walk is traversed by many bridges on the various floors and one is modeled after the famous Rialto bridge in Venice. Here high up in the air a band is playing under the cupola, furnishing grand music.



Rotating Table Receiving Parcels from Four Chutes and Belts. On the Ceiling Pneumatic Cash Tubes

The Importance to Merchants of Right Buying

By JAMES H. COLLINS

Reproduced from Saturday Evening Post

ONE of the worst clothing buyers in the United States, it is said, is the man who selects stock for a large men's clothing store in a manufacturing city. He knows men's clothing from fleece to rag-bag. He has operated a sewing machine himself, been a "sweater" and also "sweated." His present employer took him from the cutting bench on the assumption that his shrewd knowledge of how clothes were made would fit him to be a buyer.

One of the best clothing buyers in the country is proprietor of a competing establishment in that same town. His ideas on the technical making of goods are probably hazy. To fool him in fabrics and workmanship would be easy enough, because his whole training has been acquired in retail stores, selling clothes.

If there is one thing certain in this world it is that good merchandise of every kind has a definite fascination—a power to arouse, on sight and touch, the desire of possession. Some commodities appeal to self—clothes, for instance. Again, the appeal is to affection for others—it isn't difficult to sell a woolly lamb to the man whose first baby now says "Goo." Commodities cover every human class, condition and interest. Well-bought merchandise is highly contagious, as any one may realize by walking through a big store.

Now, when the first clothing buyer selects stock he is absorbed in goods, linings, seams and buttonholes. He knows so much about details of workmanship, and so little about selling, that he never pictures a suit on a customer. And so the establishment he purchases for, while

holding its great trade among bargain-hunters and men who buy a suit once in two or three years, is practically at a standstill in point of growth. He hasn't added a thousand dollars in new patronage.

The other buyer, on the contrary, makes purchases with nothing but this fascination of merchandise in mind. Buttonholes and seams he leaves to manufacturers, because he deals with reputable houses. Every suit he fingers is ordered or rejected on its selling qualities—as his eye takes in the whole effect of style and color he mentally sells that suit to his customers at home, or decides that it isn't his kind of stock. This clothier is building a fine trade among the discriminating people of his town, and every season his purchases are larger.

Side by side with the big department stores in our cities to-day can be found hundreds of successful retail shops devoted to restricted lines of merchandise. New York is filled with prosperous small retailers, and Chicago and Philadelphia; while in some cities, like Boston, the department stores have made slow progress. Side by side with the prosperous small stores will be found, too, many hundreds of unsuccessful ones, and proprietors of these bitterly maintain that department stores (in the country it is the mail-order house) have killed opportunity.

The retailer has one essential that no department store has thus far developed—good personal service. He serves customers himself, or works daily with his clerks. With a foundation like that it only remains for him to be a shrewd

buyer, and he can hold trade, downtown or in a neighborhood, and get more.

The small merchant is not always a shrewd buyer, however. Much of his stock is carried passively. It is not so much what people want as what he thinks they ought to have. He does not strictly sell, but, rather, lets people come into the store and try to make purchases. When he is aggressive it will often be in wrong directions. Instead of following demand intelligently and stocking goods that people want, he buys for the most favorable prices and terms, and carries merchandise that figures out the best paper profits. This last trait is so ingrained in many small merchants that they provide a universal dumping-ground for all the old tin cans and dead cats of commerce. Again, his stock may be well selected, but pitched on a level too high or too low for his community.

A young man from Boston opened a haberdashery shop in a New England factory town. His personal tastes were those of Harvard. He bought stock according to his personal tastes. There was a limited university patronage in that town. He got it. Some of the factory operatives were dandies, and susceptible of education. He soon had these buying better clothes. But in the whole community there wasn't enough of his personal kind of trade to keep a shop alive. And so a business with excellent merchandise such as would have been successful in a larger city, eventually went into bankruptcy.

Investigate the retailer who buys to good advantage, and he will invariably be found operating on good information. On the other hand, look into the dealer who has actually turned a comfortable profit on volume of trade during the year, only to find his profit tied up in unsalable stock. This merchant has neither had his cake nor eaten it. He is probably buying according to his personal opinions.

Perhaps he noticed that there was a little inquiry for dollar alarm clocks. The most reliable clock in the market costs seventy-five cents wholesale—best quality, and made by a famous house that stands behind it with a guarantee. Along comes a cheap jobber's salesman, how-

ever, and shows a clock costing only fifty cents wholesale. One means a profit of thirty-three per cent., the other a hundred. Believing he can sell the latter, he orders a dozen.

"If you'll take six dozen," says the salesman, "there's an extra five per cent discount."

He takes six dozen. A large amount of capital, proportionately, is thus tied up. The clocks do not sell fast, for where he sells a dozen a month, his competitor, handling the famous dollar clock, sells a dozen a week, on quality and reputation of goods. At the rate of a dozen a month he has to wait nearly three months before he begins to make any profit at all, whereas the other merchant, ordering a dozen at a time, pockets his profit every week.

That is one way of buying according to opinion. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of cheap junk is made and imported every year, for sale to merchants who adhere to this opinion—that people ought to buy whatever figures the best paper profit and brings the largest discount. A walk through any minor retail street will show this merchandise, gathering dust on shelves and in windows.

Again, the merchant who thoroughly understands and follows the principle of moderate profit on a large turnover of salable stock will still purchase according to his opinions of his customers.

There are two drug stores a few blocks apart in a prosperous residential section of a certain city. One druggist buys stock on the assumption that his public wants only the best grades. His is an aristocratic shop. Tooth brushes with him begin at about twenty-five cents retail and run up past a dollar. The other druggist, however, isn't so sure that his neighborhood is aristocratic. He knows, too, that it isn't a tenement district. Not having very definite beliefs about his public he purchases a wider range of tooth brushes. His cheapest retails for eight cents, and the whole line runs upward at ten cents, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, twenty-eight, thirty, thirty-five.

The first druggist buys his tooth brushes in large lots every 3 months, ordering so many dozen at 25 cents, so

THE IMPORTANCE TO MERCHANTS OF RIGHT BUYING

many at thirty-five, so many at fifty. Until his whole stock is manifestly running out of important grades he will not order again. In comes a woman who wants a thirty-five-cent brush with very soft bristles, a ventilating back and a hole in the handle to hang it up by. When the druggist goes to get it he finds that he is out of just that sort of brush.

"Here is an extra soft brush at twenty-five cents," he says.

"I want something better," replies the customer, "and besides, there isn't a hole in the handle."

"This fifty-cent brush will give you satisfaction—we sell a great many of them and never have any complaints."

"That's more than I want to pay," is the objection.

Every day the small merchant in all lines, whether in city or country, is turning trade away by just this process, and customers go to department stores and mail-order houses, where assortments are complete.

Now, the other pharmacist in that neighborhood orders almost daily. His orders are not large. He merely keeps track of stock, keeps his assortments complete and lets the wholesale house carry stock for him—which is what wholesale houses are for.

Keeping track of stock isn't difficult, with a simple card record properly devised and set running. Yet in some lines of business a merchant religiously fills out assortments in one variety of goods and wholly neglects other lines. Years ago the manufacturers of men's collars drummed into haberdashers the necessity for complete stocks—collar trade is lost every time a clerk finds a size or style missing. The haberdashers have postal forms, and order collars daily. Yet in this trade it is nothing unusual for a merchant to keep his collar stock in excellent order and tolerate ragged assortments in shirts, underwear or hosiery.

Being Johnny-on-the-spot is about half the art of retailing.

Some years ago two young drug clerks opened a shop on very slender capital. Pick stock as shrewdly as they could, there were still a good many holes in their assortments after all their money had been spent and all their credit utiliz-

ed. From the very outset they had the reputation of carrying what was asked for, or getting it immediately. During the first year, when a customer came in and asked for some article not in stock, they gave him a chair and newspaper and sat him down contentedly.

"Three minutes is all we want—have it here before the next car passes."

And they soon had it there.

Was this little, new shop near the wholesale district?

Not at all—far from the centre of town.

Where did they get the goods, then?

Why, bought them of their competitors right in that neighborhood.

Retail buying is based so solidly on accurate information both of merchandise and customers, that nowadays many progressive, small merchants in the larger cities let the department stores gather information for them.

It must be remembered that the department store has few opinions about either merchandise or the public, but is a huge machine for finding out what people want, and getting it at attractive prices. The small merchant complains of department-store competition, not realizing how bitterly these big establishments compete with one another. A department buyer lays in stock to be sold next month. It can be relied upon that those goods are the pick of the world, bought for the highest degree of salability, irrespective of price, profit, discount. Even if the department store makes nothing on the goods it will have them. When the buyer has exercised his best judgment, then comes the merchandise man to compare his goods with those in other stores. Buyers in other stores are watching, too. Goods and information are the best obtainable. To arrive at this result the department store has organized buying machinery that no small merchant could adapt, even in a minor way.

But, the moment the big store puts goods on the counters, all the results of this costly machinery are laid bare to the small merchant who will take the trouble to go shopping. To-day the small merchants in large cities realize this, and it is not unusual to see them inspecting

stock in the department stores. Sometimes clerks will freely give names of jobbers or manufacturers from whom goods were obtained. When this information is not forthcoming the merchant buys a single garment, a single yard, submits this sample to his wholesale house, and asks that it be duplicated. Of course, the department store buys much of its stock from manufacturers, and at very favorable prices, because of its large orders. Yet the small merchant, taking advantage of its machinery in this way, can usually get goods approximately the same and the merchandise manager of one New York department store says that he has known

small merchants, buying in this way, actually getting an article at prices that enabled them to undersell his own establishment.

In fighting catalogue houses the aggressive country merchant follows a plan not so very different. Investigation in his own community will show who is buying outside. If he finds out what is purchased, gaps in his own stock will usually be revealed. Much of the patronage he thought was going out by mail, allured by bargain prices, is really going by train and trolley to the nearest town where complete stocks are carried and the best grades of goods.

De Leatle Cow of Ste Flore

(By the Late W. H. Drummond)

Oh! it's sailin' away on de sea we go,
Dat song de engine is sing below—
Bringin' us nearer to Angleterre,
W're every wan's waitin' to eat us dere.

'T was only leetle small place Ste. Flore,
But de grass is green by the reever shore,
An' de clover wat grow on de medder groun'
Is de sweetes' clover for miles aroun'.

* * * * *

If dey geev me a chance, an' leave me untied,
Quickly you see me jomp over de side,
But dey watch me and feed me and water me too,
So wa't can de leetle Ste. Flore cow do?

Not'ing at all only night an' day
T'ink of de ole place far away—
De reever, de medder, I'll see no more—
Oh! ma heart is breakin'! Goodbye Ste. Flore!

—From "The Great Fight."



Sir George Wyatt Truscott

London's New Lord Mayor is Head of a Large
Printing and Stationery Business.

The Story of My Business Career

By SIR GEORGE TRUSCOTT

Reproduced from M. A. P.

THE founder of our firm was my grandfather, James Truscott, a Cornishman, who, in or about 1824, left his native county and came to London, along with his young wife, who was a Wyatt, and Cornish, too; and his infant son, my father, afterwards Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott, Lord Mayor of London.

My grandfather commenced life as a compositor, and after working for a large and well-known London firm, he opened a tiny printing business in the

Blackfriars Road. His motto was "Good work only," a tradition which I hope we maintain; and gradually his business grew till he was able to take a larger establishment in Nelson Square, Blackfriars, premises now, I believe, occupied by Messrs. Lincoln and Bennett.

My grandfather went on progressing and became the contractor for printing for one of the London dock companies. Then he fairly found his feet, and soon after removed to our present house of business in Suffolk Lane, E.C., though I

question whether, were he to come back to earth, he would recognize in our present house the much smaller factory of his day.

My grandfather died at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven, and so my father was still a young man when he took entire charge of the business, very largely to develop it; while at the same time he succeeded my grandfather in the Common Council. Here, I suppose, I must bring myself on the scene, but I do so most unwillingly. In the careers of my grandfather and father there is much of interest; both were the architects of their own fortunes, the former, perhaps, in a greater degree than the latter, but still, while all honor is due to the sturdy Cornish compositor who had the pluck to leave his country home for the unknown and, it might well be, terrifying world of London, it was my father who by strenuous application made the business from a comparatively small concern into a big one. My brothers and I can claim to have carried on and enlarged our father's edifice, but the "spade work" was done by him and his father before him; and therefore my career is devoid of that, to me, engrossing interest which attaches to the life of a man who has risen from nothing or little.

True, like old James Truscott, I started business life as a compositor, but that little story I may leave for the present.

I was born at Brixton on October 9th, 1857, and it seems to me that the only noteworthy thing about my juvenile days is that I ever survived them, for I was an exceedingly delicate child, and as a boy I was threatened with consumption. It was only the devoted care of one of the best of mothers—over several years—which saved me.

In consequence of this early weakness I did not go to a public school, but was educated partly at home, partly at private schools at Edmonton, St. Leonards-on-Sea, and Brighton, finally spending several months in Paris at a school, though I was there more as a paying guest, or "parlor boarder," as I think the term went then, than as a pupil.

I rather fancy that as a boy I had some ambition to be an engineer, but my poor health precluded my adopting such a pro-

fession, and I do not know that my mechanical aspirations were at any time very marked.

Anyway, my schooldays over, I was quite content to enter the family business. My father insisted—and I can never be sufficiently grateful for his wisdom—that I should start right at the bottom, and so my first twelve months of business life were spent in our case and other departments.

This was an experience I thoroughly enjoyed, all the staff were kind to me, and I am glad to say that some of the compositors and other hands who instructed me in the mysteries of type-setting, etc., are still with the firm.

Naturally, I have seen some great changes, not to say revolutions, in the printing world, but these have not so greatly affected us, the class of printing we do calling rather for carefulness and excellence of workmanship than great speed.

Still, I remember that in my young days it took two men and four boys to work one of the old machines then in use, whereas, now the same work is done by one man and one boy.

It was my father's idea that I should pass through every branch of the business, and this I should have done but for the fact of my father's withdrawing from the firm, on account of his increasing public work, and thus leaving things more and more to my late elder brother, James Freeman, who thus found himself in need of my assistance. This brother I lost in 1892, he was a very able and energetic man of business, and I owe a great deal to his sound tutelage. I did, however, have time to go through several departments, though rather hastily towards the close, and to this sound, all-round apprenticeship, I ascribe the fact that my work has always been a pleasure to me.

I don't want to preach, but I cannot help thinking that young men, nowadays, do not sufficiently realize the value of a good and thorough apprenticeship. They want to be masters before they know their work as subordinates, and the result is that half their time is wasted trying to learn too late what they should have learned at the beginning. No man

is fitted for a responsible position unless he knows how the work of any one of his subordinates should be done, and this can only be from practical experience of it.

My business career, then, has been as uneventful as it has been happy. The only things I can think of to talk about further are the rather remarkable coincidences that have studded my life, more particularly my civic life.

The first and most obvious one is, of course, that I should be the son of a Lord Mayor of London. This, however, is not a record in the city's annals. Sir George Faudel-Phillips, for one (Lord Mayor in 1897), is the son of a Lord Mayor, while, curiously enough, Alderman Sir John Knill, my successor in the ordinary course of events, can claim a paternal predecessor at the Mansion House, as well as one of my Sheriffs, Alderman F. S. Hanson, whose father was Lord Mayor in the jubilee year of our late Queen (1887).

But here is a coincidence which I think deserves the title of remarkable. In 1872 my father, as senior Sheriff of London, assisted to receive H.M. the King, who was then Prince of Wales, when he came to St. Paul's Cathedral to return thanks to Almighty God for his recovery from the attack of typhoid fever which so nearly proved fatal.

Thirty years later I, as senior Sheriff of London helped to receive his Majesty the King, when he came to St. Paul's Cathedral in October, 1902, to return thanks for his recovery from his attack of appendicitis, which for the moment cast such a gloom over the Coronation celebrations.

That was a very memorable occasion in my life, and it was followed, three days later, by another one equally memorable to me, that is, when the King made his memorable progress round London, and honored the Corporation with his presence at a State luncheon in the Guildhall, accompanied by H.M. the Queen. The then Lord Mayor, Sir Joseph Dimsdale, my brother Sheriff, Sir Thomas Brooke-Hitching, and I, received his Majesty on horseback at Temple Bar, and preceded him through the City. I may mention that riding has al-

ways been one of my favorite recreations, and so this equestrian progress was a real treat instead of the misery it might have been, had I never gone in for riding.

Mention of this incident reminds me that I shared in setting up a City record, for when Sir Joseph Dimsdale's successor, Sir Marcus Samuel, came to the Chair, he found that both his Sheriffs were already knights, this honor having been paid to Sheriff Brooke-Hitching and me in consequence of His Majesty's two visits to the City, during the last six weeks of Sir Joseph Dimsdale's mayoralty, and the first six weeks of our shrievalty.

Sir Marcus Samuel furnishes me with yet another coincidence. One of the chief events of my father's year of office in 1879—1880, was the State visit he paid to Brussels to share in the celebrations in honor of the jubilee of Belgium independence.

I went with him: indeed, here I may mention, that we all lived at the Mansion House during my father's mayoralty and took a share in its events—the Mansion House is a most comfortable residence, though it certainly never entered my head then that I should ever return to it as Lord Mayor—and that visit is one of the most enjoyable memories I possess, for I certainly had what modern young people call a "good time."

Twenty-three years later I revisited Brussels as Sheriff to Sir Marcus Samuel, when he went there on a State visit as Lord Mayor of London, and again I can only say that I had a very good time: King Leopold honoring me and my colleague with the decoration of Officers of the Order of Leopold.

Another notable event of my father's mayoralty was his entertainment at the Guildhall of the first, or, at all events, one of the first, Australian cricket teams to visit this country. I see that the Australians are coming over next year, and if they do, I hope to have an opportunity of extending to them the same hospitality that my father showed to their forerunners.

Without wishing to make myself out a boy, I may say that I am considerably younger than many Lord Mayors have

been, though I cannot approach the record of my late good friend, Sir David Evans, who was Lord Mayor when he was not very much over forty.

Comparatively youthful as I am, however, I can point to twenty-six years of civic life, for I was elected to the Common Council of the City of London in 1882.

This was an honor rather thrust upon me than sought for, and was due mainly to the fact that the candidature for the Council seat vacant in my father's ward of Dowgate, of a violent reformer, who went by the nickname of "One-from-the-Plough," did not find favor with the electors, and my father was approached and asked to allow me to stand, which I did and won a handsome victory.

I am very glad that I was thus early drawn into civil life, for it has provided me with a never-failing source of interest and occupation, and has enabled me in various capacities, and particularly as chairman of the visiting committee of the City of London asylum, to do work which I hope has been useful.

But I should be most ungrateful if I did not here mention that my public work has only been made possible by the ready and willing assistance in business of my brother, Henry, and my nephew, James, the eldest son of my late brother.

It might perhaps be thought that I have often dreamed of following in my father's mayoral footsteps, but I can honestly say I never thought of doing so until after his death. He himself never spoke to me of the possibility of my becoming Lord Mayor, and it was not until his death left the Dowgate ward vacant, and I was requisitioned to accept the vacant gown, that I really thought of becoming an alderman, and then I was elected unanimously. I accepted the honor gratefully as a kindly tribute to the memory of my father.

I must not forget one circumstance which stands out beyond all others in its bearing on my private and official life—my marriage in 1889 with Jessie Guthrie, the daughter of the late George Gordon Stanham, architect, who is a relative of the late Sir Thomas Gabriel, a former Lord Mayor.

My married life has been most blessed and happy. We have two sons and two daughters who have received the most devoted care from their mother while at the same time she has never failed to help me, and interest herself in all my official work, and I know that the social side of our mayoralty will be safe in her hands.

Naturally, I am proud to revisit the Mansion House scenes of my youth, though I fear that I shall not be able to enjoy my year there quite so light-heartedly as when my father was Lord Mayor, for then he had all the responsibility, and I all the fun. But the citizens are very kind to the man who endeavors to do his best; and that I will try to do, and thus follow my father's brilliant example. I mean to be happy in my office, and thus, perhaps, to assist in making others happy, too.

Also, I rejoice to find there still, after a lapse of twenty-eight years, that indispensable assistant to any Lord Mayor, Sir William Soulsby, and mine is the first instance of Sir William acting as private-secretary to both father and son.

Moreover, I find some comfort in the fact that the Mansion House seems to have a tonic effect on its occupants. I have often remarked how Lord Mayors have improved in health during the year of office, and, in fact, it would seem to be customary for Lord Mayors to "rise to the occasion," and I can only hope that I shall not prove an exception to this rule.

Canadian Work in the Season's Books



The Meeting of Brock and Tecumseh

Re-produced by
Courtesy of William Briggs

Illustration by Fergus Kyle, Toronto
for "Story of Isaac Brock," by Walter
R. Nursey.



George H. Lorimer

Editor of the Saturday Evening Post

An Editor With a Million Circulation

Reproduced from *Printers' Ink*

ONE of the stories current among advertising men is to the effect that the head of a big New York agency had become so impressed by the excellence of a number of advertisements of the Saturday Evening Post appearing in the newspapers that he sent a representative to Philadelphia to engage the writer for his own staff. When asked on his return if he had succeeded in his mission the latter replied, in a disgusted tone of voice, "No." "Why not?" asked the chief. "It was Lorimer who wrote those ads," was the sententious reply.

A busy editor who can turn out ads that make an experienced advertising agent sit up and take notice must be versatile and possess the knack that only comes from an intimate knowledge of business combined with the ability to express ideas in appealing language. If George Horace Lorimer hadn't become an editor, he would certainly have made his mark as an ad writer.

But Lorimer is no accident in editorship. He is an editor because editorship is his impelling instinct and because he had the sense and the courage to recog-

AN EDITOR WITH A MILLION CIRCULATION

nize the fact, more sense and more courage, by the way, than ninety per cent. of the young men in his situation would have displayed.

Lorimer was employed by the great firm of Armour & Company before he reached his majority. His father, the famous preacher, was a friend of the elder Armour, and that great merchant had taken the boy into the Armour concern to teach him the business and to make a great merchant of him; also to help him make his fortune. Lorimer progressed rapidly from a minor clerkship to an important desk. He was alive, alert and intelligent. His future seemed assured.

Then, one day, he walked in and resigned, to the intense amazement of everybody in the Armour concern. They thought he had a better business offer, but, for all that, considered him foolish for leaving the house of Armour. When he told them he had no better business offer, but intended to write for a living, they revised the "foolish" designation and set him down as a lunatic, wondering, in a dazed way, how it was a young man who had shown no previous signs

of mental instability should be so suddenly bereft, and sympathizing deeply with him. The idea of any man who had reached an important desk in the Armour Company leaving of his own free will, and to write, was so preposterous the young man's business associates could figure out no other explanation than sudden insanity.

He went to Boston and began work as a reporter. Reporters in Boston do not get such salaries as heads of departments do in Armour & Company's. It was hard sledding, but Lorimer stuck. After a time the opportunity came to join the staff of the Saturday Evening Post. It is more than nine years, now, since he assumed editorship of that publication. In that time the Post has increased in circulation from a little more than a hundred thousand copies a week to nine hundred and fifty thousand copies a week, and it will have a million copies a week before he rounds out his tenth year as editor.

Being a live, alert, vigorous, red-blooded American person, Lorimer produces a live, alert, vigorous, red-blooded and American weekly. He doesn't run



The New Building to be Erected for the Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia
From this Building The Saturday Evening Post will be Issued.

to fads, frills or furbelows. He is direct, frank and open in his methods. The human interest is what appeals to him. He knows the sympathies, the likes, the dislikes of the public. His business experience taught him one side and his editorial experience has taught him the other. He sits on no lofty tripod, immersed in his own thoughts, but moves around among the people, who form his constituency, and knowing what the people want, he gives it to them judiciously, to their great apparent satisfaction.

Lorimer is a frank, hearty, companionable man, who takes life as he finds it, not too seriously, nor yet too flippantly. He likes a story, likes a joke, has the keenest sense of humor, hates humbug and sham, is genial, jovial, sometimes even jocose, but with it all has a poise and a firmness that counter-balance perfectly. His most distinguishing feature is his jaw, a jaw that is as square as if it had been laid out on mathematical lines. There are times when you do not notice that jaw, but there are times, also, when it is the only thing you do notice. When it is clamped it is best to give the young man what he wants, for he will get it, anyway.

He is an outdoors man, with an abiding love for the great spaces of the West. If he has any fad at all, it is a fad for climbing mountains, and it seems as absurd to describe mountain-climbing as a fad as it would be to call going up in a balloon a foible. Still, mountain-climbing is his self-selected sport. Every summer he goes to Colorado and skips joyously from crag to crag, taking envious colleagues with him and scaling every peak that comes within his view. He lives in the country, at Wyncote, near Philadelphia, on twenty acres that he keeps under his personal supervision. His whole atmosphere is that of freshness and vitality. He is a prodigious worker. After his hours in his editorial office in Philadelphia in the day time, he does his writing and most of his manuscript reading in his library in the country at night.

In one corner of that library are several shelves devoted to the books he wrote himself. His "Letters of a Self-made

Merchant to His Son" are there, in all the various habiliments they have worn throughout the world. There are Japanese and German and Swedish and many other translations, with the numerous English and Australian editions; his "Old Gorgon Graham," in many forms, and a shelf is being held for his latest book, "Jack Spurlock, Prodigal," which is just now so popular. Best-sellers of the moment seem rather piffling beside that array. Lorimer's books are real best-sellers, not for a week or a month, but for years. The reason is obvious. They are real American books by a real American.

Lorimer's editorial policy is simple. He buys stories and articles for the stuff that is in them, not because of the name attached. He has picked out and developed several writers who make a sort of a personal staff for him, each man loyal to the core and devoted to Lorimer and the Saturday Evening Post above all else. His publication is so great, his circulation so enormous that he has the pick of the market. Almost everything comes to him first. He is quick and final in decision, usually deciding with a positive "Yes" or "No." He is courteous, obliging, accessible and modest. Any writer or artist who has a proper errand can see Lorimer and get an answer to his proposition as soon as it has been stated. His mind works like chain lightning, and he knows instantly what he does or does not want.

The Saturday Evening Post is Lorimer and Lorimer is the Saturday Evening Post. He took the idea of Mr. Cyrus Curtis and developed it to its present great proportions. He has five million readers now, and that he will have six or seven or eight millions presently is as sure as that he will continue as editor, for, you see, Lorimer knows what the people want, and he gives it to them.

Sense and common sense—those are his attributes. He is subject to no folderols, hampered by no prejudices. His five million readers have been educated to expect sane stories, wholesome stories, red-blooded stories, to find virility in every page, to find good Americanism in every paragraph, to find the best workmanship in every line, and they

AN EDITOR WITH A MILLION CIRCULATION

do find all these. The Saturday Evening Post runs after no fads, indulges in no sensationalism, leaves muck-raking to others, presents its own views in the most-quoted editorial page in the country, does not hesitate to slam a humbug, prick a fraudulent bubble or tell the truth about any subject in the public mind. It

is always fair, always calm, always good-natured and always American.

The reason for the wonderful success of the Post is not far to seek. It reflects the intelligence, the sense, the common sense, and the comprehensive human knowledge of its editor, George Horace Lorimer.

Canadian Work in the Season's Books



HALF-BREEDS TRAVELLING.

(From a painting by Paul Kane, by permission.)

Reproduced by
Courtesy of William Briggs.

Illustration in
"Where the Buffalo Roamed"
By E. L. Marsh.

Wonders of Manhattan Real Estate

By CROMWELL CHILDE

Reprinted from Herald Magazine

IF, sixty-five years ago, John Smith, of New York—"Honest John," who had made a nice little competence "down town"—had put a few of his surplus thousands into Fifth Avenue lots his grandchildren would now be multi-millionaires of Manhattan.

But John Smith was afraid. A contemporary record of the time says he was. He talked it over with his business cronies.

"Can't risk the money," said "Honest John." "The price is altogether too high. You know where Thirty-sixth Street is on the new city map, Bill?" He waved his hand to indicate distance. "They want \$500 for a Fifth Avenue lot up there, and the best you can do is \$100 down."

So John Smith put his money into other things. Perhaps he was wise—at that time—for, two years later, another New York man, a millionaire of those days, John Hunt, bought the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street—a corner, mind you—for \$2,400, was called insane by his family, and the courts were appealed to determine his competency.

But had John Smith not been afraid, every little \$500 he put into Fifth Avenue property would now bring close to \$400,000.

Four hundred thousand dollars? Yes. A broker laughed heartily at me the other afternoon when I, hurriedly calculating, asked him if \$250,000—a quarter of a million—was too high a value to-day for inside lots on Fifth Avenue just above Thirty-fourth Street and a little below it.

"I could sell all you'd bring in at that

price quick as a wink, within an hour," he said. "But you're away off. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a lot is only ten thousand dollars a front foot. Fifth Avenue lots up to Forty-second Street and several blocks below Thirty-fourth Street are easily worth half as much again. You can't buy them now for even \$15,000 a front foot.

"It would surprise you to see the list of owners of Fifth Avenue property to-day, the strongest names in New York. Every piece of property from Thirtieth to Forty-fifth Street has been gone over as with a fine tooth comb. None of it is to be had.

"Along Thirty-fourth Street, from Fifth to Sixth Avenue, it's just the same. One lot within the last two years brought \$425,000—yes, it did, really, a twenty-five foot lot. There are only two lots in that block now that can be bought. If they weren't tied up any number of men would jump for them at three-quarters of a million for the two."

From \$500 to \$375,000 in a little more than half a century is going some. If old John Smith hadn't been scared and had invested \$20,000 out of the \$50,000 he probably had then, his heirs would now possess property worth \$15,000,000 to-day and no one knows how much more a few years from now.

It might have been even better. If old John had bought he very likely would have picked up a corner or two, perhaps several. Those Fifth Avenue corners would fetch to-day, conservatively (if their owners would sell them, they probably would not), \$650,000 each, on the average, a very pretty profit.

That's not all. The records do not tell definitely what Thirty-fourth Street lots went for around 1850. But Mayor Brady bought several in Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Streets, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, in 1847 at a corporation auction sale for \$300 each. Thirty-fourth Street had no special advantages over the other cross streets near it then.

Probably \$400, in the late forties, would have picked up that Thirty-fourth Street lot that sold for \$425,000 two years ago. Just a little 1,100 per cent. advance.

The wonders of Manhattan real estate! Bless us, they are all wonders! Of course, the wonder side doesn't strike the cold, hard headed real estate broker or owner who sees no romance but only the very satisfying fact that this or that lot is worth so many hundred thousand and that there will be an eager crowd of buyers at his elbow if he just raises his finger.

Considering the fortune which the ownership of even the smallest bit of well situated land means on the island of Manhattan to-day, it is interesting to pick up a certain little pamphlet, now just forty-eight years old, on "The Value of Real Estate in the City of New York, Past, Present and Prospective," and read the fulminations of its author, who calls himself "A Retired Merchant."

"Retired Merchant" wrote these little essays in 1858, 1859 and 1860. He vigorously scolds the men of his day because they believe that the top of real estate values on their island has been reached forever.

"I wish to say," writes "Retired Merchant" in one of the paragraphs in which he most mercilessly scores the affrighted capitalists, "that there is not a lot of ground now unoccupied of good grade on this island between the Battery and the Harlem River and the North and East Rivers that is not intrinsically worth this day (1858), \$1,100 for a lot 25 by 100 feet to any man who will at once improve it, and in ten years, if the past is any guide for the future, any of the said lots will be worth more than twice that sum, and many of them more than \$10,000 each."

In another paragraph "Retired Merchant" says:

"No prudent man then believed (1830) that lots so far out of town (Union Square) would ever be of much value. Indeed, the insurance companies were unwilling to loan much on mortgage above the park (City Hall Park). But lots which would not bring in 1830 \$1,100 are now worth \$10,000, and are soon to be taken for stores at over \$20,000.

"That lots at 100th Street will ever bring \$1,000 is not now as improbable as it was in 1825 that lots around Union Square would ever bring \$1,000! Madison Square was only sold by the acre. It was all hill and dale, bogs and swamps. Nobody offered to sell it and no one would take it as a gift, comparatively. Now every lot around it is worth on an average over \$10,000.

"This day I see before me hundreds of men going through Wall Street not knowing what to do with their money. All property, they say, is too high."

And yet the "Retired Merchant" wasn't believed, he wasn't believed at all. The sturdy investors, men who knew good things down town and never let any of them get by, when they read the scoldings—for these were first printed in a newspaper of those times—smiled pityingly and said, "Oh, the crank!" or whatever was the expression fifty years ago. "Retired Merchant's" personality was, so far as we know, always veiled, but if it was revealed at all at that time his oldest daughters certainly said, "dear me, why is pa so foolish?" Such strange ideas! Mrs. Bellingham spoke of them after church yesterday." And the young sprig of fashion who was calling upon her doubtless—surely—answered:

"Yes, of course. Might just as well bury the money in the ground up there."

But "Retired Merchant" never foresaw the day that was to come. Just what the real estate wonders of Manhattan are in 1908 may best be appreciated by simple comparison with the dreams of this pamphleteer of half a century ago. His wildest fantasies—fantasies to the men of that day—never went further than picturing residence lots along the east side of Central Park in Fifth Avenue at \$25,000. How far would \$25,000 go to-day?

Either the old gentleman jogged afoot or sat behind a spanking team of trotters as he inspected the New York that was to grow. Nothing could emphasize more clearly the contrast between the values then and now than by following in his footsteps or wagon tracks an even half century later in an automobile.

The car was typical of the new New York as the pair of Morgan thoroughbreds was of the old. What an altogether other New York! Then a city practically only built up to Forty-second Street, and almost entirely unpaved beyond it, with Central Park just commenced (its land cost only \$7,800 an acre), with over thirty thousand vacant lots below Eighty-sixth Street and horse car lines but lately started, an upper west side not thought of at all as yet and an upper east side made up of scattered villages.

A very keen real estate broker guided the big machine, threading through the avenues and cross streets, each of which has been a gold mine for some one, possibly for a dozen.

"We are impressed," he said, "by the wonderful figures of the enormous values down in Wall Street, where some land is rated as high as \$400 a square foot—as much as \$750,000 for a full-sized city lot—and the new shopping district of Thirty-fourth Street, where prices are three times what they were when the Waldorf-Astoria was first built, a few years ago; yes, and the latter's fast growing rival, Forty-second Street. But half a century back these localities all had some value to start with; Wall Street had a very material one. Practically all of the west side, however, has come up out of nothing in that time.

"Now, look at it. Here you are in the heart of the Eighties. Values have more than doubled in many cases in the last ten years! Ten years ago you could buy one hundred feet square for from \$120,000 to \$160,000. To-day that same land would cost \$300,000—\$75,000 for a twenty-five foot lot. Certain blocks down in the Seventies and along Riverside Drive will bring more than that. No, I never heard the top; many a consideration is kept secret nowadays, but a hundred thousand dollars has been paid more than once.

"Values in real estate in a big city," went on the broker, "advance in a logical way. As a general principle, the best locations for wholesale business have the lead, with the best residence properties next, the pick of the shopping district following that of wholesale business closely. In New York the sensational rise in properties has been like a curving ridge in the centre of the island, up Broadway to Twenty-third Street, then up both Broadway and Fifth Avenue, with sharp increases at the subway stations all along the line."

At Columbia University the car swept into the Drive for a moment. Then it returned to Broadway, heading southward and pounding away at a speed and on a pavement that of themselves were distinguishing marks of the new New York compared with the old.

"Downtown the general average of increase is four per cent. a year." The broker began again. "In the upper part of the city it is ten per cent. per annum. At times it runs far over that. In the Thirty-fourth Street blocks from Seventh to Madison Avenue prices are to-day 150 to 300 per cent. higher than they were ten years ago. At Broadway and Forty-second Street the ratio is probably even higher than that.

"What would you think of 800 per cent. increase in four or five years? Yes, a stone's throw from Broadway. It may sound like a fairy story, but it's simply one instance of the golden ground of Manhattan for everybody, especially for those who keep their eyes open.

"A year before the Pennsylvania tunnel, whose terminus and big station will be close by Herald Square, was started practically any property on its site could have been bought for \$5 a square foot. Averaging up, the Pennsylvania, it is understood, paid \$20 a square foot. The land immediately contiguous to the station, fronting on the station property, not really worth any more to-day than before, because it is without a single improvement or change, is now held at \$40 a square foot. It is not known, or even faintly surmised, what use this surrounding property will be put to eventually, but it has jumped to eight times its old value, and it sticks at that price.

WONDERS OF MANHATTAN REAL ESTATE

"Some Manhattan real estate moves fast, some at a medium pace, slow but steady. Approximately all of it does move, though. The slowest moving section? Probably the little strip along the North River front, west of Ninth Avenue, from Twenty-fifth to Fifty-ninth Street. That is very nearly stationary."

Another man and I stood in the shadow of old Trinity later that same day. How stones everywhere round about had been heaped upon stones, how frameworks of steel, hidden by brick and terra cotta, forced their way up into the air!

"I never crane my neck in this district of Mammon," remarked my philosophical capitalist, "but I recall what one man wrote about the old five-storey office buildings of the city a good many years ago. He said that they were fairly profitable investments, but their fourth and fifth stories did not rent very well; people got tired of climbing stairs."

"Most men would likely figure," he continued, "that the chief factor in the development of Manhattan has been its rapid transit. That may be right, but the passenger elevator should have a good slice of the credit. Where would all this be?"—

He waved his hand toward the loftiest of the Broadway structures, and then suddenly his mind went far back to the beginning of things in the old Dutch town.

"Did you ever, by any chance, hear the particulars of the first real estate transfer on Manhattan Island? No? It's a quaint old story, much more interesting that how the entire island was bought from the Indians for \$16. Everybody knows that wasn't business—that the Indians had the worst end of the stick and never found it out. But this was bona fide trading. At first, of course, people picked out the land they wanted and settled down on it. After a time—to be exact, it was only seventeen years—the land close to the fort seemed more desirable than any other.

"Nine dollars and a half (twenty-four guilders) was the sum the first buyer of Manhattan real estate paid over to the first seller. The 'parcel' was a lot thirty feet long and 110 feet deep, on Bridge Street, between Broad and Whitehall. Anthony Jansen Van Fees made this first purchase from Abraham Jacobsen Van Steenwyck. At this time this property was as valuable as any in town."

The philosophical capitalist turned me over to one of those interesting men who have a head for figures and who keep stored away in their desks curious, striking facts.

"Forty thousand dollars a front foot," said this broker, "is the approximate value of one Wall Street corner, the southeast corner of Wall Street and Broadway. That means, you know, an even million dollars for the ordinary twenty-five by one hundred New York city lot, \$400 a square foot. Let me give you an idea of how values have grown. In 1871, before the 'hard times' of the seventies came on, Nos. 4 and 6 Pine Street just around the corner, was sold for \$48.84 a square foot. The last ten years some of the striking big sales down here have been:

"No. 24 Broad Street, \$201.25 a square foot.

"Nos. 5 and 7 Nassau Street, \$256.93 a square foot.

Nos. 9 and 11 Nassau Street, on the southwest corner of Pine Street, \$223.39 a square foot.

"Broadway, at the southeast corner of Maiden Lane, \$211.72 a square foot.

"Nos. 41 and 43 Wall Street, \$246.29 a square foot.

"Here's a curious comparison. In 1857 the land that the old Fifth Avenue Hotel was to stand on brought \$32,100, or \$8.01 a square foot. In 1899 it changed hands for \$800,721, twenty-five times as much, or \$199.90 a square foot. That's hard to beat."

Constitutionalism in the Factory

By RODOLPHE BRODA

Reproduced from *The International*

WHILE the economic development of modern times has destroyed feudalism as a form of government and replaced the personal command of the ruler by the impersonal will of the State, that is, of the community, the last few decades again have created ties which bind the workmen in any given factory like a body of subjects to the individual will of the manufacturer. In many cases, again, patriarchal relations were developed, as formerly in feudal times. Charitable institutions were established for the workmen by the spontaneous and benevolent intentions of the employer. But in general it must be asserted that in the initial period of capitalistic industry the conditions and hours of labor, the wages and general situation of the workmen were affected by two sets of arbitrary influences: on the one hand, the caprice of the manufacturer, on whose personal disposition it depended whether he did or did not give sick funds, old-age pensions or workmen's dwellings, and on the other hand, the arbitrary action of the impersonal law of supply and demand, which regulated wages without regard to that minimum of subsistence, which might be represented as the purely physical heating of the human machine for a fresh day's toil.

Under the influence of this last-named law many classes of workmen might, when trade was brisk, temporarily obtain an advantageous rate of wages, while others might be compelled to work for very low wages and be exposed to the deepest distress. Those social and human considerations which demand a minimum wage and a maximum working

day, in order to prevent race degeneration and enable the workmen to participate like civilized beings in the duties of a democratic community, were utterly ignored under this system. Anarchy tempered by a dash of feudalism reigned in the department of labor conditions.

The individual workman could not save himself by his personal powers from the destiny of his class. An isolated unit, he was but a drop, as it were, in the ocean of the above-named economic law. It was only his combination with his fellow-workmen for joint resistance to the manufacturer that introduced the worker's personal will and moral energy as a factor capable of substantially altering the combined resultant of all the different factors. This was the first step towards collective bargaining and compulsory arbitration, and so towards the true constitutionalism of the factory.

But a strike was and indeed still is only a weapon against certain excessively injurious consequences of industrial anarchy: as soon as it is over the relation between workman and employer is again one of inequality: there is no longer between them the equality of two parties negotiating a treaty of peace.

As development advances further and creates trade unions, which render permanent the advantages of a strike, the relation between the two parties is certainly altered. The employer may de jure but no longer de facto alter the conditions of labor at his arbitrary will, because if he does he conjures up the danger of a fresh strike. But it is at once evident that even this is not a rightful or even a peaceful state of affairs, but that the normal condition of the factory

may be characterized rather as one of latent strife restrained for the moment by the equilibrium of opposing forces. Every one knows what ruinous interruption to trade, and what loss of wages to the workmen are caused by the constant recurrence of strikes. But it should be observed, further, how much bitterness is aroused in both parties by the numerous industrial struggles over wages, and how the community is split up into hostile and disunited groups. Let it not be urged that this is due to the mere opposition of interests between workmen and employers, for these are precisely two classes which have very important interests in common. Every crisis spells loss to the employer and unemployment to the workmen; every extension of markets brings profit to the former and to the latter the possibility of getting higher wages. Nevertheless, between the two classes hatred and bitterness exist. If we look at other classes of the community, whose interests clash on important points, traders, for instance and their customers, or even two merchants, each of whom would naturally claim for himself the advantages of a transaction, we nevertheless find as a rule that these disputes are discussed and settled in a sober and dispassionate manner. Each merely seeks to secure his own advantage as far as possible, and once the bargain is concluded it is regarded as a point of honor to carry out faithfully under all circumstances the transaction or contract that has been agreed to.

If the relations between workmen and employers are to be placed on this footing, then in this sphere also the same purely commercial principle must be brought into force. The agreement must be concluded after sober and dispassionate negotiation (let it be ever so wide awake and tenacious) and then there must be the complete fulfilment of obligations freely undertaken.

Between the individual workman and employer such agreements, by which as resulting from their own unfettered wills both parties would consider themselves bound, are impossible, because their positions are unlike. Again and again the workman finds himself tempted to

enforce by the collective step of ceasing work simultaneously with his comrades what he would be unable to obtain in his unfavorable position as an individual. The collective, not the individual labor agreement will represent in its stipulations the real and permanent balance of powers between the contracting parties. Therefore in the overwhelming majority of cases the collective labor agreement would actually hold good for the whole period for which it was entered into. Moreover, it is an easy task to clothe it like every enforceable commercial contract with all the sanctions of law. Not only employers but also trade unions, if they were empowered by statute to enter into such legal contracts, could be made liable for breach of contract, and damages could be enforced by execution on their property. As a matter of fact, in all European industrial States there is a strong tendency towards collective labor agreements, and it would be easy by the introduction of sliding scales to meet the fluctuations of trade, to arrange in the scale for an automatic rise in wages, in good times, when the trade is capable of paying higher wages, requires more workmen and would therefore be forced to pay higher wages even under the operation of the law of supply and demand, and to settle lower figures for slack times. The longer the periods for which such arrangements were concluded the more stable would be the conditions of labor, and the better would employers and employed be protected from the depreciation in values and the loss of wages which are produced by strikes.

But development goes further. Even the collective labour agreement is in a certain sense merely a treaty of peace, the conditions of which are dictated by the relative strength of the two quasi-belligerent parties. For educated workmen, who know how to combine in powerful organizations, like the printers in all industrial countries, it is an effectual weapon for gaining stable and suitable conditions of labour. For uneducated workmen less capable of organisation, and particularly for women, it is out of the question. For all these groups of workmen it is only the gradual develop-

ment of the idea of industrial Arbitration Courts that paves the way for conditions of labour which guarantee a suitable minimum of subsistence and in fixing that minimum take into account the requirements of society and humanity.

The intervention of Governments for the settlement of such strikes as particularly threaten the general interests of the State or the population, such as traffic, public lighting or the food supply, may be regarded as the first move in this direction. As often as the Governments in different States brought their influence to bear on the contending parties for the settlement of these conflicts the conditions suggested by them as a basis for conclusion of peace were naturally the outcome of general social considerations. Thus for the first time factors were introduced which had nothing to do with the comparative strength of the two parties. In dangerous occupations, particularly such as mining, new conditions of labor more thoroughly satisfying the demands of public opinion have been repeatedly introduced by such intervention. The shortening of the hour of labor in the Austrian coal mines, which the workers could not have enforced through their own powers, was accomplished after a strike, by the passing of a proposal to this effect in Parliament. In several European States legal Conciliation Boards have been recently set up, which, with the addition of impartial assessors, have to give their decision in the event of labor conflicts. This decision is, of course, not binding on the disputants, but as an expression of public opinion brings the powerful opposition of that opinion against that party to the dispute which will not accept the decision of the Board. These Boards have existed in France since 1901, and a few weeks ago Mr. Churchill, the President of the Board of Trade, made the same provision in England. In Canada these Arbitration Courts have existed since March, 1907. They were introduced to begin with for such industries as are of particular importance to the general interests of the population, railways, telegraphs, coal mines, gas and electric lighting. As regards these industries it is enacted that employers or employed,

dissatisfied with the existing conditions of labor and requiring their alteration, have in the first place to communicate with the other side. If direct negotiations are fruitless an Arbitration Court is appointed, in which one representative of each of the contending parties, and an impartial person nominated by the Government, sit and vote.

During the time that the Arbitration Court is holding its investigation, but for at least thirty days from the first notice, neither strike nor lock-out may take place, and the law inflicts heavy penalties for non-compliance. When the Arbitration Court has given its decision it is published in the Labor Gazette and all the reasons for the decision are submitted to the judgment of public opinion.

The decision of the Court has no coercive force of itself. If workmen or employers are not satisfied with it, and wish to declare a strike or lock-out, they are free to do so. The law secures the great advantage of the unconditional prohibition of hostilities during the thirty days' grace, and thus shuts out the dangerous consequences of the first impulse of passion. The disputants can then more easily arrange a peaceful settlement by quiet reflection, and, as a matter of fact, the results of the law are extremely favorable. From the coming into force of the law in March, 1907, down to December of the same year, twenty-two disputes were submitted to arbitration, and a peaceful settlement was arrived at in twenty cases. In the two remaining cases a strike certainly was declared, but soon settled through the influence of public opinion.

New Zealand and New South Wales go even further. In these two States, in all disputes between workmen and employers, the decisions of the industrial Arbitration Courts are binding. The results in general have been favorable, but certainly several cases have occurred in which a trade union has not accepted the decision and declared a strike in defiance of it. In New Zealand the exasperation of public opinion at this led, a few weeks ago, to the acceptance of a law inflicting heavy fines and imprisonment on such employers or workmen as have recourse to lock-outs or strikes. The

CONSTITUTIONALISM IN THE FACTORY

law is based on the assumption that a systematic consideration on the one hand of the circumstances necessary for the maintenance of the industry, and on the other hand of an adequate subsistence for the workmen, regard being had to race preservation and the possibility of the workmen enjoying a civilized existence, had to decide conditions of labor, and that impartial tribunals should alone be invited to undertake the task. The weapons of economic war, lock-outs and strikes, are regarded as a violation of the existing legal order and punished as such. On the whole, both employers and workmen are satisfied with the new system and look back on the age of strikes as a period of barbarism. To what extent the latest conflict in New Zealand must modify this opinion the immediate future will show.

Victoria goes even further in the systematic settlement by law of labor conditions. There the interested representatives of workmen and employers are not permitted to appeal to the authorities to settle by arbitration some conflict that has broken out, but the conditions of labor are settled in a binding manner at the outset by Commissions on which the delegates of employers and employed sit and vote. These delegates choose an impartial chairman, and if they cannot agree on one he is nominated by the Government. Generally the chairman is an official, clergyman, professor or writer. While it is the function of the chairman to represent the interests of the community and the claims of equity and humanity, the delegates are selected by the workers and employers of that particular industry, the conditions of which are to be laid down. They are therefore experts, brought daily into direct contact with the problems they have to consider: they understand one another, because they know all the details of the matter under consideration, and they never raise outrageous demands, because they would thereby run the risk of alienating the chairman and his casting vote and throwing both into the scales of the opposite party. Hence the decisions are nearly always unanimous. In 1906 I was present at a meeting in Melbourne of the Wages Board of the Carpenters, and the

chairman told me that in all the years he had held his office not once had he been obliged to give a vote in the determination of a final settlement.

For the very reason that these Wages Boards are not summoned to settle disputes that have already broken out, but meet in a time of peace when passion plays no part and they can conduct their deliberations in unruffled calm, mature decisions are formed which are accepted without demur by the parties concerned for several years, until at last an alteration in the general conditions of life or the position of the industry makes a new deliberation and fixing of fresh wages and conditions of labor desirable.

Under this system the employer has no longer any sort of arbitrary power over the labor and remuneration of his employes. These are settled by the decision of the Commission or the law. To the employer the conditions of labor are as much an established fact as the price of raw materials or the transport charges of the railway. The scope of the law extends also to uneducated and female workers; and these, who otherwise would never have had of themselves a power commensurate with that of their employers, come equally under the protection of the law. The very weakest are protected from poverty and sweating.

We have reached the end of the line of development, at the beginning of which the caprice of the employer and the arbitrary working of the law of supply and demand settled the conditions of labor and the question of the prosperity or the misery of the worker. Through the trade union and collective labor agreement, the discretionary and obligatory Arbitration Court, development has led up to pure industrial constitutionalism—representative bodies, which may be compared to Parliamentary institutions, settle the conditions of labor. Inasmuch as the first principle of these Commissions is to fix such a minimum wage and a maximum working day as to ensure the material and moral welfare of the laboring classes, inasmuch as the law, to which these Commissions owe their creation, takes this point of view as the principal basis of the decisions, the darkest side of industrial life is removed at once.

The social question of course is not altogether solved by this. It comprises not merely the regulation of the conditions of labor, but the far greater problem of the ownership of the instruments of production. The problem of industrial concentration, the danger of economic life being dominated by powerful private monopolies, the necessity of controlling these by the nationalization of such wholesale production as has reached its highest development, all this applies as fully to Victoria, where industrial constitutionalism is established, as to Europe with its conditions of industrial anarchy. But even when this development has reached its goal, and railways, mines or other industries have passed into the hands of the State, that is, the community, there still remains the problem of the regulation of the conditions of labor, and it calls for a settlement in the spirit described above just as earnestly as in the case of private industry. To-day the relations of the State, for example, the administrations of the State Railways in various countries, to their workmen are substantially the same as those of a private employer to his employees. The question, in fact, is even more acute, because important general considerations show the serious-

ness of conceding to the employes of the State the same right to strike as the employes in private industry. The introduction of constitutional arrangements, in the Australian sense, which regulate the conditions of labor in the nationalized industries influenced neither by the whims of managers and officials, nor by the dangerous independence of the employes, appears to be urgently necessary. Only in this way can the serious objection to all nationalization, that after all there is no change at any rate in the position of the employe, be seriously encountered or dealt with. Nationalization alone, as usually carried out to-day, cannot supply the full satisfaction of social demands. Nationalization, combined with industrial constitutionalism, gives that branch of industry which enjoys it the harmony which drowns all the discords of the present time.

To the friend of the present economic system industrial constitutionalism means a solution of the pressing problem of industrial labor, a stage of development that satisfies him; but to the man that looks forward to a Socialistic future it means the solution of that problem of labor which would otherwise be evolved once more in that future State of which he dreams.

Be Up to Date or Fail

(Success Magazine)

A physician tells me that he goes through his medical library every year and throws out a lot of books which have become useless to him because the new, the up-to-date, the more progressive, are pushing out the old.

We all know that some of the scientific books published are useless a year after they appear in print. There never was a time in the history of the world when the new in every line of endeavor crowded out the old as it does to-day.

If you examine your business thoroughly you will probably find old fogey methods, obsolete ideas, and cumbersome ways of doing things; a lot of red-tape in your methods.

Remember that nothing else is improving faster than business methods. If you are keeping books as they were kept a quarter of a century ago, if you are using the same business system, you will find that you are way behind the times.

Moxey, Terror of Defaulters

Reproduced from Post Magazine

FAR back in a downtown bank, behind all the railings and gratings that halt the stranger, a slender, spectacled man was poring over ledgers all this week. Within a few feet of him were the tellers, book-keepers, and clerks, jingling coin, balancing their accounts, or attending to the wants of patrons; but he went ahead with his work as though no sound disturbed him, no footstep distracted his attention. If he hesitated, it was to stroke his gray-white moustache and side-whiskers thoughtfully, as though momentarily puzzling over a problem. Then he leaned forward again over the high table whereon were spread the bank's books of a year and more ago.

"That is Edward P. Moxey, who convicts 'em all," said the man who knew, pointing toward the silent toiler.

Whereupon you gazed with interest upon the spectacled individual. You had heard how this wizard of mathematics, Moxey, the most expert of national bank examiners, ferreted out the evidence upon which Charles W. Morse was convicted and sentenced to serve fifteen years in prison. Before that, perhaps, you had heard of his putting together the links of book-keeping evidence on which the Chicago banker, John R. Walsh, was sent to the penitentiary. You may even have known, if your memory was long enough, that he had been convicting bank criminals for the government, without a failure worth recording, since 1891.

"And now," continued your informant, "he is at work on the books that show whether F. Augustus Heinze is guilty of the offences for which he is under indictment."

Heinze, of course, may not be proved guilty, but whether or not he is to blame,

it is a good guess that Moxey will find out the facts. When it comes to untangling tangled accounts, Moxey doesn't go wrong. To that all the United States comptrollers of the last seventeen years will bear witness, and the Federal Department of Justice, to whose service he is assigned whenever a big criminal case comes up, recognizes him as its chief asset in bringing bank officers to justice when they ought to be brought.

"Every case is handled according to its nature," said Mr. Moxey, when he was asked the other day how he was wont to go about his investigations. "There isn't any routine rule by which you can say that you undertake the straightening of a bank's books. When there is something wrong, and I am called upon, I simply get down to work on the books and learn what's been happening. That's all there is to it."

It sounded simple enough, but the inquirer didn't understand. And what he finally did understand, after further questioning, was of the most general character. It would take another expert to comprehend Mr. Moxey's explanations in detail, if he had the time and inclination to give them. For the enlightenment of his unskilled interviewer, however, this was the way he summed up his work:

"On starting an investigation of a bank wherein there has been criminal work, I know that one of three things has happened: The robbery has been done by loans and discounts, in the name of the principal or somebody else, or it has been done by falsifying figures in the books, for example, the entering of false withdrawals on the depositors' accounts; or it has been accomplished by the actual taking of cash or securities. The third

state of affairs—the actual missing of assets—is rare; for the cash and securities are counted regularly, and it is not difficult to keep them counted up accurately, so that a man attempting to take them away runs a risk of immediate and almost certain detection.”

An examination of the books, he explained, would show which method had been adopted by the culprit. Thereafter, it would be a matter of getting the evidence in shape for presentation before a jury.

“How can you wonder at bank defalcations in this city of yours,” said the expert, “when you consider the life of the town? Look about you, and you will find an explanation why men go wrong. Watch the pace—the luxurious hotel life, the expensive restaurants, the gambling houses, the palatial apartments, the turning of night into day; in short, the whole chase after excitement. It is a life requiring a flood of money. Only with vast incomes can such a life be lived.

“New York is to blame. The lesser cities take their cue from the biggest. Extravagant living springs up elsewhere, in imitation of the mode here. The young banker of the small town, on a visit to New York, discovers that he has not been playing the loose game of some of his fast-living contemporaries here, and on his return home he sees things in a different light. The dream of sudden wealth, acquired in the metropolis, may be his undoing.

“I say seriously that the attitude of trusteeship has suffered a shocking change in recent years. Whatever the cause, there are cycles of honesty, and cycles of dishonesty. The present is a cycle of dishonesty, with its cause in modern standards of enjoyable living.”

In spite of these views, however, Mr. Moxey is not a pessimist. He regards the cycle of dishonesty as applying only to a minority. The honest men he believes to be vastly in the majority, notwithstanding his many experiences with the other kind. Often, in the course of his investigations, to be sure, he has found a trail that seemed to implicate some man afterward proved to be honest, and this fact has caused him to be extraordinarily cautious about his charges.

“We give a suspect the benefit of every doubt,” he remarked, in discussing the danger of laying the blame at the wrong place. “A man may make bad mistakes in a bank, mistakes that seem crimes at first sight, and yet he may be the soul of honor.”

Mr. Moxey has met criminals of all sorts and grades in his visits to national banks. In recalling a number of officers who had “gone wrong,” he mentioned half a dozen who could lay their downfall to speculation in stocks or cotton. He has had cases in every section of the United States, and his ultimate judgment is that human nature is not much different in one climate from what it is in the others. Another conclusion he has reached is that no bank president or cashier can misuse the institution’s funds without one or more clerks being aware of the fact.

“If the clerks would do their full duty,” he said, “there would be fewer cases of defalcations. And let me tell you that many a clerk, in taking his first wrong step, has got the impetus from seeing the lax methods of his superiors, watching the loose way in which the bank has been managed. The marvel is that, under such conditions, more subordinates do not succumb to temptation.”

Mr. Moxey, besides being a government employe, is president of the Edward P. Moxey Audit Company, in Philadelphia. He has a certificate as a certified public accountant in Pennsylvania, which is the State where it is most difficult to get such a license, owing to the difficulty of the examinations. His son, also an expert, is in charge of the Philadelphia audit business while the father is doing the New York work connected with the Morse and Heinze cases.

There have been few cases wherein Moxey failed to clear up all the mystery before he completed his investigation. It has been said of him that, if it were possible to convict anybody, he invariably caused the conviction, without, however, making efforts to fasten guilt upon men seemingly innocent, and without losing his reputation for fairness and willingness to keep the honest man out of trouble. It has been one of his theories that an honest banker often makes banking mistakes

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—is guilty of “bad banking”—without being dishonest, and he says he always makes sure not to attribute crime to such as should not have it laid at their doors.

Many and devious are the ways of the bank defaulter. They have even learned to tamper with adding machines, so as to alter results at the bottom of the column without apparently changing the record of the paper. That was what the wreckers of the Enterprise National Bank of Allegheny, Pa., managed to do. They got away with \$1,000,000 before Moxey led the successful pursuit of their trail. Five of the thieves were shown up. More than one suicide resulted, not to mention scandals that arose around the names of families hitherto respected in western Pennsylvania.

Lear and Black, brothers-in-law, who were the president and cashier of the Doylestown (Pa.) National Bank, went to the penitentiary through Moxey's efforts. Another of his famous cases was that of the Keystone National of Philadelphia. In that concern was Gideon W. Marsh, president. When the doors were closed he was arrested. He had many friends, and bail was easy to get. Marsh fled to Brazil, at about the time Dom Pedro was deposed from the Emperorship. There was no extradition treaty between this country and Brazil, and Marsh might have stayed there indefinitely, but he grew tired of being watched by the detectives, and escaped to Africa. Homesickness seized him there, apparently, for he slipped back to the United States and went to work as a day laborer. A newspaper advertisement inserted by a friend, calling upon him to return to Philadelphia, caused him to go there and surrender himself to the authorities.

Mr. Moxey has served the government principally as an aid to the Department of Justice in getting evidence against bank defaulters out of the books of the

robbed institutions, but he had been side-tracked occasionally to other service of similar nature. The Interstate Commerce Commission is indebted to him much for his help in discovering faulty railway accounting. And in the Gaynor and Green case concerning the army officer and contractors in charge of Savannah harbor work, he traced the vanished money for the Federal prosecutors.

The examiner is a native of Philadelphia, where he was born in 1849. His white hair is the only sign of his years, save a slight stoop, caused by much bending over ledgers, for he walks and talks with the energetic vigor of youth. On the witness stand at the recent Morse trial he testified so rapidly that jury, lawyers, and judge had to stop him periodically to catch step with his lightning deductions and intricate calculations.

He began his banking career as a boy in the house of Glendinning, Davis & Co. After rising to the position of cashier, he decided to go into business for himself. For a time he was a broker, but he concluded that his ability at expert accounting presented better chances. Both before his connection with the government began, in 1891, and since that time he has supplemented his regular work with special engagements as adviser to banks and bank directors. There are several institutions which retain him to go over their books annually, and many others that call upon him at irregular intervals. As a national bank examiner he has the authority to enter any bank at any minute. But with all his continued industry at figures, he is distinctly human in his viewpoint, and outside of business hours, when you note his keen sense of humor, his love of a good story, and his wide fund of general information, you would hardly believe that he had piloted more men toward prison than any one man in the Federal service.

Advertising and Salesmanship

Reproduced from *Profitable Advertising*

ADVERTISING is a branch of the science of salesmanship, and to understand its relation to business it is necessary to have a clear idea of salesmanship. Enough space will be used to define salesmanship, but not to discuss it or consider it in any other light or scope than as the parent science of advertising.

Salesmanship is the art of selling. It is the process of exchanging goods. Upon its operation depends all of the commerce and trade of the world. There is little activity in the business world, or in the social, moral, or scientific world, which does not go on through salesmanship.

The principles of salesmanship are applied to all of the other professions, to all of the trades, to all developments of merchandising, to all phases of business which involve the solicitation by one man on the one side and the consent of one man on the other side. Business consists of acts which are participated in by more than one man. In all such acts there is the appeal of one side for the consent of the other side. That appeal, and the securing of the consent, is salesmanship.

Salesmanship presupposes several things and conditions. There is the man who wishes to sell; the man to whom the sale is sought to be made; the goods that are offered for sale.

The man who wishes to sell has several things and conditions to consider: He must, first of all, know the man he wishes to sell to, in order that he may, by his arguments and representations, be able to favorably influence that man; he must know his own powers and limitations, in order that he may use himself, as his tool, to the best advantage, and refrain from doing or saying anything that

will prejudice his prospect against his proposition; he must know the goods he is offering in order that he may make his prospect realize the value and benefit they may be to him, and in order that he may dissipate any unfavorable predisposition there might exist in the mind of the prospect.

The man who is the buyer is not to be considered, except as a study for the man who is to sell. The art and science of salesmanship does not contemplate the transaction from the viewpoint of the buyer but from the viewpoint of the seller. Therefore, we are not going to waste time with him, though he is, in a large sense, the most vital element in the sale.

The goods form the second greatest factor in the education and power of the salesman, and they will be dealt with in that sequence.

The salesman has to find the man to sell to. The finding of the customer is the province of advertising. The exploitation of the goods, and the persuasion of the prospect to buy, is the province of salesmanship, if the two functions are to be divided.

Advertising is concerned with many of the same acts and functions that the salesman is concerned with when he makes a personal sale; and advertising is also concerned with the goods, and the nature of the men who are to be the buyers. Advertising has also to study to influence the man who buys, though in a different manner and under different conditions. In this, advertising is the more difficult and subtle variety of salesmanship. Advertising can make but one appeal to the reader, while the personal salesman can vary and modify and en-

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force his appeal until he perceives that he is winning his customer.

The salesman must know the individual he is trying to influence. He must of course begin with a knowledge of mankind, then modify that by a knowledge of the particular type of man he has to deal with, and again modify that by the knowledge he gains of the individual he is talking to, and by his intuitions, which are aroused by his personal contact, and modified and directed by experience and observation.

The advertiser can never make his appeal to a man. He must ever speak to men. He may appeal to a class, but never to an individual. He loses, therefore, the help of those very intuitive efforts which are so vitally important in the work of the personal salesman; and he must in some way compensate himself.

The great fact of the direct personal contact working for the advantage of the personal salesman, and the absence of that contact in the work of the advertiser, differentiates the two varieties of salesmanship, and very clearly indicates the field of the advertiser, and the nature of his effort.

Yet along the great primary lines, up to a certain point in the refinement of the principles of salesmanship, the salesman and the advertiser must be fellow students, in the same class and using the same textbooks.

It is more important that the salesman (for the present the term salesman is used to include the salesman proper and the advertiser as well) first seek to know men, in so far as that knowledge is calculated to show him how he is to influence men. For this purpose it is necessary that the student consent to appeal to the pedagog, and dip into psychology. We only wish to know a few of the more manifest traits that are common to all men. We wish to know how the mind works, of itself and automatically. We want to know what pleases men in general, and how to get at them in the most agreeable way, and in the quickest way. The college professors of psychology have much to tell the salesman along these lines, and we cannot get the information elsewhere, except we are

willing to spend years painfully digging for that which we can get from books in a short time.

The student of salesmanship need not go further into this interesting study than will enable him to grasp the conclusions that are useful to him. He may, and should, neglect the laborious processes that lead up to and substantiate the conclusions. He should be content, for example, with the conclusion that the mind seeks to make a decision the very moment that a proposition is presented to it, irrespective of the weight or volume of argument or proof that may follow the proposition, to substantiate or discredit it. His cue is to know this fact and to shape his work to catch the motor action of the mind and guide it toward a decision favorable to him. His profit in this psychological fact is in the assurance that the first impression he makes upon his prospect must be a favorable one, in order that he may have the assistance of the motor principle, which is common to all men, and which does not wait for the judgment or the reason, or for expediency, or any other manifestation of the maturing purpose of the prospect.

To get the full benefit of the operation of this primary principle it is necessary that the student go far enough into psychology to understand what it is and, in a general way, how it works. Read some good popular work on psychology, like the admirable textbook by Prof. William James.

While the student is seeking to understand the working of the motor principle, let him also turn to elementary works on art to find out what forms are primarily most agreeable to us, as we get them through our vision. It is an interesting fact that certain forms are agreeable to us, while certain others are very disagreeable. The salesman must know this, in order to approach his prospect in a favorable light. It is evident that the chief value of these art forms is to the advertiser, and the subject will be more fully discussed when we come to separate the advertiser from the salesman.

The point here is that the salesman must, first of all, find out all he can in relation to the men to whom he is to sell

his goods. In doing this he must draw upon all possible sources of information. Pure science has much to teach him. Psychology is loaded with facts that are of the greatest importance, as is ethnology, and especially art. We are claiming that salesmanship partakes in all the activities of man. Science is the record of the conclusions of men who have made a study of the doings of men. It is peculiarly the property of the salesman, his *vade mecum*, his open road to power and success. There is not another calling which can possibly profit more by the conclusions of science than salesmanship.

Let us therefore turn frankly to science and demand of her all the store of knowledge she has that we can utilize, without any of the mawkish sentimentality that professes to condemn the value of science in the transactions of everyday life and business.

Next to knowing the men he is expected to make his customers, it is of importance that the salesman should know himself, and be able to correctly estimate his own power as a salesman, which means his power to influence his fellowmen. This opens a great subject. It is much easier to estimate the other man than it is to estimate this man.

To know himself is also a subject that calls for the assistance of science, and for a great amount of resolute and thorough self-examination. It will not do to allow vanity to limit this work. The first thing a prospective salesman must do is to stand himself off, detach himself from himself, and analyze his own qualities and defects. He has got to be honest with himself. He has got to make a true inventory of his knowledge, his needs, and his capacity to absorb knowledge and to do good work.

Perhaps the most essential quality for the prospective salesman to possess, and to cultivate, is willingness to work. If the salesman is not willing to work hard, all the time, and study hard, all the time, he had better not undertake to enter the business. It demands work, and hard work, and skilled work, and proficient work, all the time. When the salesman is not at work getting orders he ought to be at work getting himself in shape to get orders.

Salesmanship demands the old-fashioned sort of study to prepare for it, and the old-fashioned sort of work to win success. It demands devotion, enthusiasm, singleness of purpose, and always hard and self-sacrificing work. It requires that the salesman shall have joy in his work. It depends upon these qualities for success more specifically and more completely than any other calling or profession, chiefly because it is what the salesman is that counts, more than what he knows and does. It is the salesman himself that sells, not the acts of the salesman.

Of course, it is not meant that the salesman is to get none of the joy in life. He should get all the joy possible. He should get more of the pure enjoyment of life than other professions, because it is the joy of life that makes power for the men who enjoy it.

The salesman should be very good to himself: In the matter of health, because the healthy man has more power over his fellows; in the matter of morals, because the moral man has more power over his fellows; in the matter of temperament, because the man with a cheerful and optimistic temperament has more power over his fellows; in the matter of dress, because the well-dressed man has more power over his fellows; and in all matters that tend to make a big and wholesome, and sweet, and happy man, because such a man has more power over his fellows. The fundamentals of good salesmanship are the man himself, and his knowledge of and sympathy with the people to whom he must sell his goods.

The third major element in the salesman's education is the goods he is to attempt to sell. He must know the goods, and all about them; not only the goods themselves, but all the conditions that influence their sale and use. If the salesman is to handle cotton piece-goods, for example, he must know all about the cotton they are made of, and all about the conditions of its growth and handling, as well as about its relative goodness and adaptability for the particular goods it is made up into. And he must know all about all other kinds of cotton, and other kinds of goods that may be used in substitution for his own. He must be able

ADVERTISING AND SALESMANSHIP

to place his own goods in their proper relation to all others in the market, and give a perfectly adequate reason for all that he says and claims regarding his own goods.

The salesman's knowledge of his goods must extend far beyond the goods themselves, and include the people who are to use the goods, the various uses they may be put to, the possible market for them, the special market the customer of the moment must cater for, the methods for retail selling that have been found most effective, and the many other elements that bear upon the sale of the goods with direct or indirect force, and make for the success or failure of the salesman.

These are the things the salesman has to learn. There are other qualities that are perhaps more essential, at least at the first. They are in the nature of fundamental resolutions, the personal basis upon which all of the executive capacity of the salesman must be built; and like the foundation for any structure, they must be solid and well laid.

The very bottom quality of the good salesman must be hope. If he has not hope, does not cultivate, and cherish, and cling to, and depend upon hope, he will not succeed, in salesmanship or anything else. When he embarks upon the career of a salesman he must hope for success, and there must never be a moment when he does not hope. It is the foundation. Without hope the salesman tries to build his house of success upon the sand of foreordained failure.

To bring hope a step toward its practical office, there must be faith. The salesman must have faith in himself, in his goods, in the people he is dealing with, in the house he works for, and in his "star." Faith we know works wonders. It will do as much for the salesman as it ever did for the children of Israel, or as it is reputed to do for the followers of Mrs. Eddy; as much as it does for the Emmanuel church patients, in Boston; as much as it did for Elisha; as much as it was promised to do for those who were told that through faith they could remove mountains and subdue kingdoms. Faith is power. If the salesman has faith in his goods and in

his proposition he can sell his goods; if he has not that faith he cannot sell the goods, to the same extent.

But the salesman should have faith in a more general sense than that. He must have faith in things in general, in the scheme of life, in the future of the race, in his own future and power, in the man he is talking with, in the country, in the city, in mankind, and in the general plan and scope of the universe. It is the disposition that counts, and that must be permeated with faith, even from the greatest to the most insignificant of things, traits, emotions, habits, and predilections. The salesman must be faith personified.

The salesman must have determination, to make hope and faith work for him in a practical way and all of the time. Hope and faith are very admirable qualities, even when they are only academical qualities. But we wish to put them to practical use, and so we must drive them with determination. We must "keep everlastingly at it," and keep hope and faith practically at work by backing them with determination.

Even determination will fail unless we push it all the time, unless we have also persistence. It is self-descriptive. It completes the cycle of qualities that we are to put at the foundation of all of the knowledge of the people, of ourselves, of the goods, to make that knowledge contribute directly to the success of the salesman.

These varieties of knowledge, sustained and made operative by these elements of the salesman's motive power, will, when properly applied by the ambitious and willing salesman, bring success to him. They cover and embrace the whole of the law and the gospel of salesmanship; always, of course, providing that there is promising material in the salesman himself upon which they can work. If there is not a reasonable expectation that the potential salesman is big enough, broad enough, willing enough, to work out this program for his benefit, then he must not try.

Advertising is indeed, as is constantly claimed for it, "salesmanship on paper," but with a great difference.

The Book of the Month

THE ROMANCE OF A GREAT PIONEER BUSINESS*

A Review

NOWHERE has the element of romance entered into the realm of business to a greater extent than in the history of "The Gentlemen Adventurers of England Trading on Hudson's Bay." For two and a half centuries this remarkable organization, with headquarters in an unpretentious gray stone building near the Royal Exchange, London, has held unbroken sway over the wilds of America, ruling a fur empire larger by actual measurement than the whole of Europe.

Divested as it is to-day, of much of its pristine splendor, and limited in its field and in its almost feudal authority by the advance of colonization and democracy, the Hudson's Bay Company is still a remarkable enterprise. The romantic days have long since passed, when the emissaries of the company threaded their way over the mountain passes to the Columbia River and the Pacific Coast, swept up the Assiniboine to the Mackenzie River and the Arctic Circle, scoured every valley between Alaska and Mexico and even planted a post halfway across the Pacific in Hawaii! But the traditions of the brave old days are still strong and the pride of centuries of power still inspires the loyal servants of the great company.

Many books have been written about the Hudson's Bay Company. What writer of romance is there, who is not carried away by a contemplation of such adventures as befell these pathfinders and empire-builders? But it is safe to say

that no author has yet presented such a glowing and truthful picture of the life-story of the company as Miss Agnes C. Laut in her two-volume history of "The Conquest of the Great Northwest."

Inspired by the heroic struggles of the pioneers, who carried the company's flag to the ultimate ends of the continent, thrilled by a personal visit to the territory over which the H.B.C. still wields its sway, and enlightened by the records of the years stored in Hudson's Bay House, London, Miss Laut equipped herself well for the task before her. She has brought to the work a natural love for the romantic in history, a painstaking industry in research and a facile gift of expression, all of which combined render her two volumes not only highly informative but highly instructive as well.

It was natural that before beginning the actual history of the Gentlemen Adventurers, attention should be directed to the pathetic figure of that intrepid old mariner, Henry Hudson, whose name is perpetuated not only in the vast inland sea, which seems destined to be the Baltic of Canada, but in the noble river that has meant so much to the State of New York. Hudson's four voyages of discovery are described in detail—the first in 1607, the second in 1608, the third in which the Hudson River was discovered, in 1609 and the final fatal voyage to Hudson's Bay in 1610. The memory of this last attempt of the heroic though visionary navigator to find a short-cut to the Orient is kept fresh by the superb painting by Collier, which forms the frontispiece of Miss Laut's first volume.

A chapter is devoted to the ineffectual attempt of the Danes under the leader-

*The Conquest of the Great Northwest. By Agnes C. Laut. Outing Publishing Co., New York; Musson Book Co., Toronto. 2 volumes, \$5. Illustrations reproduced by courtesy of the Outing Publishing Co.

ship of Munck to establish a colony, at what is now Churchill Harbor, in the year 1619. Commenting on this incident

there would have been no British North America."

And now the real history of the Hud-



Collier's famous picture of Hudson's Last Hours.

Miss Laut says: "Though Hudson, an Englishman, had discovered the bay, one might almost say, if Munck had succeeded, as far as the Northwest is concerned,

son's Bay begins. In what may be called an introductory chapter, the sixth, Miss Laut traces a bold outline of the three centuries, from the time of Hudson to

the present day. "Hudson and Jens Munck, Vikings of the sea, were to be succeeded by those intrepid knights of the wilderness, Radisson, the pathfinder, and d'Iberville, the wildwood rover. The third era on Hudson Bay comes down to our own day. It marks the transition from savagery, with semi-barbaric splendor, with all its virtues of outdoor life and dashing bravery, and all its vices of unbridled freedom in a no-man's land with law of neither God nor man—to modern commerce; the transition from the Eskimos' kyach and voyageurs' canoe over trackless waters to latter day Atlantic liners plowing furrows over the main to the marts of commerce, and this period, too, is best typified in two commanding figures that stand out colossally from other actors on the bay—Lord Selkirk, the young philanthropist, and Lord Strathcona, whose activities only began at an age when other men have either made or marred their careers."

The charter granted by King Charles II. to the Gentlemen Adventurers trading to Hudson's Bay is, according to Miss Laut, "the purest piece of feudalism ever perpetrated on America." It was purely a royal favor, "depending on that idea of the Stuarts that the earth was not the Lord's but the Stuarts, to be disposed of as they wished."

"For years it was contended that the charter covered only the streams tributary to Hudson Bay, that is, to the headwaters of Churchill and Saskatchewan and Moose and Rupert Rivers, but if the charter was to be valid at all, it was to be valid in all its provisions and the company might extend its possessions indefinitely. And that is what it did—from Hudson's Bay to Alaska and from Alaska to California. The debonair King had presented his friends with three-quarters of America."

An interesting sidelight is thrown on the Oregon Question by Miss Laut. The company had previously taken a prominent part in international affairs as they affected America. When the question of designating the bounds between Russian Alaska and British Columbia came up between England and Russia, it was on the Hudson's Bay Company that the British Government relied for its defence.

Similarly when the United States took over Louisiana in 1807, the British Government called on the company to state what the limits ought to be between Louisiana and British America. But in the Oregon case, according to Miss Laut, the company really could not much be blamed for the loss of much of this valuable territory.

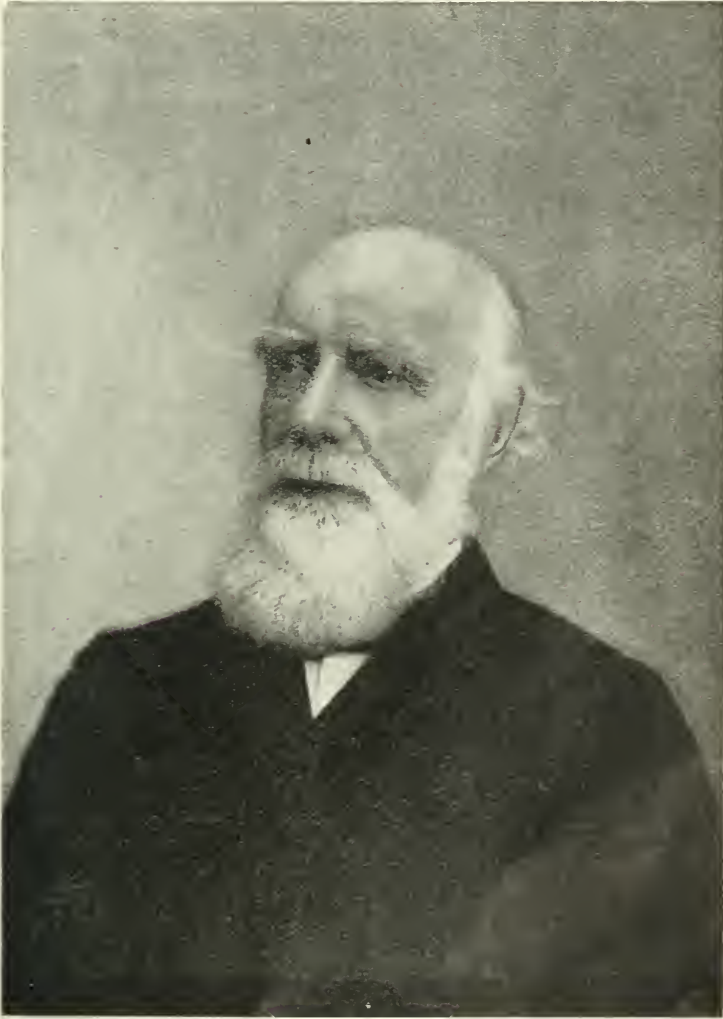
"The modern Washington and Oregon—broadly speaking, regions of greater wealth than France—were at stake. The astonishing thing, the untold inside history of the whole episode was that after insisting on joint occupancy for years and refusing to give up her claims, England suddenly kow-towed flat without rhyme or reason. The friendship of the company's chief factor, McLoughlin, for the incoming American settlers of Oregon, has usually been given as the explanation. Some truth there may be in this, for the settlers' tented wagon was always the herald of the hunter's end, but the real reason is good enough to be registered as melodrama to the everlasting glory of a martinet officer's ignorance. Aberdeen was the British minister who had the matter in hand. His brother, Captain Gordon, in the Pacific Squadron, was ordered to take a look over the disputed territory. In vain the fur traders of Oregon and Vancouver Island spread the choicest game on his table. He could not have his English bath. He could not have the comforts of his English bed. He had bad luck deerstalking and worse luck fishing. Asked if he did not think the mountains magnificent, his response was that he would not give the bleakest hill in Scotland for all these mountains in a heap. Meanwhile, the Hudson's Bay Company was wasting candle light in London preparing the British case for the retention of Oregon. Matters hung fire. Should it be joint occupancy, fifty-four-forty or fight, or compromise? Aberdeen's brother on leave home was called in.

"Oregon? Oregon? Yes, Gordon remembered Oregon. Been there fishing last year, and the fish wouldn't rise to the fly worth a d—! Let the old country go! This, in a country where fish might be scooped out in tubfuls without either fly or line!"

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

Selkirk, whom Miss Laut places third in her quartette of notables, was early fired with a desire to relieve poverty and distress in Scotland by leading the destitute multitudes of his native land to the Promised Land of Alexander Mackenzie's

to its territory. Selkirk's solution, suggested by overhearing Sir Alexander Mackenzie discuss his own plan to monopolize the fur trade, is to buy up the company's stock. He sets to work and presently he is in control of £40,000 out



Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, formerly Donald Smith
Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

voyage. The forks of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers are selected as the region best fitted for a colony. But a difficulty looms up. The company is opposed to any proposal for introducing settlers in-

of the £105,000 capital of the Hudson's Bay Company. £20,000 of the balance is owned by minors, with no vote. Practically Selkirk and his relatives owned the company. In 1811 the company

grants Selkirk a region for colonizing on the Red River and thus the famous Selkirk colony begins.

Chapter VIII. of the first volume, in

fur trader. Before the days of newspapers the lists were posted in the Royal Exchange and sales held "by candle," in lieu of auctioneer's hammer—a tiny



Traders Leaving Athabasca Landing for the North.

which Miss Laut describes the methods of doing business adopted by the company is most entertaining. The auction sales of the furs held in December or March was the climax of the year to the

candle being lighted, pins stuck in at intervals along the shaft, and bids shouted till the light burned out. Terse business methods of to-day, where the sales are advertised in a newspaper, and after-

wards held apart from the goods, have robbed these sales of much of their old-time glamor, for the sale was to the city merchant what the circus is to the country boy, the event of the year.

In early days when the company had the field to itself, and sent out only a score or two of men in two small ships, £20,000 worth of beaver were often sold in a year the company was able to declare a dividend of 50 per cent. on stock that had been twice trebled. Then came darker days when the conflict with France caused such serious losses that dividends were reduced to nil. Following this came the struggle with the Northwest Company of Montreal, when sales fell as low as £2,000. To-day, with its monopoly of exclusive trade long since surrendered, its charter gone, free traders at liberty to come or go, and populous cities spread over two-thirds of its old stamping grounds, the sales of the company yield as high returns as in its palmiest days.

The bounty system kept servants loyal. Bounty in amounts ranging from 3 shillings to 6 pence was paid on every score of made beaver to captain, factors, traders and trappers. Latterly, this system has been superseded by larger salaries and direct shareholding.

Up to 1820 beaver was literally coin of the realm. Mink, martin, ermine, silver

fox, all were computed as worth so much or so many fractions of beaver. A roll of tobacco, a pound of tea, a yard of blazing-red flannel all were measured and priced as worth so many beaver.

"Old-fashioned feudalism marked the company's treatment of its dependents. To-day, the Indian simply brings his furs to the trade, has free egress to the stores and goes his way like any other buyer. A hundred years ago, bartering was done through a small wicket in the gate of the fort palisades; but in early times, the governor of each little fort felt the pomp of his glory like a Highland Chief. Decking himself in scarlet coat with profusion of gold lace and sword at belt, he marched out to the Indian camp with bugle and fife blowing to the fore and all the white servants in line behind. Bartering was then accomplished by the Indian chief, giving the white chief the furs, and the white chief formally presenting the Indian chief with a quid pro quo, both sides puffing the peace pipe."

This is only a fringe of the book. Miss Laut's chapters on the Selkirk settlement, on the rise of the Northwest Company and its bitter conflict with the Hudson's Bay Company, the work of discovery by Mackenzie, Ogden and others, the Oregon case and many other subjects intimately connected with the history of the company can only be mentioned.

The Keystone of Success

(Henry Clews in System)

Establish a credit!

Make that your first consideration when organizing a new business! No concern has enough money to escape consideration of this question. Too much money in a business means little or no profit on the investment; too much credit is a thing unheard of, except when the privilege is wrongfully used and then your credit is soon lost forever.

The true credit of commerce is that built only through fair representation. This is the credit that stimulates industry, inspires confidence, and creates a healthy activity.

Contents of January Magazines

Architecture and the Arts.

- The Quality of Woman's Art Achievement. Giles Egerton—Craftsman (Dec.)
 Alexander's Decorations in the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg—Scribner's Mag.
 National Character in Art. Lawrence Binyon—Living Age (Dec. 5).
 The Art of Lionello Balestrieri. Charles H. Caffin—Metropolitan.
 Women Artists of To-day. William Armstrong—Woman's Home Comp.
 Famous Beauties of a Thousand Years—Woman's Home Comp.
 The Age of Pictures. John W. Harding—Smith's
 The Fascination of Art Pottery. Lewis Verbeck—Suburban Life.
 One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting. John La Farge—McClure's (Dec.)
 Liverpool Cathedral and Its Young Architect—Young Men (Dec.)

Army and Navy.

- The Battle of Agincourt. Major-Gen. Sir F. Maurice. K.C.B.—Cornhill (Dec.)
 Lord Roberts' Warning—Saturday Rev. (Nov. 28)
 The Danger of Invasion—Spectator (Nov. 28).
 My Last Days With the Atlantic Fleet. Rear-Admiral R. D. Evans—Hampton's Broadway.
 Various Criticisms of the Navy and what They Amount to. Rear-Admiral R. D. Evans—Hampton's Broadway.
 Floating and Flying Navies. J. C. Bayles, M. E., Ph.D.—Carrier's Mag.
 Changes in the Navy Department—Outlook (Dec. 12).

Business and Industry

- Law Reporting a Business. William M. Clift—Shorthand Writer (Dec.)
 The Horrors of the Muck-Raking Trust. James L. Ford—Appleton's.
 Instruction in Public Business. W. H. Allen—Pol. Science Quarterly.
 Improvements in Business Correspondence. C. L. Chamberlain—Book-Keeper (Dec.)
 Underwriting—or Legalized Gambling? S. C. Hebbard—Book-Keeper (Dec.)
 Some Recollections of a Bookkeeper—The Book-Keeper (Dec.)
 Fighting the Mail Order House. Robert A. Beall—Brains (Nov. 28).
 The Business End of a Carnival—Brains (Nov. 28).
 Trusts that Can be Trusted. Walter P. McGuire—Van Norden's (Dec.)

- The Romance of Copper. William I. Partridge—Van Norden's (Dec.)
 The Function of Marginal Trading. Frederic Drew Bond—Moody's Mag. (Dec.)
 "Hedging" in Cotton Futures. William H. Stephens—Moody's (Dec.)
 Economy—the Test of Management. F. M. Feiker—System.
 The Pioneers of Business Systems—System (Dec.)
 Driving the Engines of Business. Kendall Banning—System.
 The Chance for the Small Business. O. N. Mann—System.
 Turning a River's Face to Power. C. F. Carter—Tech. World.

Children.

- Work, Study and Play for Every Child. Henry K. Bush-Brown—The Craftsman (Dec.)
 Your Christmas Gift to the Children of the Tenements. Lucy Leffingwell-Cable—Garden Mag.
 The Seven Ages of Childhood—Ladies' Home Journal.
 The Child Who Lived in a Hotel. Maude Radford Warren—Ladies' Home Jnl.
 Child Life in Hawaii. Grace Hortense Tower—Pacific Mthly.
 The Child's Development. Lady Henry Somerset—Windsor (Dec.)
 Nature and Science for Young Folks—St. Nicholas.

Education and School Affairs.

- Progress of Pupils Through the Elementary and High Schools. J. M. Greenwood—Education.
 Some Reasons for Decrease of Interest in Nature Study. Arthur S. Dewing, Ph.D.—Education.
 A Neglected Phase of Practical Education. Prof. R. T. House—Education.
 Teaching Arithmetic. Walter H. Young—Education.
 The Education Compromise—Spectator (Dec. 5).
 A Sermon on Education. Charles Battell Loomis—Smith's.
 What Is to Become of Our Sixteen Million School Children? James Creelman—Pearson's (Am.)

Essays and General Literature.

- The Study of English. Prof. Lillian Lambert—Education.
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 Milton and Modern Men. J. E. De Montmorency—Con. Review (Dec.)

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Poe. George L. Knapp—Lippincott's.
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The New Literature of Life. Edwin Bjorkman—Van Norden Mag. (Dec.)

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The Last Christmas Tree. James Lane Allen—Saturday Evening Post (Dec. 5)
Betty Kimberley. Anna O'Hagan—Smith's.
Rossetti's Struggle. Hall Caine—Appleton's.
The Mistletoe Bough. Frederick Dorr Steele—McClure's (Dec.)
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The Mantle of Charity. Catharine Thayer—Red Book.
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John Marvel. Assistant. Thomas Nelson Page—Scribner's.
The Ghost Kings. H. Rider Haggard—Gunter's.

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Wasteful Pleasures. Vernon Lee—Contemporary Review (Dec.)
Problems of the Business Girl. Anna Steese Richardson—Woman's Home Comp.
Educational Aids to Success for London's Young Men—Young Men (Dec.)
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Handicraft.

George Gray Barnard. Katharine Metcalf Roof—Craftsman (Dec.)
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The Romance of the Indian Basket. Harry H. Dunn—Bohemian.

Health and Hygiene.

The Doctor and the Patient. Rudyard Kipling—Ladies' Home Jnl.
Why Fuss so Much About What I Eat. Annie Payson Call—Ladies' Home Jnl.
Suggestion. James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D.—Appleton's.
Federal Quarantine Laws. Edwin Maxey—Political Science Quar.
The Practical Use of Thermometers. Samuel K. Pearson, Jr.—House and Garden.
Alcohol and the Community. H. Smith Williams M.D., LL.D.—McClure's.
The Solving of the Milk Problem. Samuel Hopkins Adams—McClure's (Dec.)
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The Battle Line Against Consumption—World's Work (Dec.)

House, Garden and Farm.

English Effects with Hardy Conifers. Wilhelm Miller—Garden Mag.

Growing Beans in Florida. C. R. Ross—Garden Mag.
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Vines with Attractive Berries. Alfred Rehder—Garden Mag.
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How Prize-Winning Fowls are Groomed for the Show. W. C. Denny—Suburban Life.
Making Over an Old House. Arthur W. Rogers—Suburban Life.
What England Can Teach us About Landscape Gardening. Wilhelm Miller—Country Life in America.
How a Family Lived on \$185 a year, and a Farm—Country Life in Am.

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The Lure of America. Leroy Scott—Success (Dec.)
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Indian and Colonial Investments—Empire Review (Dec.)
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When Caution Pays the Investor—World's Work (Dec.)
Two "Don'ts" for Life Insurance Policy Holders—World's Work (Dec.)
How Men get Rich and the Right View of Wealth. Andrew Carnegie—World's Work.
How Europe Invests its Savings—Sat. Evening Post (Dec. 19).

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Two Preliminaries to Labor Co-Partnership—Spectator (Dec. 5).
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A Sheep Herder of the South. N. C. Wyeth—Scribner's.
"We Have With us To-night," Samuel C. Blythe—Saturday Evening Post (Dec. 5).
The Pedigree Hunters. E. L. Bacon—Saturday Evening Post (Dec. 5).
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Heart of Fire—Living Age (Dec. 5).
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The Real Value of Christmas. Hamilton Wright Mabie—Circle (Dec.)
Feasts of Reason and Flows of Soul. Samuel Blythe—Sat. Evening Post (Nov. 28).
Men and Manners—Spectator (Nov. 28).
Good Manners and Good Form. Mrs. Burton Kingsland—Ladies' Home Jnl.
The "Shipwrecker" and His Work. A. W. Rolker—Appleton's.
California Paradoxes. Frances Albert Doughty—Putnam's.
Every Man in His Humor. N. W. Boynton—Putnam's.
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The Problem of Living. Lillian Bell—Lippincott's
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The Costliest City Government in the History of the World—World's Work (Dec.)

Nature and Outdoor Life.

Forest Fires. Forbes Lindsay—The Craftsman (Dec.)
The Life Struggle of the Columbia River Salmon. R. R. Howard—Pacific Mthly.
Tropical Island, Town and River. Marion Wilcox—Putnam's.
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My Wedding

By ELLEN TERRY

From "The Story of My Life"

The day of my wedding was very cold. Like most women, I always remember what I was wearing on the important occasions of my life. On that day I wore a brown silk gown, which had been designed by Holman Hunt, and a quilted white bonnet with a sprig of orange blossom, and I was wrapped in a beautiful Indian shawl, I went away in a sealskin jacket with coral buttons and a little sealskin cap. I cried a great deal, and Mr. Watts said, "Don't cry. It makes your nose swell." The day I left home to be married, I "tubbed" all my little brothers and sisters, and washed their fair hair.

The Safe Road.

The momentous question of safety in railroad travel is occupying the attention, time and research of many scientists, eminent writers and practical railway men to-day.

We quote from Mr. Laurence Landon, in an exhaustive article on "Railway Practice and Conditions:"

"In the early days of railroading, the principal idea of a locomotive was an iron horse to take the place of the animals which had

"Yet in all these improvements, little attention has been paid to safety devices on the largest percentage of railway mileage. The air brake is the shining exception, for it has made possible the hauling of heavier and larger trains, at the highest speed, because of its ability to stop the train in the shortest possible distance.

"It has been said that 'the air brake ranks next to the Press and the Locomotive amongst those forces to which material developments of the present day are primarily due.'

"Much attention has been given, and millions of dollars spent, that the traveler may enjoy comfort and speed, but the item of safety has been disregarded. The roadways and rolling stock have been carried to the highest point of perfection, but still on about 97 per cent. of the mileage of America the roads are absolutely without safety appliances which guard against human error, and upon only a ridiculously small section of this enormous mileage is there anything in the way of a safety device which will act independently of human volition.

"This is the next line of improvement which the railroads are bound to consider, i.e., fuller protection of life and property.

"The only safe system of protection according to the opinions of all railroad experts, is one that is automatic and mechanical.

It is to the credit of the sound business sense of the able men who have made possible, and have developed to its present high state of perfection the enormous railroad enterprise of to-day that the most progressive of these great corporations are consistently searching for this safety device.

"And to the road which first adopts a really reliable and automatic protective appliance, aside from the purely humanitarian feature of saving human lives, will come the material reward in the way of increased dividends from the influx of traffic which will accrue from its being in fact, as well as in name, The Safe Road."

This condition the Price system for Automatic Stopping and Controlling of Trains absolutely fulfils. When it is installed on the railroads of the country, railway accidents will be reduced to an inappreciable minimum because the preventible accidents will be surely eliminated, and there will be no more casualties caused by head-on or rear-end collisions, breaks in tracks, open switches or drawbridges. Then every railroad ticket issued on the roads using the Price device, practically will be an accident insurance, for they, and they alone, can safely guarantee to transfer their patrons, free from injury and fear of sudden death, to their journey's end, via the Safe Road.



Mr. H. W. Price

of the Electrical Engineering Department of the University of Toronto, Inventor of The Price System for Automatic Stopping and Controlling of Trains.

been used as a means of transportation for a couple of thousand years, and apply it to the hauling of coaches, patterned after the horse-drawn vehicle then in use.

"In its inception, everything was naturally primitive. Crude engines—inconvenient carriages—intermittent time-tables, were the rule. But as railroading emerged from the experimental stage, improvement in the equipment progressed by leaps and bounds. New railways were projected and built, and competing lines vied with each other to cater to the welfare and comfort of the traveling public. Better coaches—light—heat—and convenience after convenience were supplied, until at the present day the modern limited vestibuled express resembles the first passenger train only in name and the basic principles.

The Busy Man's Book Shelf

Best Selling Fiction in Canada.

1. Holy Orders.	Marie Corelli	William Briggs.
2. Testing of Diana Mallory.	Mrs. Humphrey Ward	Musson Book Co.
3. Trail of the Lonesome Pine.	John Fox, Jr.	McLeod & Allen.
4. Peter.	F. Hopkinson Smith.	McLeod & Allen.
5. Riverman.	Stewart Edward White.	Musson Book Co.
6. Web of Time.	R. E. Knowles.	Henry Frowde.

Recent Noteworthy Novels.

Salthaven	W. W. Jacobs.	Copp, Clark Co.
Interplay	Beatrice Harraden.	William Briggs.
The Gentleman	Alfred Ollivant.	Macmillan Co.
The Silver Butterfly.	Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.	McLeod & Allen.
The Altar Stairs.	G. B. Lancaster.	Musson Book Co.
Kincaid's Battery.	George W. Cable.	Copp, Clark Co.
Treasure Valley.	Marian Keith.	Westminster Co.
War in the Air.	H. G. Wells.	Macmillan Co.
The Red City.	S. Weir Mitchell.	Copp, Clark Co.

History and Biography.

Myths and Facts of the American Revolution.	Arthur Johnston.	William Briggs.
Story of Old Kingston.	Agnes Maule Machar.	Musson Book Co.
In Search of a Polar Continent.	Alfred H. Harrison.	Musson Book Co.
Quebec Tercentenary Commemorative History.	Frank Carrel.	Quebec Telegraph.
Recollections of the War of 1812, (New Edition)	Dr. William Dunlop	Hist. Pub. Co.
Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada.	J. W. Tyrrell.	William Briggs.
Life of Ian MacLaren.	Robertson Nicholl.	Westminster Co.
Life of James Robertson.	Ralph Connor.	Westminster Co.
Life of Henry Irving.	Austin Brereton.	Longmans.
Richard Mansfield.	Paul Wilstach.	Scribner's.

Canadian Fiction.

The Master of Life.	W. D. Lightall.	Musson Book Co.
Nancy McVeigh.	R. Henry Mainer.	William Briggs.
The Harvest of Moloch.	Mrs. J. K. Lawson.	Poole & Co.
Gabrielle Amethyst.	F. W. Musgrave.	William Briggs.

Humor in the Magazines

"I HAD ALWAYS thought the public servants of my own city were the freshest on earth," says a New York man, "but a recent experience in Kansas City has led to a revision of that notion.

"One afternoon I dashed into a railway station of that town with just half a minute to buy my ticket and enter a train for Chicago. I dashed through the first gate, and, pointing to a certain train, asked hurriedly of the gate-man:

"Is that my train?"

"Well, I don't know," replied he, with exasperating deliberation. "May be it is, but the cars have the company's name on them."—Harper's Magazine.

A week before the Christmas holidays a Princeton undergraduate who lived in Chicago wished to start home, thus gaining a week's vacation on the other students. He had, however, used up all the absences from recitations which are allowed, and any more without good excuse would have meant suspension. In a quandary he hit upon this solution: He telegraphed his father the following message:

"Shall I come home by the B. & O., or straight home?"

The answer he received read: "Come straight home."

An exhibition of the telegram to the faculty was sufficient.—Success Magazine.

Four-year-old Helen wished to get into the play-room, but the gate (which had been put at the door to keep her baby brother in) was locked. She tried again and again to climb over it, when at last her mother heard her say, "Dear God, please help me get over this gate." Just then she tumbled over, and said, "Never mind; I got over myself."—Harper's Magazine.

Usually little Mary was not at all afraid of the dark, but one night, after being put to bed, she called her mother, and insisted there was some one in the closet.

"Nonsense, Mary," said her mother; "it's only imagination." The child was quiet for a little while, but presently called, in a frightened voice: "Mother, 'magination's in the closet again."—Harper's Magazine.

A lady in a Southern town was approached by her colored maid.

"Well, Jenny?" she asked, seeing that something was in the air.

"Please, Mis' Mary, might I have the aft'noon off three weeks from Wednesday?" Then, noticing an undecided look in her mistress's face, she added hastily—"I want to go to my finance's fun'ral."

"Goodness me," answered the lady—"Your fiance's funeral! Why, you don't know that he's even going to die, let alone the date of his funeral. That is something we can't any of us be sure about—when we are going to die."

"Yes'm," said the girl doubtfully. Then, with a triumphant note in her voice—"I'se sure about him. Mis', 'cos he's goin' to be hung!"—Everybody's Magazine.

At a London dinner recently the conversation turned to the various methods of working employed by literary geniuses. Among the examples cited was that of a well-known poet, who, it was said, was wont to arouse his wife about four o'clock in the morning and exclaim, "Maria, get up; I've thought of a good word!" Whereupon the poet's obedient helpmate would crawl out of bed and make a note of the thought-of word.

About an hour later, like as not, a new inspiration would seize the bard, whereupon he would again arouse his wife, saying, "Maria, Maria, get up! I've thought of a better word!"

The company in general listened to the story with admiration, but a merry-eyed American girl remarked: "Well, if he'd been my husband I should have replied, 'Alpheus, get up yourself; I've thought of a bad word!'"—Everybody's Magazine.

Mr. Alton is one of the few white Republicans in his section of Arkansas. He has in his employ an aged negro known as "Uncle Reuben," who "endurin' de wah had fit for the Union."

A few months ago Uncle Reuben applied for a pension. As Mr. Alton was riding past a field where the old man was ploughing one day last week, he was hailed in this wise:

"Marse John, I done got my papahs, an' I wanten 'knowledge dem 'fore you."

"You can't acknowledge them before me, Reuben," was the response; "you must go to Squire McCabe or some other magistrate."

"Tain't so," was Uncle Reuben's indignant rejoinder. "My gal read me what was writ on dose papahs, an' it sade I mus' 'knowledge dem 'fore a notorious Republican, an' dat's what you am, kase ever'body knows dat Squire McCabe am a Dimocrat."—December Lippincott's.

Further Facts Regarding the Viavi System of Treatment

From "The Cause."

THE name Viavi Cause is very significant. It means that the principle which it represents is above all things else a Cause—an obligation assumed and a work taken up for the good of humanity. It means the Cause of health and peace against disease and pain; the Cause of humanity and progress. It means that we are working for strong, healthy mothers and wives and for happy homes; it means that we are striving for the rights of coming generations and to create for the present and the future a physical basis for a higher moral standard.

Viavi has made such a success because we have used few aids in a medicinal way, and because all the help that is given to Viavi comes from mother nature herself when assisted by exercise, hygiene and diet. We do not consider Viavi so much a medicine as a food; it is essentially a vegetable food which gives to the body such strength and vitality as will enable nature to throw off the diseased condition.

It is held by the most advanced scientists of to-day that if the body be given sufficient strength, no disease can enter it. There is a constant battle for life in every cell of the human body, and it is only when the cell becomes weakened that disease enters; strengthen that cell and disease cannot enter. Viavi is merely nature's assistant, and by it the body is strengthened and hence resists disease and throws out the impurities.

The closer we are to the remedy, the nearer we hold ourselves to nature. Viavi has proved itself successful in thousands and thousands of cases. No treatment has ever been so successful.

There is nothing so overwhelming as to stand face to face with disease that remained unconquered until the Viavi

system of treatment was used, although the efforts of the most noted physicians had been previously employed. Think of the thousands of women who are now engaged in the Viavi work; they are bound together with intense purpose, putting aside personal ambition and throwing themselves into the work for the good of humanity.

During the advancement of the Viavi movement, obstacles have been encountered. Human nature is conservative, following the natural law of slowness in great evolutionary processes. We are creatures of habit. The old ways of thinking and doing have become habitual and a severe educational process is required to make us change our point of view.

We quote below from the letter of an enthusiastic worker for the great Viavi Cause. It is well worthy of perusal and should be given careful attention.

Dear Friends, It has been our intention for some time to write something that will be of value to the Viavi Cause. We have come across the following which seems very appropriate. The following words were spoken by Mr. Bryan during his last campaign: "I am not old but I am old enough to have learned that the laws of God are wiser than the laws of man. He never gave to mankind a need without giving to them a means of satisfying it. When he gave to man the necessity of food, he covered the whole earth with his bounty, and there has always been enough to satisfy the hunger of man. And when he made water necessary for human existence, he put the veins in the earth and scattered the living springs along the hillside. And when he allowed weariness to creep over the limbs, he sent sleep to restore strength. And when he gave man a mind capable of developing, he filled the universe with his wonders."

When we think over the above very carefully, we can see how easily it leads our minds along the line of good that may be gathered from the provision within our reach. Now that we have a remedy so good and efficient as Viavi has been found to be, surely the strongest praise that can be used would not be extravagant to make known its merit and value to suffering humanity. (Advt.)

Improvements in Office Devices

The New Visible Smith Premier

A VISIBLE typewriter, known as Model 10, has just been put upon the market by the Smith Premier Typewriter Company, of Syracuse, New York. This machine has two series of ball bearing type bars, which are drop forged, hung on single row, $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch balls, with adjusting facilities. The wearing surfaces and bearing balls are of such size, material and hardness that the manufacturers claim these parts to be absolutely indestructible.

The machine presents a column finder and paragrapher, a device which permits the selection of any one of several columns by simply pressing a key on the keyboard; useful in addressing envelopes, paragraphing correspondence, tabulating or doing work in columns.

The carriage travels on ball bearings. It is a gear-driven carriage, without straps or



Model 10 Smith Premier Typewriter

bands. These carriages are interchangeable and as several lengths are made, it is possible for users requiring machines of varying capacities to produce their work on one machine.

The ribbon is attached to its spools by means of spring clamps requiring neither pins nor tapes. The movement of the ribbon is reversed automatically; bi-chrome ribbons may be used and the color change is controlled by a single key on the keyboard.

There is a universal line spacer in connection with a variable line spacer, making it possible to write on ruled paper, special forms or at any point on the platen.

The machine is provided with a device so that by a single operation the ribbon mechanism is set for stencil cutting, eliminating the necessity of displacing or removing the ribbon by hand.

Machines may be supplied with a decimal tabulator which operates in connection with

the column finder. The tabulator keys form the top row of the keyboard. There is provided a carriage controller which retards the movement of the carriage when column finder or tabulator are used and which eliminates shock when the carriage makes long runs down the printing line.

Japanese Typewriter.

That the Japanese women are quick to follow the example of their American sisters is well known by all. In operating the typewriter they cannot be excelled. A Japanese typewriter is one of the company's recent outputs.

The Japanese language has no alphabet as the word is understood by western peoples. It is expressed by syllable signs and is commonly written intermixed with Chinese ideographs or "word pictures." The new Japanese Remington writes every syllable of the Japanese language, as well as the commoner ideographs, representing numerals, weights, measures, quantities, etc.

The Japanese language is written from right to left—not from left to right. It is also written in perpendicular instead of horizontal lines—a complete reversal in all respects of our own methods of writing.

New Counting Machine

A Swedish inventor has designed an apparatus for counting money and sorting the pieces into specified quantities. In the first place, money of various denominations is put into the machine and separated according to value, these being sent into various tubes. When in the tubes the coins can be taken out in lots of 10, 20, 50 or 100 pieces, at the will of the operator. The apparatus is capable of separating, counting and dividing into the lots before mentioned 72,000 pieces an hour. One machine under one operator is able to accomplish in one day as much counting as could be done by fifty most experienced bank cashiers.

Folding Machines

The Universal folding machine, with its many unique features, does in two months what formerly took one year's time.

The revolving mechanical feed roll, with its unique oscillating movement, is capable of handling anything from the flimsiest sheet to a

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

heavy cover stock, in all sizes from 5x5 to 12x 18, running at a speed of 6,000 to 9,000 per hour.

The machine consists of one main frame, containing the mechanical feeding device, driving shaft, and paper-holding magazine, and three simple interchangeable attachments, which can be placed or displaced in a moment's time without tools.

The feeding device in its operation describes movements entirely new in mechanics, and is covered by a basic patent. On it largely hinges the success of the machine, because a mechanical feeding device must be competent to handle the various grades of paper under all atmospheric conditions. On its precision all subsequent folds are based, since each folding operation is timed by the position of simple fixed cams.

The sheet, after being picked up by the automatic feeding device, is carried through the machine for the various folding operations by direct contact feeds in the form of metal rollers. This entirely eliminates the use of gravity, or tapes or belts, in conveying the sheet. Once picked up by the oscillating rubber roller, the sheet must go through the machine on time.

After the machine has been set to make the required fold or folds, from 1,200 to 2,000 sheets are placed in the paper-holding magazine, and the current turned on. No further attention is required, except, from time to time, to supply it with additional sheets and remove the folded work.

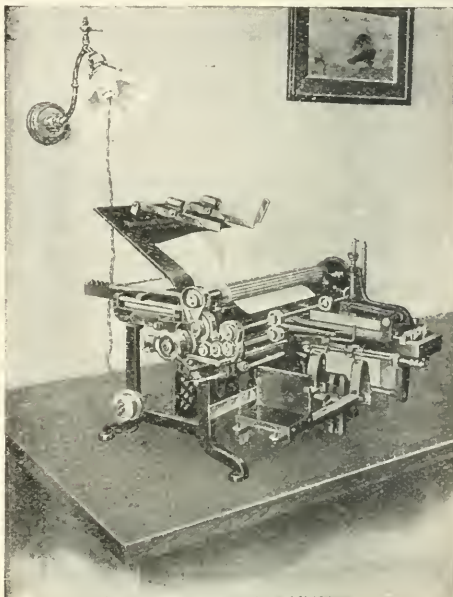
As many as twenty-seven different characters of fold can be made, which covers almost every conceivable commercial fold in use, even including bookbinder's tips, the square or baronial fold, and folded forms for the outlook envelope.

For getting out statements, where the outlook envelope is used, this machine becomes a very important factor in any business office. It will facilitate the quick handling of daily correspondence, since it will accurately fold several hundred letters in a few moments. In most houses the handling of the daily correspondence comes at the end of the business day, and speed in handling is a prime necessity.

The machine is essentially an office folding machine, occupying about the same space as a typewriter. It is capable of handling not only daily correspondence, but circular letters, pamphlets, form letters—in fact, everything that is necessary to be folded and sent through the

mails. Its value can be determined in exactly the same way as the value of a writing machine, an adding machine, or any of the more important labor-saving office devices.

In a great many offices it is the common practice, when in a hurry to get out matter which must be folded, to put the entire office force to work on it. In many instances salaried employees drawing from \$15 to \$25 a week are thus engaged in doing work which they



Universal Folding Machine

must necessarily do with awkwardness and very little speed, and at an enormous cost. In eliminating this one condition, an office equipped with the Universal folding machine would save enough in one year to more than cover the cost of the machine. It runs by a small electric motor attached to an ordinary electric light socket.

The agency for Canada has recently been placed with the Wood, Green Sales Company,

Classified Advertising Pays

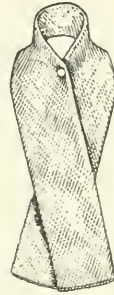
There is no doubt of this fact in the minds of people who have tried it in a reliable medium. The very fact of classification is of great help in bringing results because buyers know what they want and under what head to look for it. Classified condensed advertising in the BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE pays because of its *large* and *specialized* circulation. A condensed advertisement—any advertisement—in the BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE goes farther and stays longer than it would if placed in any other Canadian publication.

Suppose You Want

a position, the BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE reaches most of your possible employers. Suppose you have a vacancy to fill in your office, the BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE reaches the best class of office men and women. If you have something to sell or exchange, a classified advertisement is a sure and economical way of telling the readers of Canada all about it. The cost is

Four Cents a Word.

Thus for the sum of two dollars you can tell your message in fifty words under a classified head to all the readers of BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE in Canada, the United States, Great Britain and Continental Europe.



Knitted
Neck Wrap



Men's Knitted
Derby Coat

JAEGER Pure Wool WEAR

APPROPRIATE HOLIDAY GIFTS
FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

*With the various snow-sports at
hand the articles enumerated
below will be most acceptable:*

FOR GENTLEMEN

Men's Knitted Derby Coats, in white, grey, crimson, and Lovat Heather shades, \$5 50 and \$6 50	
Golf Jackets, from	5 00
Dressing Gowns, from	10 00
Knitted Neck Wrap, as above	1 00
Fleecy Cardigans, from.	10 50
Coat Sweaters, great variety, from.	5 00
Ordinary Sweaters, from	2 00
Storm Cap, in fleecy wool, just the cap for snow-sports	1 00

FOR LADIES

Knitted Norfolks, white, navy, crimson, in the newest styles, from	\$5 00
Golf Coats, in plain colors and two-tone effects, from	8 00
Jaeger Knitted Motor Scarf, very fine, pure wool, 48 inches long, from	1 00
Knitted Neck Wrap	1 00

Write for Illustrated Catalogue

Dr. Jaeger's Co., Ltd.

316 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal
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The Fountain Pen Industry in Canada

The starting of the large Waterman's Ideal plant in St. Lambert marks the growth and development, in Canada, of an industry which is of personal interest to us all. Of all the arts and inventions with which man has enriched the world none has proved as serviceable as the art of writing. A visit to the new Waterman plant is convincing of the undertaking of this firm to so prepare its output as to make it of such a degree of fineness as to equal perfection, and afford a most perfect and complete pocket writing instrument. Thus, the art of writing, in the present age, has become one without the many inconveniences of the past. It is learned that the enormous capacity of the new Waterman factory, as described hereinafter, is so arranged that the increasing demands of the public, through the trade of Canada, may be always promptly supplied. An idea of the necessary preparation to insure this is conveyed through the output of this firm's United States factory, which, in 1906, was called upon to supply, for the year, Waterman's Ideals to the enormous extent of \$2,500,000 in value.

The new Canadian factory is a three-storey and basement building, 85x150 feet, with approximately 25,000 square feet of floor space, constructed entirely of reinforced concrete; is absolutely fireproof throughout, and so built that there is practically no vibration whatever from the action of the machinery. All modern appliances have been installed. The ceilings are high; the ventilation is exceptionally well regulated, and even the most remote corners require none other than the natural light, which the construction and arrangement of the building permits during the working day.

The power is electricity, generated by the plant and controlled from a switchboard. The present capacity is 150 horse power for immediate use, although an additional 150 horse-power is provided for. The boilers are fitted with the modern Parson's Improved Blower System. The engine is one of the latest and best types, and the exhaust steam from the engine heats the entire building. The generators are of the 65 kilowatt type, alternating current, and the connecting motors used throughout are the alternating current type.

A trip through the building is convincing of the enormous preparation necessary to the starting of this plant, which commenced operations on December 1st with a small force of skilled employees, although it is estimated that the capacity of the working force of the complete plant is in excess of 400 employees. The first pen manufactured in the new factory is planned to be presented to the Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The planning and installation of the complete equipment and starting of the new Waterman plant is under the direct man-

agement of William I. Ferris, Vice-president of the Company, John Seiler being the Superintendent in charge of the works.

On the first floor of the building is the office of the Superintendent of Manufacture, in addition to the Rubber Department, with a capacity for 125 employees. In this department is received the finest grade of Para rubber, from the South American forests, where it is selected by Waterman representatives. The conversion of the crude rubber into the four simple parts of the finished pen requires 130 careful operations, most all of which are executed on modern machinery of special type.

On the second floor is the Smelting Room, where the gold metal is melted and placed in a crucible, which stands over a furnace that heats it to a temperature of 1,900 deg. Fahrenheit. Here is added an alloy of silver and copper, bringing the gold down to 14 kt., the correct standard of fineness required for writing purposes. Ingots are then formed of a size about one inch in thickness. These are then passed to the Gold Pen Manufacturing Department on the same floor, which has a capacity for 150 mechanics. The production of Gold Pens requires well-skilled help, most of whom it will be found have devoted a lifetime to this art. Each gold pen passes through about eighty operations, and is finally tempered, and, in this same department, tipped with iridium, which renders the pen point stronger and more durable than any other metal ever mined. It is said that in this department are made gold pens of such a large variety of sizes and styles that the exact requirements of every style of handwriting can be fulfilled.

On the third floor are departments for the assembling of the parts; the chasing or engraving of the rubber holders, and the mounting with gold and silver. The working capacity of this floor, in these departments, is 100 employees, and each of the operations, or handlings, through which the pen here passes, is as technical and careful as those of the formation departments. The five parts, when carefully assembled to fit to an infinitesimal fraction of an inch, are submitted to trained hands—experts in the use of the pen—to test the quality of workmanship submitted to them. The pens before leaving this department receive the trade mark of the manufacturers, which is the permanent guarantee, and has built the enviable reputation connected for many years with Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen.

The Canadian Headquarters of the manufacturers are located at No. 136 St. James Street, Montreal, with a large and active selling force under the management of the Secretary of the company, E. J. Kastner.

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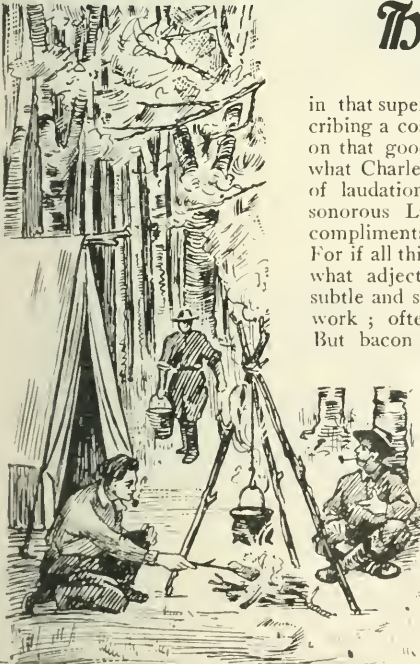
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Ontario

Canada

Henry Van Dyke



in that superb book of his, "Days Off," is particularly happy in describing a cosy meal in a woodland camp. He grows very enthusiastic on that good old English meat - Bacon. He says, "Do you remember what Charles Lamb says about roast pig? How he falls into an ecstasy of laudation, spelling the very name with small capitals, hailing it in sonorous Latin as *princeps obsoniorum*! There is some truth in his compliments, no doubt; but they are wasteful, excessive, imprudent. For if all this praise is to be lavished on plain, fresh, immature, roast pig, what adjectives shall we find to do justice to that riper, richer, more subtle and sustaining viand, broiled bacon? On roast pig a man cannot work; often he cannot sleep, if he have partaken of it immoderately. But bacon brings to its sweetness no satiety! It strengthens the arm while it satisfies the palate. Crisp, juicy, savory, delicately salt as the breeze that blows from the sea; faintly pungent as the blue smoke of incense wafted from a clean woodfire; aromatic, appetizing, nourishing, a stimulant to the hunger which it appeases, 'tis the matured bloom and consummation of the mild little pig, spared by the foresight for a nobler fate than juvenile roasting, and brought by art and man's device to a perfection surpassing nature." Those of us who have been to the woods will appreciate what he says but one can enjoy the luxury he describes right at home by buying "Star Brand" English Breakfast Bacon, cured and sold for over fifty years by F. W. Fearman Co., Ltd., at Hamilton, Ontario.

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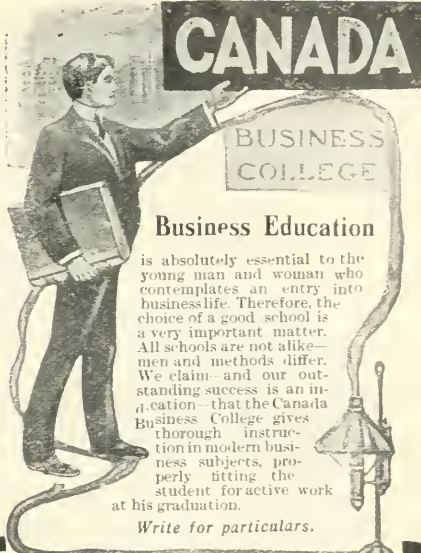
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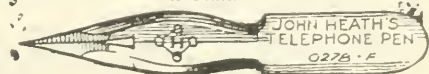
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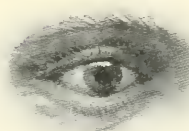
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It cannot do your eyes any harm and it may do them unlimited good—it costs you nothing to try.

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Everyone Ought to Read This

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THERE is just one and only one effective Internal Bath which has been before the public for years—which operates in such a way as to leave no ill-effect whatever after using—which is so near Nature's own way that it does not force but assists her—that one is the

J. B. L. CASCADE

Thousands are using it with great results and corresponding enthusiasm. Some of their experiences, and most interesting information on the Internal Bath, its purpose, its reason and its results, are contained in a little book called "The What, The Why, The Way," which will be sent you free on request. We suggest that you write for it now, while it is on your mind.

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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XVII

FEBRUARY 1909

No 4

A Canadian Millionaire Farmer

By G. W. BROCK

Written for The Busy Man's Magazine

NOT many millionaires are farmers. Their chief interest generally lies in bonds, stocks, securities and shares. While they may have palatial country homes surrounded by spacious artistic grounds, few are practical, progressive, hard-working tillers of the soil.

The average man, who has not passed middle life, fondly looks forward to the day when he will have amassed a competency, and in fancy he pictures what he will then do. Some conjure up constant rounds of pleasure, with days of idleness and ease, a few dream of extended sight-seeing tours and visits to world-famed centres, while others limn in fantastic outline lives devoted to politics, art, literature, science, charity or service in some other sphere.

But how many after acquiring wealth in one line set out upon another career as vigorous, active and exacting as the one by which they climbed to fortune's height. Yet there are men to whom the process of gathering or the sudden acquirement of riches affords wider avenues for useful enterprise or for the exploitation

of some feasible project to a degree, which they never dared picture, even in moments of vivid imagery.

A discoverer of one of Cobalt's richest mines—one which in that unrivalled area still bears his name—is Mr. W. G. Trethewey, who has left the mining camp with its huge dumps of ore and wonderful silver seams, for the farm, the garden and dairy. Sole possessor of the Trethewey Mine, and the biggest shareholder in the Coniagas, he disposed of his entire holdings in these properties two years ago, and retired from the camp after being a prospector and miner for twenty years or more. This man, who was one of the pioneers of Cobalt, and pinned his faith in that treasure belt, for which the world at the time had only jeers and scoffs, is credited with having cleaned up more money than any of the other forty or fifty millionaires that the most renowned silver centre in the world has produced. He has now bid good-bye to the prospector's pick, and no longer wanders over the glacial surface or scales the bluffs of a wild, rock-ribbed territory, but is carrying on discoveries in agricul-



W. G. Trethewey

tural prospects and opening up fresh veins of enterprise on his model farm at Weston, Ont. Here he has the largest tomato plantation in America and one of the finest dairy farms in the world.

"Why did I go farming?"

"That is a question often put to me," he said. "I do not fancy a life of ease, and I have always owned some land in Ontario, Western Canada or British Columbia. My interest in the soil has always been as keen as in the rock. As a boy I loved to see things grow and took the greatest delight in watching their development. I know of no calling or occupation, upon which one can enter that will afford so much pleasure and awaken so great an interest as the cultivation of a farm. And that is the reason I have gone into farming, gardening

and dairying along lines which I have planned for some years."

Still young in years—only forty-three—Mr. Trethewey is, nevertheless, an old prospector. Of medium height and build, he is probably the last man who would be pointed out as a miner who has faced for a generation or more all the trials and hardships of pioneer life in the rugged wildernesses of nature. His ups and downs have been many. They resemble more the romantic than the real. Of retiring disposition, pleasant voice and mild manner, a casual observer has little idea of the extent of his operations or the various classes of men with whom he has rubbed shoulders.

"Yes, I have been a roamer of the American continent," he added. "I have prospected in practically every mining camp of the new world—Brit-

A CANADIAN MILLIONAIRE FARMER



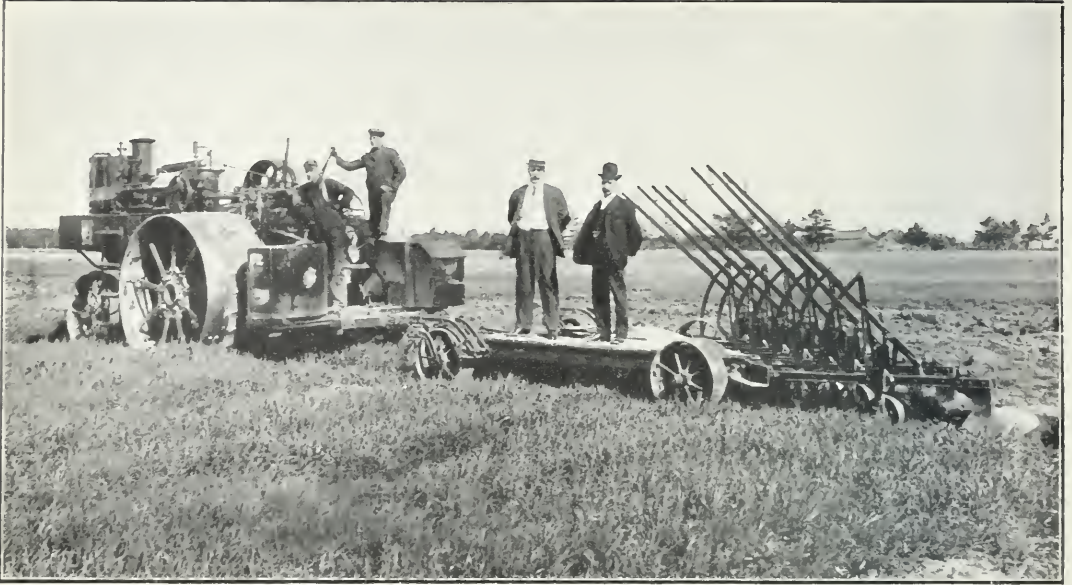
The Tomato Plantation

Sixty Acres of Tomatoes Were Raised on the Model Farm Last Year



Another Scene on the Farm

Showing the Hardening Beds in Which the Tiny Tomato Plants Grow Strong



The Steam Plow at Work

The Engine Pulls Eight Plows Capable of Turning Over an Acre of Land in Twenty Minutes



The Cannery on the Farm

A Section of the Interior Showing the Girls Peeling the Ripe Tomatoes

A CANADIAN MILLIONAIRE FARMER

ish Columbia, the Black Hills, South Dakota, California, Mexico and even in South America. Perhaps no man, with the exception of commercial travelers, who are constantly on the road, has traveled as many miles on rail-ways as I have."

Mr. Trethewey, who was born on the south branch of the Muskoka River, near Gravenhurst, owes his nomadic disposition to the fact that early associations, largely shape a man's career and environment often declares his destiny. "My father," he continued, "ran a saw and flour mill. Why he ran that flour mill, for the life of me I can't tell, for there was no wheat in that part of the country, and, of course, the mill was a failure."

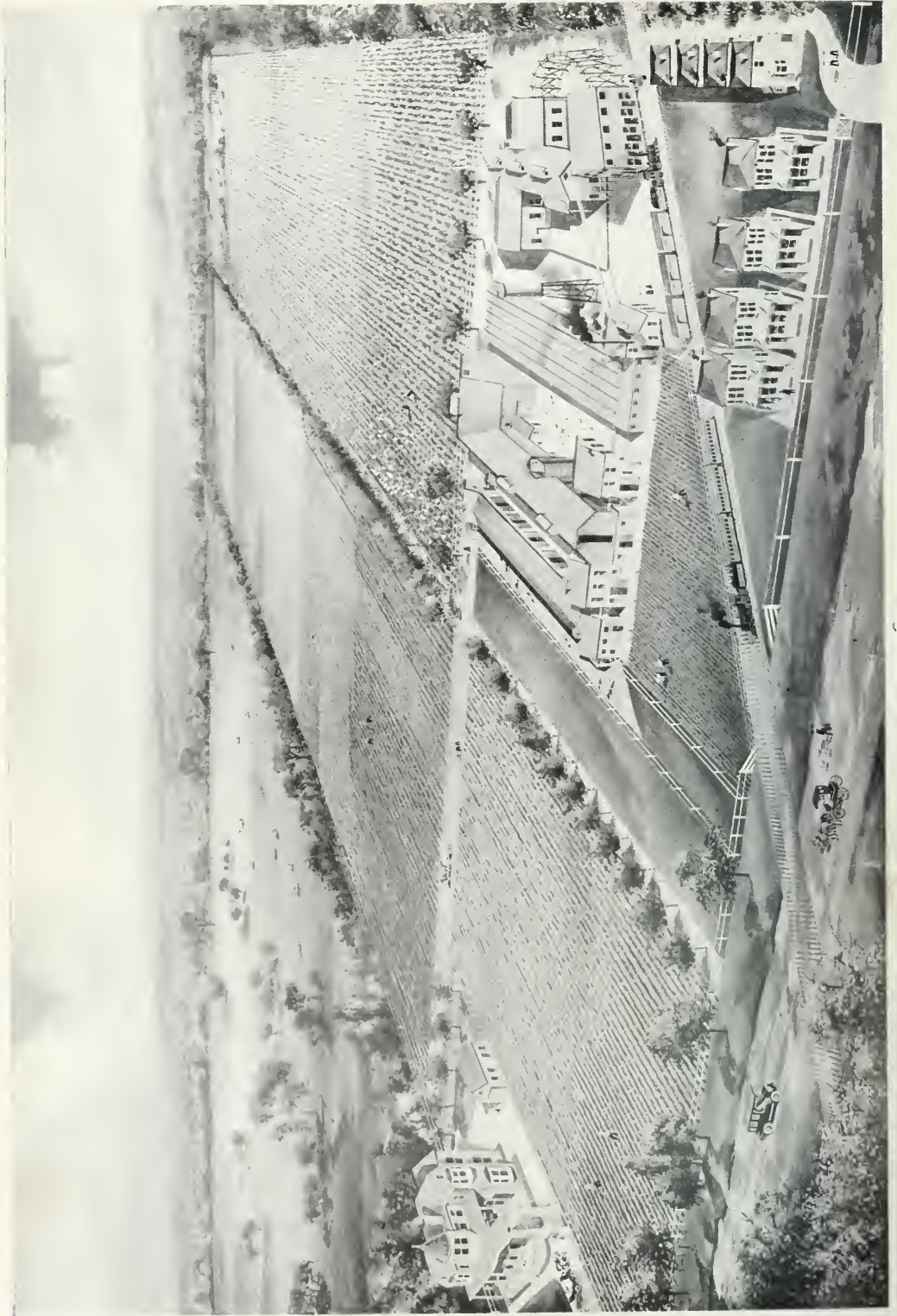
The rough, undulating character of the landscape in the Muskoka district, where he spent his early days, gave to the youth his love for the open, his desire to delve and his fondness for the soil. Mining and farming have filled in a busy time. He has run the whole gamut of experience in outdoor life—from being a grub-staker to a squatter on a few barren acres dignified as a "ranch." Many times before Cobalt was ever heard of he had been perilously near making a fortune—and yet he missed the beckoning hand of good luck just as he was extending his own palm to greet it in a hearty clasp.

It was in 1890, while prospecting in British Columbia, that for \$300 he



Where the Corn Grows Tall

View on a Field of Thirty-Five Acres Where the Stalks Were 11 Feet High



A Bird's Eye View of the Model Farm, at Weston, Ontario

was offered a half-interest in the Le Roi, the most famous gold mine in the rich Rossland district which had just been discovered and was then not regarded as a very promising property. A few years later it sold for nearly three million dollars. That same year an impecunious American military man, who had erected a slab shack at Trail and furnished miners with pork and beans, said: "Look here, Trethewey. I own 360 acres of town site here, and if you will pay the mining license fee—one dollar per acre—I will give you a half-interest in the whole business."

Could the young miner have peered into the future and foreseen the now thriving Town of Trail on the Columbia River, with its busy smelters and fine stores, he would have eagerly accepted. But he hesitated—and lost, although he had sufficient money in his pocket on both occasions to take advantage of either proposition. But he was not always destined to miss the mark, for fate dealt kindly with him some fourteen years later. The most eventful day in his career was May 23rd, 1904, when, just as the shades of evening were falling, he staked the Trethewey claim in Cobalt and early the following morning discovered the first vein on the adjoining property, the Coniagas, the combined output from these mines during 1908 being nearly five million pounds of ore, or about one-ninth of the total shipments from Cobalt for the twelve months just closed.

Then growing reminiscent, he observed: "Those were the good old days—the summer of 1904—when we were not bothered with specimen hunters and were busy digging out the beautiful metal. On Sundays we were rarely disturbed in our bathing in front of the Town of Cobalt, for ladies were seldom seen in those parts. Such a thing as stock selling and mining the public, a widely practised art now, was not dreamed of. We were happy, but when returning to civilization with pockets stuffed with nuggets and stories of the great wealth of that land, our experienced mining friends

would look with a sort of pity, as if to imply: 'I wonder how long before the dream will end?' or 'He is not long to remain with us; Mimico will be his portion soon.' The apathy regarding Cobalt's importance got a sudden jolt when news came from New York that cheques ranging up to tidy fortunes were being paid for single cars of ore. The crowd had now grown just as batty in the opposite direction. From a people that nothing could move we now have what the world seldom sees—a mad, clamoring crowd buying everything in the form of Cobalt stock, the end of which spells disaster for many. I had the honor of grading at my own expense, for the first switch and siding at Cobalt on the T. & N. O. Railway, and landed the first car of machinery there—a boiler, a hoist and an electric plant. I could recall many other incidents of the early days of the camp. A lesson that Cobalt has taught me, is that poverty and riches bring out human nature, either in its beauty or in its most contemptible form: by them you will know your true friends."

Scarcely less marvelous, not in a mining, but in an agricultural sense, is the output of the 330-acre farm of Mr. Trethewey's, at Weston, upon which the owner has already spent \$180,000, and purposes spending \$30,000 more before he will feel satisfied with his surroundings. At present the income from the farm, its products and its dairy, is \$40 a day, but he believes that it will soon reach \$100. Think of a revenue of \$36,500 a year from 330 acres of land, an average of over \$100 an acre! The riches of the model farm at Weston are apparently greater than the ore wealth of half the mines exploited in the different camps of the world. Last year Mr. Trethewey raised 60 acres of tomatoes, 35 of corn (the stocks being 14 feet high), 40 acres of grain, 10 of roots, 5 of potatoes, 20 of hay, while the remainder was devoted to pasture. On the 60 acres set apart for tomato culture there were over 165,000 fruit-bearing plants. The tomatoes were

all canned at the model cannery on the premises, which is capable of turning out 1,200 cases of canned goods a day. There are many outstanding features in connection with Mr. Trethewey's farm. The greenhouses alone covering an area of 22,360 feet. At the model dairy, which, along with the raising and packing of tomatoes, is one of the chief sources of revenue, there are about 80 milch cows, some of whom, although not of registered stock, produce twenty quarts of rich, pure milk a day. In the commodious, well-ventilated cattle barns, each animal has its separate stall with running water within easy reach. In the summer the cows regale themselves in 100 acres of rich grass, and in the winter the food supplies are drawn from two silos, each containing 150 tons of fresh green corn, and from a cellar holding 2,000 bushels of roots. The milk is marketed principally in Toronto.

There are other startling facts about Mr. Trethewey's model farm on which some thirty persons are employed all the time, and, when the canning factory is in operation, over 100 are engaged. For the comfort of his permanent employes, Mr. Trethewey has built for them modern and attractive dwelling houses. For ploughing, a steam engine, the only one of its kind probably in Ontario, is used, although they are common on the Western prairies. This engine pulling eight ploughs, can turn over an acre of land in 20 minutes, or about 15 acres a day, and the farm being laid out in large fields, may be ploughed from one end to the other without changing the course of the steam horse. Last year 1,300 tons of manure were applied to the rich, fertile loam. A boiler house supplies power for all the machinery on the farm and furnishes heat for the greenhouses, while an elevated tank containing 10,000 gallons of water for irrigation facilities, as well as for use in the various farm houses, is filled by the engine

from the boiler room, which also provides the power required to operate the canning factory and the dairy.

Any community, generally speaking, is largely indebted to its richest men. Their wealth gives to it vitality, stability and strength, as they must invest their means in various lines of activity. Thus they afford employment for labor in different enterprises. Mr. Trethewey is one of those who believes in keeping his money in circulation and would feel as ill at ease with idle capital as if he himself were idle. Since Cobalt yielded him such generous returns, he is besieged almost daily by people asking him to take shares in all sorts of schemes—visionary, transitory and moribund. When he visits his office in Toronto Street, although he has no regular office hours—spending the largest portion of his time in the country and merely dropping around quietly when occasion requires—it would seem as if wireless messages were despatched in many directions. All callers are courteously received, but the owner of the model farm is firm in his decisions and no longer invests in purely speculative propositions. "Give me something tangible, and I will look carefully into it," is his dictum as well as his ultimatum.

Mr. Trethewey is an enthusiastic sportsman whose unerring aim has brought death to many a proud stag. He is also a motor car devotee, who takes keen delight in running his own machine. He learned one trade, and that was steamfitting. He has used the knowledge thus acquired to good advantage and has patented a number of useful articles in the line of railway equipment. With him invention is a hobby, and he derives much pleasure from this side line of a busy life. He is decidedly reticent on this score and few of his friends really have any knowledge of what his fertile brain has created. In his interesting workshop he passes many happy hours.



The Largest Cruiser of the Canadian Fleet

By G. B. VANBLARICOM

Written for The Busy Man's Magazine

WHEN you enter the little store around the corner to buy a mackerel, a herring, or a halibut steak for your dinner, do you ever stop to think? Naturally you wonder what there is to think about if you have the necessary purchase price in your pocket, and the merchant has in stock the kind of fish you want.

Perhaps the value of Canada's great fisheries has at some time or other attracted your attention, for any guide or hand-book will tell you that they are the most diversified and extensive in the world. In tabular form you are given statistical information that fish products of the Dominion amount to some thirty million dollars annually, that about one quarter of the people subsist on piscine diet, and that nearly one hundred thousand men are employed in this important industry etc. But there are many other things you can learn about the piscatorial wealth of Canada.

Are you aware that eight steel clad armed cruisers are constantly

engaged in patrolling Canadian waters guarding the fisheries; that this protective fleet is maintained at an annual outlay of a quarter million dollars and represents an investment of over three times that sum; that the total expenditure on fisheries is a million dollars yearly, and that the fishery equipment in the Dominion is worth in the neighborhood of fifteen millions.

Will the fishery protection cruisers some day form the nucleus of a Canadian naval force? This is a question frequently asked by those who think the time is rapidly approaching, if not already at hand, when the loyal people of Great Britain's brightest colony should provide an auxiliary to the great war fleet of the mistress of the seas—a spontaneous contribution by the Dominion to the defensive equipment of the world's mightiest empire. But that is another story. The present is one on "How Canada Protects Her Fisheries?"

For this purpose the Canada, the Constance, the Curlew, the Petrel,



The Cruiser Constance

She is Engaged in Patrolling the Eastern Waters from Cape Sable to Cape Cod

the Princess, the Vigilant, the Kestrel, and the Falcon, beside a number of smaller boats looking after the lobster fisheries, constitute the floating portion of the protective power not only from enemies without but foes within. Working in conjunction with the nautical patrol there are in different districts inspectors, overseers, and guardians, many of whom have Justice of the Peace powers, while the masters of the cruisers are also vested with full magisterial authority in so far as the provisions of the fisheries act are concerned. Illicit angling in Canadian waters is a costly pastime, the owners of poaching vessels being fined, their fishing gear and ships confiscated, and the proceeds forwarded to the Marine Department at Ottawa.

All the cruisers, with the exception of the Kestrel, are steel clad. The largest, the Canada, 296 feet long,

and of 850 tons register, was built by Vickers, Sons & Maxim, at Barrow-on-Furness, England, in 1904. The second largest is the Vigilant. In length, 177 feet, and tonnage, 396, she was built in 1905 at the Polson Iron Works, Toronto. This company has also built three other cruisers of the service—the Curlew, the Constance, and the Petrel. The smallest defender is the Falcon, which has a length of 70 feet, and next in size is the Constance, 115 feet long, and tonnage 185.

What waters do these vessels patrol, what is their armed equipment, their duties and territorial jurisdiction, and how are the provisions of the Fisheries Act carried out, are topics to which the average Canadian, not directly interested in piscatorial pursuits, has perhaps given little heed.

The Canada, the Constance, and the Petrel, patrol the deep sea wa-

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ters from Cape Sable to Cape Breton, the Curlew is the sentinel on the Bay of Fundy, the Princess the marine constable on the St. Lawrence Gulf, the Vigilant the nautical watch-dog on Lake Erie, while

fishing craft are forbidden to come for the purpose of fishing. They are allowed to enter Canadian harbors for shelter, food and fuel, by first reporting at the nearest customs house. By paying so much



Hon. L. P. Brodeur

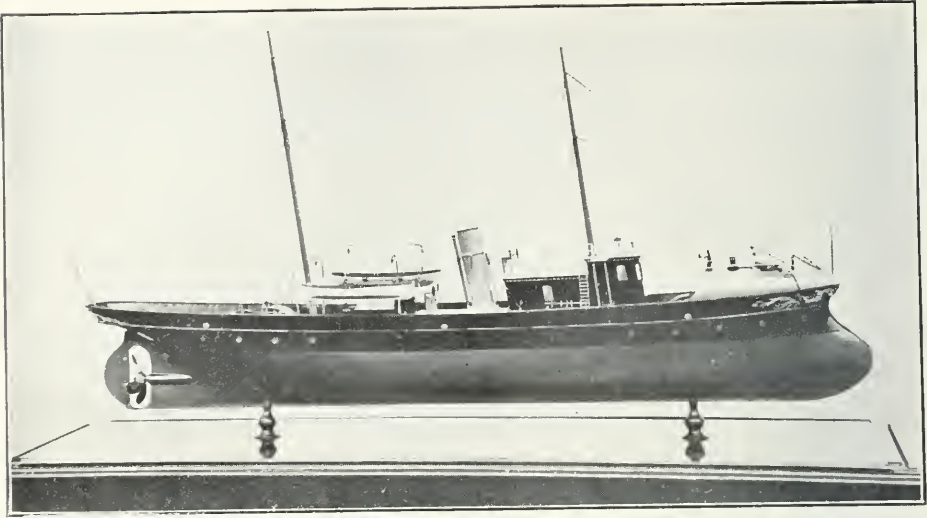
Minister of Marine and Fisheries

the Kestrel and the Falcon guard the fisheries of the vast Pacific.

Within the marine league, or as it is more familiarly known, the three-mile limit, on the east and west Canadian coast lines, foreign

per ton to obtain a license, they are also permitted to enjoy the facilities of the ports of the Dominion for securing bait and ice, dressing fish, etc.

On the chain of lakes known as



A Model Cruiser

This is the Model After Which the Curlew, Constance and the Petrel Were Built



Capt. W. H. Kent
Commander of the Petrel

the inland waters, fishing tugs from across the border are under no conditions supposed to come over the boundary line, which is midway between the north and south shores, for fishing purposes. Here a cruiser in keeping out poachers has to guard only the boundary line, but on the deep sea areas of the Atlantic and Pacific, the fleet has not only to protect the marine league, but also enforce the fishery laws and see that there are no violations of the act on the part of American fishing vessels or by Canadian and Newfoundland yawls. The implements of capture by Canadian and American fishermen must be looked after as well as the provisions regarding the close season for salmon, smelt, lobsters, and clams. The cruisers must see that no purse seines are used inside the three-mile limit, that no lobsters are taken in the close season, and that the regulation with respect to the legal length of the crustaceans is observed which, in some counties, is nine inches and in others ten.

Along the St. Croix, which is the boundary stream between New Brunswick and Maine, and empties into Passamaquoddy Bay, one of the northern arms of the Bay of Fundy, sardine herring abound. The divid-

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ing line in the middle of the river must not be crossed. As fully eighty per cent. of the sardines can-

the canneries would save the purchase price which last season was \$6 a hoghead. Here, as in the



Rear-Admiral C. E. Kingsmill

Officer Commanding the Marine Service of Canada

ned at Eastport, Maine, are caught in Canadian waters, it is evident that, if a seine could be used on this side by Uncle Sam's fishermen,

other parts of the Bay of Fundy, the Curlew is the naval minion of Canada's interests.

Seeing that no illegal means are



Capt. George M. May

Until Recently Commander of the Cruiser Constance, now in Charge of the Christine, Which is Employed in the Customs Service on the St. Lawrence

employed in the different methods of catching fish also keeps the cruisers busy. Mackerel, which travel in shoals, are corralled by means of purse seines, salmon by drift nets, while cod, haddock, hake and halibut are captured with lines or trawls, to which as many as 3,000 snood hooks baited with herring, are attached. These trawls are anchored to the bottom at one end and fastened at the other to moveable buoys. Sardines and large sea herring are taken by means of weirs and nets, and white fish, lake herring, pickerel and other fresh water members of the finny tribe are enmeshed in nets spread by fishing tugs. The festive lobster is made a prey to the ap-

petite of man by traps ballasted with stone to hold them on bottom.

Of the numerous varieties of fish found in Canadian waters, salmon, the run of which varies greatly, often takes the lead in value, but the race for first place is a keen one with cod and lobsters close rivals. According to the last available official figures the kinds and value of fish taken in Canada were: Salmon, \$8,989,942; lobsters, \$3,906,998; cod, \$3,421,400; herring, \$2,303,485; whitefish, \$1,051,161; mackerel, \$958,223; Sardines, \$878,372; haddock, \$806,743; pickerel, \$784,988; trout, \$735,743.

There were lesser catches of halibut, hake, smelts, pollock, clams, pike, sturgeon, etc. In the inland lakes, particularly Lake Erie, herring is the principal fish and for it there is no close season but, in the fall months by means of nets the largest numbers are caught, the run in November last being phenomenal. The Vigilant is the aquatic policeman in Lake Erie with headquarters



Wm. Wakeham, M.D.

Of the Cruiser Princess, Inspector of Fisheries and Commissioner of Police for Gulf of St. Lawrence



The Canada's Commander and Cadets

Captain C. T. Knowlton and his first two Naval Cadets. The lad on the right is John A. Barron, of Stratford, Ont., and the one in the centre, Percy Nelles, of St. John's, Que.



The Crew of the Canada

View Taken in Hamilton Harbor, Bermuda, During Her Cruise as a Training Ship



Captain Paul C. Robinson
In Command of the Vigilant

at Port Stanley. No fishing tugs from the United States have any business across the boundary line for fishing purposes, and the bul-

wark at the back of the command "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther" is a speedy Canadian cruiser.

The cruisers have roving commissions, subject to orders of the Marine Department at Ottawa (which is regularly advised of their movements), with headquarters at certain ports. The fleet is under Rear-Admiral C. E. Kingsmill, the officer commanding the marine service of Canada, a Canadian who has spent practically all his life in the British Navy.

The headquarters and captains are:

Canada, Halifax, Captain C. T. Knowlton; Curlew, St. John, Captain Wm. J. Milne; Petrel, Souris, P.E.I., Captain W. H. Kent; Constance, Quebec, Captain Alex. MacLeod; Princess, Gaspé, Quebec, Captain Wm. Wakeham; Vigilant, Port Stanley, Captain Paul C. Robinson; Kestrel, Vancouver, Cap-



The Cruiser Vigilant

The Second Largest Vessel in the Protection Service. Patrols Lake Erie

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tain Holmes Newcomb; Falcon, Vancouver, Captain A. O. Copp.

The more recently built cruisers are fitted with twin screws and triple expansion engines. The Canada has a speed of 17 knots an hour, and the Vigilant 15. The others are not quite as fast, but all the sentinels of Canada's fisheries are swift enough to run down any troublesome tug or vessel. Each protector flies the pennant at the main, indicating that her captain has a commission as a fishery officer.

Should any foreign fishing tug or ship trespass, a signal to halt—three blasts of the whistle—is given. If this is not obeyed or the offender attempts to escape, the captain, if he has reason to believe that she has been poaching, instructs the gunner to fire across the bow of the intruder. Should the poacher not stop then, but continue to lead the pursuer a merry chase, an exploding shell, if extreme measures are deemed advisable, would be projected into her hull. But that is a final resort, and, before being put into effect, a captain must be absolutely satisfied and able to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the fugitive has been guilty of fishing in Canadian waters. The average city policeman is furnished with a revolver, yet a constable of good judgment never makes use of the weapon unless in imminent danger of losing his own life and frequently not then, for he may be arraigned on the charge of murder or manslaughter. In the same manner the captain of a cruiser would think long and seriously before shattering an interloping fishing vessel with an exploding shell, for one rash or hot-headed act might precipitate grave international complications and, in an Admiralty Court incontestable evidence would have to be presented that a vessel had been poaching or had deliberately disobeyed all signals and warnings. If a poacher once gets in her own waters either by crossing the boundary line or the



Captain W. J. Milne

Who is in Command of the Cruiser Curlew

three-mile limit she cannot be pursued farther.

Owing to the splendid patrol work of the protective service the fishery regulations are on the whole not violated to any great extent except off British Columbia. Now and then an offending boat is caught and confiscated and her nets or seines seized and sold. At times intruders have been fired upon for not halting when a signal was given, but shots from the quick-firing guns have not been aimed directly at the fugitive ship but discharged across her bow. This generally brings any transgressor to bay, although a few have been known, like a decamping burglar, to persist in their flight and effect an escape.

In the long stretch of Pacific wa-



Captain Holmes Newcomb
In Command of the Cruiser Kestrel

ters the Falcon and the Kestrel cannot adequately cover the immense territory teeming with halibut and cod. It is rumored that another cruiser may be built in the near future and placed in commission by the Marine Department to assist in patrolling the 7,000 miles of western coast line. So flagrant has been the poaching of United States fishermen within the three mile limit around

Queen Charlotte Islands that the Vancouver Board of Trade recently forwarded a protest to Sir Wilfrid Laurier in which it was stated that ten large steamers and forty schooners were constantly fishing in Canadian waters, and the Federal Government is urged to enforce Canadian sovereignty over the Hecate Straits between the islands and the main land.

A treaty made last year between Great Britain and the United States provides that international waters shall be under a commission which will make all regulations with respect to the fisheries, and the re-establishment of the location of that portion of the international boundary passing through the great lakes. The appointments on the British side will belong exclusively to Canada.

The armament of the Canadian cruisers, while naturally not of the formidable character of the battery of a Dreadnought, an Indomitable or an Invincible, is, nevertheless, sufficient for the work in which they are engaged. The Canada has a crew of 57 men, and the next largest, the Vigilant, 33, while the others carry a smaller number. The Canada and the Vigilant are each equipped with four Vickers-Maxim automatic quick-firing guns of 1.45 bore. Two are set at the fore and two at the after end. Each gun has a firing capacity of 300, one and one quarter pound explosive shells a minute, with a range of 3,000 yards and of sufficient force and velocity to penetrate two inches of steel at a distance of 1,000 yards. Set on a swivel a gun can be instantly trained in any desired direction. Single shots may be fired, or by moving a small lever shells may be expelled automatically at the rate of five per second. When on patrol duty an officer of a cruiser is always on the bridge, with a powerful marine glass in hand, looking out for poaching vessels.

In addition to her guns each

HOW CANADA PROTECTS HER FISHERIES



The Cruiser Kestrel

One of the Fishery Protection Vessels on the Pacific Coast

cruiser is provided with about twenty Ross rifles and an equal number of Colt's revolvers. The smaller arms are intended for boarding purposes, should the crew of an intruding ship, which has been disabled or captured, offer resistance to either the seizure of herself or her fishing gear. Every man on board receives instructions in firing and is thoroughly trained in target practice which is held three times a week. They are also put through the manual and other exercises, including instruction in signalling, and become proficient in gunnery and marksmanship.

The Canada has begun the training of naval cadets and in time this work may become as popular and widely known as the training of military cadets at the R.M.C., Kingston.

The first cadet accepted by the Canada was John A. Barron, a son of His Honor Judge Barron, Stratford, Ont. In the winter of 1905 the Canada, under the direction of her commander, C. T. Knowlton, sailed among the West India Islands as a training ship. Her crew of 57 men received instruction in gunnery, signalling and other exercises. The cruiser visited nearly all the harbors and the experience for the men

was a valuable one. Men have to be constantly trained for service on a cruiser. Several leave at the end of each season and the work of instruction has to be begun anew. They are not absolutely bound for any stipulated period and naturally, when they grow restless or strike something more attractive than the duties on a fishery protection vessel, they seek a release of their commission which is generally granted by the captain. Some do not care to stay with the ship over winter and, as a result, when spring arrives, the majority are new to the work, but they soon get into shape and take an interest in the various exercises. In Halifax, where the Canada is wintering, the members of the crew are put through regular training at the barracks in the Garrison City.

The cruisers patrol the waters and protect the boundary lines from the opening of navigation until the frost king reigns in the fall and stills the water along the shore in his icy grasp, then they go into winter quarters.

It is said that at some points there are spies or allies of American fishermen, who watch the movements of the cruisers and send despatches to owners of American fishing vessels as to what course a protector

takes when she sets sail. This is more particularly practised with the patrol service on Lake Erie, but, sometimes a cruiser, while heading from port in a certain direction, will as soon as the shore line disappears, double on her tracks, and occasionally there are surprises in store for too venturesome or avaricious fishing tugs. On the chain of inland waters only the boundary line on Lake Erie is protected. This is because the Erie fisheries are the most prolific in herring, pickerel, and whitefish, and the richest angling is on the Canadian side. As there are many large cities on the south shore like Erie, Cleveland, Toledo and Sandusky, the temptation is stronger to set out from these populous centres than it is in the smaller and more scattered towns on the other and less wealthy lakes. It may be mentioned that the Ontario Government also owns several steamers as well as a number of gasoline launches for protective purposes. The Provincial Administration looks after all violations of the fishing laws by means of its patrol boats (which do not, of course, carry

arms), by its game and fishery wardens, and their deputies, and by overseers appointed in all parts of the country.

Generally speaking, the Dominion Government makes the fishery laws and regulations as to the close seasons, defines the implements of capture, and the size of the meshes, and protects the boundary lines, while the various provincial governments possess the right to issue licenses, appoint wardens, and overseers and collect the revenue. They also see that the conditions of the law are observed and that no fish are caught except by hook and line without a license.

With reference to the deep sea fisheries on the east and west coasts of Canada, it may be mentioned that the Federal Administration issues all licenses and receives the revenue therefrom. In return it bears the cost of maintaining the patrol service and enforcing the regulations.

And this, in brief, is the story of "How Canada Protects Her Fisheries."



The Cruiser Curlew
Lying at the Wharf at St. Stephen, N.B., During the Summer Carnival of 1908

Saunders' Strategy

By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

Written for The Busy Man's Magazine

PEOPLE said that religion was responsible for Eli Saunders' undoing. Eli's idea of being good was to be good and easy, consequently much of his world's goods had been lost to him through his simple and great heartedness. Eli had always one speech to meet well meant advice.

"If a man trusts in God he's gotter trust in man likewise, that is, if he's a Christian. I trust my feller man, and if I'm fleeced it's my own lookout. I'm willin' to be called a fool and much more so long's my own conscience is clear, fact is I ain't got much but conscience left, 'cept Liza and the children, but that's some. I take it, please God."

Deacon Ringold, the crafty and far-seeing, remonstrated with him 'at some length the morning succeeding New Year's day. Eli had that morning swapped a brood mare with a horse dealer by the name of Steele for a brindle calf with only one eye. When the deacon was through Eli drew his six-foot-two up with dignity and said:

"Ringold, the fust duty of a God-fearer is to see that his neebor be given a chanct to live. Steele makes his livin' by hoss-dealin'. It ain't fer th' likes of me to keep bread and butter from his children. He had a brindle calf as he couldn't well dispose of and I had the brood mare as he kin make somethin's out of. I swapped with him, because I have th' real christian spirit. Without insinuatn' as you haven't got th' same, Ringold, as the case

stands you've got two hundred acres to my sixty and you've got three span of hosses. You wouldn't swap with Steele. I'm doubtin' if you love your feller-man sufficient, Deacon."

In vain did the Deacon try some lofty reason with Saunders. The big man had but one reply to all his arguments. "I'll do my duty towards my feller-man, I will."

"But Eli, you're not doing your duty by your fellow-man when you allow him to deliberately cheat you, can't you understand that?" "If I know he's cheated me I have th' satisfaction of knowin' also as I hav'nt cheated him, Deacon."

The Deacon sighed and plowed his way through the snowdrifts over to the "Cross Roads Grocery."

He was really very much put out with Saunders for allowing somebody else to fleece him out of his mare, the fact was the Deacon wanted that mare himself. He felt that there was such a thing as carrying religion too far. A man, he told himself, as he kicked the light snow-lumps viciously from his path, could be a good man without being a "dupe," and Eli was a dupe, always had been ever since Rathburn, the evangelist, had converted him, five years ago. By the time the Deacon had reached the corners, his face was purple-red with pent-up feeling and his frost-coated goatee was shaking ominously. As he rounded the corner he came upon Steele, the horse-dealer. Steele was tucking a warm blanket about the bottom of

his sleigh and was whistling merrily.

"Well," said the Deacon shortly, "You seem to be startin' th's New Year with a happy heart, Steele, things must be comin' your way." He scowled under his heavy eyebrows at the tall, weasel-faced horse-dealer, and his eyes darted from that face to the old mare hitched to the cutter.

Steele unbuttoned his mangy fur coat, dipped a long arm in a deep trousers pocket and grinned.

"Big Eli an' me we made a swap yesterday," he answered, his little black orbs following the Deacon's. "She's a good old mare, that, Deacon; Simpson offered me eighty dollars fer her, 'bout half an hour ago. Ain't goin' up th' road, I spose, be you?"

"Jim Steele," said the Deacon, slowly, "If I was goin' up the road I'd rather walk than ride behind a stole hoss."

Steele bit the corner off the plug of tobacco he was fumbling, rolled it about a little in his spacious mouth, as though to make it feel at home; then he grinned again.

"That brindle calf," he commenced, and the Deacon snorted.

"Wasn't wuth six dollars. I saw the calf and I know th' mare."

"You deliberately stole her from Eli, and you know it. I'm an outspoken sort o' chap, and I say what I think."

"Yes you do, Deacon, you sure do," agreed Steele, "but Deacon, stealin' a hoss ain't any worse than stealin' a farm, is it? an' everybody knows you stole a farm from Saunders."

"What," cried the Deacon, taking a step forward, "do you mean to tell me—"

"Well, you lent him money on a mortgage that winter him and his family was sick and you didn't give him no show; simply foreclosed and took over the land. I suppose it cost you somewhere about seven or eight dollars an acre when it's wuth ninety. I don't suppose a deacon

in th' church would call that stealin' but its just as close to it as tradin' a brindle calf fer a brood-mare, I guess."

The fire in the Deacon's eyes was melting the icicles on his goatee.

"Your base insinuation is without truth," he said with dignity, "and no one would listen to such an accusation from you, Jim Steele. You have a bad reputation, a very bad reputation. You are not a credit to this community, sir, and you know it." Steele untied the old mare and threw the rope halter in the sleigh.

"That's just it, Deacon," he said easily, "I make a business of gettin' th' best of a bargain, I make my livin' that way, not a very good way maybe, but then you see people know they have to watch me. Th' fact is, if I hadn't got this old mare out of Eli you er Bill Jones er Tom Pepper, both of em church men, like yourself, would have nailed her sooner or later, and Eli maybe wouldn't have had even a brindle calf to call his own."

The Deacon jumped up and down in fury.

"See here," he cried, "Do you mean to say that I had an eye on that old mare of Saunders'?"

"On this old mare of mine—when Saunders owned here. Yes, I mean just that, Deacon. How do I know? Why Eli told me. You went over to his place and wanted to deal him an old binder for her, an old, useless harvester that was of no use to you and not wuth a cent a pound as scrap iron. Still you would have took Eli's last hoss and put that old machine over on him. What did you suppose he'd do with it, Deacon, haul it about his little garden-farm by hand?"

Steele laughed quietly and the Deacon's jaw fell. "It's not such a bad binder," he said lamely.

"I should think you might get Jones and Pepper to each buy a third share in it, Deacon," grinned Steele, as he climbed into his sleigh. "Between you three you've got all

the land about, poor old Eli ever owned. I should think you'd want to keep all your farm machinery."

"I'm going to tell Jones and Pepper just what you have told me," cried the Deacon, "we'll make it hot for you, Jim Steele." Steele tightened his lines and rolled his chew about in his mouth reflectively.

"Well, it might jest be a good idea if you would tell 'em" he said. "They air both in the store there and I have jest told 'em myself. They didn't seem to only about half believe me though, and maybe the word of an upright christian man—"

But the Deacon had crammed his hands in his pockets and was wading through the drifts toward the little store. With a deep chuckle, Steele shook the reins and the old mare swung up the road, through the falling dusk.

Along the way, every now and again, Steele's happy chuckle broke out into tune with the bells. "If that evangelist feller is thar as he promised he'd be," he muttered, "and he kin change Eli's senses, as I think he kin—there'll be some fun." The old mare pricked up her ears and plowed through the drifts like a charger. When the concession was reached she lifted her head and whinnied joyfully. Far down the road a dog barked and she whinnied again.

"We'll make th' station fust, gal, and then—"

The mare laid back her ears. She was disappointed, but Steele's promise was something. They swung to the left and soon drew up beside the forlorn station with its green and red lights blinking derisively at a big white Canadian world. The tail lights of the mail-train were fading to pale sparks away down the track. On the platform stood a tall man.

Steele threw the robes from him and landed on the platform with a glad whoop.

"Mr. Rathburn," he cried, running forward, "so you did come?"

The man waiting laughed and held out his hand.

"I got your letter and of course hurried down, Mr. Steele," he said. "You say there is a matter of grave importance, and only I can—"

"There is, there sure is. It's poor Eli Saunders, sir. You have hypnotized him—beggin' your pardon, but hypnotized, is the word. He's got some wrong ideas of religion. He's goin' to the devil, beg your pardon again, sir, I mean financially, and all through thinkin' it's his duty to God to allow his feller-man to rob him."

Steele panted. It was a long speech for him and he had rehearsed it over and over again. He was satisfied with the result. The evangelist stood a moment thinking it all out, then he sat down in the sleigh and laughed; laughed so hard that Steele began to grow a little uneasy.

"It's a fact, Mr. Rathburn," he asserted.

"Well, well, and I'm to put him right. I guess I understand how it is and I'll do my best."

Twenty minutes later the old mare stood unharnessed in her own home stall, with the shaggy collie dog curled up at her feet. Inside, Steele, Mrs. Saunders and the young folk were unwrapping parcel after parcel of good things which Steele had purchased at the corner grocery. Over in a corner of the room Mr. Rathburn and Eli Saunders were conversing in low tones.

"That turkey now," Steele said, holding a twenty-pounder aloft, "why I got him fer a song. Pays to wait until the hollerdays air over before buying turkeys and presents. Same with all this stuff; shaw! Missus Saunders, it all together didn't cost me but a mere nuthin' and we'll have a mighty big time to-night, I guess, eh children?"

"Yes, yes," answered half a dozen glad voices.

"They wasn't expectin' no Santa Claus," said the woman, wiping her

eyes. "We can't thank you, Jim, only in words that is."

"Listen!" grinned Jim, pointing to the corner.

Eli was speaking.

"Well, I'm glad to know that God won't think it a shady trick in me to get back what is mine by rights. I've made a mistake and you say it's for me to rectify it. Well I'm goin' to do it. I believe you know what is right, Mr. Rathburn. How am I to set about it—that's the question?"

"I don't think you would be doing wrong, in adopting the same tactics that the people who robbed you used in doing it, Mr. Saunders," urged the evangelist.

"Smoked herrin'! but don't you 'now?" cried Eli, sitting erect.

"No, I don't."

"Then I reckon I'll get some of my belongings back. You see I ain't easy, really by natur'. It's acquired, that's what it is and it's been a pretty bitter dose fer me to swaller all these years to have my neebors think me a man without any brain and no good sense worth speakin' of. Why I've earned the name of Simple Eli, in this Ontario neeborhood. I don't know how I'm going to do it, but I be sure goin' to spile that impression, now I know it's no sin to do it."

"Mr. Saunders," spoke the evangelist earnestly, "in allowing yourself to be deprived of what is justly yours, you have unwittingly committed a sin not only against yourself and yours, but against the ones who have been allowed to cheat you as well. It is the work of a Christian to prevent, whenever possible, crime of any description. Instead of so doing you have been an accessory to it."

Eli's head drooped. "I guess I have," he nodded, "I guess maybe I have. What can I do to even things, sir? Just tell me and I'll do it."

"Your first duty is toward your family," said the evangelist.

"If possible you must get back

the land and chattels you have been cheated out of. I don't know who did the cheating; I don't want to know. Personally, I feel somewhat responsible for your losses and I wish to speak very plainly to you. God must have endowed you with the powers that all men born to have and to hold, must possess. Those have been sleeping too long. If you know of any way of outwitting the men who have cheated you, do it. I'll shoulder the responsibility."

"Thar's the right sort of a man, Missus," whispered Steele, and, Mrs. Saunders, picking up the turkey, hurried away to the kitchen.

Midnight saw a great supper at Saunders' place.

At three in the morning, Steele and Saunders drove the evangelist over to the station. He had to return to the city and his last words were, as he shook hands, "Luck to you, Mr. Saunders."

Eli and his friend watched the train vanish in the still star-light night, then they turned and looked at each other.

Then Steele chuckled, took a bite of black tobacco, and untied the mare. All the way home he kept chuckling and it was after the horse had been snugly stabled and he and Saunders sat beside the glowing stove, smoking a before-bed pipe, that he spoke, "Now that your views of Christianity have been changed somewhat, how be you goin' to act, Eli?"

"Deacon Ringold has sixty acres of my land planted out into a fine orchard," said Saunders absently. "With God's help, supposin' I get back that sixty and let him keep the other forty fer what I owe him." He spoke reverently; he meant what he said.

"To be sure, to be sure," nodded Steele, "If you know how—why get it, I say."

"Tom Pepper, he has thirty acres of my land. Guess I'd best get it back right away, too, eh Jim?"

Again Jim nodded, a pitying sort

of approving nod. He had a deep sympathy for his friend's troubles and a grave doubt as to his sanity just at that particular moment.

"Bill Jones," went on Saunders, "Bill jest as well as stole that black team Trebble drives on his hearse, from me, promised to pay me when he thrashed that year's crop of beans, but, never did, knowin' I'd never sue for the money."

"Yes, I know," said Jim, pityingly.

Saunders knocked the ashes from his pipe and stood up. He took off his coat and vest and hung them on the back of a chair. Then he unbuttoned his shirt sleeve and rolled it up above the elbow. "Jim," he said gravely, "What you suppose God ever gave me two men's strength fer? I'll tell you what fer. It was to protect me an' mine with, and here I've been lettin' this neighborhood think me a physical as well as a moral coward. Let me tell you somethin', Jim Steele. I'm goin' to try and show the people who have fleeced me somethin'. I'll try head-work fust an' if I fail, I'll try these here."

Steele sat, his mouth half open, blinking his respect at the huge fists poised above him.

"Eli," he said, "Judgin' from my own feelin's I would say that there ain't no man in Canada, outside the lunatic asylum, goin to run foul of them crushers."

"I'm simply goin' to do what I think is right, Jim," smiled Eli, putting on his coat. "All I'm wantin' to do is to rectify the mistakes I've made. To-morrow I begin, an' as I start in early suppose we read jest a little chapter from the good book, an' then we'll turn in."

Steele shuffled uneasily. "Sure," he said, cheerfully.

Inwardly he said, "I ain't going to flunk now, seein's I've made up my mind to stan' by Eli."

II.

"Speakin' of dried apples," said Tom Pepper, taking another hand-

ful from the barrel and keeping his eye on the checker-board between Deacon Ringold and Bill Jones, "reminds me that a feller, Professor somebody er other, was down to my place th' other day and he says there ain't goin' to be any apple crop to speak of this comin' season."

"Never see two decent crops two seasons hand runnin'," agreed the Deacon, scratching his goatee reflectively, and frowning at Bill's two kings. "Bet my orchard won't yield twenty barrels."

"Wish somebody would happen along an' offer t' buy mv next season's crop," laughed Jones, taking three of the Deacon's men at a jump.

"By sorgum," gritted the Deacon, "that was a good move an no mistake. No, there ain't goin' to be no apple crop this year, I ain't countin' on none. Crown that feller, Tom."

The door opened and in walked big Eli Saunders, a flurry of powdery snow preceding him.

"Mornin' gents," he smiled, "cold mornin'."

"Mornin' Eli," spoke Williams, the genial little grocer. "Anythin' new?"

"Not much, Jack, no nuthin' to speak of," answered Saunders, his bright blue eyes glancing toward the checker-board. "Never could understand how a feller could figger that game out, I never could."

"It takes brains, Eli," laughed Pepper, kicking the Deacon under the table.

The Deacon snickered and Jones took two more of his men.

"Too much head-work in this game fer you, Eli," grinned Jones.

"I reckon that's right," sighed Saunders. "Never could get by anythin' needed head-work. Always was a numbskull when a boy and always have been one, I guess. Oh, well, it wouldn't do for everybody to be sharp and clever."

The grocer laughed and the three friends turned by common impulse and looked at Eli sharply.

But the big man's face wore such

a look of innocence that they turned back satisfied.

For a little time the game progressed in silence and it was not until Saunders wrapped his muffler about his throat that Jones ventured a remark.

"What you killin' yourself at these days, Eli?" he asked. "O, jest chorin' aroun' and cuttin' a little wood now an' then," answered Saunders. "Got to go down to Joel Wilson's place this mornin', I hear Joel'll sell his next apple crop right."

The Deacon swung about so sharply that he upset the checker-board and broke up the game.

"You ain't in the apple-buyin' business air you, Eli?" he asked carelessly.

"Oh, no. Jest goin' to speculate a little," grinned Eli. "Thort if I could buy an orchard or two right, I might invest a little money I got from an uncle of mine, that's all. Ain't sure that I'll do it, but thort I might."

Pepper and the Deacon exchanged glances; then the Deacon and Jones, then Jones and Pepper.

"How'd you like to buy my orchard, Eli," gasped the Deacon, before his friends could frame the words of a similar thought.

"I didn't suppose you'd be wantin' to sell, Deacon," replied Saunders. "Guess I ain't got enough money to buy your orchard though, I'll own, I'd much like to have it. Seems like I might make a little money this year, if I get in the apple-buyin' field early enough. Maybe, too," he added wistfully, "I'll lose on the speculation. Apples may not be much of a crop next fall, and if they ain't I stand to lose if I buy an orchard now, besides, the Old Country market may not be open for Canadian fruit next fall."

"Pshaw! Eli, apples be goin' to be a big crop next fall," chided the Deacon. "My orchard should yield between three hundred and three and fifty barrels of Spies, Baldwins and Greenings, besides what Snows, Kings and Russets there'll be—I

say it orter yield that many barrels next fall. Tell you what I'll do, Eli, seein's you're a neebor, I'll take two hundred dollars fer the orchard and run chances on losin'."

Saunders shuffled uneasily, and looked through the door window at the whirling snows. "It do seem foolish to tramp way down to Wilson's place, when I kin buy up an orchard right here," he mused half aloud.

"I guess maybe I'll take your offer Deacon," he said, turning and walking over to the counter. The Deacon, Pepper and Jones got up from their seats and ranged themselves along side him. Saunders, produced from an inner pocket a lump of green backs. "I thort as I would use all this in speculatin' in apples," he said. "Still if I buy an orchard er two and there ben't any apples, I lose. I sure lose," he repeated slowly.

He shook his head and put the money back in his pocket.

Deacon Ringold's goatee was trembling with excitement.

"There's bound to be a big apple crop next fall," he urged. "I'll leave it to Jones and Pepper thar, if there ain't."

"Professor Milton, from the Agricultural School, he savs there'll be a bumper crop," lied Jones easily.

"Why! thar's sure to be a big apple crop," substantiated Pepper. "Tell you what I'll do, Eli," confided the Deacon, drawing Saunders aside, "and I wouldn't do it fer anybody else but you—nobody. I'll sell you my orchard for one hundred and fifty and give you a chance to clean up a big bunch of money, what d'ye say?"

Saunders unbuttoned his coat slowly, hesitated, then spoke, his eyes gazing thoughtfully through the smoky window at the storm.

"I can't see my way clear to give you more'n a hundred cash down fer your orchard, Deacon, take it er leave it, I've had my say."

"Eli," spoke the Deacon quickly, "count out the hundred."

Saunders slowly reproduced the bank notes and Pepper nudged Jones quietly and winked.

"Jest fer form's sake I'll ast you t' sign a little agreement," said Saunders. "I have some ready." He produced a small bundle of printed forms with red seals upon them and the Deacon frowned.

"No written agreements 'tween old neebors is necessary, surely," he protested.

"All right, maybe not," said Saunders, putting the bills he was counting out, back in the roll, "but arter this I'll do business only by written agreement, particularly"—he emphasized the word "particularly, when I'm doin' it with a nee-bor, Deacon."

"I'll sign it," cried the Deacon, excitedly.

"Here's a pen and ink," proffered Williams.

The Deacon picked up the paper with its adornment of seals and felt in his pocket for his glasses. Then chancing to glance at Saunders' face, he spread the form hastily on the counter and picked up the pen.

Saunders put a big finger on the dotted line. "Right thar," he said, "and you'd best hurry, cause I feel my feeble, uneducated mind changin' already."

"There you be, Eli," cried the Deacon.

"And here's your money," said Eli, handing him two fifty-dollar bills.

"How'd you like to buy my orchard, Eli?" asked Pepper, edging up. "Twenty-six acres of as fine Baldwins and Spies as ever showed bloom."

"How much?" asked big Saunders, recklessly.

"Well thar'll likely be over two—"

"How much?" thundered Saunders.

"Oh, say a hundred even."

"Say seventy-five dollars and I'll take it, win or lose," frowned Saunders.

"Done," cried the delighted Pepper, "where's your paper?"

"Sign right thar," said Eli once again, placing a big finger on the dotted line. "Mr. Williams will witness this same's he did the other, won't you Mr. Williams?"

"Sure," smiled the obliging Williams, executing his crumpled hand in the witness' blank.

Saunders counted out the money, placed it gently in Pepper's eager, outstretched hand, folded the documents, and with a peculiar smile, placed them in his pocket.

"Now I'd best go and file these away," he said, turning toward the door.

"Ain't you goin' to buy my orchard, too, Eli?" enquired Jones, upsetting a keg of assorted biscuits in his eagerness to reach the door, before Saunders. "Ain't you goin' to make me an offer fer my orchard?"

"Want to sell yours, too?" asked Eli, with a grin.

"Sure I do."

"Well, if you're real sure you do, how much cash will buy it? Speak quick."

"There's thirty acres of Kings, Baldwins, Spies—"

"I asked you how much cash down will it take to buy your orchard?" said Saunders quietly.

"I'll take an even hundred, and it's cheap, dirt cheap at that, Eli."

"Wouldn't care to cut that price in two, I suppose?" enquired Saunders, his hand on the door latch.

"Yes, I'll cut it right spack-bang in two. Give me the money."

"Well now, I sure am doin' some business right in Troy, Ontario, at the commencement of the New Year," nodded Saunders as he handed the fifty dollars to Jones and placed the signed document in an inner pocket with the others.

"I can't understand why you found written documents at all necessary," said the Deacon anxiously.

"Well now," chuckled Saunders, wrapping his muffler once more about his throat, "I reckon it's the

only way of doin' business. I've signed 'em, signed one fer you, Deacon one time and fer you, Pepper, another time, and you both held me right to the line on 'em, you see I made th' mistake of not readin' what I was signin'."

Consternation rested on the three faces before him, consternation deep and heavy.

The big man by the door smiled blandly, Williams, the grocer, rubbed his hands together gleefully.

The back door opened and Jim Steele, the horse-dealer, entered, his weasel-like face shining and happy.

The grocer shook his head at him warningly and Steele sat down in the rear of the store.

The Deacon's face had turned to an apoplectic purple. His chin-whiskers were trembling like a bunch of prairie grass in a blizzard.

"What does all this mean, Saunders?" he asked, fearfully.

"Nuthin' 'cept I have bought three orchards," answered Saunders.

"I demand to see those agreements," thundered the Deacon.

"And me, too," cried Pepper.

"And you also, I suppose?" enquired Saunders, addressing the uneasy Jones.

Jones swallowed hard, but said nothing.

"Well, gentlemen, if you want to see these agreements," beamed Saunders, "Jacques, my lawyer, will supply you each with a copy. They are regular agreements, of sale and deeds of property all in one.

"You see, gents, it's like this: The Deacon thar he cheated me out of one hundred acres of land five years ago. I bought sixty acres of it back to-day fer the small price of one hundred and fifty bucks. Pepper thar, he done me out of thirty acres. He's relented and has just about give it back to me, too. Jones thar can have his deed back as soon as he sees fit to fetch back that span of black colts or pay me four hundred and fifty dollars, cash. I don't care which."

"Thief," thundered the Deacon, dancing wildly about the floor.

Pepper advanced toward Saunders threateningly.

"I'm goin' to take the law in my own hands and show you whar you're gettin', off at," he said.

"Are you," returned Saunders, quietly, ducking the blow aimed at him and reaching for his assaulter's adam's apple.

There was a sound of cracking wood and splintering glass and a burst of wind and snow entered the warm store like an angry spirit.

Williams and Steele went out and assisted the discomfited and dazed Pepper from his hole in the deep drift.

"God give man a head to reason with and he give him two fists to back up his same arguments with," philosophized big Saunders taking the trembling Deacon by the shoulders. "I've jest larned these two things and I'm going to profit henceforth by what I've learned. You ner Pepper, ner Jones, ner any man in Ontario is goin' to get th' best of me from this out because if you try crooked deals you'll find I've got jest as much craftiness as any of you gents has and I've got the advantage of havin' mine stored up, where you fellers have been usin' of yours wherever the opportunity offered. I believe in playin' square and I'm goin' to and I'm goin' to see you three bleeders do so, too. I've got my land back 'and that'll do jest now. Don't you ner Pepper try any more shananiganin' Deacon. Jones, did I hear you murmur anythin' sir?"

"I'll have the four hundred and fifty at your place by noon," gasped the thoroughly frightened Jones.

"Then fer th' time bein' court is adjourned," said Saunders. "I say, Steele, he called, 'untie the old bay mare and let's get goin'. I want to fix things up at my lawyer's."

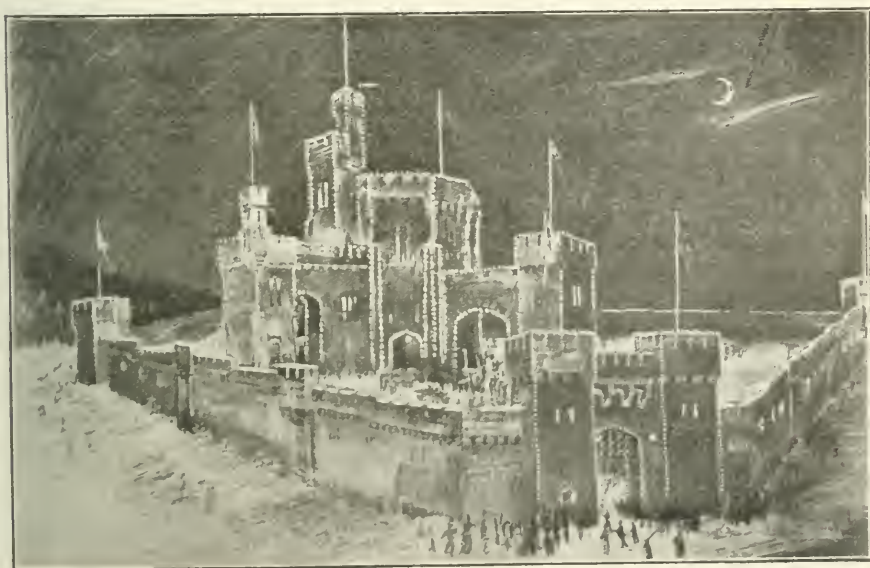


MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

By R. P. CHESTER

MONTREAL is to have her winter carnival after all despite the protestations of the people, who are inclined to think it will prove detrimental to the country. The ice palace is already under construction and it will be completed by February 5, if the contract is carried out to the letter. About five hundred men are working on the structure in Fletcher's Field. The palace will be encircled by an ice wall, which will stretch from end to end, a distance of over

200 feet, and at several corners towers will be erected, reaching to a height of from twenty to twenty-five feet. A striking feature will be the King Edward Tower, which will be 190 feet high by 40 feet square. Notable also will be the Prince of Wales tower, destined to be 95 feet high, with a diameter of 20 feet, and the Queen Alexandra Tower, 85 feet high by 16 feet square. From the towers an uninterrupted view of the city will be obtained, as the King Edward Tower will be on a



The Ice Palace as it will Appear at the Approaching Winter Carnival at Montreal.



Eugene O'Keefe

level about 200 feet higher than the top of the tower of Notre Dame Church. The interior of the towers will be lighted by large arc lamps. Two arches of about 60 feet high, which will form a gallery, will connect the three towers, and a small tower adjoining the King Edward will furnish a stairway by which the other towers can be reached. About 250,000 cubic feet of ice will be required for the erection of the ice palace. The walls supporting the towers will be fully four feet thick, in order to insure safety.

Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, recently appointed a Private Chamberlain of the Pope, is the first Canadian upon whom the dignity has been conferred, and there are only three residents in the United States upon whom the Pontiff has bestowed a similar mark of favor. That the distinction is well merited in the case of Mr. O'Keefe no one will deny. He is a venerable gentleman of extreme modesty, and his many kind deeds and charitable acts have never been proclaimed from the hilltops. Now in his eighty-second year, he is found every day at his office in the O'Keefe Brewery Co., working as diligently as his youngest and most ambitious clerk. He has scarcely ever known a day's

illness. Born in Ireland in 1827, when his parents came to Canada, he was a lad of only seven summers. Many years ago the Toronto Savings Bank was formed to take care of the small savings of the poor. After leaving school Mr. O'Keefe secured his first position in the bank, in which he was accountant for six years. The institution had no capital stock on which interest had to be paid, the directors drew no salaries, and all profits were divided every year among the poor. In 1861 Mr. O'Keefe entered into business for himself and founded the large company of which he is still president. When the Canadian Banking Act came into force in 1870 one of its provisions was that all banks should have a certain paid-up capital. To meet this requirement the Home Savings and Loan Co. was formed, of which he was elected a director and vice-president. The Toronto Savings Bank was given a certain sum for its business and good-will. The money received was handed over by the directors to what is known as the Toronto Savings Bank Trust, of which the Archbishop of Toronto has for many years been chairman. A fact not generally known is that the interest from this fund is distributed annually by the Trust to the different benevolent and charitable homes in Toronto, Protestant and Catholic institutions sharing alike in these gifts. On the death of Sir Frank Smith, Mr. O'Keefe became president of the Home Savings and Loan Company, and in 1904, when the institution was merged into the Home Bank of Canada, he was elected president, a position he still retains. His liberal donations are known to few outside the recipients. Mr. O'Keefe is founder and one of the chief promoters of the Canadian Church Extension Society, whose object is to provide means, churches and priests to carry the gospel to the new districts of Western Canada, which are being rapidly settled by people from home and

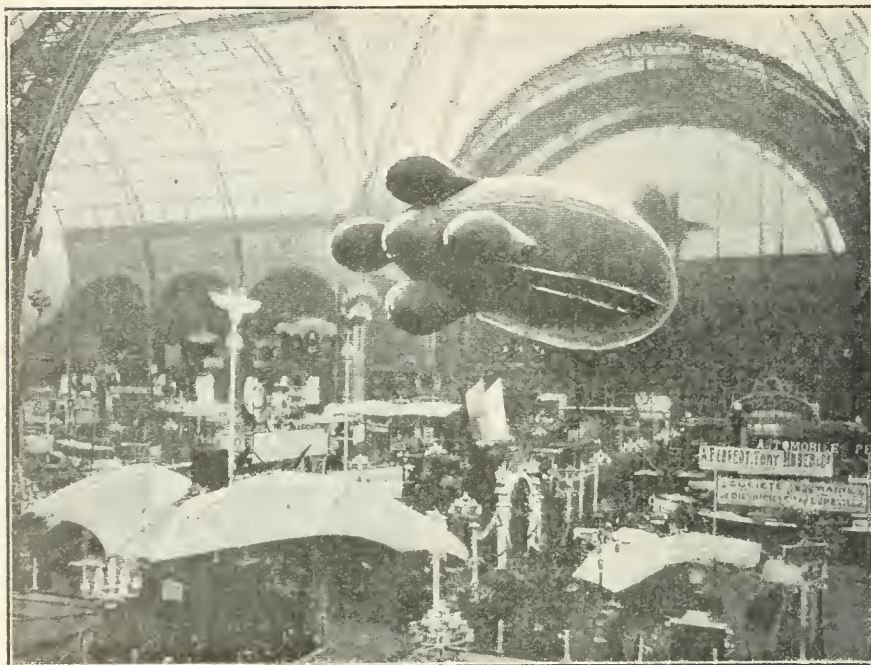
abroad. He recently built in North Toronto, at his own expense, a handsome church called St. Monica's in honor of the favorite saint of his departed wife. In celebrating the various Feasts in the Roman Catholic Church different colored vestments are used and Mr. O'Keefe provided St. Monica's with two sets of each. No one knew that he was the builder of the sacred edifice until its dedication and then his name was mentioned only in an incidental way by the Archbishop. Modesty and reserve have always characterized Mr. O'Keefe's numerous good works, and the honor—a Private Chamberlain—which he has just received, is deservedly bestowed. The honor carries with it a beautiful costume, and insignia, and the right to be present at all the major functions in which the Holy Father participates. Private Chamberlains are high officials in the Papal Court. There are laymen as well as clerics in the order. In costume, of course, the two states differ. For the laymen, who are nobles either by birth, as in Europe, or by distinguished service and unimpeachable character as in Canada and United States, the costume consists of the civil dress of Henry II. style, ornamented with white lace, the cloak being lined with black silk. The hat is Raffaello's style, in black velvet with a large ostrich feather, and like the shoes, the hat is decorated with brilliant ornaments. There is also a black velvet belt and precious buckle with a silver-chased-handled sword sheathed in steel. A great gold and silver chain hangs around the neck, and from it three smaller ones, having for pendants, golden tiaras and keys with the letters "C.S." are suspended. There is also an evening dress of French style. A Private Chamberlain's function is to render personal service to the Pope by attending in the Ante-Chamber and accompanying His Holiness in solemn ceremonies. For this service a Private Chamberlain receives each year, on the feast of St. Peter, the



Charles D. Warren

Pope's silver medal. He is also conveyed to and from the Vatican in special court carriages when visiting the Eternal City.

The most important industrial announcement of the month is that large interests in the Lake Superior Corporation have been taken over by Robert Fleming, a most successful financial man of Great Britain, and other capitalists associated with him. It is said that the new blood will expend \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000 in enlarging the industries at the Sault Ste. Marie, and extending the Algoma Central and the Manitoulin and North Shore railways. The successful operation of the industries at the Soo, the liquidation of all indebtedness to the bank, the retirement of the \$2,000,000 loan guarantee of the Ontario Government and the influx of British capital is due to the splendid work and foresight of the Lake Superior Corporation, the holding company of the allied interests, at the head of which is Mr. Charles D. Warren of Toronto. Five years ago, when things at the Soo had been in a muddle for many



The First Exhibition of Aerial Contrivances Held at Paris

The Balloon in the Foreground is the Latest French Military Dirigible "Ville de Bordeaux"

months, and it looked as if disaster was impending, the Ontario Government came to the monetary rescue. Mr. Warren joined the Lake Superior Corporation along with three or four others who held seats on the Board. There was a complete reorganization of the executive officers, Mr. Warren being made president. There were many difficulties to face. It was found necessary to purchase some \$2,500,000 worth of raw material at once and the funds available did not amount to over \$500,000, but the new president was a man of stout heart and iron will. The tremendous task ahead of the Corporation did not appal him, although it would have one of less experience and financial acumen. Charles D. Warren had previously tackled many stubborn propositions. A native of old Niagara town, he came to Toronto at an early age and thoroughly learned the wholesale grocery trade. Later he went into business for himself and his firm had

possibly the largest turnover—particularly in sugars—of any in the province. Mr. Warren then branched into lumbering operations, as well as building the Metropolitan electric railway, which was first constructed as far as Eglinton and extended each succeeding year until it finally joined Newmarket and Toronto—a distance of 27 miles—when he sold the line. Since his connection with the Lake Superior Corporation he has given that immense concern his undivided personal attention. He disposed of his interest in the wholesale grocery business and handed over the management of the Imperial Lumber Co. to his associates. His services to any institution have always been invaluable. Thoroughness has characterized the work of this quiet, thoughtful and somewhat reserved man in every undertaking. He never attacked a problem that he did not master. Knowing this he was selected by the Ontario Government to take a hand in the affairs

at the Soo. His steading, even, methodical management soon brought order out of chaos, inspired confidence and aroused enthusiasm. In a few months all the subsidiary plants were again in full operation. What has been the outcome? It required a million dollars a month to finance the allied interests and it was raised. As many as 600 freight cars have been in the big yards in a day, either with incoming or outgoing material; the last dollar owing the banks was paid off last month, and the remaining million of the loan guarantee of the Ontario Government wiped out some time ago. This has been due to President Warren's consistent, conservative conduct. He is a genius at finance and the greatness of his accomplishment may be gauged when it is stated the company a year and a half ago was indebted to the banks for about two and a half million dollars. Mr. Warren has had a busy five years. It was necessary for him to be absent frequently from his office in Toronto. He paid regular visits to the Soo, Philadelphia and New York, and during the last nine months traveled over thirty thousand miles. But success has crowned his efforts. The announcement that millions of additional capital have been secured to extend and improve the various plants of the Corporation demonstrates that, in a fiduciary and executive capacity, Mr. Warren has fully justified the happy results which his friends predicted at the time he took the helm. He may not be at the head of the new board but the work that he has done is one that has told materially in the development and stability of Canadian industrial life.

Sir John Carling, who has just celebrated his eighty-first birthday, is a gentleman of whom little is heard nowadays, as a newer and younger group of politicians are crowding the front benches in the administrative arena. It is doubtful, however, if any Canadian

has rendered as solid, substantial service to the great cause of agriculture as the venerable senator from London. In these times, when memory is inclined to be short and works of far less merit and magnitude applauded, there is danger of overlooking what Sir John accomplished when men, now in middle life, were boys at school. His public career antedates Confederation itself some ten years, during which period he sat in the old Canadian Assembly. He was Receiver-General in the Cartier-Macdonald Government in 1862, and at Confederation was elected in a dual capacity as representative from London to both the House of Commons and Ontario Legislature. From 1867 until the close of 1871 he was Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works in the Sandfield-Macdonald Administration. It was then that he began his splendid work on behalf of agriculture. He strenuously advocated higher education for the tiller of the soil and improved methods of farming. In season and out he urged the establishment of both an experimental farm and agricultural college,



Sir John Carling



Members of Parliament for Jerusalem

and the present school at Guelph—the finest and best equipped of its character in America—which was opened in 1874, is the fruition of his efforts. Its foundation was largely due to the missionary work of Sir John, who, in 1885, became Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa, in Sir John A. Macdonald's cabinet, a portfolio which he filled for seven years, discharging his duties with exemplary zeal and fidelity. He has twice been appointed to the Senate, first in 1891, resigning the succeeding year to contest a bye-election in London, in which he was victorious. His second appointment dates from 1896. A man of quiet taste and unassuming disposition, his work has always given evidence of his worth. He has declined more public honors than some statesmen of to-day ever had the opportunity of accepting, among them the Lieutenant-Governorship of Ontario, and the appointment of Honorary Commissioner for Canada. At the World's Fair, Chicago. The chain of experimental farms in Canada was established during his tenure of office. He also took great interest in dairying and gave to that important industry an impetus which has made Canada one of the leading butter and cheese exporting countries of the world. He was also instrumental in promoting the export cattle trade and inaugurating a system of quarantine. These and other distinctive accomplishments of his administration demonstrated his interest and enthusiasm as well as aptitude for the work which was so close to his heart. Since Confederation Canada has had

many Ministers of Agriculture but it is safe to say that not one of them has undertaken any enterprises conferring more practical benefit and lasting advantage on the agricultural resources and uplift of the Dominion than Sir John Carling, although his political opponents used to sarcastically remark "What does a brewer know of agriculture?" His excellent work was fittingly acknowledged, however, when the House of Commons Committee on Agriculture and Colonization, in 1893, unanimously adopted a resolution bearing testimony to his lifelong devotion to the cause so near and dear to him, and expressed appreciation of his valuable services. In his eighty-second year the honored knight is enjoying good health and restful old age, and his many friends and admirers hope that he may live to celebrate many more birthday anniversaries.



John Edward Jones

Consul-General of the United States at Winnipeg

How strange it is to think of Jerusalem having M.P.'s. This honor has fallen to Said Effendi El-Husein and Rohi Effendi El-Khalidi. The latter belongs to a family that traces its descent from Khalid, the conqueror of Damascus and Jerusalem under the second Khalifa, Omar. For several years he has been Turkish consul-general at Bordeaux. He dresses like a European. Said Effendi El-Husein belongs to a family that claims descent from El-Husein the murdered son of Ali, fourth khalifa after the Prophet. He was censor for Jerusalem. Both speak English and French.

Dr. Jones, the first occupant of the new post of Consul-General of the United States at Winnipeg, represents the United States in all the British possessions between mid-Ontario and the Rocky Mountains, from the international boundary to Hudson Bay and the Arctic Ocean. It was through his knowledge of that country and the bearing it has on the future of this continent that the consulate was recently raised from second to first rank. His reports of the resources and development of Western Canada have been of very great value to the merchants and farmers of the States.

The fifth French-Canadian citizen to occupy the Speaker's chair in the House of Commons since Confederation is Hon. Charles Marcil, M.P. for Bonaventure, Quebec. The new First Commoner has been eight years in the House, and has spent practically all his life in newspaper work. A gentleman of polished manners, courteous bearing and rare oratorical gifts he will preside over the deliberations of the popular chamber with dignity and grace, and will uphold the best traditions of the exalted office. With tongue or pen he is equally at home in facility of expression and grace of diction. Four years ago he was made Deputy Speaker and has discharged the duties with marked ability and fairness. His promotion



Hon. Charles Marcil

is in every way well deserved. He has taken part in many a warm political battle but has been broad minded and tolerant, favoring equal rights to all creeds and races, always taking a firm stand in building up a strong, united and healthy Canadian nationality. Enthroned in the silken robes of office, Hon. Charles Marcil brings to his new post those qualities of sang-froid and bonhomie, which have won him wide esteem. His father was a French Canadian advocate and his mother being Irish, he is a rare combination of the two races and possesses a temperament difficult to surpass.

"The Fathers of Confederation," a reproduction of which appears in this issue as a frontispiece, is one of the best known pictures in the National Art Gallery at Ottawa. It is from the brush of Robert Harris, C.M.G., R.C.A., the talented figure and portrait painter. Mr. Harris, who resides in Montreal, has probably painted more portraits of eminent Canadians than any other artist. For several years he was president of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts. Another of his famous productions in the National Gallery is "The School Trustees."

Eliot the Inscrutable

CURRENT LITERATURE

THERE are two kinds of inscrutability. One kind is that cultivated by poker players, business men, politicians and diplomats for purposes of concealment. Most of us have occasion to conceal our designs at one time or another, and we train our countenances into a certain degree of impassivity. That is a cultivated inscrutability, assumed and thrown aside at will even as the mime puts on or off his mask. The other kind of inscrutability—President Eliot's kind—goes deeper. It is an inevitable part of one's nature. It can not be put on or off at will. Some men may struggle all their lives to overcome it, and struggle in vain. There is a certain department deep in the centre of their souls that simply can not be laid open even to their best friends by the ordinary methods of personal intercourse. Emerson was such a man. Nathaniel Hawthorne was another. Such men almost invariably have the creative instinct. They may be poets or artists or captains of industry or inventors or statesmen or generals, but they are sure to be originals, and when they really find themselves we are apt to call them geniuses.

President Charles William Eliot, of Harvard, who is all too soon to become, by his own act, ex-president of Harvard, has the inscrutability that all great men have who pursue new lines of thought and create new institutions. His countenance is not impassive. There is nothing Sphinx-like in his bearing. He greets the stranger genially and

converses easily. Yet all the while you feel that whatever facts you may present or whatever ideas you may advance, he must take them down into the laboratory of his own mind and test and analyze them by himself before he reaches a conclusion. "No one knows Eliot," says a writer in *Collier's*—Richard Watson Child. "Many know him well, but they do not know him all. Some have seen his character grow and ripen. They have been side by side with him. They have seen the little change after change in the lines of his face, which show in the comparison of his photographs of years ago and of now. They know better than the younger men how truly a drama is represented in these pictures. Better than others they see the significance of a high-raised head that has lifted higher and higher with age; a mouth that was firm in youth—the mouth of a judge of the Supreme Court—that the years have made more firm. But there is something within that they did not know when Eliot was a boy in college. They do not know it now. That inner character is as far from them, as undefinable, as mysterious as the personality of Zoroaster."

This does not mean, however, that he has held aloof from life and its hurly burly. He was called "shy and retiring" as a college boy, but he was, all the same, one of the crew that won the first boat-race that was rowed between Harvard and Yale. He is just as fond of "mixing" now as he was then. At the age of

seventy-five he loves to run to a fire, and he takes a bicycle ride nearly every pleasant morning because he enjoys it. He is ready for the give-and-take of discussion, and does not manifest the slightest impatience or irritation at opposition. He has none of the pontifical air in his way of expressing his views, and he is content to win not by the weight of his name but by the weight of his arguments. Being one of the best-poised men this country has produced, the view he takes is usually the view that finally prevails.

Forty years ago he took charge of affairs at Harvard, being but thirty-five. What Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to John Motley at that time has been quoted often, but it is good enough for frequent repetition. Dr. Holmes wrote:

"King Log has made room for King Stork. Mr. Eliot makes the corporation meet twice a month instead of once. He comes to the meeting of every faculty, ours among the rest, and keeps us up to eleven and twelve o'clock at night discussing new arrangements. He shows an extraordinary knowledge of all that relates to every department of the university, and presides with an aplomb, a quiet, imperturbable, serious good humor that it is impossible not to admire. We are, some of us, disposed to think him a little too much in a hurry with some of his innovations, and take care to let the corporation know it. I saw three of them the other day, and found that they were on their guard, as they all quoted that valuable precept, *festina lente*, as applicable in the premises. I cannot help being amused at some of the scenes we have in our medical faculty—this cool, grave young man proposing in the calmest way to turn everything topsy-turvy; taking the reins into his hands and driving as if he were the first man that ever sat on the box.

"How is it, I should like to ask," said one of our members the other

day, 'that this faculty has gone on for eighty years managing its own affairs and doing it well, and now within three or four months it is proposed to change all our modes of carrying on the school? It seems very extraordinary, and I should like to know how it happens.'

"I can answer Dr. —'s question very easily,' said the bland, grave young man. 'There is a new president.'

"The tranquil assurance of this answer had an effect such as I hardly ever knew produced by the most eloquent sentences I ever heard uttered."

Well, the bland young man's innovations do not seem to have done much harm to Harvard. Her financial resources have been multiplied by ten since that time. The number of her students has been multiplied by five, and her teaching force now amounts to about 580, whereas it was but 58 forty years ago. President Eliot had his way then, and he has had pretty much his own way ever since. He may be said to be the real head of the educational system of our country. His influence has wrought vast changes not only in the higher institutions of learning, but down to the schools where the littlest tots begin to learn their letters. The middle-aged father and mother who notice how different is the way in which their little ones are handled and taught to read and write and figure from the way in which they themselves were taught will be interested in knowing that the sweeping change is chiefly due to President Eliot. Not that he invented or discovered the new methods; the credit for that belongs on the other side of the sea. But when President Eliot took the new views down into his mental laboratory for analysis, and found them good, the confidence in his judgment was so great that the fight for the reforms was then practically won. Says the writer in *Collier's*: "It was his idea that the common-school education ought to be flexible enough to reach

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every child's personality, and come to that child with common sense and with the expectation of creating a real efficiency. In 1890 the Committee of Ten with their sub-committees followed the impetus of this new idea into an actual revolutionary reform of public school education. There is not a boy or girl who will be scrubbed and sent to school to-morrow morning, and on mornings and mornings for a long time to come, who might not look upon this home (the home of President Eliot) up that slope yonder, with gratitude for a new training of eye and ear and hand, and a better molding of the mind."

The same idea of flexibility in education, in order better to fit the individual, when carried into the colleges and universities has given us the large development of the elective system. For that development Dr. Eliot is also more responsible than any other one man. It has been called by one enthusiast "the most important idea applied to education that ever proceeded from a single mind."

The elective system is still the subject of attack, but President Eliot is as firm as ever in his championship of it. In his lecture before the Northwestern University, recently published (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) in a volume entitled "University Administration," he says: "It would be difficult to over-estimate the value of an elective system for the lowest quarter of a college class. It not only gets much more work out of that quarter, but also offers them their only chance of experiencing an intellectual awakening while in college." The same system, he insists, has changed the whole aspect of the teaching profession in our higher institutions, resulting in a competent training in some specialty for every teacher, and in "the arrival of the American scholar, not as an accidental product outside the teaching profession, but as a well-equipped professional man, systematically produced in and for the higher in-

stitutions of education." To President Eliot is chiefly due, also, the fact that our college presidents are now so largely chosen from the teaching profession instead of from the preachers.

In his early life, he was offered a good salary to become superintendent of a cotton mill, and he gave the offer careful consideration. It is interesting to speculate on the difference that would have been made in America had he given up the educational field for mercantile pursuits. Mr. Edward S. Martin, writing in Harper's Weekly, gives thanks that he was not turned aside from his career for money-making, for we should now miss the stimulation of an example much needed. "When President Eliot," says Mr. Martin, "with his modestly sufficient income and undisclosed but probably modest accumulations, dwarfs the merely rich people who are measured up against his stature, it helps a little to offset the results of a process which has been obtrusively noticeable in this country for the last twenty-five years—the dwarfing of the practitioners of all the learned professions by the captains of industry. The men who are most in the public eye nowadays, who excite the most awe and interest and stand most definitely for success, are not the judges, not the lawyers, doctors, preachers or teachers, but the millionaires and the masters of great business. And so to have a great figure grow up in one of the unremunerative callings and stand the peer, even in popular renown, of any other man whatever, helps appreciably to correct the popular estimate of successful achievement, and win for valuable public service the honor that is due it."

But President Eliot has not obtained the position he occupies in public esteem simply by success in his profession. He has devoted his mind to great civic problems as well, and is a great citizen as well as a great teacher. "Nobody," he once wrote, "has any right to find life un-

interesting or unrewarding who sees within the sphere of his own activity a wrong he can help to remedy or within himself an evil he can hope to overcome." He has taken an active part in many public movements—the race question, the movement for international arbitration, the relations of capital and labor, and various others. He was one of the Committee of Fifty that investigated a few years ago the liquor question and published the results in a series of books. His action a few weeks ago in joining the ranks of the total abstiners is an evidence of his open-mindedness. Recent scientific research convinced him that even moderate drinking is a physical detriment, and so, at the age of seven-

ty-five, he has become a teetotaler. He is an officer of the French Legion of Honor and a member of the Institute of France. The King of Italy has appointed him Grand Officer of the Order of the Crown. He quits the presidency of Harvard with his mental and physical powers in splendid condition, and one may safely hazard the prediction that instead of joining the ranks of the superannuated he will enter a new period of enlarged usefulness. He can still, he explains, go upstairs two steps at a time, and a man who can do that is not ready to be laid on the shelf, especially a man who is declared by Owen Wister and by many other men to be "the first living citizen of America."



Communion Service Presented to the Mohawks by Queen Anne

Although obliged to leave the major part of their possessions behind them in their hurried flight from the United States at the close of the War of the Revolution, the Indians of the Six Nations managed to bear with them a few things they held sacred, among them a large Bible and a full set of communion plate, presented to the Mohawks by Queen Anne. On the plate is inscribed "The Gift of Her Majesty Anne, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, and of Her Plantations in North America, Queen to Her Indian Chapel of the Mohawks." This communion service, now nearly two hundred years old, is one of the most highly prized possessions of the Indians, who reside near Brantford, Ont.

The Finances of the Past Year

By JAMES MAVOR

Professor of Political Economy, Toronto University

THE dawn of the year 1908 was strongly influenced throughout the commercial world by the crisis whose acute phase had hardly passed with the passing of 1907. Although the storm centre was in the United States, every country engaged in international trade was more or less affected at the time, and most of these countries have been even more seriously affected since. In the beginning of the year money was still dear in all the great centres. The destruction of credit in the United States at once checked imports into that country very seriously, and with great rapidity, through international trade and international finance, the influence of falling credit diffused itself, and wholesale prices of staple commodities fell sharply. The index number of the Economist, which had been 2,601 in June, 1907, the highest point it had reached since the date of the collapse of the "boom" of 1876, fell continuously from June, 1907, until June, 1908, losing altogether 413 points, or 16 per cent. of the higher figure. From June, 1908, prices have not altered materially; but this has probably been due to considerable shrinkage in manufactures. This shrinkage, while it has caused, and while it is still causing, great distress through unemployment in all industrial regions, has, nevertheless, contributed to bring the financial situation in all countries within the limits of control. So long as the total amount of capital demanded for all purposes continued to increase, credit continued to be unstable and money dear. The fall of prices

alike of commodities and of stocks; and the check imposed upon the current demand for capital, together with gradually returning, although restricted, credit, resulted in the increase of the available supply of money in the market in proportion to the demand for it. The return to low rates for money was so very rapid (normal rates were reached in England and France in February, 1908), as to suggest that the recent crisis was due chiefly to inflated values. At a lower range of prices there was no scarcity of available capital. Prices of stocks have largely re-acted; but the prices of commodities have not done so as yet, and thus the actual business of commerce has demanded a smaller volume of funds.

The falling off in imports of the United States, which began to take effect seriously in December, 1907, has continued up till the present time. Still more important is the general restriction of credit and diminution of international trade. These conditions have had as inevitable concomitants a period of industrial depression, especially in Germany, Holland and the United Kingdom. Germany has up till now been able to avoid a commercial crisis by means of heroic measures, and now it is engaged in providing by artificial means for its masses of unemployed. Holland is suffering also for like reason. Great Britain has adopted quite unusual measures, at considerable national and local cost, for dealing with the problem of industrial unemployment. The statements of some politicians and of

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some newspapers are not sustained by the official reports; but there can be no doubt that the proportions of unemployment are greater than they have been since the winter of 1892-93.

The year of a Presidential election is traditionally regarded as one of caution and not of expanding trade. This year there was added to the uncertainty of the outcome of the election, never very serious, it is true, the effect of the recent crisis. In the beginning of the year the panic had subsided; but the hoards which had been formed while credit was falling were emerging very slowly into circulation. The currency premium, although abating in consequence of this emergence, still existed. Clearing house certificates were still largely unredeemed. As the month of January drew to a close these conditions changed with almost startling rapidity. The cash deficits of the New York banks were replaced before the end of the month by a surplus of \$40,000,000. The discount rate in London and Paris fell to normal. Stocks began to recover, and, in spite of occasional reactions, some of them have made enormous advances. February was, however, a month of anxiety. Railways found it hard to obtain funds, and some financially weak lines passed into the hands of receivers. All railways cut down wages, and other expenses. At least one railway reduced the interest upon its bonds. The price of cotton fell sharply. In the early days of March, enforced economies in railways and industrial enterprises led to anticipations of improved net earnings, and from this stocks received their first impetus. "Vigorous advances" and "violent breaks" alternate throughout the month. Money became easier. The fall in the value of money and the increased availability of it, stimulated borrowing, and issues which had been hanging over for some time were effected at comparatively favorable rates.

A wave of economy, dictated evidently by economical rather than ethical considerations, seemed to be

passing over the United States. Luxuriousness of living, which is held by some to have been an important factor in the situation, appears to have been checked. The New York theatres are said to be empty, and other forms of luxury are understood to be equally in disfavor. Mr. Roosevelt has instituted a commission for the purpose of investigating national extravagance in respect to the exploitation of natural resources. The crisis has at least administered a blow to unthinking optimism. Apart from these indications of "the state of mind," there were during the year more important signs of diminished employment in the return to Europe of large numbers of emigrants, and in the diminution of the working force in many extensive industrial establishments. Unemployment assumed grave proportions, especially in the Eastern States, e.g., in Massachusetts, where the percentages of trade unionists out of employment were much higher than the similar figures for Great Britain.

The extent to which Canada has been able during the past year to induce the investment of capital, especially from Great Britain, is encouraging. The uncertainty of conditions in the United States is probably one of the most conspicuous reasons for the diversion to Canada of capital which might otherwise have been employed in the United States; but the favorable opportunity for investment which this country now offers is perhaps the most important reason. Estimates of the amount of capital invested in Canada during the year vary; but the total amount is probably fully \$220,000,000. Of this sum, about \$100,000,000 has been invested in Dominion, Provincial and Municipal securities, and the remainder in railways and industrial and financial undertakings. It is true that the rates paid have in some cases been rather high, but some of the flotations were made before the fall in the rate of interest and some were relatively high owing to special causes. Many new Canadian issues brought the issuing bodies

into the London market for the first time. For example, the new Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan have just placed, each of them, \$2,000,000 of 40-year debentures in the London market at a rate favorable for them. The rate with commission is a fraction over 4 per cent.

The most important financial event of the year has been the liquidation of the Sovereign Bank. This operation has not been without its anxieties to the banks; but the lesson which its misadventures have conveyed has been salutary. In this connection it is appropriate to notice the acquisition by an English syndicate of a controlling interest in the important industrial enterprise at Sault Ste. Marie in which the Sovereign Bank had an interest, and the payment by this syndicate of a large sum to the liquidators of the bank. Although this enterprise has involved its original promoters in heavy losses, it is to be hoped that the sacrifices which have been made to sustain it as a going concern may prove to have been not altogether in vain, and that now, with effective management and a sufficiency of capital, it may have a prosperous career.

The considerable sums obtained from abroad, as above noted, together with the slackened demand for industry, have contributed to increase the deposits in the hands of the banks, and to prevent a corresponding increase in the advances for commercial purposes. The increase of the deposits and the probable extensive drafts upon them for industrial and other enterprises as soon as the revival of trade makes itself evident, suggest the expediency of providing by amplitude of reserves for such a contingency. If the conclusions above noted with regard to the coming gold situation are sound, the banks will find it comparatively easy as well as advantageous to increase their metallic reserves. Up till now Canada has not been, and perhaps for some time to come will not be, obliged to carry a gold reserve of great magnitude; but her increasing commerce and the corresponding increase of the liquid funds engaged in it must render the progressive ac-

cumulation of a reasonable gold reserve an absolute necessity.

The development of Cobalt and the discoveries of a new mining field also in Northern Ontario were among the more exciting features of the year. Large quantities of Cobalt stocks have changed hands in the course of the year, and savings have been drawn from all quarters to buy these.

During the year, adverse monetary conditions notwithstanding, new railway construction has been vigorously undertaken by all the three great railways.

During the last quarter of 1908 wages in some industries appear to have been reduced in the manufacturing districts in the Province of Quebec and in New Brunswick. With unimportant exceptions, they do not appear to have fallen in Ontario. In the City of Quebec the wages of street railway employes and of carpenters have been increased.

The numbers of workmen employed in the leading centres were, however, sharply diminished during the height of the crisis in the fall of 1907. The following winter was for many industrious families a period of sharp distress. Relief agencies were for a time seriously taxed. Partly through improvement in manufacturing industries, and partly through emigration, to other centres of the bulk of the workmen remaining unemployed, the problem this winter is not by any means so serious as it was last year.

The crop return of the past year, though not uniformly good in all parts of the country, was, on the whole, above the average, and coming as it did after a low return, enabled the farming community, especially in the Northwest, to meet its obligations well, and enabled those who had recently arrived in the country to establish themselves on their homesteads.

Immigration has, as might be expected, diminished somewhat. This circumstance need not be regretted, because the power of absorption of population by a rapidly developing country is, excepting in the agricultural regions, after all, not unlimited. In almost all industries, manufactur-

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ing during the past year has been kept in restraint. Extensions have been avoided, owing to absence of demand, and overstocking has been practically impossible owing to the difficulty of obtaining funds which manufacturers have experienced during the past eighteen months.

In Europe the political situation has become somewhat clearer during the past two months. The bloodless revolution in Turkey, effected by the Young Turk party, which had made skilful use of disaffection in the army; the declaration of independence by Bulgaria, and the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria, have passed with almost astonishing silence. The pre-occupation of Russia and the reluctance of Germany to embroil herself in minor disputes account for the equanimity with which the Powers have observed these highly significant events. There seems little likelihood now of a European war within any readily measurable distance of time, although a bolt often comes out of the blue. The catastrophe in Sicily and Calabria, though costing a deplorable loss of life and a considerable loss of capital, is, nevertheless, excepting in certain affected trades, unlikely to influence international commerce to a material extent, on account of the highly self-contained economic character of the populations affected.

From the point of view of high finance, the most important question to consider is the state of the gold reserves is the leading countries and the likelihood of these being increased or diminished.

During the past twenty years, Russia has been steadily increasing her stock of gold, until now she has upwards of 480 millions of dollars in her treasury. During the past year alone France has added to her gold stock about 155 millions of dollars, or more than one-third of the total production of gold for the year 1908. Germany had added during the year about 75 millions of dollars to her reserves. The United States added 85 millions within the same period. Are such opera-

tions likely to continue? The answers can only be given in some detail.

RUSSIA.—The primary object of accumulating gold was to establish the value of the rouble. The average annual output of the Siberian mines during the past twenty-five years has only been about 10 millions of dollars. It was, therefore, necessary to devise means of inducing imports of gold. This was managed by encouraging exports, especially of wheat, by means of differential railway rates for grain from the wheat-growing regions to Odessa, and by regulations limiting the price of wheat in the local markets. These artificial means were successful in inducing exports at the cost of the peasant, who was obliged to sell his wheat at a low price, and who sometimes had to beg the Government for seed grain. The importation of commodities other than gold was checked by high tariffs, and thus the treasury replenished itself with the heavy stigma upon its reputation of promoting at once gold imports from abroad and farming at home. Although the finances of Russia can not be said to be in a very flourishing condition, there is no question of national bankruptcy, and further accumulations of gold are probably neither necessary nor advisable at present. The value of the rouble is now fully established, and the building up of a mass of further indebtedness in Western Europe for the purpose of increasing an already unnecessarily large gold reserve is too costly an operation to be continued much longer. The Russian loan, the issue of which has been postponed from time to time, is, it appears, to be issued this month; but the effect of it upon the market is not likely to be important. The purpose of it is chiefly to provide for about 150 millions of dollars of short-period obligations, due in Paris; the remaining 65 millions will probably be retained in Paris and Berlin for financing operations, of which the Russian Treasury is rather overfond; or for the payment of accruing interest upon its external debt. It is unlikely, for the reasons stated above, that it will be employed

for the purpose of purchasing gold by way of addition to the already large amount at the disposal of the Fise. Indeed, it seems as though it must now be recognized that the policy of accumulating gold has for the time, at all events, served its purpose, and should now be discontinued. The agricultural interests are suffering to an extreme extent; the most fertile regions even being among the most poverty stricken. So far from restricting the returns to agriculture by the means that have been described, it is urgently necessary that the peasant should be enabled to get the highest return for his labor that the market can afford. Russian credit has withstood the shock of the war and the still greater shock of internal disturbance, there is thus no apparent economical or political reason for accumulating gold at a cost out of all proportion to the benefit which can be derived from it.

FRANCE.—The gold situation in France is different. France is a dealer in gold, selling it or buying it when the market is favorable for one or the other operation; and France keeps a stock of gold in proportion to her business in it, and not at all in consequence of the exigencies of her credit. While it might be profitable for France to increase her stock temporarily with a view to future sales of the metal at a profit, it seems doubtful that there could be any commercial and other advantage in any permanent increase of her reserves under existing conditions. Indeed, if she attempted to increase them disproportionately, the reaction in external markets in which she is interested might be unfavorable to her.

GERMANY.—The gold reserve of Germany is a mere fraction of that of Paris, and thus it may seem that there is a considerable margin for further operations. Her policy for some time has been to increase her reserve, although she has not employed all the artificially regulative measures adopted by Russia. Low railway rates for exports and bounties have, however, had the effect of inducing gold imports, and it seems likely that these

will be continued until a considerably greater quantity of gold has been accumulated.

ENGLAND may take the opportunity to increase her gold reserves somewhat; although the immense stability of her credit, the extremely economical use which she makes of her reserve, and the traditional reluctance to impair the fluidity of the stream of bullion out of as well as into her reserves, must tend to prevent any excessive accumulations.

UNITED STATES.—The currency and fiscal systems of the United States involve the accumulation of gold in the treasury to an extent which has been highly embarrassing, not only to other nations, but most of all to the country itself. An excessive reserve is as ineconomical and as likely to prove as costly as an inadequate one. It is not possible to predict what view might be taken at a particular moment by those who direct the financial policy of the United States; and it is, therefore, impossible to determine beforehand what the claims of that country may be upon the gold production of the ensuing year. The exchange situation indicates at present a probable withdrawal of gold to Europe, unless speedily accruing loans or investments from Europe should shortly change a debit into a credit balance. On the other hand, there may be some realization in London of American securities at the present relatively high prices. If this occurs to a material extent, gold shipments may be expected, unless the investment account is very heavy for this country.

The total production of gold in 1908 was about 425 millions of dollars. Should the gold production reach the same figure in 1909, how is it likely to be distributed?

For the reasons mentioned above, the probabilities seem against any great absorption of gold in the form of reserves by Russia, France or England. Germany may increase its reserves. The United States is an unknown quantity. The above general review of the situation leads to the provisional conclusion that in the com-

ing year there will not be a scramble for gold. This condition may, however, be altered by a rapid advance in prices.

It seems, therefore, appropriate to ask what indications there are of price movements in the ensuing year. The most important commodity of which it is at this moment even barely possible to suggest the course, is wheat. The chief exporting countries are the United States, Argentina, Russia, and Roumania; but it is not possible to do more than make provisional suggestions even as regards the United States and Russia alone.

THE UNITED STATES—The reports of the acreage devoted to winter wheat in 1908-09 show a reduction from last year of about 12 per cent., which would mean a deficiency of the crop of winter wheat approximately of 50 millions of bushels, as compared with the crop of 1907-08. Unless this loss is offset by increased yield per acre, or by an increased crop of spring wheat, there must be a diminution of crop. The result of this shortage in supply, other things being equal, would be slightly higher prices for wheat.

RUSSIA—For the reason above mentioned, and special agricultural reasons, chiefly the progressive exhaustion of the more fertile land, there seems reason to doubt if Russia will have for export a quantity of wheat equal to the quantity exported last year, apart altogether from any question of the risk of the season.

Two important influences, one in America and one in Europe, seem thus likely to make for a shortage in wheat available for export, unless the crops in countries other than those mentioned are much more abundant than they were last year. Thus, so far as wheat is concerned, an advance in price may be anticipated, unless countervailing influences prove stronger than those mentioned. It should be observed in this connection that speculative

movements based on anticipation frequently force the price above the point justified by the technical conditions of the market and that reaction may bring the price ultimately below that point, at all events for a time.

It has already been suggested that prices of manufactured goods fell during the first half of 1908; and that during the second half they have been maintained by restriction of output. In the event of revival of trade, owing to the relatively low rates at which money can now be obtained, prices will tend to advance, at least of those goods the manufacture of which had been allowed to fall low during the depression. As trade improves these prices must tend to approach those which obtained prior to the fall. When this point is reached, the special and general causes influencing prices at the time will determine whether the maximum had been again attained or not.

Thus the monetary situation as above analyzed seems to suggest an upward reaction of the prices of staple goods; and the agricultural and industrial situation seems to confirm this. Of course, there are many commodities in which special causes are more influential than the very general causes of price fluctuations, which are alone here taken into account.

It should also be observed that fluctuations in the prices of stocks do not always conform to the general rules upon which this reasoning is based.

The Outlook in Canada.

The reaction upon the country of the external economic situation is not likely to be otherwise than favorable. Advances in the prices of agricultural products cannot but be an advantage to the agricultural interests. On the other hand, advances in manufactured goods may not be so obvious an advantage to the same interests, and might or

might not, according to the circumstances in the individual trades, result in a net advance either in profits or wages. The check which has been imposed upon luxurious living in the United States has probably had some influence in this country, although the need for it has not been experienced here quite so much as in the United States. Save in the case of persons with fixed incomes, the pressure of upward prices of commodities in domestic consumption has not been so seriously felt in Canada as in that country. In upward price movements, the wage earning population tends to lose until wages advance in proportion to the advance in the cost of living; while the professional class and those who are living on fixed incomes tend to lose either in money or in comfort until prices fall again.

The requirements of capital on Canadian account during the coming year cannot, of course, at present be estimated even approximately; but the railway expenditure for the year must be large, and may necessitate the incurring of obligations of a serious character. The Dominion Government also must ere long be in the market for further

loans. Financial institutions dealing with the West are also likely to require funds for stable investment. Not only do local authorities require money for city, town and village improvement, for roads and bridges, and for education; but the settlers who have been coming into the country within the past two or three years have hardly yet drawn upon the capital which they will require for the full development of their holdings. The average settler does not usually negotiate a loan until he has secured the patent for his land, which he does within two or three years. Thus the loan companies and the banks, even if immigration were checked, must find themselves called upon to furnish capital for farming purposes to a considerably increasing extent during this and the immediately succeeding years. If the crop of 1909 is as favorable as that of 1908, these operations will be greatly facilitated, even if the large advances to the North-West are not materially reduced.

Although the unexpected often happens, there is nothing in the signs of the times at present to justify any gloomy forebodings for the present year.





Country Life Made Possible for City Men

The Busy Man is Able by Means of the Automobile to Lead a Suburban Life

The Truth About the Automobile

By C. O. MORRIS

Reprinted from Country Life

WHEN I started out to get some facts about the relative merits of horse and automobile for the man with a small country place, I began by asking half a dozen men which they considered cheaper. They all lived in the country and presumably were in a position to know. Without hesitation, and, incidentally without argument, five of them said "horse."

The sixth man proved to be a sort of "Athanasius contra mundum." He said: "I used to think horses were cheaper myself, but I've found my mistake. I kept a horse chiefly because I was obliged to have some means of locomotion, and regarded an automobile as out of the question."

"One day, after a long siege with veterinarians and other expenses, my horse died. He had been out of commission for a month previous, and an obliging neighbor who ran a single-cylinder car was picking me up night and morning for trains.

When he heard of the death of my horse he asked me 'Why don't you buy a machine?'

"With misgivings, I finally bought a small car (it cost \$1,500), and here are the facts that I have discovered after using it eighteen months. It has answered every purpose to which I formerly put my horse. It has infinitely increased my sphere of activity and my pleasure. I can make a seventy-mile run now where I used to be sorry to go fifteen, and the astonishing part of it all is that it costs me less to maintain than my horse—in fact, not more than half as much. It may be that I am lucky, but I can't see why, with care, anyone could not duplicate my experience. I don't go after records, or eat up the roads; I don't make 'joy rides' after a wine dinner, and I don't forget to oil things when they need it, nor to tighten a nut when it works loose; but neither did I forget to feed my horse or grease the carriage. With a small

car I find I can go anywhere I care to, irrespective of weather conditions or roads. When I kept horses, and the hired man left, my household was thrown into a panic. Many a time I have lost hours from business to feed and water the brute. In winter, when I close my country place for six months, I have been forced to find the horse a boarding-place, since he wouldn't obligingly hibernate. He had to eat and be cared for, and a nearby stock farm boarded him for \$12 a month.

"The automobile costs me nothing to board when not in use, and I have actually been able to run it some months for as little as the \$12 my horse cost without any use. My man an intelligent young German, has learned to take care of it after a few lessons, but except for occasional washing, oiling, and pumping of tires, it really doesn't require any special care; twice in eighteen months I have been to a garage for repairs, but the bill hasn't been \$5. So when I say that my automobile is cheaper, I think I can prove it.

"I don't advise a poor man to buy a big car. It isn't necessarily any better because it costs \$5,000. It is simply larger and more powerful, just as a Percheron is able to pull more weight than a Shetland pony. Of course the fine car is more luxurious and has more of the refinements, but there are hundreds of small cars on the road to-day that have originally cost less than \$2,000 and have given good service for four or five years."

The first few years of automobile history have left an impression of unreliability in the minds of the public that it will take considerable time to blot out, but as a matter of fact, an automobile to-day is as practical and efficient a machine, for its work, as a sewing machine or a lawn mower.

There is still a difference of opinion as to the advantages of one, two, four, or six cylinders; there always will be. But engine and mechanical troubles are reduced to the simple

working hypothesis that, if everything is in order, the engine will run until it wears out. There is no luck or mystery about it.

Tires are the bugbear, but even the life of a tire and its behavior are largely up to the driver. A careful man can save wear and tear on tires just as on his clothing or shoes. But still he may have good or bad luck with tires, just as your horse may or may not slip and fall on the ice, or run a nail into his foot and get lock-jaw.

Admitting, then, that a car can be depended upon to be in condition to run most of the time, what does it cost to run it? Is there any basis on which a man can figure, just as he knows that a horse will eat eight or twelve quarts of oats a day and has to be shod about once a month, or is it all a leap in the dark?

A prominent maker of low-priced automobiles recently made a careful investigation of the performance of his cars with a view of finding out how much it cost to operate and maintain a car, how long it would last, how many miles could be made on a gallon of gasoline, how long the tires would wear, and so on. Records of the performance of over 150 cars in the hands of private owners were taken as a basis. These cars each had an average mileage of over 9,000 miles. The cost of repairs had averaged about \$40 a car, which, considering their running time, was about fifty cents a week, or the cost of having a horse shod. The average distance made on a gallon of gasoline was about eighteen miles. Of course such results show that the cost per mile of an automobile compared with the horse is decidedly favorable to the former. They also show that a car is more than a rich man's plaything.

Where most men balk is on the first cost. A good car costs five times as much as a good horse and carriage, but it may be regarded as an investment. The life of an automobile is practically indefinite,

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE AUTOMOBILE

with care. Few cars become so worn or decrepit that they are actually thrown into the junk heap. The point is that a great many people feel that they must have a new car every year or two, simply to keep up with the style, although the old one is in running condition.

A small car cannot make the speed of a forty or sixty horsepower machine. On hills its inferiority is often very apparent, but at the same time it gets there. Neither was my friend's horse the fastest on the road, nor the highest stepper, nor did he have the best harness and most careful grooming, so why should we accept one standard of excellence for one and not for the other?

Whatever argument of economy applies to the man with one horse

is of greater importance to the man with two or more. I have known of cases with physicians where a car costing less than \$1,000 does the work of four horses, but such cases, of course, are unusual.

A summary of the whole situation seems to be that an automobile is thoroughly practical as a station-wagon and for practically every purpose on the road to which a horse may be put. The average useful man on a country place can learn to care for one with very few lessons, and this care requires much less time than that of a horse.

The greatest danger, to my mind, of owning an automobile is not that we shall not like it, but that we shall get to like it too well, and our gardens, dogs and outdoor sports will be neglected for it.

Be Exact

The business world is filled with men who guess, or assume or are led to understand that a certain figure is nearly, or approximately, or to all intents, true.

But they are bossed by the man who knows.

Round numbers are the cloak of ignorance; definite figures form the basis of action.

Two and two make four—authorities do not differ. Mathematics do not compromise.

A few cents in a cost figure, in a job estimate, in a profit percentage, mark the line between solvency and bankruptcy—success and failure.

Build your system and your facts to give you not the approximate, the probable, the perhaps—but the precise, the actual, the definite.

Be exact.

The King as Guest

By "A VISITOR"

Reproduced from the Lady's Realm

THE student of history will discover many points of resemblance between the present reign and the enlightened reign of Good Queen Bess, and none is more noteworthy than the custom prevailing in both reigns of the monarch paying visits to the country houses of the nobility. Few and far between are the houses that can boast of a room in which Queen Victoria slept, but the great seats of the nobles that have been visited by King Edward VII. bid fair to outnumber those reputed to have housed Queen Elizabeth, who was much given to honor her lieges with her company, when great joustings and jauntings marked the occasion, and every sort of fulsome compliment was considered a necessary adjunct to the proceedings. Far otherwise is it with King Edward, who likes to mingle with his friends as one of themselves, as far as may be, while never forgetting, nor permitting others to forget, his kingly dignity.

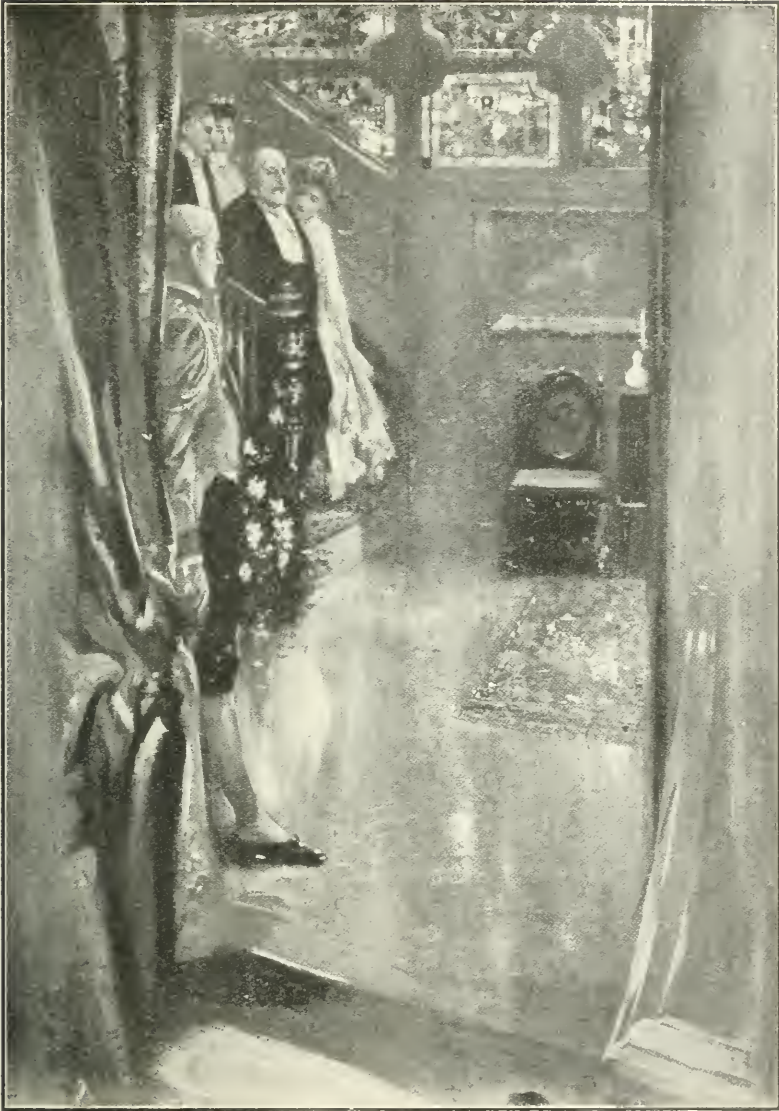
When his Majesty designs to pay a visit to a subject, a member of the Household notifies the person signalled out for this much-coveted honor that the King proposes to arrive on such a date, and inquires if the host is prepared to receive his Majesty on the day named. Should the day selected be a Monday, the visit generally extends to the end of the week; if a Wednesday or Thursday, the stay lasts over the Sunday. Timely notice is always given, as great preparations are made for the royal visitor. Should the host not have previously entertained the King, the royal suite is

done up throughout, and upholsterers and decorators are turned in to transform the rooms, telephones and the telegraph are installed, and a post office established. The King's correspondence is enormous, and is dealt with by his Majesty personally; every letter is, however, opened for him by a servant, whose duty it is to stand beside his chair, a stiletto-like instrument being employed for the purpose of cutting each envelope along the top.

A list of the guests it is proposed to invite is submitted to his Majesty, who occasionally adds a name, but seldom if ever objects to any of those already in the list. Latterly the King often travels by motor-car, when the procedure of his arrival is modified. Should train be selected, his host meets him at the railway station, and there is generally a Guard of Honor of the local Volunteers, and the chief constable of the county and the civil dignitaries are also in evidence. An army of detectives watches over the safety of his Majesty, but without ostentation, often disguised as keepers, beaters, gardeners and indoor servants. Should the curious approach too near the royal party when out shooting, hitherto unseen watchers appear as by magic, and warn away the intruder, who generally has no deadlier design than that of obtaining a snapshot of his Majesty. The King often takes his sturdy cob, and always, of course, has his own loaders at a shooting party.

A complete suite of rooms is placed at his Majesty's disposal. This com-

THE KING AS GUEST



His Majesty with H's Hostess Leads the Way to Dinner

prises bedroom, bathroom, dressing-room and sitting-room. Breakfast is served in the King's apartment, and is a very light meal, such as eggs, tea and toast, unless an early start is made for shooting, when the King breakfasts with the guns, and the meal is more serious, as a preliminary to the hard work of the day. On off-days, or out of the shooting season, the King seldom makes his appearance among the guests until the day

is well aired. He is very fond of croquet, and prefers it to golf, and is perfectly happy when knocking the balls about. He does not so greatly care for the ultra-scientific croquet which is now the vogue, his game being leisurely. He also is greatly interested in gardening, and is quick to note new features in a familiar garden.

Lunchcon is served in a marquee when a battue is afoot, and about

thirty people sit down as a rule; the ladies of the party join the guns, supplemented by one or two local people, such as the chief constable of the county and the colonel of any regiment that may be quartered in the neighborhood. The marquee is thickly strewn with clean straw to keep the feet dry, and the King, who is very fond of fresh air, usually has the flaps of the tent raised—a procedure which proves less acceptable to some not inured to the open air life. Like his mother, Queen Victoria, the King never seems to feel the cold. The luncheon is always hot, and is generally carried in portable fireproof china boxes, and powdered footmen wait at table. His Majesty chats freely, and is usually in the best of spirits. The hostess is generally invited to walk with his gun after luncheon, a highly prized privilege.

The King is very fond of oysters, raw and cooked, and such delicacies as foie gras and plovers' eggs are always welcome, and highly priced plats are also acceptable; but he is not above the enjoyment of an occasionally homely dish. A recent host noted with perturbation that his Majesty was frowningly regarding a dish of boiled ham and broad beans, and hastened to offer his apologies for the simple fare. "No, no," said the King, smiling pleasantly the while, "it is not that, but it should have been bacon." His Majesty takes very little champagne, at one time a favorite beverage, and is abstemious as regards spirits, but likes a "chasse" with his coffee, which is always made after a particular recipe. His palate is wonderful; on one occasion he was given a "chasse" of cognac from a bottle which had cost ten pounds, and immediately noticed it, and made inquiries about it. He has a great taste for sweet dishes, and petits fours and preserved ginger meet with favor at tea, at which meal poached eggs are invariably served for the King.

When the dinner-hour approaches, the King's gentleman-in-waiting notifies the host that his Majesty, who himself names the hour, will be ready in ten minutes or a quarter of an hour,

as the case may be, and the word is sent round in order that all the guests may assemble in the drawing-room in readiness, and punctually to the second the King appears, having been conducted from his room by his host. Should there be an absentee, the King at once notices it. On one occasion a fellow-guest at a house-party, knowing the King's dislike to an absentee at the dinner-table, got himself doctored up sufficiently to appear while suffering from a severe bilious headache, with disastrous results. The hostess was greatly perturbed during the repast to observe signs of agitation in the King, who had at once noticed how ill the said guest was looking, and was motioning to his own physician, who happened to be of the party, to go to his aid. The relief experienced by the hostess may be well divined when she found the aid of the physician was being involved, not for his Majesty, but for his friend; for that any ailment should overtake the Sovereign when a guest in a subject's house would be a calamity not faced with equanimity by any host or hostess. Without delay his Majesty offers his arm to his hostess, and leads the way to dinner, with no painful quarter of an hour interlude devoted to small talk until dinner is announced. Ordinary evening dress is worn by the men when the King is unaccompanied by the Queen; should her Majesty be a guest, there is more ceremony, and the men wear the frock dress and knee breeches. The Queen leads the way to dinner with the host, the King following with the hostess. When the Queen is present, there is music after dinner, or some amusing entertainment, as well as bridge, of which the Queen is very fond, paying her small losings from a jewelled gold purse. The King never sits over dinner, which is commendably brief, and at its conclusion, after a cigarette or two, his Majesty joins the ladies. The bridge tables are set out, and the King plays a game or two before going to bed, but never for high points. The host always attends his Majesty to the bedroom door.

The host need never unduly worry

THE KING AS GUEST

himself as to the King's wants, after first informing himself in this direction, as the royal attendants instruct the servants of the house in such matters. He takes two valets on country-house visits, and there is always a footman in the scarlet livery to wait upon him at table. On leaving, gifts are made on his behalf, an adequate sum being left for division; and he will occasionally bestow some minor decoration, such as the Coronation Medal, on some head servant. His Majesty is always accompanied on such visits by his favorite white and brown wire-haired terrier, Caesar by name, who bears on his collar, "I belong to the King." This dog is devoted to his royal master, and has no attention to spare for any blandishments that may be lavished on him from other quarters. He is a sturdy little creature, and keenly enjoys a stolen hunt after the rabbits, if he gets the chance.

Before leaving, his Majesty plants a tree, and quite a respectable forest of these saplings is growing up all over the country, some estates boasting half a dozen, the record of as many visits. He also signs his name in the visitors' book, a new pen being provided for the purpose, and all the house party sign after him. His Majesty is very conservative in his friendships, and many of the same people are to be found in the house parties invited to meet him, year in, year out.

The King's New Year's visit to Chatsworth is a thing of the past. The late Duke of Devonshire and the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire were his host and hostess for many years in succession, with a break during the year of mourning for the late Queen.

Christmas is invariably spent by the Sovereign at Sandringham, but once or twice he has been the guest of one or other of his personal friends for the New Year. On one occasion his Majesty was staying with the late Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth for Twelfth Night, and a huge cake made its appearance after dinner, with the traditional gold bean, ring, thimble and threepenny-bit hidden in its rich

depths, the slice containing the gold bean, which made him King of the Revels for the evening, appropriately falling to the royal guest, much to his amusement. All these homely customs are strictly adhered to by the King and Queen and their family, and Christmas at Sandringham is honored in the old-fashioned way. A most appreciated feature has always been the various Christmas trees, which their Majesties themselves take the greatest pleasure in arranging. The care and taste with which they select each individual present is well known, and such pretty and costly trifles as gold jewelled pencil-cases, purses, stamp-boxes and hand-bags, most of them bearing the royal cypher in brilliants are favorite gifts. Luncheon on Christmas Day is served at two o'clock, before which, however, the whole party walks across the park to the church, where the Queen generally selects the carols she wishes sung by the choir. Dinner in the evening is in the nature of a family function, and a special tree for the royal children is one of the features of the day. The young people are early on the scene with their gifts for their grandparents, to whom they are devoted, and all of them adore Princess Victoria, who is kind and good-natured.

Other anniversaries which the King always spends at Sandringham with the Queen, and surrounded by the members of his family and a few special friends, are his own and the Queen's birthdays, which are made the occasion of much quiet festivity, with theatrical entertainments and other diversions. The Queen's birthday entertainment is always a surprise one, and his Majesty is much put out if the secret escapes before the day.

The King is a charming guest, most considerate and kind. He is very easily amused, is full of conversation himself, and encourages every one about him to be bright and witty, being possessed in a marked degree of the delightful knack of setting every one at ease and bringing out their brilliant qualities. There is no feeling of restraint in his presence, and he is himself excellent company.

A Country Life Commission

By EDWARD I. FARRINGTON

Reproduced from *Suburban Life*

JAMES J. HILL once said that with the maximum possible acreage of wheat for fifty years, the United States will be \$664,000,000 short of the amount necessary to pay its annual bread bill, unless the present methods of cultivation give way to better ones. Many people are disposed to consider these great problems of failing natural resources as possible contingencies, to be met and dealt with by their children's children, but Mr. Hill declared most emphatically that the problem was a present one; and, indeed, the problems of fifty years hence are really the problems of to-day, for the boys and girls now growing to manhood and womanhood—our boys and girls—will have to face them.

Thirty-six out of every hundred people in the United States to-day are farmers, and yet there is a constant tendency on the part of all food products to increase in price. The burden of the complaint on the part of the cities' poor already deals with this matter more than with any other, except that of rents. Even if the proportion of farmers remains the same the constant and rapid increase in the population of the country will result in forcing the problem of inadequate food supply at reasonable prices upon the people with cruel urgency. The country must indeed look to the farmer for its salvation.

We read much about the vast extent of the western farms. We are told, for instance, that the Ameri-

can farmers' corn-field measures nearly 100,000,000 acres, that over a billion bushels of wheat are grown in Kansas alone, that 339,000,000 hogs and 211,000,000 sheep are raised annually, and that there are farms so large that it takes a day to drive from the front gate to the front door.

When we hear of these gigantic operations we are inclined to fold our hands complacently and consider that there is no need to worry about the farmer. This, however, is unfortunately only one side of the shield, the one which is exploited—the side which it pleases our national vanity to talk about. When we walk around on the other side, we find strangely different conditions. We learn, for instance, that every year shows a shrinkage of the population in the rural towns of New England, and it gives us a shock to be told that many tenant cotton-farmers in the South are obliged to live on an income of not over fourteen cents a day, but the fact is that there are hundreds of these farmers to one prosperous western lord of the lands.

The figures which deal with the products of Uncle Sam's farm must necessarily be large, as we must see when we consider the extent of its boundaries. But, when we come to understand that an annual crop, amounting to \$8,000,000,000, figures out only \$9.44 an acre, the reasons for some means of remedying a condition which would make the farmers of eastern Europe hang their



Farm Scene in Ontario

heads with shame must be appreciated.

Mr. Hill, already quoted, said, in a recent address, that Denmark, with an acreage of 16,000 square miles, and only 80 per cent. of that productive, yet sends abroad \$80,000,000 worth of her home products, and this, notwithstanding that her population is 167 per square mile. In the Netherlands, an acre produces over thirty-four bushels of wheat, against an average of fourteen, in this country. There, too, the farmer secures an average of over fifty-three bushels of oats to the acre, while we are satisfied with less than thirty bushels.

There are many eastern farmers who do not grow wheat, and some who do not grow oats, but all can understand the difference in the yield of potatoes. In this country

the average is less than ninety-six bushels an acre, while in the Netherlands every acre produces on the average two hundred and thirty-two bushels. And all this is not a question of soil but of method—it would hardly be fair to say of brains, because the farmers of the Netherlands have been forced to learn how to tickle the soil in order to make it laugh with this abundant harvest, the only alternative being starvation.

The country life commissioner recently appointed in the United States, is not going to deal directly with these matters, which, however, are of underlying importance, because they explain how conditions have arisen which made such a commission necessary. There are a number of agencies already at work to increase the size of the farmer's

crops, teaching him how to cultivate to better advantage, how to fertilize more intelligently, how to profit by the knowledge which has been gained in regard to the rotation of crops, and how to feed and care for his live stock in order to get the best results.

The things with which the commission is concerning itself, and in regard to which it is endeavoring to obtain exact and accurate knowledge in its present tour of the country, relate to the farmer in his business and social life.

The things which must be secured for the farmer are better farming methods, better business, and a better living; or, to use another group of words, which may be more expressive, better crops, better results from the sale of the crops, and a better application of these results. Only the two latter—better business and a better living—come within the commission's field. This field, however, is a wide one nevertheless, for, while the commission will not deal in any way with better farming itself, it will give no small amount of attention to such closely allied subjects as good roads, co-operation, and so on. The matter of good roads is of vital importance to the farmer, while in co-operation there lie great possibilities for the modern agriculturist.

Everything which has to do with making farm life efficient and pleasant will receive particular attention, for this is one of the most important of all the agricultural problems. The farm boy is as much a social animal as his city cousin, and the lack of companionship is one of the things which drive him to the city.

Another question, and one which also affects hired labor, both indoor and out, on the farm, is that of long hours. Probably there is no other one thing about which the average farm employe complains so bitterly as the fact that his tasks keep him busy from twelve to fourteen hours a day, and that he is not free from the routine of his work even

on the Sabbath. Farm life must be made to take a strong hold on the boy, the girl, and the hired man. This situation is apt to take care of itself to a certain extent, it is true, as the farmer's prosperity increases, but not altogether, by any means. It is on the farm where a meager living is secured (and that only by the most heart-breaking toil), where modern methods are ignored, farm papers unread, and farmers' bulletins scoffed at, that the worst conditions exist.

There are prosperous and successful farmers in every community; but the persistence with which great numbers of farmers adhere to their old customs, and neglect to apply advanced ideas, has become the despair of the agricultural colleges and all exponents of up-to-date agriculture.

Education will do much to solve this particular problem and the Country Life Commission will do its best to make it clear that the problem exists.

The fact must be understood, however, that no attempt is to be made to impose anything on the farmer, to dictate to him, or to carry paternalism to an objectionable degree. The facts are to be assembled in as complete a form as possible, and placed before the farmer in logical order. It will then remain for him to act upon the knowledge so given, and he himself, his family, and his country, must stand or fall by his decision.

How will the movement be continued after the commission has disbanded? It is probable, for one thing, that the commission will recommend the appointment of some permanent organization, or bureau, to deal with this question. It has become apparent already that what is needed is something that will approximate a great clearing-house of ideas, so that the farmer in every part of the country will be given an adequate idea of what the farmers in every other section are doing, with special references to advanced

A COUNTRY LIFE COMMISSION

methods, co-operation and new practices. The farmer, like everybody else, profits more by example than by precept.

The commission is sending out to farmers all over the country circulars, in which they ask the following questions:

Are the farm homes in your neighborhood as good as they should be under existing conditions?

Are the schools of your neighborhood training boys and girls satisfactorily for life on the farm?

Do the farmers in your neighborhood get the returns they reasonably should from the sale of their products?

Do the farmers in your neighborhood receive from the railroads, highroads, trolley lines, etc., the service they reasonably should have?

Do the farmers in your neighborhood receive from the United States postal service, rural telephone, etc., the service they reasonably should expect?

Are the farmers and their wives in your neighborhood satisfactorily organized to promote their mutual buying and selling interest?

Are the renters of farms in your

neighborhood making a satisfactory living?

Is the supply of farm labor in your neighborhood satisfactory?

Are the conditions surrounding hired labor on the farms in your neighborhood satisfactory to the hired men?

Have the farmers in your neighborhood satisfactory facilities for doing their business in banking, credit, insurance, etc.?

Are the sanitary conditions of the farms in your neighborhood satisfactory?

Do the farmers and their wives and families in your neighborhood get together for mutual improvement, entertainment, and social intercourse as much as they should?

What, in your judgment, is the most important single thing to be done for the general betterment of country life?

The answers to these questions will be of no little help in aiding the commission to make its recommendations. They will be backed up by personal observations made by the commission in its tour of the country. Whatever is accomplished, the problems will have been fairly stated and the need of better conditions made most emphatic.



The Arrangement of a Private Office

By CORNELIUS S. LODER

Reproduced from Circle Magazine

THE private office of a busy executive should be more than a place to work in. There must be ways of keeping some people out, and letting others in, and handling them after they are in, and doing it all diplomatically. Proper arrangement may save hours of working time each week.

In my experience, looking at various offices from the standpoint of a man whose business is the facilitation of business, the best arrangements are usually found at factories—where men have room to plan, not being restricted as in cities. It is becoming quite the thing nowadays to build the Old Man's office away from the plant. Not long ago I called on the president of a big manufacturing company at his works, and talked with him in a little circular building set with a view out over a river, and facing a small garden. Two doors led away to factory and main office, and a telephone gave all the communication he needed. Another busy manufacturing man has an office half a mile from his factory, minus the telephone, where he can go for a day at a time to draw and plan. The same arrangement is sometimes effected in great office buildings, an executive taking some small office on the floor above or below in which to work privately. Only his secretary knows where it is. Callers at the main offices, told that he is out, cannot be offended, as might be the case were he in but not willing to see any one.

In the city, of course, space is costly and conditions different. Yet even the man with plenty of space doesn't always plan his office to facilitate business. To show what may be done, I am going to describe an anteroom and an inner private office that seem to me very intelligently arranged.

The anteroom is really five separate apartments, and designed along the same lines as the private office of a famous Wall Street man, for whom three or four visitors are sometimes kept waiting, each under the impression that nobody is ahead of him.

Let the reader draw his own diagram by sketching a rough square and then making four squares of it with lines through the centre. Now, our upper right-hand square is the Old Man's private office, and the lower left-hand square the main anteroom where his secretary sits. Divide the other two squares in half. That gives four more anterooms, each with its door into the inner office, but each out of view of the others.

Here comes the great magnate, Blank, to call on the Old Man. Two visitors are ahead of him, with appointments, waiting in anterooms "A" and "B." The secretary knows his chief will at least want to shake hands with Blank, so puts him in "C" and lets the Old Man know where he is. The chief can then do several things. He can interrupt his talk in the inner office a moment, step into "C," and chat with Blank

long enough to make a lunch appointment. He can admit Blank ahead of his two previous visitors. Blank doesn't see them. They don't see him. Nor do they see one another. Finally, he can let Blank wait.

One afternoon I watched a high-salaried private secretary work in such a suite. It was like a play on a revolving stage, where one scene whirls out of sight the moment the act is over and the next comes in view ready set. Blank came in. His time is valued at perhaps five dollars a minute. The secretary got about two hundred dollars' worth, yet Blank never suspected that he was kept waiting. A committee of some sort tramped along, was herded into one of the anterooms, and the chief sent it away smiling in three minutes. Between six conferences his tailor measured him, and remarked, "Ah—if all my customers were as accessible!" Finally, the chief's wife appeared and was put through the mill, too, and never knew it.

Now, for the inner room, let me describe the arrangement in an excellent private office in Brooklyn.

It is simple enough. First, a very large flat-top desk, at which the chief sits. Right back of him a big table, about the size of the desk. That covers his rear. There is a chair on the outside of this table for his secretary, who can come in and take dictation, the chief merely wheeling around. At the latter right is another wide table, long enough to come to the edges of the desk and the first table, and placed close. The fourth side is covered by wall and windows.

In this office the Old Man sits at the centre of a hollow square, with enough desk and table space around him to hold a board meeting. Five or six chairs are ranged along the wall opposite the third table, and on that side is the door. Visitors enter, sit in these chairs, and can move them up to the table quite at ease. Yet the chief is always able to hold them at comfortable distance.

Numerous devices are used in business offices to protect a busy man from his visitors. There is the nailed chair. The caller tries to move nearer. It doesn't come. He is disconcerted. There is the strong light in a visitor's face, disconcerting, too. The really big executive makes the lights equal, lets people move about the chairs, and takes care of himself with one or two little restraints that are silent and automatic.

Some men like to work in the main office, see what's going on, and step into a conference room with a visitor. Others build an office overlooking the factory—one in a Western city is twelve feet above the main floor, with windows overlooking the works. It is partly sound proof. The character of the business governs; the supervisor needing one kind of office, the executive another. Whether he confers or directs, though, the general purpose is to let him have access to as many persons as possible during the short business day, and do it with the greatest convenience to himself and to them. Nothing accomplishes this so well as a little planning and arrangement of the offices.

Glimpses at Busy Men's Activities



His Majesty at Work

King Edward deals personally with much of his correspondence and in this picture His Majesty, who is one of the busiest men on earth, is shown going through a pile of letters, which would overwhelm many a less gifted man.

—Reproduced from *Lady's Realm*.

The Law of Prosperity

By O. S. MARDEN

Reproduced from Success Magazine

TAKE the thing we need most—food. We have not yet begun to scratch the possibilities of the food in America.

The State of Texas could supply food, home, and luxuries to every man, woman, and child on this continent. As for clothing, there is material enough in this country to clothe all its inhabitants in purple and fine linen. We have not begun yet to touch the possibilities of our clothing and dress supply. The same is true of all other necessities and luxuries.

When the whale ships in New Bedford Harbor and other ports were rotting in idleness because the whale was becoming extinct, Americans grew alarmed lest we should dwell in darkness; but the oil wells came to our rescue with abundant supply. And then, when we began to doubt that this source would last, science gave us the electric light. The possibilities of finding heat, power, and light in chemical forces should the coal supply fail are simply boundless. We are still on the outer surface of abundance, a surface covering kingly supplies for every individual on the globe.

No matter which way we turn, science matches our knowledge with her marvelous reserves and nowhere is there a sign of limit.

Write it in your heart that one of the most vicious ideas that ever found entrance to the human brain is that there is not enough of everything for everybody, and that most

people on the earth must be poor in order that the few may be rich.

Suppose a young man should start out with a determination to get rich, and should all the time parade his poverty, confess his inability to make money, and tell everybody that he is "down on his luck"; that he "always expects to be poor." Do you think he would ever become rich? Talking poverty, thinking poverty, living poverty, assuming the air of a pauper, dressing like a failure, having a slipshod, slovenly family and home, how long will it take a man to arrive at the goal of success?

If a man wants to become prosperous, he must believe that he was made for success and happiness; that there is a divinity in him which will, if he follows it, bring him into the light of prosperity.

It is the hopeful, buoyant, cheerful attitude of mind that wins. Optimism is a success builder; pessimism an achievement killer.

Optimism is the great producer. It is hope, life. It contains everything which enters into the mental attitude that produces and enjoys.

Pessimism is the great destroyer. It is despair, death. No matter if you have lost your property, your health, your reputation even, there is always hope for the man who keeps a firm faith in himself and looks up. If you want to get away from poverty, you must keep your mind in a productive, creative condition. In order to do this you must think confident, cheerful, creative

thoughts. The model must precede the statue. You must see a new world before you can live in it.

If the people who are down in the world, who are side-tracked, will believe that their opportunity has gone by forever, that they can never get on their feet again, only knew the power of the reversal of their thought, they could easily get a new start.

Erase all the shadows, all the doubts and fears. Discouragement, fear, doubt, lack of self-confidence are the germs which have killed the prosperity and happiness of tens of thousands of people.

I have known persons who have longed all their lives to be happy, and yet they have concentrated their minds on their loneliness, their friendliness, their misfortunes. They are always pitying themselves for their lack of the good things of the world. The whole trend of their habitual concentration has been upon things which could not possibly produce what they longed for. They have been longing for one thing, and expecting and attracting something else.

On the other hand, some natures are naturally filled with suggestions of plenty—of all that is rich, grand and noble. Those people are so constituted that they naturally plunge right into the marrow or creative energy. Producing is as natural to them as breathing. They are not hampered by doubts, fears, timidity, or lack of faith in themselves. They are confident, bold, fearless characters. They never doubt that the infinite supply will be equal to their demand upon it. Such an opulent, positive mental attitude is creative energy.

All our limitations are in our mind, the supply is around us, waiting in vast abundance. We take little because we demand little, because we are afraid to take the much of our inheritance—the abundance that is our birthright. We starve ourselves in the midst of plenty, because of our strangling thought. The

opulent life stands ready to take us into its completeness, but our ignorance cuts us off. Hence the life abundant, opulence unlimited, the river of plenty flows past our doors, and we starve on the very shores of the stream which carries infinite supply.

It is not in our nature that we are paupers, but in our own means, stingy appreciation of ourselves and our powers. The idea that riches are possible only to those who have superior advantages, more ability, to those who have been favored by fate, is false and vicious.

Those who put themselves into harmony with the law of opulence harvest a fortune, while those who do not often find scarcely enough to keep them alive.

A large, generous success is impossible to many people, because every avenue to their minds is closed by doubt, fear. They have shut out the possibility of prosperity. Abundance can not come to a mind that is pinched, shriveled, skeptical, and pessimistic.

Prosperity is a product of creative thinking. The mind that fears, doubts, depreciates its powers, is a negative not a creative mind. It repels prosperity, repels supply. It has nothing in common with abundance, hence can not attract it.

Of course, men do not mean to drive opportunity, prosperity, or abundance away from them; but they hold a mental attitude filled with doubts and fears and lack of faith and self-confidence, which virtually does this very thing without their knowing it.

Oh, what paupers our doubts and fears make us!

Poverty itself is not so bad as the thought. It is the conviction that we are poor and must remain so that is fatal. It is the facing toward poverty, and feeling reconciled to it. It is facing the wrong way, toward the black, depressing, hopeless outlook that kills effort and demoralizes ambition. So long as you carry around a poverty atmosphere

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and radiate the poverty thought you will be limited.

You will never be anything but a beggar while you think beggarly thoughts; but a poor man while you think poverty; a failure while you think failure thoughts.

If you are afraid of poverty, if you dread it, if you have a horror of coming to want in old age, it is more likely to come to you, because the conviction is the pattern which the life processes reproduce; besides this constant fear saps your courage, shakes your self-confidence, and makes you less able to cope with hard conditions.

You walk in the direction in which you face. If you persist in facing toward poverty, you can not expect to reach abundance.

We can not travel toward prosperity until the mental attitude faces prosperity. As long as we look toward penury, and try to be satisfied with pinched narrowing conditions, we shall never arrive at the harbor of plenty.

If there is anything that paralyzes power it is the effort to reconcile ourselves to an unfortunate environment, instead of regarding it as abnormal and trying to get away from it.

Holding the poverty thought keeps us in touch with the poverty-stricken, poverty-producing conditions; and the constant thinking of poverty, talking poverty, living poverty, makes us mentally poor. This is the worst kind of poverty.

If we can conquer inward poverty, we can soon conquer poverty of outward things, for, when we change the mental attitude, the physical changes to correspond.

When we have faith enough in the law of opulence to spend when necessary our last dollar with the same confidence and assurance as we would if we had thousands more, we have touched the law of divine supply.

A stream of plenty will not flow toward the stingy, parsimonious, doubting thought; there must be a

corresponding current of generosity, open-mindedness, going out from us. One current creates the other. A little rivulet of stingy-mindedness, a weak, poverty current going out from ourselves, can never set up a counter-current toward us of abundance, generosity, and plenty. In other words, our mental attitude determines the counter-current which comes to us.

Wealth is created mentally first; it is thought out before it becomes a reality.

No mind, no intellect is powerful or great enough to attract wealth while the mental attitude is turned away from it—facing in the other direction.

Our pinched, dwarfed, blighted lives come from our inability to tap the great source of all supply.

The Creator never intended that man should be a pauper, a drudge, or a slave. There is something larger and grander for him in the divine plan than perpetual slavery to the bread-winning problem.

Train yourself to come away from the thought of limitation, away from the thought of lack, of want, of pinched supply.

Stoutly deny the power of adversity or poverty to keep you down. Constantly assert your superiority to your environment. Believe that you are to dominate your surroundings, that you are the master and not the slave of circumstances.

Every child should be taught to expect prosperity, to believe that the good things of the world were intended for him. This conviction would become a powerful factor in the adult life.

The great fundamental principle of the law of opulence is our inseparable connection with the creative energy of universe. When we come into full realization of this connection we shall never want again.

It is our sense of separateness from the Power that created us that makes us feel poverty-stricken, helpless. As long as we limit ourselves

by thinking that we are separate, insignificant, unrelated atoms in the universe; that the great supply, the creative energy is outside of us, and that only a little of it can, in some mysterious way, be absorbed by a comparatively few people, who are "fortunate," "lucky," we shall never come into that abundant supply which is the birthright of every child of the King of kings.

We must think plenty before we can realize it in the life. If we hold the poverty thought, the penury thought, the thought of lack, we can not demonstrate abundance. Thinking abundance, and defying limitation will open up the mind and set thought currents toward a greatly increased supply.

If it were possible for all the poor to turn their backs on their dark and discouraging environment and face the light and cheer, and if they should resolve that they are done with poverty and a slipshod existence, this very resolution would, in a short time, revolutionize civilization.

We were made for happiness; to express joy and gladness; to be prosperous. The trouble with us is that we do not trust the law of infinite

supply, but close our natures so that abundance can not flow to us. In other words, we do not obey the law of attraction. We keep our mind so pinched and our faith in ourselves so small, so narrow, that we strangle the inflow of supply. Abundance follows a law as strict as that of mathematics. If we obey it, we get the flow; if we strangle it, we cut it off. The trouble is not in the supply; there is abundance awaiting every one on the globe.

We should live in the realization that there is an abundance of power where our present power comes from, and that we can draw upon this great source for as much as we can use.

When we realize the fact that we do not have to look outside of ourselves for what we need, that the source of all supply, the divine spring which can quench our thirst, is within ourselves, then we shall not want, for we know that we only have to dip deep into our own natures to touch the infinite supply. The trouble with us is that we do not abide in abundance, do not live in touch with the creative, the all-supplying sources of things.

Factors in Successful Management

Business executives must not try to do too much themselves; their power will be in duplicating themselves by the selection of lieutenants to carry out their plans, and having made their selections, giving them latitude to work into their particular problems their own personality.

—James Logan.

That practice of showing authority merely for authority's sake always hurts rather than helps. It sears the sensitive workman. It acts as a muscle-binder, and with the brake of resentment set, that man's quality of work depreciates.—George H. Barbour.

A personality is responsible for the success or failure of a business firm largely to the extent by which he is enabled to organize and control its forces—to instal and apply the personal influence in his systems.—Henry C. Lytton.

Glimpses at Busy Men's Activities



Oil From the Ocean Bed

A unique and curious spectacle at Summerland in Southern California. A few years ago it occurred to a prospector that the oil-bearing shales at Summerland must run under the sea. A boring was drilled in the ocean-bed and it struck oil. Many other wells were sunk and the derricks and piers jutting far out in the Pacific surf present a strange spectacle of the activity of man.

- Reproduced from The Graphic.



Making Pennies by the Thousands

This is a view of the Royal Mint in London and the machines shown are those that make the copper pennies. So great was the demand for copper at Christmas-time that the Mint authorities were greatly exercised as to how to meet it, and much inconvenience was caused to business houses who use copper in quantities.

- Reproduced from Black and White.

Unemployment : A Difficult Problem

By PROFESSOR LOUIS VARLEZ

Reproduced from the International

IT is proved with greater clearness than ever in the present industrial crisis that the problem of unemployment possesses a thoroughly international character, and that it is quite useless to look for a solution of it within the narrow limits of a single State. From all the principal cities come simultaneous reports of demonstrations of the unemployed, most of all from those nations which boast the highest development in town and country, and which, just because of the extent of their foreign trade and commercial relations with foreign countries, are most keenly sensitive to the fluctuations of international dealings.

From a sentimental point of view the problem is particularly affecting, because all this misery is manifestly unmerited. The unemployed are the helpless victims of a crisis. They see the frail barque of their fortunes imperilled by billows coming from a distance, and driven by forces which are equally beyond their comprehension and control. Conscience, rather than sheer intellect, urges us again and again to grapple with this problem, and it is well that this is so, for no other question indeed deserves more serious consideration than this one.

The international causation of modern labor crisis is obvious. Formerly, when the inter-relations between cities and states respectively were slight and industry concerned itself pre-eminently with the local market, it was possible to talk of local unemployment and local

causes. That time is past, never to return: the cause of crisis to-day must nearly always be looked for abroad. Its roots lie not in the protection of free-trade of a single State, nor even in the wisdom or folly of the industrial policy of its Government, but in the universal tendencies of international dealings.

The latest wave of unemployment, which started from the banks of the Hudson River, and gradually washed all the shores of Europe, spreading devastation everywhere in its track, has probably now reached its highest point; but it has not been investigated with that care which such a momentous phenomenon had deserved. The absence of an international department and of an international collection of suitable records made it extremely difficult for a serious observer to follow all the undulations in that track, which pursuing one another in apparently casual succession, but in reality subject to definite laws, affected first the great commercial ports of Rotterdam, Antwerp, Glasgow and London, then the industries such as motor-car-building, diamond-cutting, and glove-making, which minister to luxury, and then gradually spread to all the important industries, which dominate the economic life of nations. To-day the movement is felt over the whole of Europe, and is spreading misery everywhere without it occurring to anybody to check it by systematic resistance.

Unemployment in England has

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increased threefold, in Germany fourfold, and in the State of New York sixfold. These figures are manifestly insufficient to represent the full severity of the present lack of employment, and its intensification. On the one hand, it is certain that in the countries where the pick of the working-class is organized in unions and in the unions which make returns and can check the number of their unemployed, and in those branches of industry, particularly, in which insurance against unemployment could be organized, this unemployment is not so severe as it is in the unions which present no returns, and particularly among unorganized workmen. It must not be forgotten that casual and day-laborers, workmen with no clearly-defined occupation, workmen hovering on the border-line between health and sickness, honesty and dishonesty, capacity and incapacity for work, will not be found at all or in a very small minority among the unions, and that it is precisely these who far the most frequently fall victims to want of employment. Granting that Mr. Keir Hardie was exaggerating when on October 26 last he said in Parliament that 6,750,000 persons were suffering from lack of employment, either in person or through the head of the family, it is certain that the proportion of workless is far greater outside the trade unions than within them.

Nearly every Government has instituted inquiries abroad and investigated possible means of remedying lack of employment. We can refer only to the great German work "On unemployment in various countries and the procuring of work in Germany," to the two English inquiries into the methods adopted in different countries for checking the evils of unemployment, to the inquiries of the French Labor Office, to the reports of the Norwegian and Danish special Commissions, and to the inquiry projected in Holland. These investigations have contributed not a little to the com-

prehension of the problem, what are the useful methods of dealing with unemployment. They have shown, in the first place, that it is useless to seek a panacea for unemployment within our present economic system. The forms and causes of it vary too much. The unemployment of season-workmen, and that due to industrial crisis, differ too much to be affected by one uniform policy.

But even if it should be necessary to cease looking for a universal sovereign remedy, yet many palliatives have nevertheless been found to deal with separate forms of unemployment. Some treat the causes and others the consequences. Some endeavor to check unemployment per se, others to alleviate the accompanying misery and suffering: some trace unemployment back to its country of origin, others strive to tone down its effects within the narrow framework of the State. In any case the clear outlines of a possible scheme of operations begin to take shape. Of course they vary greatly in the different countries.

In South Germany mutual insurance against unemployment, employment agencies, and relief works in the towns, occupy the foremost place. In the previous year more than £300,000 was paid out in the "free" unions for actual insurance against unemployment, and a further sum of £50,000 for the support of members out of work seeking employment in strange places. The agencies for the unemployed are managed by committees on which employers and workmen sit side by side, and these have become very important in Germany. Institutions such as those in Munich and Stuttgart with their charitable machinery: employment agencies for servants and agricultural apprentices: the despatch of workmen back to the "flat country": the exchange of workmen; as well as the actual support of the unemployed; assistance given in the choice of an occupation, go far beyond the ordinary functions of the labor bureau of a trade

union. In comparison with these relief works in towns seem to have a smaller chance of permanence, they are too costly and the results are not so encouraging. The agitation in favor of wage-agreements has, on the other hand, in a different direction largely contributed to narrow the extent of unemployment, for the workmen that obtain these secure a stability of position approximating that of the official class.

England has adopted quite different methods, which do not require to be discussed here. In Belgium public opinion has taken a lively interest in the significant development during the last few years of mutual insurance against unemployment. There is little of importance to report from France: an experiment quite recently by the manufacturers of Roubaix, who made a voluntary contribution towards the cost of insuring their employes against unemployment, and the appointment of an official commission to arrange that the execution of public works shall constitute at the same time a campaign against unemployment whenever it shows itself. Both experiments are too recent to submit their results to criticism, but they supply significant indications.

Labor agencies, managed by joint committees of employers and men, such as have been founded in Germany by Jastrow, Freund and Flesch, and others like them, have spread through all the German states, and have even secured a firm footing beyond the boundaries of the Empire in Scandinavia, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, Holland and Belgium; and are beginning to take root in England and Italy as well. In the same way the system of mutual insurance against unemployment has since its first adoption in Ghent, in 1901, spread to France, Belgium, Denmark and Norway: and has been put in practice in more than 100 communities in Belgium, France, Holland, Denmark Switzerland, Italy and Germany. Among

the working-classes particularly this system meets with considerable approval.

In whatever way the problem is regarded, we see that it is of a decidedly international nature. It is all the more surprising that international arrangements in this sphere were not made from the outset. Only in the last few years—at the International Congress in Milan in 1906, which was devoted to the campaign against unemployment—have steps been taken towards such arrangements. At this Congress, Directors of official Labor Boards, Managers of German Employment agencies, English Help-committees, Belgian Unemployment funds, French, Italian and Swiss Labor unions, as well as Professors and Members of Parliament, who approached the question with theoretical interest, could be seen sitting side by side.

As a result of the discussions, a plan was formulated of setting up a permanent central office to gather information as to the various experiments in separate countries. Since that date this idea has been gradually getting nearer realization, and the new office will shortly be instituted, probably as early as 1909. Its function will consist on the one hand in collecting accurate information about the problem of unemployment, and the methods of checking it in different countries: a periodical dealing with unemployment will be started by it, and systematic inquiries undertaken into the cause and pathway of crises, the extent and consequences of unemployment, and the means of overcoming it. Finally, the way will be paved for international action against unemployment by the respective Governments. The complete realization of this entire programme will certainly take a long time, but the lively interest excited by the suggestion enables us whose efforts are devoted to its execution, to look forward with confidence to the future.

The Health Value of Laughing

By T. S. MOYER

Reproduced from Physical Culture

THOU shalt laugh!

The old Mosiac rogations do not contain an eleventh commandment in just those words, but if we laughers choose to append the invisible exhortation, that we know really belongs there, why, we may—may we not?

For thou shalt laugh!

It is part of the human creed. It is the giving up of music from your soul—sunlight from your heart, and precious balm from your higher being.

Besides, you owe it to your diaphragm and your epidermis entire. Pay your debts!

How much do you contribute to the sum total of mirth and joy, anyway? What would become of you if this inimitable music that punctuates your life's prose were suddenly taken out of it? Do you know how many jiggles your stomach really needs per diem?

You are a blighted sinner if you do not provide at least sufficient jollity to relax your own nerves and re-temper your own sensibilities. Indeed, you are a benighted egoist if you have not made your fraternal fellows guffaw at least once every time you have talked to them. You have made them swear and made them wet-eyed—you know that. Therefore, you can also make them laugh.

It is just as easy to tilt the balance of emotion toward a burst of mirth as toward a rush of tears, and you have heard how close kin are the eternal two.

Moreover, if you are profound you must agree that if a tear is supplication to God, heart's laughter is equally patent faith in Him; that the one is unconscious prayer in weakness, and the other unconscious trust in strength. Remember, then, that if you are wholly a tear-maker you are asking too much; that if you are wholly a laugher you are becoming vain in self-strength.

We laughers find laughter very soluble in tears, and tears very readily absorbed in laughter. We compound the two and call it life. There is ineffable satisfaction in the synthesis where the proportions of the thrice-blessed elements are in just measure. Start up a laboratory in your heart. You are an alchemist and you know it not.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." You have read it and heard it ten thousand times or more. You are sick of hearing it. That is because you are not a laugher. If you were you would be proud of the proverb's truth and preach it to your fellows. You would "fire" your doctor and distill your own essence of sunlight, of joy and of well-being—your very life elixir—in the convivial bowl of honest merriment and the retort courteous. Thou shalt laugh, indeed!—and grow fat if you are lean, or preserve your state if you are already fat.

There is a whole world of mirth at your disposal. All the world is more or less funny—excepting Punch, of course. Turn to the French bourgeois rather than read

Punch. He is an absorbant of sunlight and a delightful reflector of it, while poor Punch has never been anything more than a mere gawker at the ridiculous in attitude. Yet there is something profoundly funny in Punch, provided you remember always that it is sure enough trying to be funny.

You know the one Saxon joke. It was given birth eleven hundred years ago in the forests of Old England, and obtains in glorious triumph to-day—simply Punch's eternal 'Arry followin' of the 'ounds and sprawling ventre plat through some stiff hedge into a ditch beyond. This is your beef-eater's humor.

But you have also heard the yarn of the French matelot who, having dropped his captain's silver teapot overboard, repaired to the latter with this explanation:

"Monsieur le capitaine, one does not say a thing is lost when he knows perfectly well where it is, does he?"

"No, certainly not," says the captain.

"Very well, monsieur; in that case you have nothing to fear for your teapot, for I know where it is well enough. It is at the bottom of the sea."

You couldn't guffaw at such indefinable grace of wit as that, any more than you could bawl out at a ray of moonlight, but you know it to be the champagne and not the malt that has entered your veins. You feel that there is a virtue in the inoculation that is like pure oxygen, if you but give yourself up to it.

So, too, in the following simple tale of Henri IV. One day, becoming separated from his escort during the hunt, he meets a peasant seated under a tree.

"What are you doing there?" asks the king. "I have been here since daybreak, monsieur, in order to see the king pass by," returns the peasant.

"Then, if you will mount the croup of my horse, I shall conduct

you to where the king is and you shall see him to your heart's content."

On the way, the peasant asks how he is to know the king.

"He will be the one who continues to wear his hat," explains Henri. "All the others will be bare-headed."

After a time they encounter the stray party of courtiers and draw rein. The cavaliers uncover to a man.

"Well, my good fellow," says Henri. "tell me who is the king?"

"Ma foi! monsieur," comes the reply, "it must be you or I. There are no others who wear their hats."

This ever-present instinct seems begotten of the happy skies of France. It is all unconscious. It is native. Such brilliance in dialogue is the very genius of the French. They are the bon vivants of the earth. They will teach you how to laugh, to laugh gracefully, to laugh politely, to laugh to the very rejuvenating of your being.

Thither—if you desire grace and the exquisite. But in any case, thou shalt laugh!

If you are a parent and do not laugh in your possession of the one real human teacher—example, then you are a callous barbarian who would shut out the light of the sun from a frail lily of the fields. For lightness of heart is the sap of strength to every child. It is the art ineffable, this permeating of life with the spirit of laughter and of joy. It is the art that leavens strife, soothes racking pain and is potent even to retouch the idyllic glamour of the sunset.

Laugh, then! The art is yours. Its scope is infinite, even for you who seem to fear, in the parlance of nursery days, that your face will stay like that if you grant it a single mirthful twist. But then your face is the countenance of the tombstone, anyway. Let it crack! It cannot spoil it.



Rules and Regulations No. 17

By E. P. HOLMES

Reproduced from Pearson's Magazine

THE midnight freight had shunted a cattle-car onto a side track at the little station at Greenfield and gone on without it.

This was not in itself an unusual occurrence; but the fact that this same car was billed to a station twenty miles farther on, and that it contained a mixed load comprising ten head of cattle, two mules, seven pigs and several hives of bees, consigned to a farmer who was seeking pastures new, caused station agent Ben Brown much anxiety.

He went into his little office, took down his well-thumbed "Rules and Regulations" and looked up that part relating to the care of animals in transit.

"Just my luck!" he exclaimed, threw the book into a corner, closed the office and crossed the street to the general store of his friend Perkins.

"Hello, Perk.!" he said.

"Hello, Ben! Anything billed to me in that car?" inquired Perkins.

"Nope," replied the agent, "I

wish the whole car was, but it ain't."

"What's the matter now?" asked Perkins, going to the door. "Seems to me I see critters moving about. Ain't got a load of cattle there have you?"

"That's what I have," answered the agent, "and what sticks me is, where I'm going to put 'em? Car don't belong here anyway. Billed to Milford. Freight made a mistake—left the wrong car."

"Them cattle were shipped yesterday morning at six o'clock and, 'cording to rules and regulations No. 17, they've got to come out at ten this morning to be fed and watered."

"Ain't there any provision made in the regulations for unexpected contingencies?" inquired Perkins, who had "read law" for six months and then, gracefully yielding to an all-wise Providence, had succeeded his father in the grocery business.

"Nope," replied the agent; "got to come out in twenty-eight hours unless I have a written order from

the consignee to keep 'em in. That would give me eight hours more, but thirty-six hours is the limit, anyway."

"Let's see what the law says about it," said Perkins, reaching for a leather-bound volume of the "Revised Statutes" "Seems to me—"

"Law be hanged!" broke in the agent, in disgust. "What do you suppose the law has got to do with the railroads, anyway! 'Look out for the engine while the bell rings.' That's our motto, and the 'engine' means regulations—look out for the regulations first, last and all the time if you want to hold down your job."

"Here it is," resumed Perkins, not at all disturbed by his friend's interruption, "'An act to prevent cruelty to animals while in transit by railroads, etc. No animals shall be confined in cars, boats or vessels of any description for a period of twenty-eight consecutive hours without unloading the——!'"

"Didn't I tell you so?" interrupted the agent. "Copied it from our rules and regulations!"

"Well, wait 'till I get through, and see, will you?" said Perkins, continuing to read, "'without unloading the same in a humane manner into properly equipped pens for rest, water and feeding; for a period of at least five consecutive hours.'"



"Law be hanged."

"Oh, bosh!" exclaimed the agent, as he started for the door. "Unloading in a humane manner! 'Properly equipped pens for rest! What you giving us? Think I'm running a sanitarium for stray mules and cows?"

"At ten o'clock sharp them animals have got to come out because the regulations say so; and they've got to be watered and fed by the railroad, in case the owner or the person having the custody thereof don't show up to do it, because that's in the regulations too; but when it comes to unloading in a humane manner—whatever that is—and put 'em into properly equipped pens for rest, the agent at Greenfield has got something else to do besides carting them animals out on his back and providing 'em with spring beds and hair mattresses to rest on!"

By this time station agent Brown had reached the car in question and was speaking sharply to the occupants thereof in an evident attempt to subdue some unruly animal.

All at once Perkins, standing in his doorway, saw the agent throw his arms up in front of his face, make a great sprint for the waiting-room of the station and slam the door to after him.

In a minute or two the door was cautiously opened and the agent rushed across the street to the door.

"Bees!" he exclaimed, as he carefully felt of a red and white blotch on the back of his neck. "Bees are out and they're fighting mad!"

Just then there came a bellow accompanied by a resounding kick from the car, and this was followed by a chorus of bellows, kicks and squeals that brought everybody in the neighborhood to the scene of the disturbance.

"Keep away from that car or you'll be stung to death!" shouted the agent. Then looking at his watch he said to Perkins, "Time's up and them critters have got to come out—bees or no bees!"

"Don't you be such a blamed

fol!" exclaimed Perkins. "There ain't any law, and never will be, that can make a railroad employee risk his life to save personal property, and that's just what you're doing if you try to get these maddened animals out of that car!"

The agent started for the door, but said not a word. Perkins grabbed him by the arm and shoved him back against the counter, on which the "Revised Statutes" still lay.

"If you're bound to do it, all right," he said, "but you've got to hear what the law says about it first," and with one hand on the agent's arm and the forefinger of the other hand tracing the lines on the book before him, he read:

"Animals shall be confined for a period longer than twenty-eight consecutive hours without unloading the same, etc., etc., 'unless'—now hear this, 'unless prevented by storm or by other accidental or unavoidable causes which can not be anticipated or avoided by the exercise of due diligence and foresight.'

"There," he continued, closing the book, "that's the law! Ain't those bees accidental or unavoidable causes. Ain't the kicking mules and steers unavoidable causes?"

"That's all right, Perk," said the agent shaking off his friend's hand and heading for the door, "that may be the law, but law ain't regulations."

The Greenfield station had not been so crowded since "circus day" the year before. Every one of the two dozen houses in the immediate vicinity, the blacksmith shop and the cheese factory had furnished its quota of interested spectators who, at a safe distance from the car, laughed and joked and offered such assistance to the agent—by word of mouth—as they were disposed to give.

"Want any help, Ben?" asked Rodman the blacksmith.

"Guess I can find a little something for you to do," replied the agent, "got to build a pen out by



"There was a rush and a chorus of squeals."

that car to feed and water them animals in, and if there's anybody else in this crowd that's sufferin' to help I'll find the tools."

A dozen men and boys accepted the invitation.

The bees had quieted down somewhat, likewise the other occupants of the car.

In less than an hour, by using old railroad ties for posts, to which were nailed some boards that had accumulated near the station from time to time, a pen about twenty feet square was constructed of which the car formed one side.

In making the fence fast to the car the necessary hammering had set the bees to flying about again and they, in turn, had stung the cattle and mules into a frenzy.

Nobody dared to approach the car. Even the agent, spurred on as he was by Rules and Regulations No. 17, saw the futility of trying to open that car door, in the face of the maddened animals and bees.

"Gosh, Perk, I'm stuck!" he ex-

claimed to his friend, who had run over to watch events.

"Knew you'd be," said Perkins. "The best you can do is to wire the superintendent for instructions."

"Guess you're right," the agent said, as he hurried into the station.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he exclaimed as he noted the absence of the operator. "Here it is past ten o'clock and Miss White not here yet! Just my——"

At this point he was interrupted by a small boy, who approached him in an almost breathless condition and stammered out:

"Mother—wanted me—t' tell yer—Miss White's—sick an' can't come."

"Ugh, sick is she?" said the agent. "Well, that settles it. No message sent from this office to-day, most likely."

"Let's see," he continued, "up train will be along at twelve-ten. I'll send message up to junction and have them wire it to superintendent. He can wire back to them and they can send it to me by one of the section men on a handcar."

Then he wrote:

Mr. P. Delano,

Superintendent of Freight Department; C. & N. R. R.

Dear Sir: Car No. 1492, billed to Milford. Contents, bees (mostly), cattle, mules and pigs. Side-tracked here by night freight, by mistake. Cattle shipped at Turner 6 a.m., yesterday. Rules and Regulations No. 17 says all animals must be put in pens for food and drink within twenty-eight hours. Have built pen. Bees are stinging everything in sight and animals have gone mad. Can't get near the car. What shall I do?

B. Brown, agent, Greenfield.

The message was sent by the conductor of the up train at noon and, making due allowance for rush of business, etc., the answer might be expected by three o'clock.

In the meantime all Greenfield, including the agent, went home to

dinner, to reappear at the station before the hour of the expected arrival of the superintendent's message.

Three o'clock came, but no message. Four, five o'clock—no message. At about this time it was noticed by some of the expectant watchers in the neighborhood of the car that the bees were apparently leaving the car for the fields and meadows by which they were surrounded.

Agent Brown left the crowd to watch for the messenger and went over to see his friend Perkins.

"Perk," he said, "here 'tis going on six o'clock, and no message. The bloomin' bees have gone visiting. Them cattle have been in that car without food or drink for thirty-six hours—almost, and I'm going to have 'em out."

"Well," said Perkins, casting a glance in the direction of the "Revised Statutes," now that the 'unavoidable causes,' which in this case means bees, have been removed I guess you'd better unload them. Fact is I'm of the opinion that you place yourself under the ban of the law by not removing 'em, and the sooner you get about it the better."

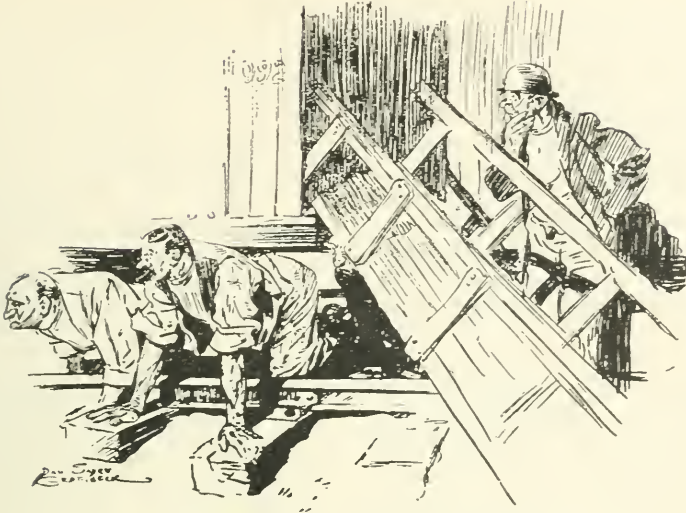
"That's what I say," said the agent, "and I don't see how the superintendent's going to kick much if I don't wait any longer for his answer. Anyway, the Rules and Regulations are on my side—and I'm going at it right now."

And at it he went, with the blacksmith at his elbow and three or four other daring ones at his heels.

The cattle-run—a sort of gang-plank with side rails—was already in place before the door, and up this rushed the agent and his benchmen, followed by the cheers of the excited onlookers, who crowded about the pen.

The agent "busted" the seal and he and the blacksmith laid hold of the door and shoved it open.

There was a rush, a chorus of squeals and seven half-grown pigs shot out of the car, cleared the top of



"They took a hasty survey of the wreck."

the pen and headed for a pond a quarter of a mile away.

The agent and his assistants were piled in a heap at the foot of the cattle-run. The audience went wild with delight.

Hardly were the men upon their feet again when their was a warning shout from the crowd, and a mule that had broken his halter leaped from the car, wheeled around, and letting his heels fly at the side of the pen smashed it into kindling wood.

The men inside the pen ducked under the car while the crowd outside made a break for the station.

The mule, seeing himself master of the situation, put in a few more kicks, by way of good measure, walked out of the pen and trotted off in the direction that the pigs had taken.

The agent and his aids crawled out from under the car and took a hasty survey of the wreck.

"Dem that mule!" exclaimed the agent; "how he did kick!"

The others voiced his sentiments in several different colored expletives.

The crowd came out from the station, lined up around the pen and offered more advice.

A consultation was held by the agent and his picked men and a line of action determined upon. First they repaired the pen. Then the agent sent over to Perkins for a small bale of hay and a bag of oats. These he distributed in sundry piles inside the pen, and, at the blacksmith's suggestion, he procured a tub which he filled to the brim with water.

"Don't let them other critters get the notion into their heads that there ain't any water short of the pond," said the blacksmith, "or you'll loose the hul keboodle of 'em."

With everything in readiness the agent and Rodman entered the car to lead out the other mule. For obvious reasons it was thought best to determine in just what manner he proposed to deport himself, before letting the other animals into the pen.

The men cautiously approached the mule. The blacksmith said, in speaking of the affair afterward, that he was willing to swear that as they grasped the animal's halter he winked his off eye and smiled; while the agent was equally positive that the nigh side of the brute's face was perfectly passive. However, the instant the mule realized that his halter was no longer fast

to the car he leaped for the door dragging the men along with him.

"Hang to him, Rod! Hang to him!" cried the agent.

In the next second mule and men had plunged down the run and the excited animal was rearing and jumping about the enclosure accompanied by the blacksmith, while the agent hurled vituperation at the mule from his position in the wash-tub, where that animal had dropped him.

The audience, relying on the blacksmith's strong right arm, held their ground this time and shouted encouragement and other things to the contestants.

The blacksmith was game and kept a firm grip on the halter which he and the agent, who had regained his feet, finally made fast to the pen.

"Here comes the handcar from the junction!" a boy shouted.

The man who was driving the car jammed on the brake and jumped to the ground.

"Here's your answer from the super, Brown," he said, taking the telegram from his cap. "Guess I'll slide 'long back ahead of 49. So long!" and he was off.

The agent went into his office and closed the door. For some reason he didn't want any inquisitive eyes fixed on him while he was reading that message. He tore open the envelope and read:

"B. Brown, agent C. & N.R.R., Greenfield. Do not remove cattle, etc., from car. Feed and water, if possible. Have instructed conductor of night freight to pick up car, etc. In the future make communications to this office brief as possible. We know the rules. P. Delano, Superintendent of Freight."

The agent jammed the message into his pocket, kicked over his stool and hurried to Perkin's store.

"Wouldn't that jar you?" he asked, handing the message to his friend.

Perkins read it and laughed. "No,

it wouldn't—much," he replied. "The super's getting funny, ain't he?"

"'Cording to how you take it," returned the agent. "Looks to me plaguy lot like sarcasm; but that don't phase me any; what I'm up against the hardest is—how I'm going to get them critters back into the car before the night freight gets in!"

"Oh, they'll go back all right, now that they're fed and watered," said Perkins.

"Like enough they will—them that's in the pen," replied the agent; "but how about the seven pigs and a mule down in the medder?"

"Gosh, but I forgot them!" Perkins replied. "You'll have to round them up, sure. That mule's bound to wander back to his mate soon's he's filled himself up, and you'd better get the boys after the pigs—they'll like the fun."

Feeling quite encouraged the agent returned to the station, and finding a number of boys who were only too eager to drive in the pigs, set them at it. Then he went to the pen to lead the cattle back into the car.

One after another the animals were coaxed and threatened, but not one of them could be made to enter the car. Even the vigorous application of a stout sapling to the flanks of some of them was not productive of the desired result.

It was growing dark. The boys had not been successful with the pigs which, after leading their pursuers a merry chase, had crawled out of sight among the bushes. The stray mule still hovered within sight of his companion, but would not be captured.

The agent was thoroughly discouraged. As he sought the seclusion of his office he was met by Perkins, who had closed his store for the night. The loafers had gone home.

The agent held the superintendent's message in his hand.

"Well, Perk," he said, "I've done the best I could, but the night

freight won't pick up car No. 1492 I'm thinking—leastwise, not unless they take it empty."

"Strange them critters won't go back. You're sure the bees are all out?" Perkins asked.

"Every mother's son of 'em—drones, mutes, queen, king and ace," replied the agent.

"Hadn't you better write another report to the super?" suggested Perkins. "Send it up on the eight-thirty, and then turn in till the freight arrives."

The agent threw off his coat, sat down to his desk and began to write. There was a twinkle in his eye.

"Seems to me, Ben, I'd make it kind of short, if I's you," said Perkins.

"Perk," replied the agent, "I'll make it shorter'n pie crust! It'll be the shortest blamed report the old man ever read—if I have to set up all night to write it."

Ten minutes went by with the agent still writing.

"Ain't putting in too many particulars, are you?" Perkins enquired anxiously.

"Nope," said the agent, "cuttin' out now."

The station clock slowly—to Perkins—ticked away another ten minutes.

"You're sure you ain't making it too long?" he ventured to ask.

"Sure," the agent replied, "gettin' shorter every minute."

Not till some ten minutes or so later, when they heard the whistle of the eight-thirty at Prides Crossing, a mile away, did the agent lay down his pen. Then he picked up nine sheets of paper, handed one of them to Perkins, and threw the others into the waste-basket.

Perkins took the message and read:

Mr. P. Delano, Sup. of Freight: Bees out, critters too. Won't go back. What'll I do?—Brown.

Perkins' comment on his friend's report was nipped in the bud by the arrival of the train.

The agent handed the message to the conductor, and as the train pulled out he said to Perkins:

"How do you think that'll strike the super?"

"Well," replied Perkins, "if Brevity is the soul of wit, and the super is sufferin' for something witty, I think you're right in line for promotion."

"Anyway, he's got what he asked for," returned the agent. The men said "good-night!" and parted.

The next morning, when the first



"Accompanied by the blacksmith."

train down pulled into the station, a young man jumped from the side door of the baggage car and hauled a bulky piece of apparatus to the platform after him.

He had rather square jaws, no superfluous flesh and no yellow stains on his fingers. He was a man who had acquired the habit of doing things.

"Brown?" he asked, approaching the agent. "My name's Hallaran." Then he added, very diplomatically, "Mr. Delano sent me down here to help you with those cattle. Said you hadn't the proper equipment to handle them to advantage and sent these traps along."

"Well, I'm mighty glad to see you," said the agent. "Them cattle have just about bothered the life out of me. We—the boys and I—have just rounded up the stray mule and seven pigs. Been at it since five this morning and we're pretty nigh tuckered out."

"Are they still balky?" inquired Hallaran.

"Can't get their noses within three feet of the door," the agent replied.

"All right, then," said Hallaran; "just help me out to the car with this apparatus and we'll show them a thing or two."

"This apparatus" resembled, in part, the ordinary harness worn by a draught horse, but with the traces attached to the breeching. These draw-straps were made fast to a cross-bar or whiffletree in front of the animal, and to this bar, in turn, was fastened a strong rope which was wound on to an axle by two men, who turned a crank at either end.

With the frame containing the axle securely bolted to the floor within the car, the harness was adjusted to one of the cows. She was

led as far up the run as she would walk and then, before she had a chance to brace herself against the pulling force in front of her, she was hauled bodily into the car.

The agent looked on open-mouthed. "Well, I'll be darned!" he exclaimed; "if that don't work as slick as grease I'd like to know why."

The crowd cheered Hallaran to the echo.

One after another the cows and one mule had submitted to the inevitable, and mule number two was half-way within the car when the agent's daughter appeared on the scene with her camera.

"Hurry up, sis," said her father; "aim at the mule!"

"Click," went the shutter, and in went the mule.

His duties completed, Hallaran left Greenfield on the next train up.

"By the way," he said to the agent at parting, "Mr. Delano seemed pleased with the report you sent in last night. Said you were catching on to the idea of brevity."

"'Catching on,' is it?" the agent repeated thoughtfully to himself as he returned to his office.

The next day, while seated at his desk, Freight Superintendent Delano was seized with a violent fit of laughter.

"Look here a minute, boys," he said to his clerks.

They gathered about him. In his hand mounted on a piece of plain cardboard, was a photograph of a loaded cattle-car with a mule's hind quarters gracing the doorway.

The upper margin bore the stamp of the Greenfield R.R. station, with date. Below the picture was written:

"Mr. P. Delano, Sup. Freight.
Off.
Brown."

Mortality in Relation to Weight

By BRANDRETH SYMONDS, A. M., M.D

Reproduced from McClure's Magazine

UNTIL life insurance came into existence, the proper relation of height to weight and the effect of this relation upon longevity had no commercial significance. The aesthetic standards of physique ranged from the waddling obesities, who are admired by Arabs and adored by Hottentots, to the Greek ideals, as shown in the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus of Melos. Each people adopted a different standard of physical perfection, but no one knew whether that standard made for a long life. With the advent of life insurance this matter became important, but even then its real significance was not recognized. In fact, only of late years have we become fully alive to the fact that the physique of an individual is a fundamental element in his selection as a life insurance risk. If a proper relation of weight to height and age is not secured when selecting a given group of risks, the mortality in that group will be high in spite of the utmost care in excluding all other unfavorable elements.

In 1897 Dr. George R. Shepherd compiled for the Association of Life Insurance Medical Directors a table of height and weight for each quinquennium from 15 to 69. This was based upon the heights and weights of 74,162 accepted male applicants for life insurance in the United States and Canada. The weight included the clothing and the height the shoes. In other words, the conditions were the same as those under which the ap-

plicants presented themselves to the medical examiner. At the extremes of age and of height, the number of individuals in any one class was small and the curve of weight showed abrupt changes which had to be equalized. The net results was a table of heights and weights varying according to the age which was adopted by the leading insurance companies as being the standard.

In 1900 a table of heights and weights varying according to age was compiled by a committee of the medical section of the National Fraternal Congress. This was based upon an analysis of 133,940 applicants of selected risks from the United States and Canada. The number of weights given in it amounted to 112, and 111 of these are identical with the similar numbers in Dr. Shepherd's table. This coincidence is so thorough as to border on the marvelous, and one felt some scepticism as to whether this table was constructed quite independently of Dr. Shepherd's. I therefore took the liberty of writing to the Chairman of the Committee who had charge of the compilation, and was assured by him in reply that the table was constructed *de novo*. This wonderful corroboration of Dr. Shepherd's table shows that it is undoubtedly an exact standard for the United States and Canada.

We must remember that these heights and weights were taken when the parties were shod and clad in ordinary clothing. The shoe of a man will ordinarily raise him about

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

DR. SHEPHERD'S TABLE OF HEIGHT AND WEIGHT AT DIFFERENT AGES

	15-24	25-29	30-34	35-39	40-44	45-49	50-54	55-59	60-64	65-69
5 ft. 0 in.	120	125	128	131	133	134	134	134	131	
5 ft. 1 in.	122	126	129	131	134	136	136	136	134	
5 ft. 2 in.	124	128	131	133	136	138	138	138	137	
5 ft. 3 in.	127	131	134	136	139	141	141	141	140	140
5 ft. 4 in.	131	135	138	140	143	144	145	145	144	143
5 ft. 5 in.	134	138	141	143	146	147	149	149	148	147
5 ft. 6 in.	138	142	145	147	150	151	153	153	153	151
5 ft. 7 in.	142	147	150	152	155	156	158	158	158	156
5 ft. 8 in.	146	151	154	157	160	161	163	163	163	162
5 ft. 9 in.	150	155	159	162	165	166	167	168	168	168
5 ft. 10 in.	154	159	164	167	170	171	172	173	174	174
5 ft. 11 in.	159	164	169	173	175	177	177	178	180	180
6 ft. 0 in.	165	170	175	179	180	183	182	183	185	185
6 ft. 1 in.	170	177	181	185	186	189	188	189	189	189
6 ft. 2 in.	176	184	188	192	194	196	194	194	192	192
6 ft. 3 in.	181	190	195	200	203	204	201	198		

1 or 1 1-4 inches. According to Quetelet, we should allow in the case of a man one eighteenth of his total weight for clothing. If the weight of the man is 170 pounds, the clothing, therefore, should weigh 9.5 pounds. Actually, the weight of his clothing, including shoes, but excluding any form of overcoat, varies considerably according to the season. In the neighborhood of New York a man of 170 pounds will wear during the summer 6 or 7 pounds of clothing, while in winter its weight may rise as high as 12 or 14 pounds. This difference is undoubtedly a factor in the increase in weight during the winter which so many people believe in. In examinations for life insurance we do not attach any great importance to the differences due to clothing, for they are not large enough to modify materially our results.

It will pay to glance over this table of Dr. Shepherd's for a moment. You will note that the weight rises steadily as you go down each vertical column. Dr. Oscar H. Rogers has formulated the rule from a study of this table that each added inch in height calls for an addition of 3 per cent. in the weight. This rule will apply, if liberally interpreted, to all but small men. The weight increases steadily with age in each horizontal line up to the year 45 among the small men, the 50 among the middle-sized men, and

the year 55 and even 60 among the tall men. One is almost tempted to say that the taller the man, the longer it takes him to reach full maturity as shown by his weight. In the very tall this rule does not seem to apply, but the number of these was so small that a slight error may have crept in.

When I read my paper on this subject at the one hundred and forty-second meeting of the Medical Society of New Jersey, we had no standard table of heights and weights for women. We assumed in a rough way that they were about six to nine pounds lighter than men at the age of 25, and that this difference gradually diminished until it practically disappeared after the age of 45 or 50. At my instance, Dr. Faneuil S. Weisse prepared a standard table of height and weight for women (see page 99), which he presented at the Nineteenth Annual Meeting of the Association of Life Insurance Medical Directors.

The women on the measurements of whom this table is based were all healthy residents of the United States and Canada, who had been accepted for life insurance since 1895. As in the case of men, they were shod and supposed to be dressed in ordinary clothing. According to Quetelet we should allow one twenty-fourth of the total weight for the clothing of a woman. From my limited observations I am

MORTALITY IN RELATION TO WEIGHT

inclined to think that this is about correct, though naturally it should vary with the season. There is no doubt that a woman's clothing as a rule is lighter than a man's. The shoes of the average woman will raise her about 1 1-2 to 1 3-4 inches.

It is a great advantage to have a standard for women definitely settled. Fortunately the rough empirical method by which he had recently been working is so nearly accurate that this new standard will not materially modify our conclusions.

It will pay to study this table, especially in conjunction with Dr. Shepherd's table for men. Women attain their maximum weight more uniformly than men, as practically all of them reach this point at from 50 to 59. After the age of 25, women increase in weight more rapidly than men. Thus a man of 5 ft. 6 in. gains 11 pounds between the ages of 25 and 50, while a woman of the same height gains 18 pounds during that time. This is well shown in the curves prepared by Dr. Weisse, which appear on next page.

The horizontal lines represent the weight, starting at 125 pounds and allowing 5 pounds to each line. The vertical lines represent the age at the mid-point of the quinquenniums used in the tables. Thus the quinquennium 25-29 is put down at 27.5.

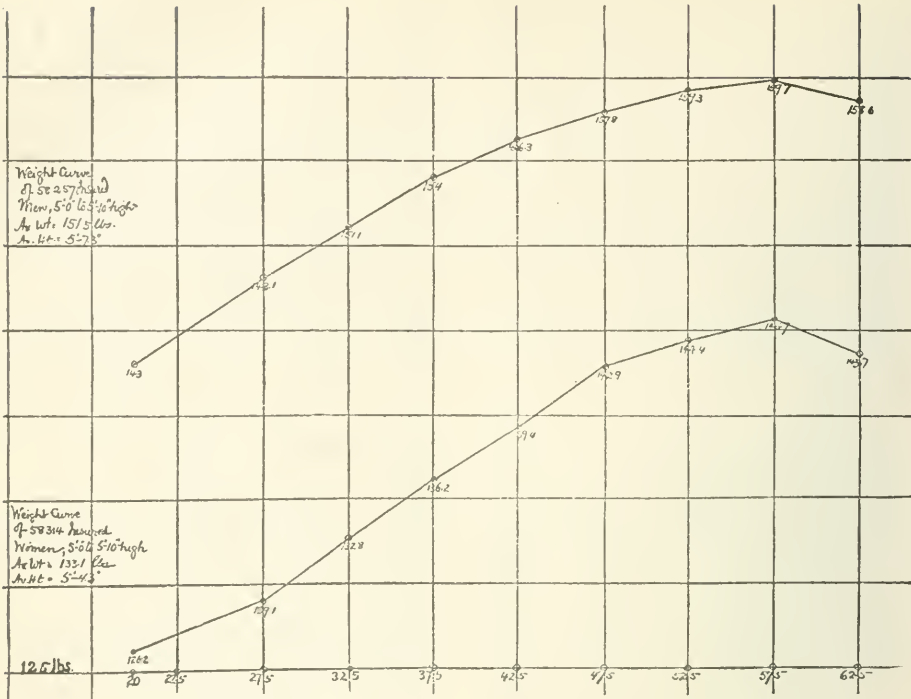
The upper curve is that of men, the lower of women. The distance between them is due to the fact

that the average woman is about 3 inches shorter than the average man. Note now that the average man at the age of 27.5 weighs 148.1 and at 57.5, when he has reached his maximum, he weighs 159.7, a gain of 11.6 pounds. The average woman at the age of 27.5 weighs 129.1 and at the age of 57.5 she weighs 145.7, a gain of 16.6 pounds, which is just 5 pounds more than that of the average man during that period. The result of this is that at heights 5ft. 3, 4, 5, and 6 in., women will weigh the same as men when they reach the age of 50 or thereabouts. At other heights, women get within a pound or two of men, but no closer. These curves are constructed from the unadjusted weights and thus represent the actual facts as determined from the original figures. In the standard tables prepared by Dr. Shepherd and Dr. Weisse, these unadjusted figures have been slightly modified, either up or down, at some points in order to secure a perfectly uniform curve at all ages. Dr. Weisse says: "In preparing the adjusted table, it is interesting to note that the weights of over 80 per cent. of all these women needed practically no adjustment. The average weight of all the 58,855 women, after all adjusting, involved a difference of less than one-tenth, .056 of a pound.

We are now very comfortably fixed, for we have accurate standards of weight, according to height and

ADJUSTED TABLE OF WEIGHTS FOR INSURED WOMEN BASED ON 58,855 ACCEPTED LIVES

	15-19	20-24	25-29	30-34	35-39	40-44	45-49	50-54	55-59	60-64	COMBINED AGES
4 ft. 11 in.	111	113	115	117	119	122	125	128	128	126	118
5 ft. 0 in.	113	114	117	119	122	125	128	130	131	129	120
5 ft. 1 in.	115	116	118	121	124	128	131	133	134	132	122
5 ft. 2 in.	117	118	120	123	127	132	134	137	137	136	125
5 ft. 3 in.	120	122	124	127	131	135	138	141	141	140	128
5 ft. 4 in.	123	125	127	130	134	138	142	145	145	144	131
5 ft. 5 in.	125	128	131	135	139	143	147	149	149	148	135
5 ft. 6 in.	128	132	135	139	143	146	151	153	153	152	139
5 ft. 7 in.	132	135	139	143	147	150	154	157	156	155	143
5 ft. 8 in.	136	140	143	147	151	155	158	161	161	160	147
5 ft. 9 in.	140	144	147	151	155	159	163	166	166	165	151
5 ft. 10 in.	144	147	151	155	159	163	167	170	170	169	155
COMBINED HEIGHTS	123	126	129	132	136	139	142	145	144	142	133



age, for both women and men, at least for the United States and Canada. It is a curious fact that the lowest death rate does not coincide with the standard. In general terms it may be said that the lowest death rate is found in the class who are about 5 per cent. below the standard, but in ages below 30 the lowest rate is found among those who are 5 to 10 per cent. above standard. These differences are not great, and I wish to discuss in fuller detail the more marked cases of overweight and underweight. Before doing so, I will explain as briefly as possible the statistical method by which we determine whether a given class of insurance risks is furnishing a satisfactory mortality.

The duration of an individual life is most uncertain, but the average duration of 100,000 lives is very certain. Many mortality tables have been constructed showing the probabilities of dying at each age of life. The one most used for these statistical investigations is known as the Modified Healthy English, and

is the one adopted by the Actuarial Society of America in their Specialized Mortality Investigation. According to this table, the probability of dying at the age of 30 is .00821, or, to put it in another way, out of 100,000 living persons 30 years old, 821 will die during that year. This only holds true, however, if these cases are not influenced by medical selection, for we find that the influence of this extends for at least five years and probably longer. We must, therefore, make an allowance for medical selection.

According to the Actuarial Society, the probability of dying at the age of 30, during the first year after medical selection, is only one-half. To put it in another way, only 410 would die instead of 821. In the second year of insurance, the percentage is 68 at this age. As our group of cases are now in the second year of insurance, they are 31 years old, and the mortality figure is .00828, or 828 out of 100,000. We therefore have to take 68 per cent. of 828, and our expected deaths will

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be 564 out of 100,000 living, instead of 828. I think that this will give you some idea of the method employed. It is tedious and the details are very intricate, but the principle, as you will see, is comparatively simple. By this means we calculate the deaths that are expected to occur in a given group of individuals. If this group shows 100 actual deaths and 200 expected deaths, we say that the mortality is 50 per cent. If the group shows 200 actual deaths and 100 expected, we say that the mortality is 200 per cent. That is the technical meaning of the term "mortality" as employed in this and similar statistical researches. In a rough way we consider that a mortality between 90 per cent. and 100 per cent. is fair; if between 80 per cent. and 90 per cent., it is good, if below 80 per cent., it is very good.

Let us first take up overweights. A case is not considered overweight unless it is more than 20 per cent. above the standard weight for the height and age. For example, at the age of 40 the standard weight of a man 5 ft. 6 in. tall is 150 pounds. We would not regard him as an overweight until he had passed 180 pounds, which is 20 per cent. above his standard. Even in the classes of smaller excess than this the mortality increases, but at this point it begins to be a serious matter. For the sake of convenience, we will call those overweights who are between 20 per cent. and 30 per cent. above the standard "moderate overweights." Similarly, we will call those overweights who are more than 30 per cent. above the standard "excessive overweights." Thus, men 40 years old who are 5 ft. 6 in. tall and weigh between 180 and 195 pounds would be termed moderate overweights, but if they exceed 195 pounds, they would be called excessive overweights.

The effect of overweight is influenced by two fundamental factors. These are (1) percentage of overweight; and (2) age of the individual. The following table shows

this very closely. The first column contains the age periods, the second column the mortality of the moderate overweights, the third column the mortality of the excessive overweights.

Age	Moderate overw'ts.	Excessive overw'ts.
15 to 28 (young)	80 p.c.	88 p.c.
29 to 42 (mature)	103 p.c.	124 p.c.
43 to 56 (elderly)	133 p.c.	162 p.c.
57 to 70 (old)	125 p.c.	156 p.c.

As your eye follows down each of these columns, you will note that the mortality rises rapidly both among the moderate overweights and the excessive overweights. It is true that the old in both classes have a little better mortality than the elderly, but I think that the old overweights were selected with a little more care than the elderly, and for that reason their mortality is a shade better.

As you compare the moderate overweights with the excessive overweights, you will note that the latter have a higher mortality at every age. The young overweights have a good mortality in both groups. The mature moderate overweights are bad, while the mature excessive overweights are very bad. Still worse than they come the elderly moderate overweights, and at the unenviable apex stand the elderly excessive overweights, with a mortality of 162 per cent.

It may be said, then, that an overweight in a person below 29 is not harmful even up to 30 per cent. or 35 per cent. above the standard, provided the person does not get actually heavier with advancing years. You will note that this remark refers to actual weight and not relative weight. Our standard increases with advancing age, so that an excess of 33 per cent. at age 22 is almost exactly equal to an excess of 20 per cent. at age 45. If a boy 22 years old and 5 ft. 0 in. tall weight 100 pounds, his weight is 33 per cent. above the standard of 150 pounds

at that height and age. When that boy gets to be 45 years old, if his height and weight still remain the same, we find that his weight is only 20 per cent. in excess, for the standard at age 45 is 166 pounds. He has kept just at the edge of the danger zone, and people of his class will give an almost uniform mortality, slightly in excess of the normal, irrespective of age.

Beyond 30 years of age the mortality among overweights rises rapidly with the age and with the weight. This will happen even when the utmost care is used in examining and selecting these risks. A long-lived family history, one in which neither parent has died below the age of 70, will improve the mortality by 10 or 15 points. Such a gain as this would make the young overweights of both classes very good, and it would make the mature moderate overweights show a fair mortality, about 90 per cent. In all other classes, however, the mortality would still remain very bad.

If the family history is an average of a short-lived one, the mortality will be increased by 5 to 15 points. Under these circumstances we find that the young moderate overweights still retain a good mortality, but the young excessive overweights get up to about 100 per cent. The other classes, of course, are rendered just so much worse.

A tuberculous family history seems to have about the same effect as a short-lived family history. In the younger ages it certainly has no worse effect, for, as might be supposed, the overweight tends to counterbalance the tuberculous predisposition.

Increasing abdominal girth is a very serious matter for overweights. When this exceeds the expanded chest, the mortality is markedly increased by 15 or 20 points at least, and much more if the abdomen greatly exceeds the expanded chest. You will see that by combining these factors, an elderly excessive overweight with a large

abdomen and short-lived family history may easily be exposed to a mortality of 200 per cent.

In fact, we can say that any other blemish, whether in the personal history or the physical condition, regularly increases the mortality of these overweights. Conversely, overweight adds greatly to the gravity of any other defect. For example, I have lately analyzed a class of cases which gave a history of renal colic or renal calculus, and which showed a mortality of 99 per cent. In this class was a small group of overweights. Now, those cases which combined a history of renal colic or renal calculus with the overweight showed a mortality of 150 per cent.

As regards foreigners, it may be urged that our standard table is based entirely upon selected lives in the United States and Canada, and that it would not apply to another race, like the Germans, who are usually stouter and heavily built. We have found, however, that overweight foreigners are, if anything, a little worse risks than overweight natives. In truth, human fat seems to be the same wherever found, and has the same effects upon the prospects of life, whether in England, Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, Italy, Mexico, or the United States.

We find that overweight women, measured by their own standard, show practically the same mortality as overweight men. They are fewer in number, for women do not often permit themselves to become fat.

Now, let us consider the effect of underweight. As long as the weight is not below 80 per cent. of the standard, that is, not more than 20 per cent. below the standard, the effect seems to be slight. The mortality rises slowly, but the increase is gradual and not alarming. Below this level, however, the mortality rises to a point where it is of consequence, especially in the younger ages. Among the young underweights, we can expect a mor-

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tality of 110 per cent. when the weight is from 80 to 75 per cent. of the standard. The older ages in this group show a uniform mortality of about 95 per cent. We should call this a fair mortality, not very bad, but on the other hand not very good.

In the next group, in which the weight ranges from 75 per cent. to 70 per cent. of the standard, that is, from 25 to 30 per cent. below the standard, the number of entrants in my company below age 20 numbered only 30 in the 30 years from 1870 to 1899. This number is too small to furnish any figures of consequence. Even in the decade 20-29 the total number of exposures only amounted to 299, an average of less than 30 for each year. These gave 2 deaths as against 1.9 expected. The numbers are too small to be of consequence. In the decade 30-39 the number exposed rises to 1,391, and these give a mortality of 100 per cent. After this the mortality is fairly satisfactory, ranging from 90 to 95 per cent.

For weights below 70 per cent. of the standard, that is, more than 30 per cent. below the standard, our experience is very limited and too small to divide into different age periods. The actual deaths amounted to 12 and the expected to 13.5, showing that our selection was reasonably good. The number of entrants below age 40 was too small to give any information. Above age 40 we can only say that when they are picked with care, these extreme underweights live a good while.

As regards the other factors which modify the influence of underweight, we have to deal with a problem quite different from that of overweight. The influence of age is reversed among underweights. The younger ages are the ones most affected, while the older ages are but slightly disturbed.

The mortality increases as the weight diminishes, but even among those who are more than 30 per

cent. below the standard, the mortality is not excessive.

The association of dyspepsia with underweight is a serious matter with the young, and will give us a mortality as high as 150 per cent. I have no doubt that the combination of dyspepsia and underweight in the young is often indicative of incipient tuberculosis, the extent of which is so small that it is not determined on physical examination.

The association of underweight and tuberculous family history has long been recognized as serious, especially in younger ages. Thus, we find this combination gives a mortality of 180 per cent. in the ages below 35. Above that age the influence of tuberculosis depends upon the number of cases in the family. If we have two or more cases occurring in the family of an underweight, the mortality is 107 per cent. for all ages above 35. In these older ages the underweight who has had only one case of consumption in his family runs little risk, perhaps for the reason that he takes better care of himself.

As regards women, we find that the lesser grades of underweight from 80 to 75 per cent. of the standard give a mortality of only 77 per cent., an excellent result and practically uniform for all ages. For weights below this, the mortality becomes bad, in fact over 100 per cent., but the cases are so few that no deductions can be made from them. There is no reason to suppose, however, that underweight women are any worse than underweight men, and I have no doubt that they will give as good a mortality if selected under the same circumstances.

In conclusion, I think that I can do no better than to quote from the Medical Record the summary that ended my previous paper on this subject before the Medical Society of New Jersey:

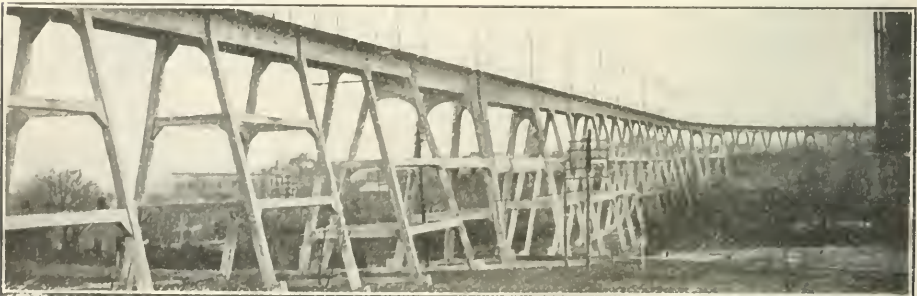
"Now, let us sum up in a general way the differences between overweights and underweights. The

mortality among all those, irrespective of age, who are between 20 and 30 per cent. below the standard weight, is 96 per cent., while the mortality of all, irrespective of age, who are between 20 and 30 per cent. above the standard, is 113 per cent. These figures alone would show that overweight is a much more serious condition than underweight. On the other hand, we must take into account the fact that until recent times overweights were accepted more freely by insurance companies than underweights. To put it in another way, underweights were selected with more rigid care than overweights. The old idea that an overweight had a reserve fund to draw upon in case there was a run on his bodily bank was prevalent, although it was recognized that excessive fat might be harmful and should exclude the risk on the ground, perhaps, that it was a form of capital which was not active. Similarly, an underweight was considered to be under-capitalized, and if his bodily bank had to go through a panic like pneumonia, or hard times like organic heart disease, he would become insolvent and bankrupt.

"As a result of this method of thought, our underweight mortality is rather better and our overweight mortality rather worse than if both sets had been accepted under exactly the same conditions. But, even if we make full allowance for the difference in selection, I am con-

vinced that the same percentage of overweight is a more serious matter than if it were underweight. The excessive weight, whether it be fat or muscle, is not a storehouse of reserve strength, but it is a burden that has to be nourished, if muscle, and that markedly interferes with nutrition and function, if fat. This does not apply to the young, those below 25 years of age. Here a moderate degree of overweight is much more favorable than underweight. In fact, up to age 25 an overweight not to exceed 110 per cent. of the standard is upon the whole good for the individual. It seems to indicate a certain hyper-nutrition and robustness of physique that is favorable to the subsequent life. Underweight among these young people, on the other hand, is unfavorable, and in some cases indicates commencing disease or the tendency thereto. But when we pass the age of 30 these conditions are reversed, and the difference between overweight and underweight in their influence upon vitality becomes more marked with each year of age.

"Of course, for the best interests of health, one should be as near standard weight as possible, and that is the sermon which you should preach to your patients. Impress upon them the advisability of their being within 10 per cent. of the standard, for within that range is found the lowest mortality and the greatest vitality."



A Viaduct at Richmond, Va., Made of Reinforced Concrete Throughout



Headquarters of Cook's Tours, London

Thomas Cook

The Pioneer of Modern Travel

By

R. Seymour Ramsdale

Reproduced from
Chambers's Journal

IN one of his letters, written from Paris during the Exhibition year of 1878, the late George Augustus Sala, after referring in terms of high praise to the management of "Cook's Tours" to the French capital, went on to say: "I think I first met him (Thomas Cook) at Venice in 1866. It used to be the fashion to sneer at and disparage "Cook's Tourists"; and the late Charles Lever, as Cornelius O'Dowd" in Blackwood's, once went out of his way to libel in a very cruel and uncalled-for manner the travelers who were trotted round Europe under the auspices of the "personal conductor." Mr. Cook has got over all that long ago, and can afford to smile at his detractors and forgive the shade of Charles Lever. Of a truth, the great pioneer of modern travel came to have the laugh on his side, and to leave a name behind second only to that of George Stephenson, of whom, al-

most the contemporary, he was a truly worthy follower. From beginnings the most humble, he built up a mighty organization which to-day marshals more than four million travelers annually to every part of the globe, and furnishes employment to upwards of three thousand persons.

On the 22nd of November, just one hundred years ago, at Melbourne in Derbyshire, was born this Thomas Cook, whose name was destined to become even more famous than that Cook who was the first to circumnavigate the globe. Nothing was there in his surroundings, however, to presage future greatness. His father, employed in humble capacity on the estate of the first Lord Melbourne, dying when the boy was but in his fourth year, his prospects were indeed of the slightest. At the age of ten he was already a wage-earner at the

munificent pay of one penny per day, after receiving only the merest fragment of schooling. One chance, however, came in his way which seldom then fell to boys in his condition of life. For means of livelihood, his mother kept a shop, a very small one, and amongst the goods she sold were a few books, mostly such as were used in schools. To these the child applied himself with avidity, and thus managed to enlarge and extend the meagre share of education which had been his portion. From the first his soul was possessed by a "noble discontent" and the notion that he must go forward and never stand still. The first step on the ladder was to persuade an uncle who worked as a wood-turner to take him from the fields to his work-bench, and at this craft he soon became an expert. Still, this was but one step, and not quite in the desired direction, for he had less time than ever for his books. Having often to make the journey to Loughborough for his master, he had many a time gazed with longing eyes at the shop of Joseph Winks, a printer, from whose press issued many of the books published in connection with the General Baptist Association. After much assiduity, he persuaded his uncle to release him, and, more than that, induce Winks to take him as apprentice. That he must have thrown himself heart and soul into his new vocation, and had within him some wonderful latent capacity, is evident from the fact that before he was twenty he had received the appointment of Bible-reader and village missionary for the County of Rutland. What a worker must this youth have been! Already, if but as a pedestrian, what a traveler! In his diary—a work he began when but eighteen—for 1829 he records that during that year he had covered two thousand six hundred and ninety-two miles, of which two thousand one hundred and six were done on foot. In his twenty-fourth year, having married, he set up in busi-

ness for himself at Market Harborough, at his first trade of wood-turning.

Soon after he entered with his usual ardour into a movement of whose principles he had all along been an exponent: that of temperance. Having become secretary to the South Midland Temperance Association, he printed and published a number of pamphlets on the question, and in 1840 founded the Children's Temperance Magazine, the first publication devoted to the advocacy of that cause.

One hot summer day in the June of 1841, young Cook set out on a walk which was to mark the turning-point in his career. It was to Leicester, where he was to be one of the speakers at a great temperance demonstration. The distance was but fifteen miles—a mere nothing to such a pedestrian as he was; but as he strode along he read something which set him thinking deeply. It was the newspaper report of the opening of that portion of what was then known as the Midland Counties Railway, which connected Leicester with Loughborough. Now, it had been arranged to hold another demonstration shortly at Loughborough, and all at once it flashed into his mind what a wonderful success it might be made if the people could go by rail instead of having to walk; hundreds might then go where dozens would not otherwise. Full of the idea, he explained it to his audience that night. All were struck; but said some, "What about the cost? How many workmen could afford it?" "Leave that to me," exclaimed Cook. "All of you who would like to go hold up your hands." So full was the response that early the next morning he betook himself to the office of John Fox Bell, the then secretary of the railway company, and unfolded his plan. It was that he would guarantee to fill a train if the company would take the people from Leicester to Loughborough and back for a shilling. Mr. Bell at once



The Late John Cook

Son of Thomas Cook and the Man Who did Most to
Build up the Business

fell in with the idea, and himself gave a contribution towards the preliminary expenses. Within a few hours the arrangements were set forth in print, thus making it the very earliest publicly advertised excursion train. This done, Cook went on to Loughborough to arrange for the feeding of his party. On the 5th of July the excursion duly started, numbering five hundred and seventy passengers, amidst great popular enthusiasm, a band of music accompanying them to the station, whilst all Loughborough turned out to welcome them. Thus was in-

augurated a new era in the world of travel, and an object-lesson set before the railway companies as to the power of small profits and quick returns. In no long time the new organizer was inundated with applications for advice and assistance by those who desired to arrange for special trains.

During the summer of 1842, and two years following, he followed up his system with characteristic energy and remarkable success, arranging a great number of excursions of temperance associations and Sunday schools between various points. The

fares were such as but a short time before would have been deemed perfectly ridiculous, and so they would have been had not the number of passengers been so large. As an example, he took four thousand four hundred people from Leicester to Derby and back in the September of 1843 at a charge of one shilling for adults and sixpence for children. All this time gratitude and growing fame had been his sole reward, for he made not a penny for himself; but in 1844 he took thought that he might strike out for himself as a carrier of travelers. The theory he quickly reduced to practice, and interviews with the directorates of the railways of the Midlands brought about agreements to place trains at his disposal whenever he desired. Then he set to work to organize an excursion on a more ambitious scale than any hitherto attempted. When, in the early summer of 1845, folks read the advertisement of Mr. Cook's pleasure trip from Leicester to Liverpool by rail, thence to Dublin and the Isle of Man by steamer, and back for fourteen shillings first-class and ten shillings second, they fairly rubbed their eyes in astonishment; but the excursion proved a splendid success. So thorough was Cook's grasp of the conditions needful to ensure success that he became the compiler, printer, and publisher of what stands as the very earliest illustrated travelers' guide-book, a little volume describing all the places to be visited and many of those en route.

Although the thing was as complete a novelty as was the journey of the 'Rocket' from Liverpool to Manchester sixteen years before, it was fully successful. All the tickets were sold a week beforehand, and so great was the desire to obtain them that many were resold for double the money. Moreover, all were satisfied, so thoroughly had their comfort been ministered to. Still more ambitious was the next attempt, for the difficulties appeared at first quite insuperable. "From

the heights of Snowdon," Cook records in his diary, "my thoughts took flight to Ben Lomond, and I determined to get to Scotland." But how to get there was the question, for the English railways then terminated at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and he had to make two preliminary journeys before the plan of campaign was decided upon. In the end it was determined that the journey should be made by rail to Fleetwood, thence to Ardrossan by steamer, and from that point on again by rail to Glasgow or Edinburgh. Although the entire distance to be covered was not less than six hundred miles, the charge was only a guinea per head, and the trip turned out as great a success as any of its predecessors. At both the great Scottish cities the "personally conducted" and their mentor were received with the fringing of canon, musical honors, and great popular enthusiasm. At Edinburgh they were entertained at a public banquet presided over by William Chambers, who warmly welcomed Cook and his party to the capital of Scotland. Before the end of 1850 Cook had perfected arrangements with all the leading railways of the United Kingdom, and become the indubitable founder of the modern holiday system.

Now came the time to carry these conquests beyond the seas, and the great Exhibition of 1851 (which as much as any man he helped to make a success) being closed, Cook commenced to organize the invasion of Europe. Having first, in accordance with his invariable practice, gone thoroughly over the ground to be visited, he issued his advertisement of a "Grand Circular Tour on the Continent." Eagerly was such opportunity embraced by numbers who once would almost as soon have dreamed of a journey to the moon. Starting from Harwich, the expedition in succession visited Antwerp and Brussels, went over the battlefield of Waterloo, steamed on the Rhine, and returned home by way

of Paris, Havre, and Southampton. This new enterprise once set a-going, Mr. Cook never looked back, and within a few years there was scarce any region of the civilized world which had not been visited by "Cook's Excursionists." Lever and others might carp and sneer; but, all the same, folks continued to go in ever-increasing numbers, and soon there was not a railway or city in Europe where Cook's tickets and coupons were not available.

It was in connection with great Exhibitions that some of his most notable triumphs were scored. He was the making of the Exhibition of 1851 in a pecuniary sense, and in 1862 he not only conveyed to London from every part of the kingdom over twenty thousand persons, but housed and fed them during the term of their visit. To Paris in 1878 he piloted seventy thousand persons from our shores, and actually paid over to the French Government a sum amounting to one-thirtieth of their total receipts from the Exhibition. When first dealing with his European tours, one of the greatest difficulties he had to encounter was the apparent almost universal impression which obtained in Continental towns that Englishmen were made of money and could be bled with ease and impunity. This, like almost all other difficulties to be encountered, he soon contrived to surmount by unfailing courtesy, fair dealing, and resolution. A striking instance of determination and resourcefulness was afforded on one occasion, when the proprietor of a leading hotel in Rome at the last moment broke his contract. Failure was a thing not to be contemplated, so Cook grappled with the emergency by hiring for the use of his party the palace of Prince Torlonia for the immense sum of five hundred pounds for a week. During all the early years his work was a labor of love; or, if a profit was made, it was devoted to charitable or philanthropic objects, the great organizer relying for his livelihood upon the

printing business which for many years he continued to carry on at Leicester.

If we wish to obtain something like an adequate notion of the wonderful scope of the gigantic concern which has been evolved from the tiny germ first planted by the "pioneer of modern travel," it will be well to glance over the programme of some of Cook's globe-trotting expeditions of to-day. Of quite a number which have started from our shores during the past autumn, half-a-dozen there are which at once arrest attention. Each and all are what are designated as "Round the World Tours," four of them east-bound—that is, wending outwards by the eastern and returning by the western hemisphere—and the remaining two in the opposite direction. All the chief points of interest in the four continents are to be visited, the lands of classical antiquity, those of the "burning Orient," China, and the "awakening East," with "young Australia" and America. To meet the taste of those whose ideal is ocean-travel, one of the east-bound tours was announced as "all-sea," there being not one yard of land-travel throughout a journey of more than twenty-thousand miles; no need, if you wish not, ever to step ashore from the time that the port of London is left until it is again sighted some seven months later. Then, indeed, one must surely feel that one is in the hands of "Captain" Cook and emulating the first great circumnavigator.

At a first glance the first cost of holidays such as these reads not a little startling. The cheapest of the six means four hundred and forty-six pounds five shillings per head; whilst for "Party No. 2," one of the east-bound trips, the membership of which is restricted to twelve persons, it reaches to six hundred and three pounds fifteen shillings each! Surely the most costly excursion ever heard of! is the conclusion which will, not un-

naturally, be come to; and, indeed, it is for the moment calculated to stagger the imagination. Yet let it be subjected to but a little examination, and it turns out, after all, to be one of the cheapest ever known or even dreamed of. To start with, the total distance by sea and by land is no less than thirty thousand miles, so that the cost actually works out to no more than fivepence per mile! Then, as the party, which started on the 13th of November, is not due back until the 23rd of July next year, the holiday will extend over a period of two hundred and fifty-one days, so that the cost per day for each member will consequently amount to no more than two pounds eight shillings, which includes practically almost everything which is necessary or can be wished for. But few of the party, it is probable, could live at home for very much less. Let this be placed in comparison with the cost of a trip from Liverpool to New York in one of the luxurious steamers of the Cunard Line. For such a journey, occupying only some five days, with not very much to be seen en route, the fares en suite for a single passenger range as high as four hundred pounds, or eighty pounds a day. Contrasted with this, it is impossible to deny that even the costliest of Cook's tours stands out most distinctly a marvel or cheapness.

Little doubt can there be that the secret of Cook's marvelous success lay in his extraordinary energy, an enthusiasm almost as of a Crusader, and accuracy of observation; above all, the sterling probity and conscientiousness which marked all his dealings, small as well as great. From his mind the desire of making or amassing money for money's sake was entirely absent, this, one may well believe, being a prime factor in the astonishing results he attained. When organizing his trips to the 1851 Exhibition he lent a helping

hand to poor people by the establishment of money-clubs in which the necessary funds could be accumulated. Again, if any member of his parties fell short of money he was always ready to become their banker without any charge. Ever, too, he had in mind the educative and humanizing influence that travel must always possess, and was anxious to afford facilities for it to all. What a born leader he was stood fully revealed when as time went on tasks were entrusted to "Cook's" which would have taxed the powers of great Government departments. When, in 1877, the Cabinet of Lord Beaconsfield was contemplating the acquisition of Cyprus, appeal was made to the famous firm for information regarding its resources, as being the most likely people to know. Again, when the Gordon relief-expedition was to be sent out, to "Cook's" was confided the formidable task of transport of an army of eighteen thousand men and all their impedimenta, with one hundred and thirty thousand tons of stores, to Korosko, on the Nile. Last, but not least, King Edward, when Prince of Wales, confided to Mr. Cook all the arrangements for the Eastern tour of the young Princes. Whatever was to be done, none, it was recognized, could do better than he. Not until he had reached the ripe old age did he seek even a small modicum of rest, and then not until he had become almost entirely blind. Even when so afflicted, the veteran lost not a whit of his pluck and Christian cheerfulness, actually accomplishing a journey of eight thousand miles through Europe and Asia, in addition to one tour through the Highlands. When he passed away in the autumn of 1892 he left behind a name untarnished by a single stain, and one which is indissolubly bound up with the history of railway enterprise.



City Hall, Winnipeg

Winnipeg's New Mayor

By FRANK R. MUNKO

Written for the Busy Man's Magazine

ELECTED by a sweeping majority at the age of thirty-nine to the highest office in the gift of the third city of the Dominion and standing high in the esteem and respect of all classes of his adopted city, W. Sanford Evans is a young man of whom it is safe to say that he will make his mark in the public life of the country. He is to-day one of the foremost men of the West and it all goes to show that a really good man with ambitions for public life cannot be kept down in a democratic country. The public career of Sanford Evans has had its ups and downs with more of the downs than ups. In the East he made an

unsuccessful attempt to secure election as a Conservative to the Ontario Legislature in a Liberal constituency in the days when Conservatism was not the militant force in that province that it is now. In Winnipeg not long after his arrival in the West he was selected as the party candidate in the Federal elections in 1904, but was defeated in a close contest because of the popularity of the Government's railway policy in a city whose whole population had gone mad with real estate speculation.

Then it was that the wise men shook their heads.

"We are disappointed in this

young man," they said. "He isn't the winner we thought he would be. Clever? Of course he is clever. Straightforward and thoroughly honorable? Well, rather. No one who knows Sanford Evans doubts that. All the money in Winnipeg couldn't buy him. Popular? Oh, yes, he is well enough liked by those who know him. More than that he is thoroughly respected, but then he doesn't get votes. He has had his chance and he will have to make way for someone else."

So a tradition sprang up that Sanford Evans was politically a "dead one." Frank and straightforward, he has never made any secret with his friends that he has ambitions for public life. But he is not the sort of man to descend to the arts of the practical politician. If his party wanted him he was at its service whether as a candidate or as a supporter of another candidate. There was never any wire pulling for preferment.

In those days he was editor of the Winnipeg Telegram, his previous newspaper experience having been secured during two or three years' service on the staff of the Mail and Empire in Toronto as editorial writer. One day it was announced that Sanford Evans had resigned his position on the Telegram, had sold out his interest in the paper and was about to establish a financial firm, of which he was to be the head. All Winnipeg was surprised and sorry, surprised because it was believed that he was best fitted for newspaper work and because a position as editor of a party newspaper would seem to offer better opportunities for political preferment than the work which it was announced that he was about to take up; sorry because his editorial management of the Telegram had been brilliant, his editorials scholarly, gentlemanly and as fair as political editorials in a party organ can be. It was felt that his resignation was a distinct loss to Winnipeg newspaperdom. People said he was making a mis-

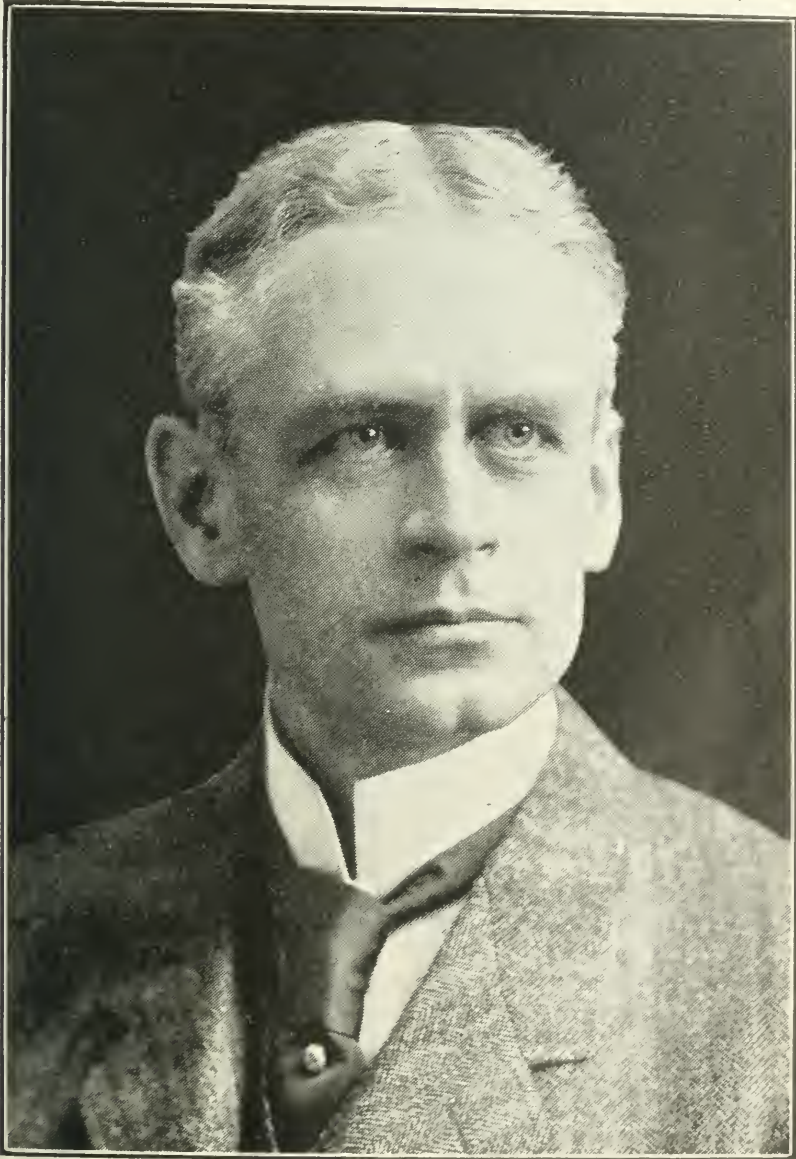
take but Sanford Evans had made his decision and the result has shown that it was a wise one. His financial business has prospered and he has shown an aptitude for finance which few people thought that he possessed. He is mainly responsible for the movement to establish a stock exchange in the Western Capital.

Perhaps it was his interest in financial matters that first turned his thoughts to municipal politics. The finances of the city of Winnipeg were in very bad shape. For years the best men had shunned municipal honors as if they had been a leprosy and as a result the management of the city's affairs was in the hands of second and third-rate men who proved utterly incapable. There is no reason to believe that there was graft or actual dishonesty in the handling of city funds but the administration of civic business was extravagant and wasteful and the city's finances were handled in a bungling and slipshod manner. In the summer of 1906 it was generally known that the city's finances were in a very bad way and the business men of Winnipeg were aroused from their lethargy by the fear of impending disaster. Something had to be done and a citizens' committee composed of the best business men of Winnipeg succeeded in persuading Jas. H. Ashdown, old-timer and merchant prince, to be a candidate for mayor. Because of the seriousness of the situation Mr. Ashdown was elected by a large majority although personally he was one of the least popular of the prominent men in the city. It was fortunate for the city that he was at the helm when the financial storm burst in the autumn of 1907. Only his resolute veto saved the city from accepting a very bad offer for the construction of a civic power plant and prevented the active prosecution of that enterprise under unfavorable terms at a time when it would have been financially disastrous to the city to undertake that work.

WINNIPEG'S NEW MAYOR

It was at that time that Sanford Evans announced himself a candidate for the Board of Control and to the surprise of the political pro-

Mr. Ashdown put him in charge of the city finances and in doing so gave him the most difficult problem which the city had to solve. The



W. Sanford Evans

phets who had settled to their own satisfaction that he was a political impossibility for all time, he was elected at the head of the poll,

money markets of the world were in a state of panic and the city was facing cash liabilities of nearly seven millions of dollars including over

four millions in short term loans and an overdraft of nearly a million dollars with the Bank of Commerce, which institution had asked to be relieved of the burden of carrying the city's account. Moreover, during the careless regime of previous city governments, the sinking fund had been drawn upon to meet pressing liabilities and had in fact been almost wiped out. Because of such methods City of Winnipeg bonds and debentures were viewed with marked disfavor by the financial magnates.

Details would, perhaps, be uninteresting. It is sufficient to say that Sanford Evans, the dreamer and impractical scholarly theorist has put the finances of Winnipeg on a sound footing, restored the sinking fund and wiped out all the floating indebtedness.

It was but natural, therefore, that when Mayor Ashdown refused to offer himself for re-election Sanford Evans should be the choice of the city as his successor. He appealed for support upon his financial policy, making the watchword of his campaign "It is as important to keep straight as to get straight."

What of the future? He has already lived down the tradition that he was a political failure and great things may be expected of a man who can triumph over traditions of that kind. A natural leader of young men, fearless, honest and progressive he may confidently be expected to play no inconsiderable part in the public life of the country. No man stands higher in the esteem of the people of the West.

With his rare executive ability, the new chief magistrate of the Prairie capital stands in a splendid

position to witness the inauguration, construction and completion of Winnipeg's great power plant. The general works will be located on the rapids of the Winnipeg River, forty miles east of the city, the picturesque spot being known by the name of Point du Bois. Already half a million dollars have been expended and contracts involving additional millions are now being awarded, not only for the works, but the steel towers, cables for the transmission lines, and the erection of the cables. The citizens have every confidence in the big municipal scheme when a resident of Sanford Evans' integrity and force of character is at the helm. No man on the heights can retain a permanent hold on the confidence of those who aided him to ascend, unless gifted with imagination and aroused by ambition. To-day Winnipeg in this respect is like its first citizen. It is a city of wide vision. Out of many dreams a gratifying number have been realized and to-day another scheme of pleasing prospect looms large on the municipal mind. It is the project of holding a World's Fair in 1911 to celebrate the centenary of the landing of Lord Selkirk and his hundred and twenty-five Scotch settlers in Manitoba. The proposition is being enthusiastically endorsed, while many practical suggestions have been offered as well as strong financial support. The prevailing opinion in the West is that the World's Fair undertaking in Winnipeg deserves the encouragement of both the Federal and Provincial Governments, inasmuch as the progress and prosperity of the great territorial belt from Lake Superior to the Rockies will be advantageously exploited.



Mr. Arthur Emerson's Cottage, Briarcliff, N.Y.

The Cast Work on Floors, Piers, Roof, etc., of Concrete, the Walls of Terra Cotta Hollow Brick, treated with Sharp Concrete Waterproofing.

—Smith's Magazine.

The All-Concrete Dwelling

By CHARLES DE KAY

Reproduced from Smith's Magazine

THOSE who have always lived in houses built of wood or brick experience a new sensation when they wake in the morning surrounded by a dwelling constructed throughout of concrete. Especially is the feeling novel if the inner walls are left without plaster so that the structure is seen. The ceiling and beams of cast concrete, the floor and lintels of the same material, the walls of block concrete or hollow brick revealing their natural shapes impress one with the solidity of a house as if hollowed out of the rock like those carved in place from the coral reef on the Bahama Islands.

Not long ago the alert mind of Mr. Edison was turned to this problem. His plan

of iron frames representing the molds of a house like the molds in which a bronze statue is cast may or may not be feasible. But in any case he was considering the casting of a number of houses in one locality, about the same in shape and size, which might serve for workmen's cottages. A very large initial expense would be the iron molds themselves.

Then it would be necessary to find some new combination of concrete, very liquid and yet cheap, which would find its way into all the ramifications of the molds and set properly, avoiding air-bubbles and faults, grasping the metal reinforcements where those are needed in floors, piers, roofs sills and lintels—and in general per-

forming the duty of well-watched concrete in places where the conduct of the material could not be examined from hour to hour and day to day. It would have to act like molten metal in the hollows of a casting. Until this scheme has been worked out, it is too soon to hail it or criticize it.

What interests a host of intending builders of individual homes is the cottage or villa such as an intelligent foreman, directed by an architect who has used his material can erect at a very low cost.

The wood famine which has the United States in its grip was duly foreseen. Efforts to stave it off by appealing to Congress have failed owing to the power of privileged interests. The frame house gets costlier every year, while Portland cement, which forms the dearest ingredient of concrete, tends to lower prices as the demand for it, extending year by year to more colossal proportions, increases in all parts of the world, and nowhere more rapidly than in the United States.

At present and until frames and molds of

metal are perfected, wood is used for the casting of all or some parts of a concrete building. Of course a cheap grade of wood is used for these frames, yet they form no inconsiderable item along with cement, labor, sand, gravel or other filler. But, on the other hand, the same boards can be used again and again as the lower parts of the building set and the upper parts come to be cast. Moreover, in the end they can be utilized for various minor purposes where wood is more convenient than concrete, though it should be remembered that wooden boards against which concrete has set become refractory to carpenters' tools. Indeed they turn more or less fireproof, owing to absorption of the more fluid parts of the wet mass.

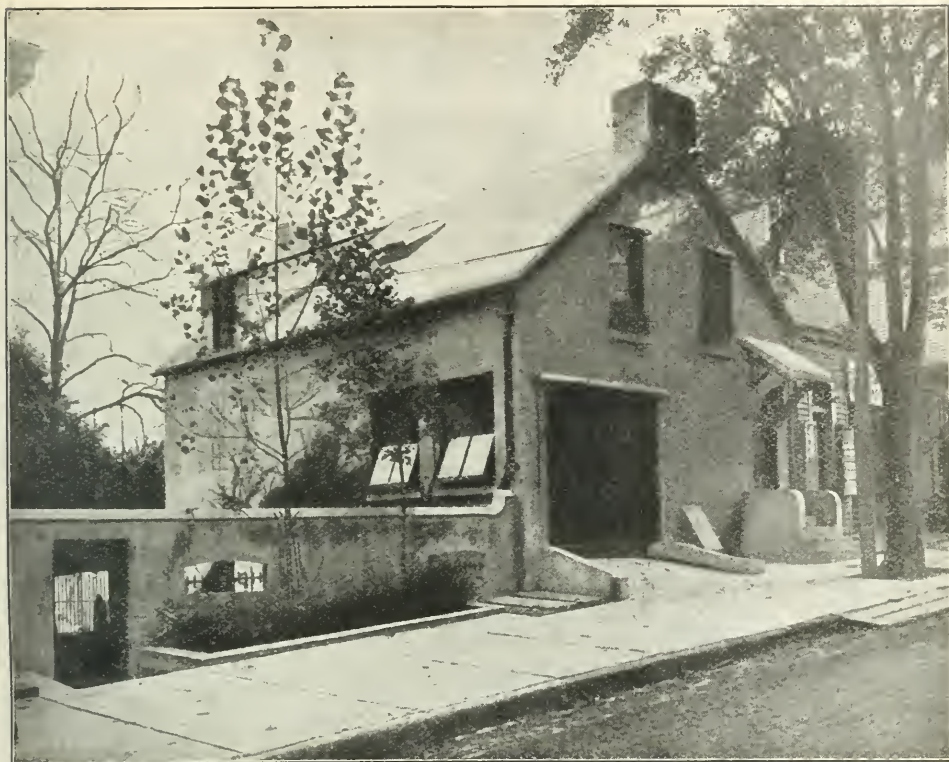
Given a building of a simple shape, from two to three storeys high, in a locality where sharp sand and gravel or broken stone are to be had, and a competent builder should have no difficulty in erecting a dwelling of concrete as cheaply as, and perhaps cheaper than, one of wood. In moun-



Interior of Flat Dwelling of Mr. William J. Matheson, New York City, showing the Use of Concrete for Hearth Fronts

—Smith's Magazine

THE ALL-CONCRETE DWELLING



Stable of Dr. N. B. Van Etten, Tremont and Anthony Avenues, Bronx, New York City

This is One of the First Buildings made in New York of Concrete from Cellar to Roof-tree. The Wall on the Left, the Chimney, Feed-Boxes, Poreh, etc., are all of Concrete.

—Smith's Magazine.

tains where wood can be had cheaper because at hand, and where the sand and gravel have to be hauled from a distance by rail or cart, one must be prepared to pay more for a concrete than for a frame dwelling. Even so, it may be cheaper in the long run, owing to saving in repairs and because of the danger of brush fires in autumn and spring.

Long Island, which suffers from these fires and affords the bulkier ingredients of concrete almost everywhere in the soil ready to hand, is an ideal country for concrete dwellings; parts of New Jersey scarcely less so. It is not surprising, therefore, that from Barnegat to Montauk Point this material for building is rapidly gaining ground on wood.

Where owners of estates need garages and new stables and additions to old farm-houses to accommodate workmen they are using concrete. When a wing to the villa is added, it is generally of the fireproof material, unless it goes too much against the grain of the proprietor to mix styles.

A very interesting example of repeating a colonial house throughout in concrete from an old wooden original is to be seen at East View on the Cockran estate up the Sawmill Valley above Ardsley-on-Hudson.

Here the problem given the architect, Robert W. Gardner, by Mr. Alexander Cockran was to preserve an ancient dwelling with revolutionary antecedents from the slow but sure inroads of decay. While he introduced bathrooms, heating apparatus, and electric service, and added certain balconies not in the original, Mr. Gardner kept the dimensions and divisions of the house, the old-fashioned kitchen, the steep roof. Everything has suffered a sea-change into something that neither mold nor insects nor rats nor fire nor water can affect. Two old wooden hearth fronts alone, and some of the old cupboards in the kitchen, have been replaced in their former quarters.

This house, however, is not to be regarded as a specimen of what is needed by the intending home-builder, for on the one hand such a duplication is very costly, and on the

other it is not well to follow inner arrangements or outlines suitable in wooden construction when the material is so very different.

For summer use, particularly, the concrete house offers opportunities. The walls can support tremendous weights with ease, it is possible to have large airy living rooms, dining room and kitchen on the ground floor, bed rooms on the second, roof terrace, loggia, etc., on the top. Access to the covered loggia can be made by concrete flights of stairs of easy grade. Or it may be well to have an outside stairway to the roof garden, making a very handsome feature of this, as one often sees it done in northern Italy and southern France.

Owing to the material, there is no objection to creeping vines against the walls, tubs with trees on the open roof, flowers in stationary receptacles on window sills. With proper arrangements to discharge the water, such roof-gardens, commanding the finest views, add very greatly to the enjoyment of a summer house, and permit the family to sleep in the open air, if desired, or under the shelter of the loggia roof where the air passes unrestrained and one does not need to take up one's bed and walk in case a shower comes on.

A cottage on a rising ground among woods gives from its level roof a charming view of tree tops. In fact, by this construction the part played in summer life by the veranda is transferred to the highest part of the house—which is not saying that porches and piazzas may not also form an item if they are desired. But it is safe to say that if economy calls for only one of these features, the roof-garden and loggia will prove the better investment.

"Monolithic" is the term used for houses which are built throughout of concrete cast in forms. This requires more wood for the forms and takes longer than is the case with those built, as to the walls, of concrete blocks. The latter are made on the spot with block-making machines, of which there are many varieties to be had. As the blocks have to be turned out of the machines quickly, only so much water is used in the mixture as will permit the block to stand alone when lifted out.

For several days the blocks are kept under cover, being sprinkled from time to time after they have set. Then they are removed to the open air and "cured" by

repeated sprinkling until the water has been thoroughly absorbed—until sun and rain have completed their work of "setting" the concrete.

These blocks are not solid but have liberal air-spaces, so that when built into the wall the latter has air within for greater coolness in summer and warmth in winter. If practicable, it is just as well to make the wall blocks for a house several months before the foundations are laid, as they become harder and harder through weathering and repeated sprinkling.

The foundations are cast in wooden frames, and on this cast foundation the walls of blocks rise rapidly. Sills and lintels of doors and windows are framed up of wood and cast in place, the frames being removed when the concrete is thoroughly set, and the boards used again for the upper windows. For floors and ceilings a steel network is a favorite reinforcement, the steel being placed below the middle thickness.

In the concrete beams long twisted rods are used. A wooden trough, representing the coming beam, is roughly built across the space to be spanned. The twisted rods are placed in this trough at the proper distance from the bottom of the trough, which represents the under surface of the coming beam. They are secured by wires. The concrete mixture is then tamped down in the trough, well under the rods, water is added and the whole mass is thoroughly tamped in order to eject air-bubbles and prevent any stones or gravel from failing to be completely encased by the mixture. After a certain number of days the wooden exterior is knocked away and the beam is complete.

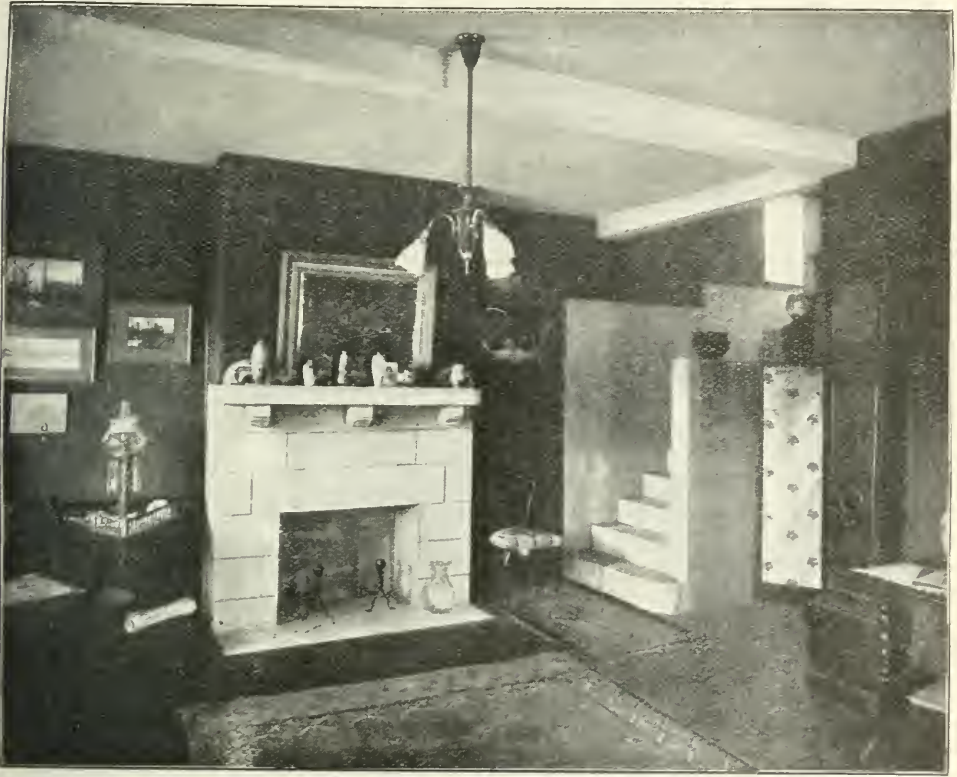
Experienced builders consider the state of the weather, if dry or wet. Wet weather is considered favorable. Very hot or very cold weather is not, because direct sunshine is supposed to dry the material unevenly and too quickly, and freezing weather is believed to be dangerous by preventing an equable and thorough absorption of water by the cement. In cases of necessity the too-great heat of the sun is neutralized by canvas screens and the danger of freezing by using means for raising the temperature. As a rule, however, the builder in concrete avoids if possible midwinter and midsummer, for such protective devices entail expense.

THE ALL-CONCRETE DWELLING

Partitions are cheaply made by knocking together broad, flat troughs divided conveniently, and casting in them flat concrete tiles of any desired size convenient for handling. These, after due curing and hardening, are built into partition walls, closets, etc., and thereby decrease the use of wood for the interior. Such houses contain nothing inflammable aside from furniture and hangings, except doors and window frames. Even these may be of metal

in the blocks, if the wall is built of blocks and not cast.

Another system which is becoming the fashion is to have the structural parts of cast concrete, but for the walls, instead of concrete-blocks, the hollow tiles that are used for upper storeys of skyscrapers. As these tiles are more or less porous a water-proofing of sharp concrete, made of one part cement to from one to two parts sand, is applied to the outside. This leaves the forms of the tiles visible, but gives the gray



Hall of Tucker Cottage at New Dorp, showing Simple Forms of Hearth and Stairs

—Smith's Magazine.

if the cost is not shunned. Fire starting in a room finds nothing on which to feed. It may char a door or a window-frame, but cannot travel to another room.

In the making of a concrete house each room may have its fireplace and the extra cost will be scarcely appreciable, for the chimneys are built of the blocks and partition tiles. Flues are neatly made of smooth tiles, round which the chimney is built or cast. Ventilation can be secured in the same way; or by making use of the hollows

concrete color to the exterior. Bungalows and summer cottages of this sort are practical and cheap.

Color can be applied by treating the concrete when mixed or added afterward in a colored cement solution. Decorative tiles can also be placed in the forms.

Concrete houses afford very serious economies in the labor item, since practically the only skilled labor needed is the foreman. But, as there is always a reverse to a medal, and generally that reverse is poor,

so the trouble in concrete is this. The foreman must be not merely an experienced man but he must be faithfulness itself; he must be ever "on the job." No off days, or hours even, for him. He cannot trust the unskilled laborer to keep to the exact mixture, turn the blocks out just right, shade them first, then sprinkle them just often enough. He has to watch with particular care the carpenter who is putting up frames in which to cast beams, stairs and floors, see that the reinforcements of iron are exactly in place, and then, when the frames are being filled, oversee the loaders and tampers at their work lest they scamp their work or disarrange the reinforcement. It is almost always the failure to watch the workman unremittingly which is at the bottom of a failure in concrete.

Cases undoubtedly have occurred where builders have had trouble from their own foolhardiness, expecting the impossible, or neglecting elemental precautions. But usually it is a matter of neglect of orders, where

the fault is hidden by the frames and is not perceived until the props are taken away.

This, and exaggerated statements, as to the cheapness of concrete, are the two things which have done most to keep architects and clients cold toward the manifest advantages of the material.

Concrete is a very ancient material for construction, but reinforced concrete is scarcely half a century old. It is said to have started in a happy idea that came to a Frenchman who wanted large flower-pots for his plants which should not be thick and clumsy. He reinforced them with wire. Nowadays we see glass reinforced in the same way, especially about elevator-shafts.

Coignet and others developed the reinforcement of concrete for buildings, at first merely useful buildings like conservatories. As early as 1874 a concrete villa was built on the north shore of Long Island Sound, but it was many years before the idea "took" here, although in France, Belgium and Germany it was seized upon with avidity.



Mr. William J. Matheson's Flat Dwelling New York City, showing a Doorway in Concrete

—Smith's Magazine.

"Mr. Dooley" on a New Literary Light

By F. P. DUNNE

Reproduced from American Magazine

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I see that me old frind Jawn D. has broken into lithrachoor. An' I'm glad iv it. I've often said to mesilf: 'Oh, that me old frind Jawn D. wud write a book.

"What's it like?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "Hogan says there are two kinds iv product fr'm petrolyum—illuminatin' an' non-illuminatin'. An' this is wan iv thim. But Hogan's jealous, bein' a lithry man himsilf. 'Twas a sorry day for th' likes iv him whin Jawn D. discovered this new bye-product iv the juice iv th' rocks. He's made kerosene, gum-shoes, marmalade, side combs, soap, anti-pyrine, judges, United States sinitors, an' so much money that th' Rothschilds are glad to come around an' buy his old hats fr'm him, an' now, be hivens, he's goin' into lithrachoor. A sad day f'r Hogan, says I. What chance will he have as an independint refiner agin Jawn D.? Here he is thryin' to arne a little money now an' thin be pushin' out a pint or two iv pothry, an' along will come Jawn D. an' mannyfac-ther it be th' hogshead an' th' carload. He'll undhersell Hogan in ivry corner iv th' wurruld. While Hogan has to carry his pothry down to th' iditor, Rockyfellar will pipe his over, an' besides he'll own th' editor. He'll deliver Standard pothry at ye'er dure. I'll bet in a year's time Hogan will be dhrivin' a pothry tank wagon f'r Rockyfellar an' be glad to do it. If I was Hogan I'd go over to-morrow an' sell me refinery to Rockyfellar an' jine with him to push Roodyard Kipling out iv th' markets iv th' wurruld. 'Tis his on'y hope.

"But so far he hasn't gone into pothry.

His first appearance as a lithry man is a little effort called 'An Attimpt to Defind a Blameless Life,' or something like that. In other wurrds, Jawn D. is writin' his autybiography. He was persuaded to do so be his frinds, his inimies concurrin'. Wan iv th' gr-reatest iv modhern iditors secured th' rollickin' romance f'r his sterling magazine, an' ye can buy it at anny newstand f'r twenty-five cints, if ye have twenty-five cints, which is a good deal f'r lithrachoor with th' price iv kerosene ile where it is. Th' iditor wint out to see Jawn D. befure acceptin' his brochure, as Hogan calls it. He confessed that he felt a deep-seated prejudice against th' great gasolene king. He had such an inhuman feeling as an iditor wud nacherally have against a man with so much pelf. He come away absolutely charmed with th' simplicity iv this splendid character. He expicted him to enter th' room on golden roller skates. Th' iditor was obliged to wait f'r some time, an' he was examining th' carefully selected libry iv three hundherd thousand volumes iv railway rates, whin he heerd th' frou-frou iv congress gaiters, an' lookin' up with startled, fawn-like eyes he found himsilf in th' prisine iv our hero. Th' sturdy charakter iv th' editor showed at wanst in th' fact that he did not swoon, an' havin' been invited be Misther Rockyfellar to dhrav up a chair, th' two were soon engaged in frindly converse. Th' great man was found to be as simple an' modest as if he had been a mere Abraham Lincoln or Ulyss S. Grant. He was very frank about his life, which has been devoted to golf. He is a sound, although not a brilliant player, havin' done th' home coorse in a sterling

two hundherd an' fifty. It appears that if by anny unforchnit mischance, as th' caddy smilin' loudly or a grasshopper leapin' in th' next field, he dhrives th' ball into a swamp or rough place, he does not, as most men with over a millyon dollars wud do, sind th' boy afther it an' thry another. Indeed no. Like anny poor man, this peerless sportsman goes down into th' mephitic morass, bravin' malaria an' th' sting iv vicious winged monsther, an' slams away first with wan bat thin with another, ontill th' ball is extricated or merciful night descinds. In keepin' his scoor he is most scrupulous, th' iditor remarks. Playin' around be himsilf, he puts down ivry sthroke an' adds thim up at th' end iv th' game. He niver cheats himsilf. Admirable resthrait.

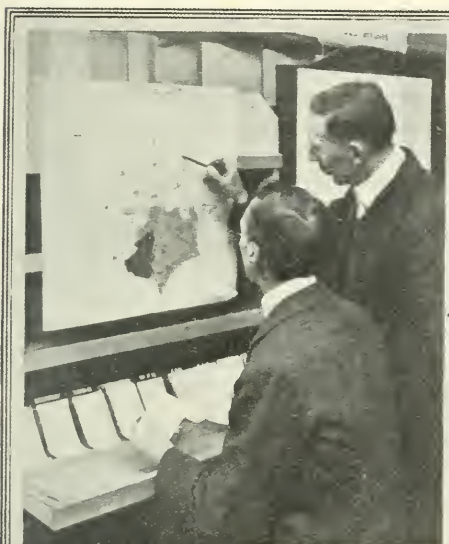
"Well, Hinnessy, th' imprission I got fr'm this here little heart-to-heart was that me frind Jawn D. was quite a jolly, rollickin' old soul. I plunged fr'm thence into his autybiography an' immcejedly plunged out again. I cannot tell ye all iv this dashin' story iv adventure. I class it among th' gr-reat fightin' romances iv lithrachoor. How he was beset be rivals—how he pierced wan with a rebate, how he broke th' law over another's head, how he leaped through a loophole in a Supreme Coort decision an' was safe fr' a time; th' great peril he was in fr'm f'rgettin' th' combination to his safe; how he was threecherously sthruck down be Kenesaw M. Landis; how honest Peter Grosscup come along an' lifted th' fine an' carried him home an' nursed him back to life. I'll not tell ye about it. Ye must read it f'r ye'ersilf. An' if it's not too much to ask, read it f'r me, too.

"There's wan thing sure fr'm what I see an' that is that Jawn D. hasn't any idee that he iver done wrong to annywan. I like that about him. It shows he's a human being. Says he: 'Settin' here, on a rainy day, th' thought comes over me that I shud put down th' advintures that have befell me, Jawn D. Rockyfellar, a cadet iv a noble Ohio house, goin' over th' ivints iv a long life an' describin' episodes that have made histhry in th' kerosene ile business. It is well that I shud utter me narrative in the quite iv a counthry house rather thin in th' brawl iv a

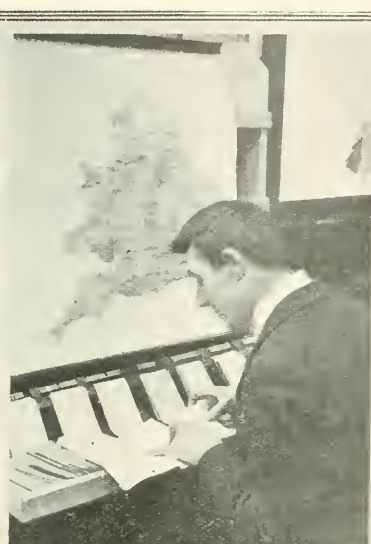
coort, with a lawyer waggin' his finger undher me nose. So to begin at th' beginning, I will skip forty years an' say that I have been wrongly blamed. Not be mesilf, but be others not so well-informed. If I had been a bad man wud I be surrounded as I am to-day be lile an' devoted pardners? Manny deplorable acts have, no doubt, been done be overzealous subordinates. I cannot excuse these here zealots. All I cud do was to take thim out iv th' way iv temptation an' give some wan else a chance. I made thim me pardners an' now manny iv thim are on such terms with United States sinitors that they can hand thim a little something without blushing. It has been a great pleasure to me to save these men an' make thim what they are. They have grajated fr'm crime, but I am glad to say that th' last time I visited th' old college down in Broadway, I saw th' grads mixin' in on th' best iv terms with a splendid growin' kindergarten.

"An' so it goes. An' I'm with Jawn D. I nivr see him in me life, though his face is familyar to me through all th' popylar papers, an' I know a fellow that dhrives a wagon f'r him. But I'm with Jawn D. Th' time was whin I hated him, an' me romantic soul protested again his crooly in exterminatin' th' gallant little manny-facthrer iv kerosene ile—those brave, splendid warryors who were fightin' th' battles iv th' people. 'Twas a good many years before I discovered that th' on'y thing ayether iv thim was fightin' f'r was to see which shud be first to me cash dhrrawer. It was me they were fightin' about. An' th' best an' toughest man won. 'Tis like this: 'Im goin' home late at night an' a small but enthusyastic fellow jumps on me back an' yells: 'Ye'er money or ye'er life!' an' thries to take both. But just as I'm fadin' away a big sthrappin' la-ad tears around th' corner, knocks me assailant down, robs an' beats him, knocks me down an' goes through me pockets, an, thin says: 'Now, boys, if both iv ye behave ye can come down tomorrow an' get a good job f'r life shovellin' coal an' fr'm day to day I'll hand ye part iv ye'er money back,' says he."

Glimpses at Busy Men's Activities



Teaching the System of Sorting a Division into Districts



Learning the System of "Road" Sorting



Learning to be a Postman

Here we have a general view of the Learners' School at Mount Pleasant in connection with the British Post Office. The staff of the Post Office is largely increased during Christmas-time and over 8,000 recruits were taken on for periods varying from two to fourteen weeks last year.

Reproduced from The Sphere

Situation Snapping and Situation Choosing

By SIR FORTUNE FREE

Reproduced from the Saturday Journal

I HAVE a friend who is a fisherman and who enjoys an amount of luck that fairly turns rival fishermen green with envy. The mystery of his success seemed undiscoverable. How was it that he could catch fish at a place that other people had fished the day before he went there or the day after he went there without catching a single fish? He himself declared he did not know how it happened, and consequently he got set down as a mean man with a secret bait he would not give away.

Tracking him down to a place on the river one day, two of his acquaintances set themselves to get to the bottom of the mystery of how he managed to catch fish by watching him unsuspectingly through a telescope. For something like an hour he did nothing. He was sitting on the bank apparently fast asleep. Then they left him for a time and sought some refreshment.

When the watchers returned he had moved a little further up the bank, and seemed to have fallen asleep again. He had not even thrown out his line! They gave him up in disgust then.

And that evening later, when they met him and inquired sarcastically what "luck" he had had, he opened a basket and showed them fish! When I related the mysterious occurrence to another fisherman friend of mine he gave a snort of disgust and said some hard things about those two watchers.

"And the idiots never found out what he fished with after all," he remarked. "Why, the fellow fished with brains and patience put in at the right place, that is all. It's not the man who throws his line into the water and waits for the

fish to come who catches them—that's idiotic patience; it's the man who has the patience to get to know in the first place where the fish are and the patience to think out the best way of getting them."

That was it, of course. I arrived at an out-of-the-way country railway station one day this summer, and there found a gentleman in the waiting-room who informed me he had been waiting three hours for a train to take him back to the place he had started from. He had been in a great hurry and had got into the wrong train.

He was quite resigned. "One must take these things philosophically," he informed me. The thing that struck me was, why had he not taken catching the train philosophically? A little philosophy at the other end would have put him in the right train.

"I suppose I shall have to put up with him," remarked a lady the other day to a London magistrate, to whom she was complaining of her husband.

"What a lot of patience after marriage a little patience in getting married would save!" exclaimed his worship. "You married at sixteen, and here you are!"

It is not so easy to be patient at the right time.

How to prevent people rushing into wrong occupations was a matter discussed at the London County Council the other day. Boys and girls leaving school are so impatient to earn as much as they possibly can that—like that unfortunate gentleman at the railway station who was so anxious to catch a train—they find in the end they have got stranded in the most dismal places. They commence to earn money at a remark-

SITUATION SNAPPING AND SITUATION CHOOSING

ably early age, and to them and to their parents all seems well.

At the end of a few years, however, they discover this: that while they have been making that little amount each week they have grown out of it. It has become a miserably meagre sum for them to earn now that they have grown up. What is to be done? They ask for an increase of wages. In the generality of cases they get two small increases. When they apply a third time they are informed that the work they do is so simple they are not worth more money than they are getting. If they are discontented the masters give them notice and take other lads in their place.

That is the tragedy of the occupation that tempts one into it as an easy way of "making something," and at the same time does not allow of development of ability.

"What we want," said the members of the Council who have been considering the matter, "is to convince the worker of the necessity of sacrificing something of the present to ultimate advantage."

A friend of mine came to me the other day to ask me "which was the ass" in this case? My young acquaintance had been in a situation at twenty-two shillings a week. He saw another vacancy at thirty shillings a week, and applied for and got it. He was exultant. Eight shillings a week more did not seem bad to him. His general feeling that he was on the road to riches received a severe knock on the head about a fortnight later. In his new situation he heard a lot about the remarkable smartness of the fellow who had held it before him. To his amazement, he found that the remarkably astute individual had actually applied for and secured the post he had given up!

My young friend came to see if I could enlighten him on the matter. He felt somehow he was not quite certain that he had got the best of the game. He certainly had not. He had got a bigger salary, but his prospects were only those of certainly being dismissed at the end of twelve months. He had got into a blind alley that led nowhere. The other fellow had a post that had opportunities

in it for him to rise to a really good position.

Just as the boy can enter upon some occupation that will be no good to him as the years roll by—and roll they will—so the young fellow in search of a situation can enter on a post that "won't wear." One of the richest men I know was talking to me the other night about his past life. He told me that the moment in which he most nearly went wrong was when, as a young fellow, he had to choose between two posts he could have. One was at ten dollars a week and the other was at thirteen. He chose the ten.

It gave him a chance of learning what might enable him to get on in life. The other gave him none.

"But the sacrifice of those extra three dollars a week meant a mighty lot to me," he said, puffing at his cigar. "Good gracious, I hardly know now how I had the courage to look ahead like that."

"The demand for skilled work is constant," said a labor leader the other day. "The skilled man! We can't get enough of him. The worst of it is that to become skilled requires generally some sacrifice to becoming so—the reward is in the future. What can you expect when people need money for the present?"

But there is more opportunity for picking and choosing than is commonly recognized. There is a rush for jobs, but an uncommonly poor rush for jobs that offer to be a little disagreeable in the present with a future before them. The chef at a big London hotel was relating to me his experience some time past with regard to a situation to be filled in his kitchen. In answer to his advertisement some thirty applicants arrived.

His "teach," he explained, would enable a young fellow to qualify for a position as a cook, bringing in more money than many professional men are getting. He himself is in receipt of a handsome salary. He is a genius. But he has a queer way of going about things, and twenty-one of the young gentlemen who presented themselves gave the job up at once when he suggested that they should follow him to the kitchen to wash a dish. The nine that tried it disappeared later and never came back. All that remained were

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

two broken dishes. The dish washing, he explained to me, was merely a test to see whether applicants were "willing of the spirit." They were decidedly not.

His experiment was a dead failure. But I am inclined to think that the failure is not on the side of the chef. For my part, I would sooner have washed a dozen dishes if necessary, and taken my chance with him, than have gone out, as I expect those young fellows did, to seek a situation as an envelope addresser or something almost as hopeless as that.

Having, by carelessness or hard fate, got into a situation that gives one no chance of rising, there is only one thing for it. One must speculate on the future. One cannot speculate with cash, perhaps, but one can, at least speculate with one's spare time and the sacrifice of one's pleasure. Skill—one must get skill.

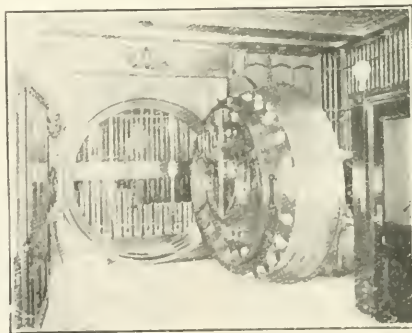
I remember at the time of the German Emperor's visit to us some time back tak-

ing a member of the German Army staff to see the evening classes in a big London institution. We entered the room with the teacher, and, to my surprise, the general greeted the students with a profoundly grave military salute. When we had left I asked him what he had done that for.

"I salute self-sacrifice," he said. "Every one of those young fellows might have been enjoying himself. He refuses the temptation of present pleasure for the reward of the future."

He was absolutely right. Every one of those young fellows was making a sacrifice of the present to increased efficiency. They may have chanced to get into the wrong train to start with, but they did not mean to stop there. They meant to be out of it at the first opportunity.

Good luck to them!



The [Strongest] Door Ever Built

It gives entrance to the Carnegie safe deposit in New York. Over 1100 tons of steel armor-plate were used in the construction of the vaults, a larger quantity than is used in the building of a battleship.

The Business Manager of a King

LORD KNOLLYS

Reproduced from the Saturday Journal

FOR nearly forty years now Barron Knollys, of Caversham, has been the private secretary to King Edward, and it is rarely, indeed, that a subject enjoys the confidence of his Sovereign to the same extent that Lord Knollys does. It is not sufficient to say that the King has no secret from his Lordship, it should be said with greater truth that Lord Knollys knows more of his Majesty's private affairs than the King does himself. Lord Knollys is the one channel through which communication can be had with the King-Emperor. There are those who are disposed to regard his position at Court as something of a sinecure. Those who are of this opinion, it is safe to say, have never seen his Lordship at work.

The King, it is well known, is rather an early riser, and he is no sooner astir than he is eager to be at work. This means, of course, that Lord Knollys must be beforehand, and have something ready for the King's attention the moment he demands it. Every letter addressed to the King, whether it be from the humblest of his subjects or, say, the Emperor of Germany, passes first of all through the hands of Lord Knollys.

King Edward, by the way, is in constant communication with nearly every European Sovereign of the first rank, and by a single post recently he received autograph letters from the Kaiser, the King of

Sweden, the King of Norway and the King of Italy.

These letters receive, as might be expected, the first attention of his Majesty, who invariably replies to them in his own hand and without the intervention of a secretary. While his Majesty is thus engaged, Lord Knollys and his assistants are busily examining and tabulating the remainder of the King's post bag. The number of letters his Majesty receives day by day is amazing, but Lord Knollys skims through them all at a wonderful rate. Appeals for subscriptions to all manner of charitable institutions, applications for Royal patronage for various social events, invitations to visit provincial cities and towns to lay foundation stones or open public buildings, all come under his Lordship's notice and are promptly dealt with.

To each communication as it passes through his hands Lord Knollys attaches a small piece of note paper containing some short comments upon it. Of course, not a tithe of these communications ever come under his Majesty's notice. Otherwise King Edward would pass the whole of his days reading correspondence. But it is equally certain that nothing is ignored that should receive the Royal notice. In front of Lord Knollys, as he sits at his great writing table in, say, his official residence in the Winchester Tower at Windsor Castle, are a series of baskets into which letter after letter

tumbles as it passes through his hands. One basket is for charitable appeals, another for personal invitations from such of his Majesty's subjects as are privileged to offer him a few days' shooting, etc.

At length the last letter is reached, and Lord Knollys sinks back in his chair with a sigh of relief. Presently he takes down one of the baskets that contain the more important State and semi-State communications to hand and goes through these more carefully, making notes for the King's guidance and information. Then he will set off in search of his Majesty, and here, it may be added, that Lord Knollys stands almost alone, outside the Royal family, in being able to approach the King at all hours and under any circumstances.

Leaving the King's presence Lord Knollys will usually make his way to the apartments of General Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., Keeper of the Privy Purse. At Windsor these are situated in the old Norman Tower. For the past six years Sir Dighton Probyn has occupied his present position, which involves upon him the duty of paying all the personal moneys that the King may desire to disburse. Other accounts are paid through the Board of Green Cloth, the Lord Steward's Department and other departments of the Court with the heads of which Lord Knollys is of necessity in constant touch. The amount of money that is paid away daily by the Court officials charged with this work is very considerable, and no account is passed for payment until it has been seen and initialled by Lord Knollys.

It is only because of his perfect system that Lord Knollys is able to conduct the business of his department and to carry out his multifarious duties. His system of indexing, for instance, is so complete, that he or his assistants can place

their hands upon any letter or document that may be required literally at a moment's notice. His chief office, of course, is at Buckingham Palace, where the more important files are kept, but duplicate indices are kept at each of the other Royal residences.

An important part of Lord Knollys' duties is to assist his Majesty to make his future arrangements. These have of necessity to be made many months ahead, and it is necessary, therefore, to keep a very careful list of the arrangements that have been entered into or confusion and muddle would speedily ensue. Indeed something like this did happen not so very long ago.

Through an error in filing on the part of a subordinate a private engagement of his Majesty to pass a few days with a well-known nobleman at his country seat, got placed under the wrong month, and the mistake was only discovered when his Majesty casually asked Lord Knollys one morning what day he was due to arrive. In vain his lordship looked for a note of the engagement under its proper heading. He remembered the engagement being made—it is part of Lord Knollys plan of life never to forget anything—but no date for it could be discovered. Presently he turned up the original invitation when, to his relief, he found the date noted on it in the King's own handwriting.

For a man over seventy years of age Lord Knollys takes very little rest, and his energy is wonderful. His working day usually lasts until close upon midnight, one of his latest duties being to approve the "Court Circular," which contains the official account of his Majesty's doings for the preceding twenty-four hours.

Everyone who is brought into contact with him likes him, and he is certainly one of the hardest worked men in the country.

Mapping Out a Career

By WALTER H. COTTINGHAM

Reproduced from System Magazine

PLAN your work and work your plan," somebody has tritely said and it applies with particular force to a business career. Your career must be built. It must be built bit by bit and if the work is to be well done and the structure is a strong and shapely one, if it is to be as it ought to be, built for eternity, then you need a plan to guide you. No important structure was ever built without one.

The plan for your career must be sketched by your imagination on the mind. You must carry there and keep always before your eyes, a picture of the career you want to live. This will be your plan and while you work laboriously in the sweat and heat of the day, building piece by piece, higher and higher, turn to your completed picture for encouragement and inspiration.

And how is the picture to be developed? This is the work of your ambition. To be ambitious is to dream, to long, to aspire to be something greater than we are. It is a desire to conquer, to win, to make the very most of one's self. And it is a magnificent thing for a man to strive with all the power that is in him to make the most of himself. The desire to distinguish one's self is laudable and commendable.

A man without ambition is like a bird without wings. He can never soar in the heights above, but must walk like a weakling, unnoticed, with the crowds below. He never feels the thrill of enthusiasm which pulsates through the veins of the

ambitious man as he presses forward in the exciting struggle to reach his aim. So I say, keep alive in your breast the fire of ambition and let it burn so brightly that you will be ever spurred on to the highest endeavor. Let it sketch in your mind a plan of greatness worthy of your finest effort.

And why shouldn't you succeed? The field is open to you, and nothing is impossible to youth and determination. Given a man with good health in body and mind, a consuming ambition to rise and a large capacity for hard work and it matters not who he is, where he is, or what he is he will come to the top. You can't keep such a man down—it would be contrary to the laws of human progress and experience. The time, the place and the opportunity are never wanting to the ambitious man. It is the man himself who makes these, not they that make him.

I have no patience with those who attribute success to a lucky chance, a fortunate circumstance, or a rare opportunity—these come to every man, the difference being, one sees them, the other does not. One has worked for them and prepared for them and when they present themselves, he is ready and seizes hold of them. The other is unprepared, and so they slip by him, and he calls it hard luck.

Let a man but have an aim and a purpose and the opportunity to attain his end will not be wanting. The field of business is open to all.

In the arena of trade every man can compete, and every man has a good, fair chance, the statements of croakers to the contrary notwithstanding.

If such a declaration needs confirmation, I have only to point to the great captains of industry the world over, who have almost invariably risen from the humblest of beginnings, without any better chances than those that come to all of us.

Great American business men, like Andrew Carnegie, Marshall Field, John Wanamaker and J. J. Hill, have climbed the ladder of business success from the lowest rung, step by step, against great odds and by tremendous effort and persistence; and so have such great Englishmen as Rhodes, Brassey and Lipton, and such Canadians as Strathcona, Stephens and MacDonald, and many others.

The success of these giants of industry illustrates the immense possibilities of business and what may be achieved from small beginnings and little opportunities. They should prove an inspiration to everyone striving for business success.

I have tried to study the careers of these men and am convinced that they have gained their commanding positions, not so much by the exercise of extraordinary qualities, not by reason of the possession of what is called genius, but by the practice of every-day, good, ordinary, business principles and by sticking to them, concentrating the whole force of their strong natures on their work, gaining a little all the time, going steadily forward, step by step, higher and higher.

It is wonderful what can be accomplished in time by a man who works persistently along the right lines. It's deviating from the course, getting off the track, letting down a little at times, that is fatal to progress. Stick-to-it-iveness is characteristic of all men of great achievements.

The man who aims at success must become a master of system. A business man without system is like a ship without a rudder. System not only helps you to steer your business craft on a straight course, but increases her speed. It saves time, it saves waste, it insures accuracy and dispatch. With system there is almost no end to what a man may do; without it he is a slave to detail, confined to the narrow limits of his own hands.

System should begin with your personal habits. The first thing to organize or systemize is your time. Have a time for each part of your work and plan ahead for every hour of the day. Do the important things first. To be systematic is to be regular, and the man who is not regular and prompt in his business invites disaster to his undertakings, just as he invites disease when he is irregular in the habits of his body.

Learn to be orderly and systematic in the little personal things and then you will find it easy to be systematic in business, in the office, at your desk. Each day should have its plans and a list of the things to be done. Such a system will save aimlessness and time wasted in deciding what first to take up. Look ahead, work along well defined lines; don't scatter—concentrate.

Look out for a man with a plan and the will to put it into effect. The great battles of commerce, like the great battles of war, are won by the experts in strategy, by those who can wisely plan, and boldly and carefully execute.

We are all the architects of our own fortune, but too many are working without plans or specifications, so no wonder the structure is without form or stability. The man who works along definite, systematic lines, knows just where he is at and what he wants to accomplish. He constantly consults his chart, keeps his eye on the goal for

which he is headed and works with undiminished energy and perseverance closer and closer to it.

Organization, which is the greatest factor in developing and building up a great enterprise, is nothing more than the application of system in handling men and affairs. In

other words, organizing is systematizing. Its object is to bring men and work into harmonious relations, with a view to reducing friction and cutting out waste and through co-operation to increasing efficiency. There is practically no limit to the possibilities of organization.

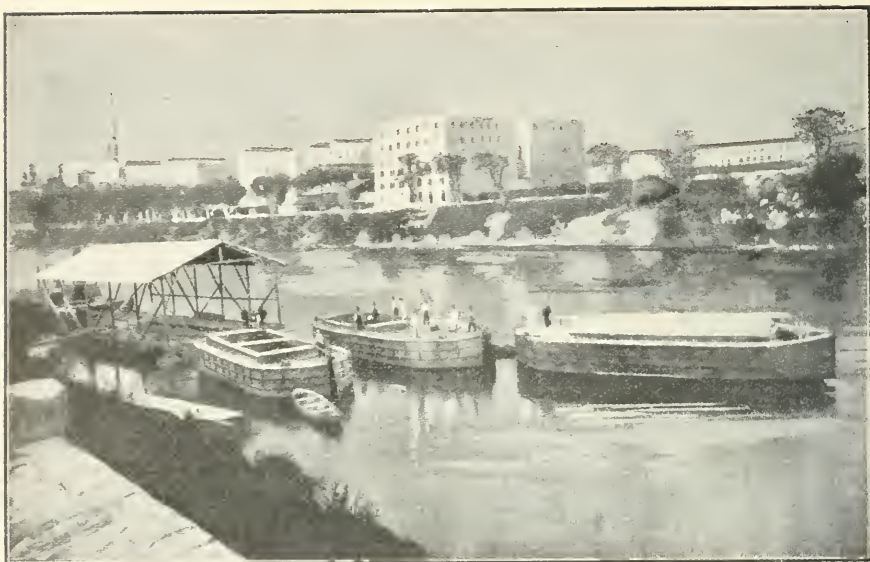
A Little Sermon on Ideals

By PERCY BELASCO

IT is commonly said, "Aim at the moon, and you may hit the tree top," but Emerson says, "Hitch your wagon to a star." Don't be a mere dreamer of dreams, for when a man has his head too much among the clouds he is almost certain to stumble and fall and then he will find that all his ideals are of the unreal. Dreaming is enervating, it is like whiskey drinking, it distorts the vision, or it is like looking through prismatic glasses and seeing all the colors of the rainbow, shapes and dimensions, which are as false as the colors.

Man is no better than his ideals. Plans and specifications always precede the building, and no man is better than his best thought, no life rises higher than its ideal, but the boat that drifts, drifts always down stream. We cannot all be philosophers, we cannot all be leading citizens, nor have we all been endowed with ten talents, most men have only one and are doomed to walk in the common ways of life and play a part where the newspaper man can never see them. We cannot all be stars at football, cricket or golf, or facile princes in debates in our clubs or council chamber. Most men are compelled to stand aside and see others carry off the coveted prize, for them no waiting crowd will throng the stations or wharves, no welcome arches span the streets, no thunder of guns warn the public "the conquering hero comes," and because this is so too many men

think life not worth living, and no great task worth attempting. Such a view has robbed and will rob many of a heritage and we will never become what we might because we start out with a wrong ideal. The greatness of any honest work is the work itself honestly done, and man's work is to set free the good and true around us and to remember that "the world gives its admiration, not to those who do what no one else attempts, but to those who do best what others do well." Throw everything into the fire of a worthy ideal and let all the rubbish melt and then, mold something time will never efface or eternity destroy, for you may, if you will, either be buried beneath the rubbish, or rise above the smoke and ashes of the furious flames of temptation to immortal life and service. Ask yourself the question, what useful career now opens out to me through the ideal I cherish? Are men and women to-day treading the straight and noble pathway trodden by others whose great achievements have blessed so many in every land, uncrowned kings and queens. Follow the best ideals, say not as I have heard some say: "A short life and a merry one." Is that an ideal? Think you not we owe something to the great memories of the past which have given men their chance. Others labored for us, we have entered into their labors, everything worth doing is not yet done, there is a place for all and ten million voices call us to that place.



Ferro-concrete Barges

Boats Made of Concrete

MARINE REVIEW

PERHAPS the most unique and surprising development in the use of concrete in recent years is the use of this material in boat-building. The discovery of the merits of re-enforced concrete for boat-building, however, is as old as re-enforced concrete itself. We find in searching the early history of re-enforced concrete that M. Lambot, a Frenchman, constructed the first re-enforced concrete structure, a boat, in the year 1850, and in 1855 exhibited it at the Paris Exposition. The honor of the discovery of the properties of re-enforced concrete is usually credited to M. Joseph Monier, a Parisian gardener, but M. Lambot's patent dated 1855 shows conclusively that the credit belongs to him instead of Monier, whose first work was done in 1861. In 1896, an Italian firm, the Signori Gabellini, of Rome, built a 150-ton re-enforced-concrete barge for use on the Tiber. This barge

proved so successful that a number of other boats have since been built in France and Italy.

This industry, which is rapidly developing in Europe, should induce American enterprise to construct boats for American inland waters, especially for coastwise trade.

The Moechel & Lowther Engineering Company, of Kansas City, has made a very thorough investigation relative to the use of concrete boats for carrying freight on the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. This company constructed two models, one a power-propelled concrete boat and the other a freight barge. These were placed on exhibition several months ago in a tank of water. They showed remarkable buoyancy and stability. They are the "curiosity" of the passers-by, whether pedestrians, in carriages, or on the street-car. . . . Designs have been made by the Moechel & Lowther Engineer-

BOATS MADE OF CONCRETE

ing Company for a barge 150 feet long and 30 feet wide, drawing 3 1-2 feet, carrying under a full load about 300 tons. This barge was designed especially for Missouri-River transportation, 3 1-2 feet being the maximum safe draft on this river in low stage of water.

Estimates from designs show that these boats can be built at half the cost of steel or about the same cost as wooden boats. Where a number of boats are built from the same forms, the cost is even less than for wood. These boats never have to be painted, and repairs caused by accidents can easily and quickly be repaired by the crew, carrying on board a few bags of cement and sand. The boats are furnished with water-tight compartments which make them practically unsinkable; and, as concrete improves with age, the life of a concrete boat should be practically unlimited.

The effects of shocks, such as are caused by docking and being fouled by sand-bars, have been carefully considered in these designs. It is believed that a concrete boat properly designed

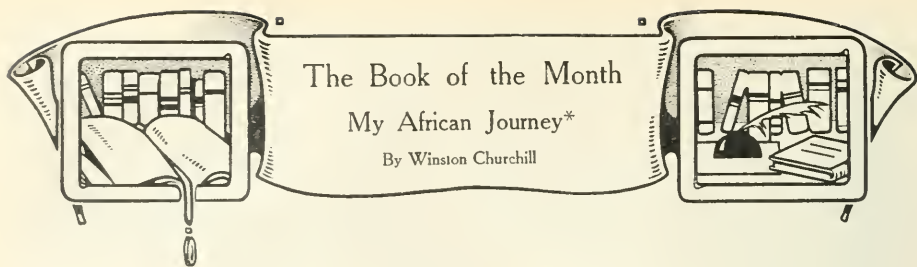
will not suffer as much damage as a wooden or steel boat under like circumstances. This also has been proven by experiments made by the Italian Government on concrete and steel vessels. In an intentional encounter the concrete boat suffered much less than did the steel boat. This and like experiments made by the Italian naval experts have led their Government to adopt a re-enforced concrete belt for armoring its war-ships. This extreme test should convince the most skeptical that concrete, properly re-enforced, will answer admirably for boat-building.

It is a safe conclusion that the great victories achieved by concrete structures built on land will at least be equaled by floating structures built on rivers, lakes and possibly high seas. How greatly such a construction will advance the river and lake trade of our country, we will leave to our readers to guess. Cheapness, utility and strength, and practically indestructibility by time, is a combination of quality possessed by one material only—concrete.



The First Aerodrome in the World

It is Expected That Many Inventors of Flying Machines Will Test Their Devices Here



The Book of the Month

My African Journey*

By Winston Churchill

THERE are few people to whom a well-told narrative of travel does not appeal. The "wander lust" is in the blood of us all, and, if it is impossible to cross oceans and penetrate dark continents ourselves, we can at least live for an hour or so in the adventures and experiences of others more fortunate.

Winston Churchill, whose journeyings have taken him into all quarters of the globe, traversed Northeastern Africa during the course of 1907, and the story of his expedition lies before us. It is not a long story. It can be read in two or three hours. But its very shortness and conciseness are favorable points. We have a complete little cameo, leaving a single definite impression, and that is a result many authors strive after in vain.

Traversing the Mediterranean, the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, Mr. Churchill landed at Mombasa, in the British East African Protectorate. the terminus

of the Uganda Railway. The Cape to Cairo Railway is talked about and written about constantly, but it is still a road of dreams. Less is heard of the Uganda Railway, a road in being and a road moreover that pays a profit. From Mombasa it runs inland for several hundred miles to Lake Victoria Nyanza. According to Mr. Churchill, it is one of the most romantic and most wonderful railways in the world.

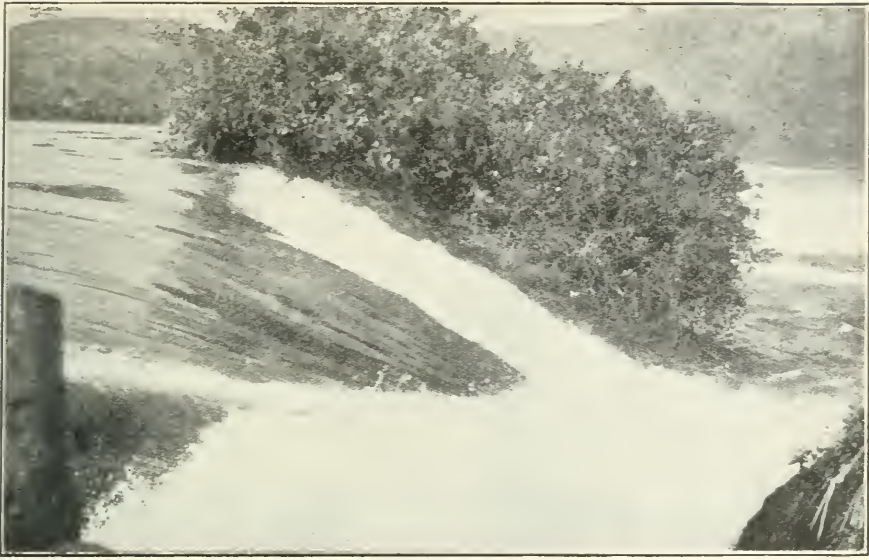
Everything is in apple-pie order. The track is smoothed and weeded

and ballasted as if it were the London & Northwestern. Every telegraph post has its number; every mile, every hundred yards, every change of gradient has its mark; not in soft wood, to feed the white ant, but in hard, well-painted iron. Constant labor has steadily improved the curves of the permanent-way, and the train—one of those comfortable, practical Indian trains—rolls along as evenly as upon a European line.



Winston Spencer Churchill

The Rising British Statesman Who is a Prominent Member of the Asquith Cabinet



Ripon Falls
Source of the Nile River

"Nor should it be supposed that this high standard of maintenance is not warranted by the present financial position of the line. The Uganda Railway is already doing what it was never expected within any reasonable period to do. It is paying its way. It is beginning to yield a profit—albeit a small profit—upon its capital charge. Projected solely as a political railway to reach Uganda, and to secure British predominance upon the Upper Nile, it has already achieved a commercial value. Instead of the annual deficits upon working expenses, which were regularly anticipated by those most competent to judge, there is already a substantial profit of nearly £80,000 a year. And this is but the beginning, and an imperfect beginning: for at present the line is only a trunk, without its necessary limbs and feeders, and without its deep-water head at ilindini, without its full tail of steamers on the lake; above all, without its natural and necessary extension to the Albert Nyanza.

From the Victoria Nyanza, Mr. Churchill followed the Nile to Lake Chioga, then to Lake Albert Nyanza, traveling sometimes on foot, some-

times in a launch and sometimes, remarkable to relate, on a bicycle. Of this method of progression he writes: "In the dry season the paths through the bush, smoothed by the feet of natives, afford an excellent surface. Even when the track is only two feet wide, and when the densest jungle rises on either side and almost meets above the head, the bicycle skims along, swishing through the grass and brushing the encroaching bushes, at a fine pace; and although at every few hundred yards sharp rocks, loose stones, a water-course, or a steep hill compel dismounting, a good seven miles an hour can usually be maintained."

From Lake Albert Nyanza the journey took him down the Nile to Gondokoro, on the southern border of the Soudan, where he again came into touch with regular railway and steamboat systems.

A considerable portion of the book is given over to a recital of sporting adventures, of which he had his share. A chapter or two discuss politics, the relation of the white man to the black man, which he believes will some day be a serious problem for England to



Fording the Asua'

face. The natural resources of the countries through which he passed are commented on, he being particularly struck with the immense available water power of the Upper Nile. And last, but not least, he writes of the terrible devastations of the sleeping sickness, a disease spread by the tsetse fly, which has swept out of existence whole villages at a time.

The result of Mr. Churchill's journey was to impress more firmly upon him the necessity for Britain to concentrate all her efforts on the up-building of Uganda. "Nowhere else in Africa will a little money go so far. Nowhere else will the results be more brilliant, more substantial or more rapidly realized. Cotton alone should make the fortune of Uganda. All the best qualities of cotton can be grown in the highest perfection."

But cotton is only one of the tropical products which can nowhere in the world be grown more cheaply, more easily, more perfectly than between the waters of the two great lakes. Rubber, fibre, cinnamon, cocoa, coffee, sugar may all be cultivated upon the greatest scale; virgin forests of rare and valuable timber await the axe; and even though

mineral wealth may perhaps never lend its hectic glory to Uganda, the economic foundations of its prosperity will stand securely upon a rich and varied agriculture. A settler's country it can never be. Whatever may be the destinies of the East African Highlands, the shores of the great lakes will never be the permanent residence of a white race. It is a planter's land, where the labors of the native population may be organized and directed by superior intelligence and external capital."

Speaking of the Ripon Falls, which pour out of Lake Victoria, Mr. Churchill says: "It is possible that nowhere else in the world could so enormous a mass of water be held up by so little masonry. Two or three short dams from island to island across the falls would enable, at an inconceivably small cost, the whole level of the Victoria Nyanza—over an expanse of a hundred and fifty thousand square miles—to be gradually raised six or seven feet; would greatly increase the available water power; would deepen the water of Kavirondo Bay, so as to admit steamers of much larger draught; and, finally, would enable the lake to be maintained at a

uniform level, so that immense areas of swampy foreshore, now submerged, now again exposed, according to the rainfalls, would be converted either into clear water or dry land to the benefit of man and the incalculable destruction of mosquitoes."

The Murchison Falls, which are located near the point where the Nile flows into Lake Albert Nyanza, "are certainly the most remarkable in the whole course of the Nile. At Foweira the navigable reaches stretching from Lake Chioga are interrupted by cataracts, and the river hurries along in foam and rapid down a gradual but continuous stairway, enclosed by rocky walls, but still a broad fall. Two miles above Fajao these walls contract suddenly till they are not six yards apart, and through this strangling portal, as from the nozzle of a hose, the whole tremendous river is shot in one single jet down an abyss of a hundred and sixty feet. They are won-

derful to behold, not so much because of their height—though that is impressive—but because of the immense volume of water which is precipitated through such a narrow outlet. Indeed, seeing the great size of the river below the falls, it seemed impossible to believe that it was wholly supplied from this single spout. . . . I doubt whether it is fifteen feet across from sheer rock to sheer rock. Ten pounds, in fact, would throw an iron bridge across the Nile at this point."

There are many other interesting extracts which might be quoted, but these should prove sufficient to arouse interest in a most entertaining and withal instructive book.

* *My African Journey*. By the Rt. Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.50.



The Author and Party Traveling on the Cow-Catcher of a Locomotive on the Uganda Railway

NOTES ABOUT OTHER BOOKS.

The following books sold best in Canada, England and the United States during December. It will be noted that there are some books which appear in all three lists, illustrating the fact that people read much the same sort of literature in the three countries.:

Canada.

1. Sowing Seeds in Danny. By Mrs. McClung. Trail of Lonesome Pine. By John Fox, Jr.
2. Lewis Rand. By Mary Johnston. Peter. By F. H. Smith.
3. Holy Orders. By Marie Corelli.
4. Web of Time. By R. E. Knowles.
5. Anne of Green Gables. By L. M. Montgomery. Riverman. By S. E. White.
6. Diana Mallory. By Mrs. Ward.

England.

1. Web of Time. By R. E. Knowles.
2. Wounds of a Friend. By D. G. McChesney.
3. I Came and Saw. By D. Blackburn.
4. A Scout's Story. By O. Vaughan.

United States.

1. Trail of Lonesome Pine. By John Fox, Jr.
2. Peter. By F. H. Smith.
3. A Spirit in Prison. By Robert Hichens.

R. W. Service, the Canadian Kipling, whose "Songs of a Sourdough" appealed strongly to busy men, is to have a new volume of poems published this spring with the odd title, "Ballads of a Cheechaco." The term "Cheechaco" means exactly the opposite of the term "sourdough." "Sourdough," as almost everyone knows, means an old-timer, the term originating with the custom of the old miners of saving a piece of sour dough from one baking to act as yeast for the next baking. Greenhorns or tenderfeet did not know this custom and so the term sourdough became synonymous with old-timer. It is interesting to note that the number of copies issued of "The Songs of a Sourdough" has reached 28,000, which is a remarkable figure for a Canadian book, and poetry at that.

The first novel to be published this year in Canada is "Septimus," by W. J. Locke, which should by this time be on sale in all the bookstores. Mr. Locke is the author of "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" and "The Beloved Vagabond," books which have charmed a wide circle of readers.

William De Morgan, who will be familiar to many as the author of that delightful trio of novels, "Joseph Vance," "Alice-for-Short," and "Somehow Good," will have ready a fourth

novel this spring with the somewhat commonplace title of "Blind Jim."

The fifth volume of The Commercial Handbook of Canada (Heaton's Annual), has three features at least that commend it to business men and render it indispensable to those who have once made use of it. In the first place there is that hughbear of all business men, the Customs Tariff. While there are few people nowadays, who do not approve of a tariff on general principles, yet a tariff in operation is a complex affair, occasioning much loss of time. Heaton's Annual contains a classification and index of the tariff that is even in advance of the Government's own list. It embodies the latest decisions and above all else it is accurate. The second outstanding feature is the Boards of Trade register, giving in concise form full information about all the cities and towns in the Dominion, their population, natural resources, industries and what they offer to induce industrial concerns to locate in them. The third and most original feature in the book is the Canadian Encyclopedia, giving in classified form a catalogue of the resources of the country and the opportunities offered for investment. Particularly is the section devoted to mining of value at the present time. In addition to these noteworthy features, the book contains a wealth of other valuable information. (\$1; postage 10 cents).

March's Thesaurus, a work by Professor March, who is recognized as being the greatest living philologist, is a book of 1,200 pages, giving a complete working vocabulary of 50,000 words and meanings. Even the most fluent speakers and the most lucid writers frequently encounter the difficulty of always recalling or knowing the right word to convey exactly their thoughts. The dictionary does not render them the necessary assistance, as it brings into play the opposite process, namely, supplying the meaning of the word. March's Thesaurus, in addition to supplying the same information as the dictionary, will supply the word to exactly express an idea. The use of Thesaurus will save the annoyance of being unable to at all times exactly express your thoughts as the book serves as a guide to the selection of the best word to use, or to distinguish a delicate shade of meaning. The vocabulary of 50,000 words and meanings are arranged in alphabetical order. Its distinctive feature from a dictionary is the grouping of all the words in the language that have an affinity of meaning in capital captions as reference words, following the vocabulary word, the positive and negative terms being given in juxtaposition. By referring to any of these reference words, the synonymous words and their meanings are given, thus placing the reader immediately in possession of the right word to exactly state his thoughts. It is of great value and merit as a work of daily reference and practical information to the business man, writer, teacher, speaker, or student. T. J. Ford & Company, Toronto, are publishers.

Contents of February Magazines

Architecture and the Arts.

Travelers and Photography; How to Secure Good Results. Dudley Kidd—Travel and Exploration.
The Amateur Artist. A. M. Mayor—Living Age (Jan. 9).
Modern German Art. Christian Brinton—Scribner.
Is American Art Captive to the Dead Past? William L. Price—The Craftsman.
What Does the National Academy of Design Stand For? Giles Edgerton—The Craftsman.
The Future of American Art. Birge Harrison—North American Review.
The Private Art Collections of Chicago. Giselle D'Unger—World To-Day.
Exhibition of Paintings of Eastern Oregon By Childe Hassau. Charles Erskine Scott Wood—Pacific Mthly.

Army and Navy.

Defence of the Pacific. H. Evans—Sunset (Jan.)
The Blessings of Naval Armaments—Fortnightly Rev. (Jan.)
A Midnight Conference. Salmon P. Chase—Scribner's.
Building a Nine-Hundred-Foot Steel Ship. Lawrence Perry—World's Work.
The Fighting Forces of Great Britain and Germany. Arnold White—London Mag.
Our Navy on the Land. George Kibbe Turner—McClure's.
Is Our Naval Administration Efficient? Rear-Admiral G. W. Melville, U.S.N.—North American Review.

Business and Industry

Qualifications of a Successful Advertiser. Fred G. Kaessman—Brains (Jan. 2).
Pointers From Outside the Counter. Frank Farrington—Brains (Jan. 2).
Latter Day Tendencies in Shorthand Writing. Clyde Marshall—Shorthand Writer (Jan.)
Canadian Manufacturers and British Preference. Edward Porritt—North Am. Rev.
Owners of America; The Armourers. Arthur Brisbane—Cosmopolitan.
First Lessons in the Art of Advertising. Geo. French—Profitable Advertising.
Big Business Created by Advertising—Profitable Advertising (Jan.)

The Giant Trust of the Future. Earl Mayo—Metropolitan.
The United States Patent Office. Joanna Nichols Kyle—Overland Mthly.
The Bank Clerk and His Work. Jas. P. Gardner—Book-Keeper (Jan.)
Making a City to Order. Ernest Cawcroft—Book-Keeper (Jan.)
Employer's Liability. Frank N. Lewis—Atlantic Mthly (Jan.)
Cornering Corn. H. M. Hyde—Sat. Eve. Post (Jan. 23).
The Buy End. Jas. H. Collins—Sat. Eve. Post (Jan. 23).
The Modern Cotton-Spinning Factory. W. H. Booth—Cassier's (Jan.)
Machine Grouping and Factory Arrangement. C. H. Stilson—Cassier's (Jan.)
The Slum as a National Asset. Charles Edward Russell—Everybody's.
A Prophet of Prosperity. Walt. Mason—Suburban Life.
The Sum of a Thousand Short Cuts. Daniel Casey—System (Jan.)
Making a Business Distinctive. A. H. Revell—System (Jan.)
The Skirmish Line of Profits. O. N. Manners—System (Jan.)
The Battlefields of Business—System (Jan.)
From Debt to Dividends. A. S. Atkinson—System (Jan.)
Advertising: Its Action on Products. Edwin Balmer—System (Jan.)
The Greatest Game in the World. Walter H. Cottingham—System (Jan.)
A New Year's Greeting. James W. Van Cleave—American Industries.
Business Conditions of the United States—American Industries (Jan.)
The National Council of Commerce—American Industries (Jan.)
The Advance Agent of Prosperity—American Industries (Jan.)
The Extension of American Commerce. Avard L. Bishop—Atlantic Mthly.

Children.

How You Can Help Your Boy. Orison Sweet Marden—Success.
Which is the Better Way to Bring up a Boy?—Suburban Life.
A Boys' Band of Easily Made Instruments. A. Neely Hall—Ladies' Home Jrnl.

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

The Training of Poor British Children in India.
R. Carstairs—Asiatic Quarterly.

Education and School Affairs.

Self-Government in the Public Schools. Henry Lincoln Clapp—Education.
The Two Aims of High Schools. Professor Arland D. Weeks—Education.
How to Teach Commercial Geography. Professor F. O. Carpenter—Education.
Drawing as an Aid to Teaching the Other Manual Branches. Dr. James P. Haney—Education.
A Neglected Phase of Practical Education. Professor R. T. House—Education.
Indian Students in England. John Pollen, LL.D.—Asiatic Quarterly Review (Jan.)

Essays and General Literature.

Ruwenzori to the Congo—Empire Rev. (Jan.)
Products of India—Empire Rev. (Jan.)
A Measured Training of the Color Sense—Professor A. H. Munsell—Education.
An American Scholar.—Outlook (Jan. 2).
The Epitaphic Literature of India. John Kennedy—Asiatic Review (Jan.)
Crimean Papers. Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart.—Cornhill Mag. (Jan.)
Milton, the Typical Puritan. Dr. John Clifford, M.A.—Young Man (Jan.)
The Central Problem of the International Congress on Moral Education. Professor J. H. Muirhead—Hibbert Jrnl. (Jan.)

Fiction.

Margarita's Soul. Ingram Lovell—American Magazine.
The Master-Weaver. Maude Radford Warren—Atlantic Mthly. (Jan.)
Marriage A La Mode. Mrs. Humphrey Ward—McClure's.
The Revenge of Big Joe. Lyman Eastman—Century (Jan.)
The Lion Rampant. Mary Roberts Rhinehart—Munsey's (Jan.) :

For the Workers.

Workers for the Common Good. Anne Forsyth—Circle (Jan.)
Interest Beyond the Envelope. J. Wierchers—System (Jan.)
How I Handle My Personal Work. G. E. Turner—System (Jan.)
Fattening Pay Envelopes. George F. Stratton—Sat. Eve. Post (Jan. 9).
Half a Million Out of Work. H. Hamilton Fyfe—London Mag. (Jan.)
On Thoroughness. Nora Tynan O'Mahony—Irish Mthly. (Jan.)
The Food of the City Worker. Hollis Godfrey—Atlantic Mthly.

Handicraft.

Hand-Made Rugs, the Revival of an Old Handicraft. Mabel Tuke Priestman—Am. Homes and Gardens.

Health and Hygiene.

The Modern Moloch. Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.—Sat. Eve. Post (Jan. 16).
The Opium Question. Britannicus—North American Review.
Does the Mind Rule the Body? Dr. Woods Hutchinson—Sat. Eve. Post (Jan. 23).
Physical Culture To-day. F. E. Dorchester, N. S.P.E.—Rod and Gun.
The New Surgery. Roland Phillips—Success.
An Effective Anti-Tuberculosis Campaign at Last. O. F. Lewis—World's Work.
What Nervous People Should Eat. Mrs. S. F. Rorer—Ladies' Home Jrnl. (Jan.)

House, Garden and Farm.

A Model Stock and Dairy Farm. Mabel Luke Priestman—Country Life in America.
Orchard Fruit Grown in Pots. Richard Barton—Garden Mag.
English Effects With Hardy Trees. Wilhelm Miller—Garden Mag.
How to Increase Your Tomato Crop. L. E. Paull—Garden Mag.
Tomatoes from the Garden in June. Mrs. Jos. C. Brown—Garden Mag.
The Best Carnations for the Amateur. W. C. McC.—Garden Mag.
Business Methods on the Farm. J. O. Curwood—Book-Keeper (Jan.)
Love Among the Chickens. P. G. Wodehouse—Circle (Jan.)
Four Moderate-Priced Houses. A. H. Dunning—Suburban Life.
Starting the Garden Under Cover. Parker Thayer Barnes—Suburban Life.
A Fireproof House. P. R. Cole—Suburban Life.
A Farmer Whose Son is also a Farmer. Edward Berwick—World's Work.
My Dairy and My Herd of Cows. Kate V. Saint Maur—Woman's Home Comp.
A Summer Home for \$3,500. Hugo Erichsen—Woman's Home Comp.
Why Many Amateurs Gardeners Fail—House and Garden.
Starting Seeds in the House. L. J. Doogue—House and Garden.
Helpful Hints on House Plants. C. L. Meller—House and Garden.
Root Pruning of Fruit Trees. W. R. Gilbert—House and Garden.
Japanese Garden Development. Mrs. Phoebe Westcott Humphreys—House and Garden.
House Warming in Winter. E. Stanley Mitton—Westward Ho.
The Use of Anesthetics for Plants. S. Leonard Bastin—Am. Homes and Gardens.
A Few Neglected Fruits. E. P. Powell—Am. Homes and Gardens.
What England Can Teach us About Formal Gardens. Wilhelm Miller—Country Life in America.

Immigration and Emigration.

The European Population of the United States—Living Age (Jan. 16).
The Salvation Army and England's Unemployed Agnes Laut—Am. Rev. of Revs. (Jan.)

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Corporations and Liability of Stockholders—
Sat. Eve. Post (Jan. 16).
A Puzzling Problem in Interest—Book-Keeper
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The Need of Postal Savings Bank. G. V. L.
Meyer—Am. Rev. of Revs. (Jan.)
Money is King. Walter Eden—Watson's Jeffer-
sonian (Jan.)
Indian and Colonial Investments—Empire Rev.
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Policy Conditions—Sat. Rev. (Jan. 2).
Keeping One's Money at Work—World's Work.
Insurance for Travelers in Tropical Countries—
World's Work.
A Report to the Stockholders of the United
States. Arthur W. Page—World's Work.
Getting Insurance Prospects in Line. A. L. Mac-
Burn—System (Jan.)
Safe Investments—Sat. Eve. Post (Jan. 9).
Co-operative Apartments. Isaac F. Margossion—
Sat. Eve. Post (Jan. 9).

Labor Problems.

The Contempt Decision of Justice Wright. Jas.
A. Emery—American Industries (Jan.)
The Conviction of Labor Leaders—Outlook
(Jan. 2).
The Contract Labor Case—Outlook (Jan. 2).

Life Stories and Character Sketches.

Poe, the Weird Genius. Elisabeth Ellicott Poe—
Cosmopolitan.
Augustus Thomas: Reporter, Playwright, Ora-
tor. Paul Teitjens—Home Mag.
"Father Abraham." Ida M. Tarbell—American
Mag.
Dickens and Charles Whitehead—L. P.'s Weekly
(Jan. 8).
The Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln—St. Nicholas.
The Most Famous Woman in New York. C. B.
Davis.—Sat. Eve. Post (Jan. 23).
Elihu Root: World Statesman. Walter Wellman
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From Deckhand to Governor: the Picturesque
Career of Napoleon Broward. Ralph D.
Paine—Everybody's.
Tsu Hsi, the Late Empress of China. E. J.
Dillon—Fort. Rev. (Jan.)
Outline Study of Abraham Lincoln. Principal
Arthur Deerin Call—Education.
George Grey Barnard—World's Work.
The New Archbishop of York. W. L. Williams
—Young Man (Jan.)
Cleveland, the Man. George F. Parker—Mc-
Clure's.
Simon Fraser. E. O. S. Scholefield—Westward
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Ex-Mayor Carey, with Reminiscences of Lord
Dufferin—Westward Ho.
Queen Victoria, as Seen by an American. Sallie
Coles Stevenson—Century (Jan.)
Grover Cleveland: A Princeton Memory. An-
drew F. West—Century (Jan.)

Edgar Allan Poe, the Most Original Genius of
American Literature. Morris Bacheller—
Munsey's (Jan.)
Walt Whitman's Early Life on Long Island.
Willis Steell—Munsey's (Jan.)

Miscellaneous.

The Right to Work. Bart Kennedy—London
Mag. (Jan.)
Good Manners and Good Form. Mrs. Burton
Kingsland—Ladies' Home Jnl.
A Substitute for Matrimony. Anna Steese Rich-
ardson—Woman's Home Comp.
The Tramp's Philosophy of Life. Rev. T. E.
Ruth—Young Man (Jan.)
The Dissidence of Doubt. Rev. John Wills—
Young Man (Jan.)
Alcohol and Society. Henry Smith Williams—
McClure's.
An Audience with Lincoln. T. B. Bancroft—Mc-
Clure's.
Reclaiming the Desert. Forbes Lindsay—Crafts-
man.
How the Founder of Arbor Day Created the
Most Famous Western Estate. Paul Morton
—Country Life in Am.
Why Should Anyone Pay \$1,000 for a Hen? F.
H. Valentine—Country Life in Am.
The Yak: A North American Opportunity. Ern-
est Thompson Seton—Country Life in Am.
The Social Conscience of the Future. V. Seud-
der—Hibbert's Jnl (Jan.)
New Facts on Our Survival of Death. Principal
John Graham—Hibbert's Jnl. (Jan.)
A Young Man and His Mission—Young Man
(Jan.)
A Humorist of Worth. John P. Wynne—Young
Man (Jan.)
A Survey of the World. Tom Dolan—Watson's
Jeffersonian (Jan.)
The Aristocracy of Cats. Virginia Roderick—
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Little Stories of Real Life—Everybody's.
The Opposition in the Commons. Auditor Tan-
tum—Fort. Review (Jan.)
How I Know that the Dead Return. W. T.
Stead—Fort. Rev. (Jan.)
The Earthquake—Sat. Rev. (Jan. 2).
The Intervening Providence. Arthur E. McFar-
lane—Circle (Jan.)
Mr. Taft's New Year Resolutions—Circle (Jan.)
Bores—Living Age (Jan. 9).
In Praise of Cats—Living Age (Jan. 9).
The Mounting of Fish. C. H. Hooper—Rod and
Gun.
The Trials of an Unmarried Clergyman—Success
The Well-dressed Man. Alfred Stephen Bryan—
Success.
New Foods for New Millions. Walter Weyl—Suc-
cess.
In Search of the Washington Family Crest.
Frank Fayant—Travel Mag.
Two Neglected Memories. M. C. Keogh—Irish
Mthly. (Jan.)
A Thought for Each Day of the Month—Irish
Mthly. (Jan.)

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

King Cotton's Impoverished Retinue. Daniel J. Sully—Cosmopolitan.
 Sixty Years in the Wilderness: Some Passages by the Way. Henry W. Lucy—Living Age (Jan. 16).
 Literary Taste and How to Form it. Arnold Bennett—T. P.'s Weekly (Jan. 8).
 The Quality of Courage. Edward Marshall—Metropolitan.
 The Inspiration of Japan. Herbert G. Pointing, F. R. G. S.—Metropolitan.
 Abbreviated Utilitarian Studies. Arthur Inkersley—Overland Mthly. (Jan.)
 The Liquor Problem. T. M. Gilmore—Overland Mthly. (Jan.)
 The Law of Compensation. H. M. Johnston—Book-Keeper (Jan.)
 Yawning Craters of the Moon. H. G. Hunting—Technical World (Jan.)
 What is to Become of our Sixteen Million School Children? James Creelman—Pearson's Am. (Jan.)

Municipal and Local Government.

Rate Regulation of Electric Power. Samuel S. Wyer—Cassier's (Jan.)
 The Transvaal of To-day. E. T. Baines—Empire Rev. (Jan.)
 The Value of the Poor Law. Harold Cox, M. P.—Fort. Rev. (Jan.)
 Retributive Taxation—Sat. Rev. (Jan. 2).
 The Night Riders: A Trust of Farmers. Edward A. Jonas—World's Work.
 The Long Arm of the Secret Police. E. Alexander Powell, F.R.G.S.—Sat. Evening Post (Jan. 9).
 A Great Reform in the Treatment of Criminals. Lucy C. Bartlett—Hibbert Jnl. (Jan.)
 The Town that Went Broke. H. F. Day—Sat. Eve. Post (Jan 23).
 State Control of Water Power. C. E. Lakeman—Am. Rev. of Revs. (Jan.)
 New Campaign for Civic Betterment. P. U. Kellog—Am. Rev. of Revs. (Jan.)

Nature and Outdoor Life.

A Naturalist's Trip to New Guinea. Charles Bethune Horsburgh—Travel and Exploration.
 Lincoln's Love for Nature and Animals—Suburban Life.
 Winter Birds and Summer Homes. John Boyd—Suburban Life.

Political and Commercial.

The Crisis in Germany. Harry Thurston Peck—Munsey (Jan.)
 The Balkan States, the Storm Centre of Europe. F. Cunliffe-Owen—Munsey's (Jan.)
 The Solid South a National Calamity. Hannis Taylor—North Am. Rev.
 The Power Behind the Austrian Throne. Edith Sellers—Living Age (Jan. 16).
 A Pivot of Imperialism. F. L. Harding—Metropolitan.
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American Democracy and Corporate Reform. Robert R. Reed—Atlantic Mthly. (Jan.)
 Hard Times Force Millenium. Samuel O. Dunn—Technical World (Jan.)
 Canada and American Tariff-making. Andrew MacPhail—Am. Rev. of Revs.
 Who are the English?—Scribner's.
 The Break-up of the Parties. Charles Edward Russell—Success.
 The Pulse of the World. Howard Brubaker—Success.
 The American Invasion of Mexico. Elisha H. Talbot—World's Work.
 Some Random Reminiscences of Men and Events. John D. Rockefeller—World's Work.
 The Tariff Hearings—Outlook (Jan. 2).
 An Educated Democracy—Outlook (Jan. 2).
 Paying for Waterway Development—Outlook (Jan. 2).
 Despoiling a Nation. William Dudley Foulke—Outlook (Jan. 2).
 India: the Company and the Crown—Asiatic Quarterly Review (Jan.)
 The Wealth and Progress of India: Facts and Fiction. Charles McMinn, M.A.—Asiatic Quarterly Review.
 What We May Learn from Ancient Chinese Statesmen. E. H. Parker—Asiatic Quarterly Review.
 Vital Problems of Canada. Bram Thompson—Westward Ho.
 The Passing of the Reactionary in American Politics. Judson Welliver—Munsey's (Jan.)
 England and Germany—Empire Rev. (Jan.)
 Bohemia and Austro-Hungary—Empire Review (Jan.)
 Italy and Austria—Empire Review (Jan.)
 The Haytian Revolution—Empire Rev. (Jan.)
 Russia and the Slavs—Empire Rev. (Jan.)
 Two Policies: Cobden's and Bismarck's. W. Frank Hatheway—Empire Rev. (Jan.)
 Europe and the Annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Mil R. Ivanovitch—Fortnightly Review (Jan.)
 The Future of Parties in America. A. Maurice Low—Fort. Rev.
 Nonconformity and Politics: A Word from Within—Fort. Rev. (Jan.)
 English Politics Through American Spectacles. J. R. Marriott—Fort. Rev. (Jan.)
 Japan and America—Living Age (Jan. 9).
 Sketches of Persia in Transition—Living Age (Jan. 9).
 The Rule of the Empress Dowager. Sir Henry A. Blake—Living Age (Jan. 9).
 A Decade of American Rule in the Philippines. W. Cameron Forbes—Atlantic Mthly.
 Changing Conditions in the Caribbean. Robert A. Wilson—World To-Day.
 The Coming Struggle in the Far East. Ching Chun Wang—Pacific Mthly.

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What is Christianity? The Theology of Jesus Christ. Lyman Abbott—Outlook (Jan. 2).
The Doctrines of the Earth-Soul and of Beings Intermediate Between Man and God. Prof. William James—Hibbert's Jnl. (Jan.)
Psychotherapeutics and Religion. Dr. H. Rutgers Marshall—Hibbert's Jnl. (Jan.)
The Message of Modern Mathematics to Theology. Prof. C. J. Keyser—Hibbert's Journal (Jan.)
Christian Missions as Affected by Liberal Theology. Rev. J. W. Burton—Hibbert's Journal (Jan.)
Religious and Social Aspects of the Cult of Ancestors and Heroes. Dr. Lewis R. Farnell—Hibbert's Jnl. (Jan.)

Science and Invention.

Queerly Mixed Verdict of Science on Spiritualism. M. A. Lane—Home Mag. (Jan.)
Typewriting by Wireless. Cecil Bembridge—Technical World (Jan.)
Power from the Farm Brook. D. C. Shafer—Am. Rev. of Revs. (Jan.)
Piping in Steel Ingots. J. F. Springer—Cassier's (Jan.)
Hydro-Electric Instalations. H. Lester Hamilton—Cassier's (Jan.)
Modern Steam Tractors Road Haulage Service. William Fletcher—Cassier's (Jan.)
What the Incubator Has Done for the Poultryman. Arthur L. Blessing—Suburban Life.
Roofing Materials Old and New. Thomas R. Hood—Suburban Life.
Turning Waste into Fuel. M. A. Rogers—System (Jan.)
First Photograph Ever Made of a Paper Nautilus. Charles Frederick Holder—Country Life in America.
Some Recent Investigations by the Society for Physical Research. Hon. G. W. Balfour—Hibbert's Jnl. (Jan.)

Sports and Pastimes.

American Speed Record Broken at Savannah. Percy H. Whiting—Home Mag. (Jan.)
Hunting the Gray Wolf. Brig.-Gen. Roger D. Williams—Recreation (Jan.)
Ski-Riding in America. Frank Lynam—Recreation (Jan.)
Canoeing Around the Calendar. F. M. Foulser—Recreation (Jan.)
A Taste of Old-Fashioned Wildfowl Shooting—Recreation (Jan.)
A Winter Holiday in the White Mountains. Carlyle Ellis—Recreation (Jan.)
A Vacation on Snowshoes. J. N. Trainer—Recreation (Jan.)

The Revival in Rowing at Princeton. W. S. Quigley—Recreation (Jan.)
Motoring in Many Lands. H. Massac Buist—Travel and Exploration.
Enjoying the Canadian Winter. L. M. Mabec—Rod and Gun.
Bird Shooting on the Prairies—Rod and Gun.
The Qualification Climb of Mt. Hermit. D. B. Taylor—Rod and Gun.
Hunting the Rhinoceros and the Hippopotamus in Africa. Lieut.-Col. J. H. Patterson—World's Work.
Motoring on the "Bear Flag" Trail in California. A. E. Beyfuss—Travel Mag.
Winter Sports in Southern Resorts. Day Allen Willey—Travel Mag.

The Stage.

Opera and the People. Mary Garden—Everybody's.
Mme. Melba to Operatic Aspirants—Success.
Building a Play. Glenmore Davis—Success.
Stage Children Who Grew Up. Robert Sloss—Woman's Home Comp.
Theatrical Scenes and Portraits—Cosmopolitan.
The Drama of the Month—Metropolitan.
A Few First Aids to Disillusion in the Theatre. Barnett Franklin—Overland Mthly. (Jan.)
Two Plays by Charles Rann Kennedy—Atlantic Mthly. (Jan.)

Travel and Description.

Off the Irish Coast. Cale Young Rice—Century (Jan.)
On the Top of a Tram-Car. Katharine Roche—Irish Mthly. (Jan.)
In Darkest Africa. Rudolph Dirks—Cosmopolitan.
The Romance of Panama: Remains and Reminiscences of Past Centuries. Hugh C. Weir—Putnam's (Jan.)
The Danish Expedition to Northeast Greenland. Lieut. A. Trolle—Travel and Exploration.
Travel in the Balkans. M. Edith Durham—Travel and Exploration.
A Journey into the Primeval Forests of Tropical Peru. L. C. Bernacchi—Travel and Exploration.
Fresh Light on the Voyage of Captain John Hayes. Ida Lee—Empire Rev. (Jan.)
Chief Canim Ti'kope of the Skagits. Bonnycastle Dale—Rod and Gun.
A Winter in Northern Ontario. J. W. Holland—Rod and Gun.
A Cheerful Journey Through Mississippi. Pooler T. Washington—World's Work.
The Romance of the Amazon. Sir Martin Conway—Travel Mag.
Where the Caribs Live. M. A. Hays—Travel Magazine.
Eleven Days in Sicily. Alice B. Muzzey—Travel Magazine.
A Calendar of Travel—Travel Mag.
Around the World With Burton Holmes: Java—Ladies' Home Jnl.
The Man Who Discovered Australia. W. H. Fitchett, B.A.—Cornhill (Jan.)

The Spirit of the West. Blanche E. Holt Muri-
son—Westward Ho.
The Prairie. D. D. Ross—Westward Ho.
A Street a Thousand Miles Long. Alexander
Hume Ford—World To-Day.
Yaqui Land. Charles R. Price—Pacific Mthly.
Messina: A City that Was. H. F. Alexander—
World To-Day.

Women and the Home.

The Journal of a Neglected Wife. Mabel Her-
bert Urner—Everybody's.
The Woman's Invasion. William Hard—Every-
body's.
Homes Worth Living In—Circle (Jan.)
A Farmer's Wife and Glad of it. Mrs. T. Wil-
son Hall—Suburban Life.
What the Women of One Town Have Done. Mrs.
Edward W. Biddle—Suburban Life.
The Ideas of a Plain Country Woman—Ladies'
Home Jrnl.
When College Girls Make Merry—Ladies' Home
Jrnl.

Is This the Trouble With the Farmer's Wife?
—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
Clever Economies on Little Things. Mrs. Ral-
ston—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
Well-Made Furniture, With Working Designs.
John D. Adams—Woman's Home Comp.
For the Girl Who Earns Her Own Living. Anna
Steese Richardson—Woman's Home Comp.
Furnishing a House of Six Rooms for \$1,500—
House and Garden.
Practical Talks to Women. Elinor S. Moody—
Shorthand Writer (Jan.)
The Empire of Woman. Valerie Vectis—West-
ward Ho.
A New Method of Housekeeping. Rosika Schwim-
mer—Am. Homes and Gardens.
Problems in Home Furnishing. Alice M. Kellogg
—Am. Homes and Gardens.
Woman's Position. Duchess of Marlborough—
North American Rev.
The Best All-round Flower of Winter. W. C.
McCollom—Garden Mag.
A Conservatory Made of Newspapers. William
Promberger—Garden Mag.
For the Woman with Engagements. H. E. Ising
—Book-Keeper (Jan.)



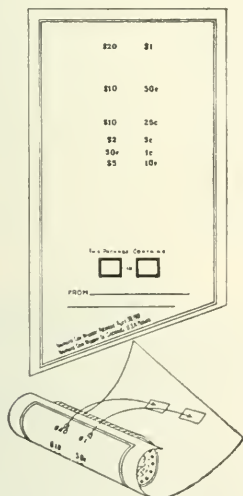
The Strenuous Emperor
A Snapshot of Emperor William of Germany,
one of the Busiest of Mortals

Improvements in Office Devices

A Practical Coin Wrapper.

WE SHOW herewith cut of Youman's coin wrapper. The simplicity and practicability of the device commend it at a glance.

It consists of a tough fibre sheet $7\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, with one end trimmed obliquely and gummed. There is printed on the sheet the amounts which the wrappers may contain of the different coins. The patented feature which makes its value so great consists of two square holes so placed in the sheet that when the coins are wrapped in the roll the numerals showing the amount and the coin denomination appear in their respective openings. For example, the wrapper holds \$10 in halves or quarters. When these coins are placed on the sheet and the wrapper rolled, the amounts show through the opening. The accompanying cut shows the wrapper flat and in process of rolling.



Youman's Coin Wrapper

The cashier is not put to the necessity of crowding his counter space with a stock of various size wrappers. The Youmans Wrapper economizes his working space. The trouble which cashiers frequently experience in the use of coin wrappers through varying thicknesses of new and worn coins is obviated by the peculiar construction of this sheet. It takes care of old and worn coins the same as new ones. Other unique features are spaces on the wrapper for names of both bank and depositor.

The Youmans Coin Mailing Card is also unique. The manufacturers state that it is the only coin mailing card that holds from one cent to 99 cents in coins; also that it is the only device of the kind in which the coins can neither be seen nor felt.

Desbarats Newspaper Directory for 1908-9.

The Desbarats Newspaper Directory for 1908-9 has just been issued by the Desbarats Advertising Agency of Montreal. The object of this publication is to give advertisers generally all the facts in connection with the different publications of the Dominion. This includes a full description of each newspaper, with reference to its history, its circulation, its object, its home and its readers. A sketch of each town is given also a complete list of industries. The compilation of this list has no doubt involved an enormous amount of work, but its value from an advertiser's point of view is very great, as it indicates the quality of the readers and gives an idea of the amount of money expended in wages in each place. Of the Desbarats Advertising Agency it can be said that no agency stands higher in the estimation of publishers generally and advertisers who have availed themselves of their services. Though the Desbarats Directory is priced at \$5, we are informed that it will be sent to any firm of good standing interested in advertising for 35 cents to cover cost of postage, etc.

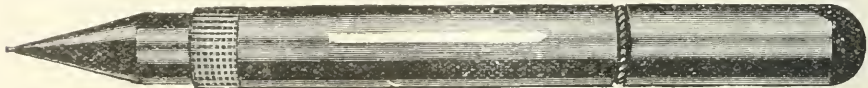
The Compressed Air Typewriter.

A novelty recently shown at the Berlin exhibition of inventions was the compressed air typewriter, which is without springs and levers to wear out and break, and has 80 per cent. less parts than the ordinary lever machine. The horizontal type-wheel, with letters sliding radically outward, rotates constantly around a vertical shaft. Below the type-wheel, and rotating with it, is a vane, which has a channel taking air from the source of supply and branching to the diaphragm chamber inside the type-wheel. In its rotation the vanes pass around the inner periphery of a fixed ring which has openings connected by tubes to the keys. The air from the rotating vane normally passes through these openings and escapes from the keys, but when the finger covers the aperture in the key, the air is forced back into the tube, and the

pressure produced as the vane passes the closed tube pushes out the diaphragm, pressing the letter opposite against the paper on the platen. Only a touch of the finger is necessary, the air doing the work, printing the character in the 1-120th of a second. While the type-wheel is operating as usual, an automatic duplicating attachment can be made to perforate a paper pattern, and as this is passed over the keyboard the perforations cause the machine to reproduce the writing, any number of successive copies being possible. An electric or water motor gives compressed air for a few cents a day.

"Everreddy" Ink Pencil.

The "Everreddy" ink pencil is a time-saver. It writes as smoothly and has every convenience of a fountain pen. It can be carried in any



Everreddy Ink Pencil

position without the slightest danger of leaking. It holds a large supply of ink and preserves it in excellent condition for an indefinite period. The feeder of the "Everreddy" is made of platinum, the writing point of iridium (the hardest known metal), the latter being round never sticks in the paper and makes excellent carbon copies. Fuller particulars concerning this ink pencil will gladly be given by the R. O. Smith Co., Orillia.

The "Ventilated" Pen Holder.

The Cutter-Tower Company is placing on the market something new in penholders, it being styled the "Ventilated." This penholder being flexible adapts itself to every movement of the hand, preventing the fingers from becoming cramped. It is made of the best grade of hard rubber, furnished in plain black or in mottled brown shade finish and in different sizes, large, medium and small.

Automatic Folding Machines.

Circular letters, whether printed from printers' type or through some duplicating process, embody a large percentage of such business literature. In recent years particularly their growth has become simply phenomenal. Single business houses distribute hundreds of thousands, some millions.

On account of the exceedingly great growth of the small line of work coming under note, letter and legal sizes, which are used in some quantity by practically all business houses, a demand came for an automatic device that would practically eliminate hand folding and its troubles and cost.

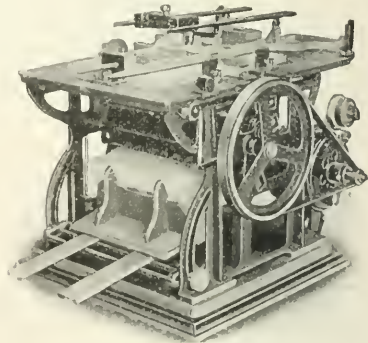
The A. B. Dick Company were one of the first firms to put an automatic folder on the market.

That there is a large and growing field for an automatic folder to fold the small line of

work is indisputable. It is fitting and quite natural that the first machine to do such work automatically should come through the inventive genius of the A. B. Dick Company, of Chicago and New York. Having for years manufactured and sold a line of machines for reduplicating circular letters that are sold the world over, and being the largest manufacturers in that line in the world, they very naturally saw the necessity for such a machine, as also having constant inquiries for such a device. The first machine offered to business houses was marketed by them, the field opened by them and it is to-day the largest seller by far, and enjoys a reputation that would be the pride of any manufacturer. They solved the problem, the business public is the beneficiary. It was accepted by business houses with great elat.

An investigation of the market for an automatic folder, showed the advisability of making two separate styles of machines. This would save complication in construction and simplify making necessary adjustments. It would enable one class of users to adopt one style, a second class to adopt another style, and a third class could adopt both styles. In two cases it would give a business man a simply constructed machine of smallest possible size, at the lowest possible cost, and where both styles were required, they would not cost any more than would a combination of the two. If two are in use, one operator usually can handle both, thereby saving help and labor, and do practically twice as much work as if he had only one machine in operation.

As time, labor and cost savers, they are unequalled. The speed is from eight to ten times



Dick Automatic Folder

as fast as experts can fold by hand. The sheets are fed automatically, folded singly and accurately, and stacked automatically as perfectly as they could be done by hand even where the greatest care is exercised.

These machines were made to make folds in common use throughout the country, which

IMPROVEMENTS IN OFFICE DEVICES

have come to be known as standard folds. They make a one-fold, two-folds, three-folds, a square or Colonial fold, and double parallel folds. They make these folds very ingeniously. The work seems almost human. The cost of automatic folding is exceedingly small as compared to hand folding, being only about one-tenth as great on an average.

The Owl Clip.

W. V. Dawson & Son, of Montreal, have the agency for Canada for the Owl clip, which they claim is an improvement on anything yet gotten out in the paper clip line. They are sending free samples to all enquirers mentioning *Busy Man's Magazine*, and this is perhaps the best way for one to really get acquainted with the excellencies of the clip.

Answers Phone Automatically.

J. F. Land, formerly with the Michigan Telephone Company, of Detroit, and an expert in this business, known throughout the country, has begun the manufacture of a device, which will answer the calls of telephones when the party called is out. It will repeat twice, to each call of the phone, any message the person expecting to be called desires to impart to it.

Mr. Land has incorporated his company as the American Annunciphone Company.

"There are many things about the annunciphone that commend it to the public," said Mr. Hopkins, president of the company. "See what a convenience it will be to the doctor. He leaves his office at times when there is nobody to answer the telephone. This phonograph arrangement is told the piece to speak and during his entire absence it answers the telephone. No matter how many calls, it tells when the doctor will be back, perhaps it tells where he is, if he wishes to impart that information."

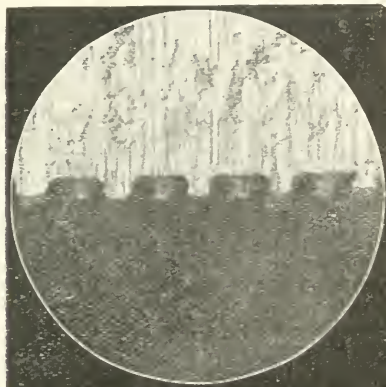
A New Engraving Process

The extreme care and accuracy required in the production of engravings for the type press has heretofore confined the major portion of the process to hand work. After ten years of experimenting, however, the Levy acid blast etching machine has been perfected, and the results obtained show a remarkable improvement over the hand-etched plates.

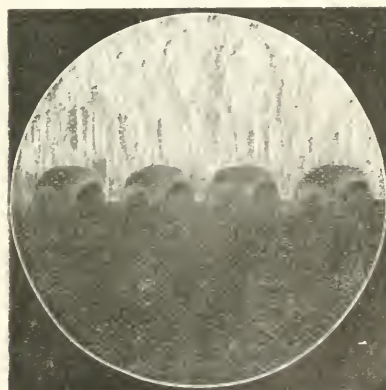
This machine etches by the sharp impact of hundreds of minute sprays of acid under high

pressure, producing a plate of great depth, splendid tone values, and unexcelled printing qualities.

A comparative idea of hand and machine-etched half-tones may be gathered from the accompanying plates, loaned by the Toronto Engraving Co., Ltd., who have the exclusive rights in the process so far granted in Canada.



Greatly magnified cross section of a half-tone plate, hand etched. Shallow, ragged, undercut dots are its obvious faults.



Cross section of a half-tone plate machine etched by the Levy acid blast process. Note the extreme depth, the strong conical shape, and the absence of under-cutting.

Humor in the Magazines

"What shall I play?" asked the organist of an absent-minded clergyman.

"What sort of a hand have you got?" was the unexpected reply.—Wasp.

"And the streets are paved with real gold, and there will be music and flowers, and everything will be beautiful!" finished the Sunday school teacher, who was telling her small charges of heaven. "And now tell me," she continued, "what kind of little boys and girls are going there?"

Nobody knew.

Then from one corner a small brown hand shot up.

"Yes, Samuel?" the teacher smiled.

"Please, teacher, dead ones!"—Everybody's.

"Had a case to-day in which two men claimed a rabbit."

"Well, judge, why didn't you divide it?"

"I don't split hares in my court."—Judge.

"Dancing's awfully easy," said a little girl who had recently gone to the class. "You just keep turning round and round, and wiping your feet on the floor."—Pearson's Weekly.

Two diners at a hotel were disputing as to what a pineapple really was. One of them insisted that it was a fruit, the other insisted that it was a vegetable. The friends determined to accept the decision of the waiter, who was called to the table.

"John," asked one of them, "how do you describe a pineapple? Is it a fruit, or is it a vegetable?"

"It's neither, gentlemen; a pineapple is always a hextra!" he replied.—Tit-Bits.

"Now," said the physician, "you will have to eat plain food and not stay out late at night."

"Yes," replied the patient, "that is what I have been thinking ever since you sent in your bill."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

The girl had been three weeks in the employ of an artistic family; but her time had been by no means wasted. Her mistress was giving her instructions as to the dinner.

"Don't forget the potatoes," enjoined the lady.

"No, ma'am," was the reply; "will you 'ave 'em in their jackets or in the nodd?"—Democratic Telegram.

Sister Ann—Did you get any marks at school ter-day, Bill?

Bill—Yus; but they're where they don't show.—The Sketch.

"Why is a pancake like the sun?"

"Because," said the Swede, "it rises out of der yeast and sets behind der vest."—Good Housekeeping.

"De real resourceful inan," said Uncle Eben, "when someone hands him a lemon is ready wif de sugar and other fixin's to make it tola-ble pleasant to take."—Washington Star.

"The late Bishop Potter once in his early days had occasion to officiate at a christening in a small fishing village on the Massachusetts coast," says a writer in the current issue of Harper's Weekly. "The proud father, a young fisherman, awkwardly holding his first-born daughter, was visibly embarrassed under the scrutiny of the many eyes in the congregation, and his nervousness was not decreased by the sudden wailing of the infant as they stood at the font.

"When the time for the baptism of the babe arrived, the bishop noticed that the father was holding the child so that its fat little legs pointed toward the font.

"Turn her this way," he whispered, but the father was too disconcerted to hear or understand.

"Turn her feet around," the bishop whispered again; but still there was no response. The situation was fast becoming critical, when an ancient mariner in the back of the church came to the rescue. Putting his weather-beaten hand to his mouth he roared across the room, 'Head her up to the wind, Jack!'"

A physiologist came upon a hard-working Irishman toiling, bareheaded, in the street.

"Don't you know," said the physiologist, "that to work in the hot sun without a hat is bad for your brains?"

"D'ye think," asked the Irishman, "that Oi'd be on this job if Oi had enny brains?"—Success.

Mr. Howard: Isn't it wonderful what force Niagara has?

Mrs. Talkmuch: Marvellous! Do you know when I first saw it for a full moment I couldn't speak.—Brooklyn Life.

Three Thousand a Year On a Stock of \$1,500

**A Young Montrealer Who is Succeeding in Turning
Over his Clothing Stock Fourteen Times a Year**

Working all day in a retail store "Riley" Hern, of Montreal, managed to make \$900 a year as a salesman. He was engaged in a Semi-ready tailoring store in that city. He was a good salesman, and understood his business.

Mr. Hern's right name is William Milton Hern, but everybody calls him "Riley"—just because.

Probably the best hockey player in Canada, "Riley" Hern has piloted six teams to championship honors in eight years. He has energy with some to spare.

A year ago Mr. Hern decided that the time had come to launch his own business craft, and for a time he looked about him for a location. He had the promise of an exclusive Semi-ready agency at any point where the company was not already represented.

He selected an unoccupied shopping district in the City of Montreal, and rented a neat store which was fully a block away from any store. It was, in fact, off the business streets altogether.

The store was fitted up with six Semi-ready wardrobes in quartered oak, and the cost of wardrobes, carpets, window fixtures and the tailor shop for finishing and altering just took half his capital.

He had an available capital of \$1,500 cash to begin with, and of this amount \$750 was expended in fixtures and store equipment.

He opened his store early in the month of May, 1908, with a stock of \$1,500 in his wardrobe, for which he had paid half cash.

Before the end of May he had transacted a business of \$1,000, and his gross profits were about \$275.

Every month showed an increase, until he has now reached an average of \$1,800 sales each month, or an estimated total business of \$21,600 yearly.

The store rental is very reasonable because of its location, which is on Dorchester Street, near the St. James Club.

Taking the rent of \$300 a year, clerical expense of \$900 a year, and inci-

dental expenses of \$300, there is a total expense of \$1,500 to be deducted from gross profits of about \$6,000.

Practically, Mr. Hern is turning over a stock of high-class clothes for men fourteen times each year. On a capital investment of \$1,500 he is making a net profit of over \$3,000 a year.

How does he do it?

The old-time clothier or custom tailor would be pleased if he "turned over" his stock three times a year. Very few of them do it. Naturally their expenses are higher in proportion, and they must charge larger profits.

Mr. Hern adopted a system outlined by the Semi-ready Company for another city. He equipped his store on the plans submitted. He supplemented his stock of semi-ready clothes by an active presentation of the Semi-ready Special Order samples. The company gave him a "complete tailor shop" in their Special Order outfit. They finish up all his orders in four days, as they do for all their agencies in Canada.

Is this an isolated case of Success?

Norman Brooke, who was with the Sun Life Insurance Company, started a business on the same lines at Point St. Charles. His stock in eight wardrobes did not cost him more than \$700, and his fixture account was about \$400. His first month's business was \$1,080. His second month totalled \$1,200. He believes that his net profit for the year will be just double his former salary as an insurance agent.

At the head offices of Semi-ready, Ltd., Montreal, they say that they can relate many similar instances of merchants who have started in business with their line and made money. A larger capital affords a larger measure of success, but big capital is not imperative. Mr. Hern's success is due in great part to the service and correctly tailored garments which he is able to offer his customers. "Semi-ready" clothes are highly thought of in the cities where correct dress is studied.

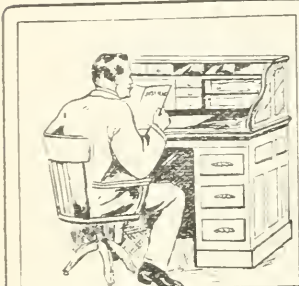
SEMI-READY, LIMITED, MONTREAL, CANADA

It is to your advantage to mention Busy Man's.

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on the
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and in the
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enjoys an extraordinary popularity. No need to explain why, especially if you have read this issue. Then, too, the magazine is getting bigger and better every month. It's a big \$2 worth.

You know in your own locality several who would gladly subscribe for Busy Man's if they knew its merits. You can earn good money by taking their orders. Our proposition will make the work profitable to you.

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“CEETEE” UNDERWEAR

The Underclothing that Everybody Likes

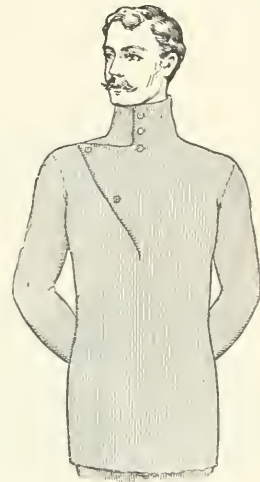
Because “Ceetee” Underclothing is made from fully combed and thoroughly scoured imported yarns (spun from Australian wool)—thus removing all the short fibres and foreign particles that cause that irritating and tickling sensation so frequent in ordinary underwear. Only the long, soft, full length fibres, which give the greatest strength and elasticity to the garment, with the lightest possible weight, are used. Made of wool, and silk and wool.

We manufacture it in all styles for men, women and children, and want you to ask your dealer to show you “Ceetee” Underclothing. It is fully guaranteed by us.

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Limited
Galt, - Ontario

Established
1859

1189



Men's Knitted Derby Coat.

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If you engage in any of the enjoyable winter sports, you will need Jaeger Pure Wool Wear.

Because Jaeger Pure Wool conserves the natural warmth of the body, prevents the cold from penetrating, hardens the system and at the same time gives ease of movement and adequate ventilation to the body.

For these reasons it is the most healthful and comfortable wear for all Winter Sports, Curling, Snow-Shoeing, Tobogganning, etc. Each article is made of the best pure wool procurable in the best manner possible. That is why Jaeger Wear is so durable and economical.

Knitted Norfolk Jackets for ladies, in	
white, navy, crimson, from	- - \$5 00
Coat Sweaters, for men, from	- - 5 00
Ordinary Sweaters, from	- - 2 00
Knitted Derby Coats, as illustrated, in	
white, grey, crimson, and Lovat	
Heather shades, -	- \$5 50 and \$6 50

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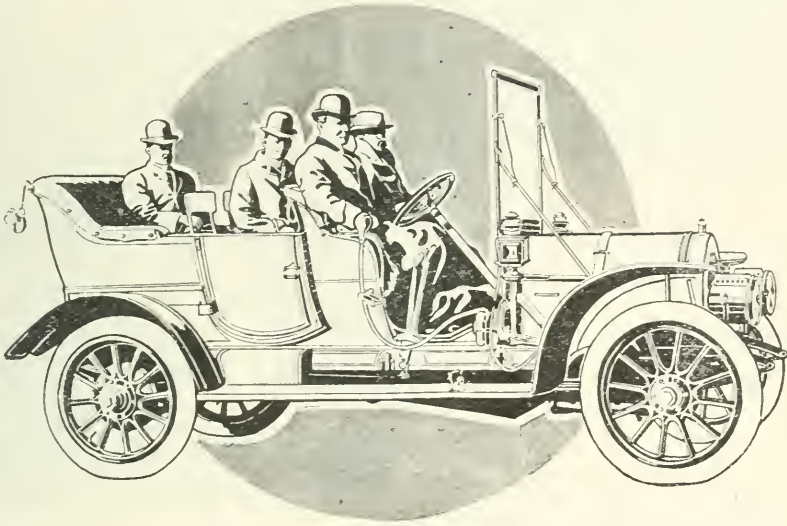
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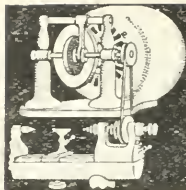
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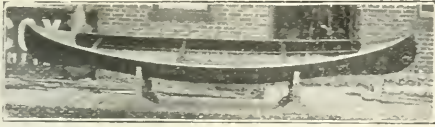
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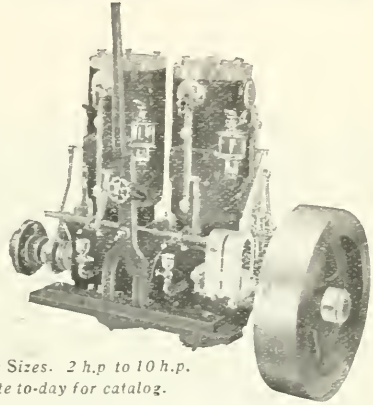
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Canadian National Art Gallery Series, No. 3

"Lamplight," by F. P. Brownell, R.C.A.

Photo by Topley

Engraving by Toronto Engraving Co.

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XVII

MARCH 1909

NO 5

Revolutionizing an Industry

By G. B. VAN BLARICOM.

BORN in a blacksmith shop in a small village in 1847, to-day the biggest industrial concern in Canada, with one-quarter of its annual profits given to educational, charitable and religious causes.

Starting with a meagre investment; now capitalized at twelve million dollars, the greatest corporation in its line under the British flag, encircling the globe with warehouses, factories and representatives.

The second largest industry of its character in the world, backed by the strongest selling force and the finest system of organization.

Employing an army of 3,500 mechanics, and about 7,500 persons in all, with an annual wage bill running into the millions.

The first Canadian institution to launch a mower and also a reaper in the Dominion, and the first to place a self-binder on the home and foreign market.

The pioneer in extending the export trade of a colony to practically all grain growing countries on earth, and more widely known a dozen years ago than the land, which produced the men who gave to the great enterprise its birth.

What a wonderful narrative! Can imagination picture a more spectacular or facile pen treat of a more thrilling theme than the news story of the development and expansion of the Massey-Harris Company, with headquarters in Toronto and branch offices, working forces and emporiums in every cereal centre of two hemispheres.

With immense factories in Toronto, Brantford and Woodstock, wherein thousands of artisans earn their daily bread, the enlargement has been so vast that the company, which is a close corporation, has recently found it necessary to increase its paid-up capital by four million dollars.

But the past is only an index of what the future has in store. At very heavy expense the company maintains a designing department where between thirty and forty of the highest skilled specialists obtainable are employed, solely to work out new ideas and practical inventions that have both time and labor-saving features.

It is a long road from the first reaper ever turned out, away back in 1852, by the late Hart A. Massey, in the Village of Newcastle, Ontario, to the eight-foot self-binder which cuts

and binds the golden grain on thousands of Canadian farms.

What miracles the self-binder has wrought! It does the work of four or five men and does it more rapidly and effectively, for, in the days of the old reaping machine, it required that many hands alone to bind the straw. In warmer climes the stripper of the Massey-Harris Company accomplishes even greater wonders and performs the labor of a dozen or more helpers at one operation. The stripper, which may be found by thousands on the broad acres of Argentina, Africa and Australia, pulls the heads off the grain, threshes, cleans, separates and bags it by one continuous process. In hot, dry countries straw is left on the field and burned or plowed under, it being of little or no use owing to the absence of winters. In more northern lands grain does not ripen so fast and a binder has to be used instead of a stripper. If grain were not bound in sheaves and stooked there is so much moisture in the berry that it would sweat and mustiness result.

The rush of the masses to the great cities and the consequent scarcity of help and high wages have driven many a tiller of the soil to the verge of distraction, and agricultural implements with their many labor-saving devices have played no unimportant part in the progress and uplift of the world. Other instances of the amazing advancement of the times, outside of the mower, the reaper, the binder and the stripper, are the disc seed drill, the corn binder, the hay loader, the manure spreader, etc. Thus, farming has been robbed of its monotony and drudgery, and nowhere in the limitless field of mechanical endeavor has man witnessed greater strides than in the line of agricultural equipment.

To-day we read columns about and witness the manifold wonders and triumphs of the telephone, the electric light, the phonograph, the automobile, X-rays, the kinetoscope, wireless telegraphy and the aeroplane. This is because most of us live in the congested centres, and these things

brought to our very doors, are so familiar that they cease to excite more than passing interest. We accept them as part of the manifestation of creative genius—the fruit of civilization—but, if we had placed before our eyes a farm and the means of cultivation, harvesting and threshing—say half a century ago—and another farm where present-day methods are in full operation, how striking would be the contrast. A little over fifty years ago the drag improvised from the limb of a tree, the plow with the wooden beam and mold board, the threshing flail, the sickle, the scythe, the heavy cradle and other primitive instruments. To-day the disc harrow, the seeder, the self-binder, the hay loader, the corn harvester, the manure spreader, the self-dumping rake, the steam plow, the steam thresher, and countless other conveniences of which our forebears never dreamed.

Who will say that agricultural machinery has not been the most civilizing as well as the most merciful agent and potent influence in the amelioration of rural conditions. Who can foretell the future and predict, within the next generation, what will be the outcome in comfort, rapidity, economy and ease. Neither man nor horse is any longer the sweating, suffering, plodding and cramped creature of circumstance. Scan the horizon, give the imagination full play and eye cannot picture nor mind conceive the almost infinite possibilities. Necessity, comparison, intellect and industry have brought forth present-day marvels and evolution will reveal even greater evidences of achievement in days to come. If the farmers of to-day were supplied with no better or more suitable implements than were available thirty-five years ago, it would scarcely be going too far to say that profitable farming would not be practical.

The company foremost in giving effect to the changed conditions in Canada as well as in nearly all the other grain growing countries of the world is the Massey-Harris organiza-

REVOLUTIONIZING AN INDUSTRY.

tion. What the departmental store is to modern merchandizing in the great crowded centres, so has this company been the leader throughout the British Empire to minister to the varied needs of the farmer and furnish him with

outgrew the accommodation and facilities afforded by the little village on Lake Ontario and the plant was removed to Toronto, the buildings being erected on what was then a portion of the old Exhibition Grounds.



The Late Hart A. Massey

Founder of the Massey Manufacturing Company

everything required in the nature of mechanical equipment for the tillage of the soil and the garnering of its wealth.

It was in 1879 that the implement business of the late Hart A. Massey

Two years later the Toronto Reaper & Mower Company was bought. Encouraged by the success of the Massey firm, manufacturing concerns of a like character had sprung up in all parts of Ontario. The competition

was keen and operating expenses heavy. Leading rivals were the A. Harris, Son & Company, of Brantford, the Patterson Brothers Company, of Patterson, near Richmond Hill (later removed to Woodstock), and

of goods. The overhead expenses were enormous, the market limited and the same territory covered. Opposition was carried to extremes and the cost largely came out of the pocket of the farmer. Finally, it began to



Chester D. Massey

Honorary President of the Massey-Harris Company

the J. O. Wisner, Son & Company, of Brantford.

In nearly every town, big and little, these firms had their own special agents and warerooms, beside general agents and traveling superintendents, all selling practically the same class

dawn upon the directors of these industries that cut-throat competition was both senseless and extravagant, and that the outlay for maintaining agents and warerooms in small villages and towns, where only a comparatively few reapers and mowers

could be sold each year, was sheer folly. Why could not one selling force do the work as well and the expense of production and disposal of the output be attended to as efficiently and satisfactorily, and with much greater economy to manufacturer and consumer, by a large joint organization. The operations of the companies could thereby be extended and more lines placed on the market. The stockholders of the rival bodies got together and this is the story of how and why four big companies amalgamated in the fall of 1891, and the Massey-Harris Company, Limited, was incorporated with a capital stock of five million dollars. The Massey Company, the Harris Company and the Patterson Company manufactured principally harvesting machinery, and the Wisner Company, harrows, seeders, cultivators, etc., so that with the fusion of the quartette the range of output was widened and activities broadened.

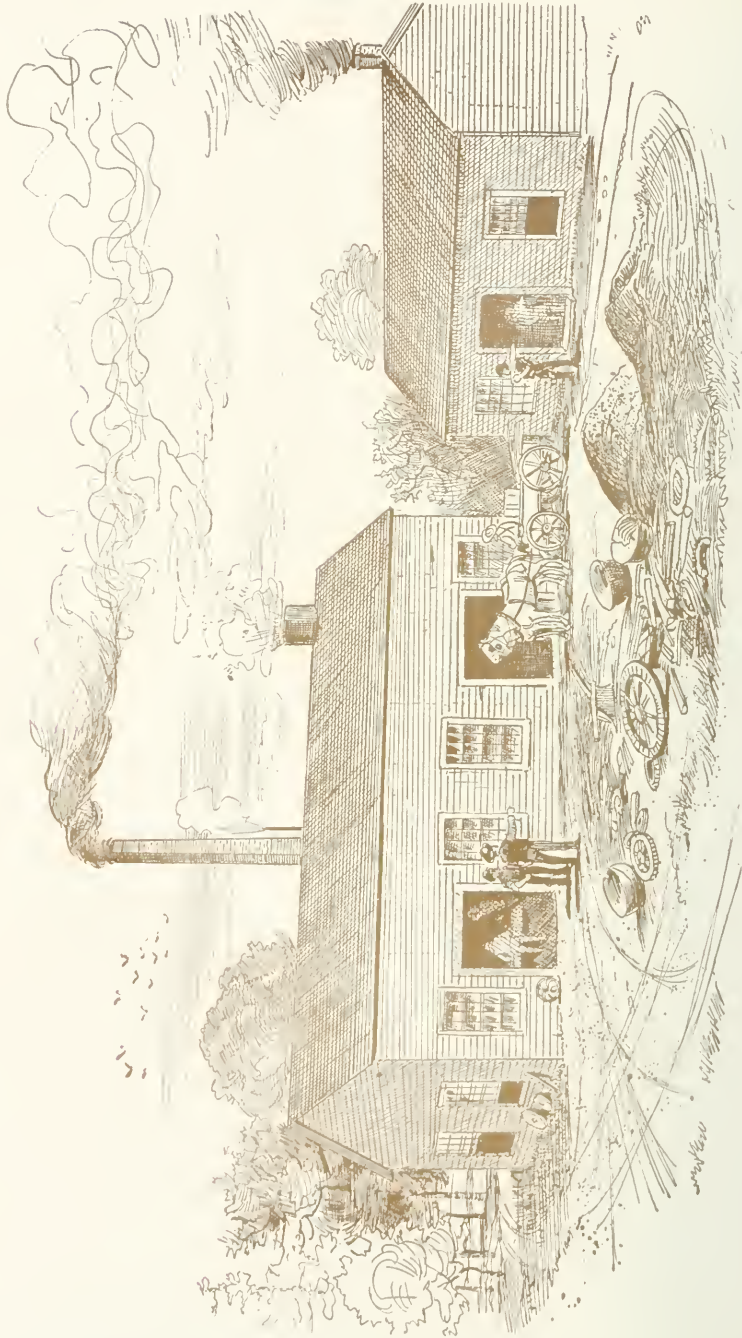
Another unforeseen difficulty, however, soon loomed up. Farming machinery has always been sold by the makers on consignment or a commission basis, and it was found that where there was a live, energetic agent in a town for agricultural implements, other concerns began to encroach and reap the benefit of the selling plan and organization of the farm machinery manufacturers. A good, reliable, aggressive implement representative opened the way, and proved to be an easy mark for the plow, the wagon and the cream separator makers, and other producers of farm conveniences. They would approach a Massey-Harris man and tell him that in his warerooms he had abundant space and time to handle more lines on which he could make a fat profit, and still not neglect his other interests. These firms sold for cash. The implement man saw the alluring prospect of the proposition, and was induced to lay in a stock of their goods to the detriment of the company who had discovered and appointed the agent.

The Massey-Harris people saw that they would still have to enlarge their operations to put a check on this practice by removing the source of temptation to their agents to handle side lines. They then and there determined to go into the farm departmental business—furnishing wagons, plows and everything else required. The Bain Wagon Company, one of the largest firms in the vehicular trade, was located at Brantford and the company acquired stock in this industry. Stock was also secured in the Verity Plow Works, of Exeter, as well as the selling rights of the entire output of both these concerns, and for some years Massey-Harris agencies in different parts of Canada and foreign countries have sold plows, wagons, cream separators, practically every article needed on a farm. Thus another obstacle was removed from the pathway of the great company. In the reorganization of its interests the Massey-Harris Company removed the Verity Plow Works from Exeter and installed the plant in the buildings of the Wisner Company, in Brantford, and later into a large, new, thoroughly up-to-date factory, while the Bain Wagon Company was transferred to Woodstock from Brantford and the machinery placed in the factory occupied by the Patterson Brothers Company. The Harris Company Works were continued and largely extended in Brantford, as were the Massey Works in Toronto by the newly-formed company.

The foreign trade of the Dominion has been given its greatest impetus by the Massey-Harris Company interests, who were the first to place a binder manufactured in Canada, in South Africa, Argentina, Russia, Australia, France, Great Britain, Germany, New Zealand and every other grain-growing land, except the United States. In great field competitions with all other makes in the world, the Massey-Harris machine carried off premier honors. The export business of the firm alone now amounts to about fifty per cent of the total an-

nual turnover. Ten or twelve years ago Canada was not attracting the at- boundless West were practically unknown, and the Dominion had not

The Birthplace of the Massey Works



Blacksmith Shop in Newcastle, Ontario, where the Industry was Started by Hart A. Massey in 1847

attention of the world that it is to-day. Immigration was slow, the rich resources and wonderful wealth of the

reached the status of a nation. In distant climes, people who had literally never heard of us, read on the

The Massey Works of To-day



The Massey Factory was Removed from Newcastle to Toronto in 1879. To-day the Large New Warehouse on the left Covers More Area than the Entire Works did Thirty Years Ago. Extensions have been Built until the Ground Occupied is now Some 17 Acres in Extent



The Birthplace of the Harris Works

Small Foundry in Beamsville where Alanson Harris began Manufacturing Plows in 1857

world-renowned machines, "Made in Canada." Their eyes were opened, the campaign of education spread and thousands of inquiries poured in relative to the agricultural possibilities and potentialities of this comparatively new land.

The business of making harvest machinery was begun by the late Hart A. Massey when he was only twenty-four years old, and continued under the name of the Massey Agricultural Works until 1870, when the Massey Manufacturing Company was formed. In 1879 the factory was brought from Newcastle to Toronto, and placed on the site of the present Massey-Harris Company's extensive pile of buildings. Until the formation of the Massey-Harris Company the business was conducted by Hart A. Massey and his three sons, Charles A., Chester D. and Walter E. H. Massey. In 1870 Charles A. Massey became Vice-President and General Manager of the company, his father having to retire temporarily owing to ill-health. Charles A. Massey died in February,

1884, and the active management of the business reverted to the father, Hart A. Massey, who was President and General Manager to the time of the formation of the Massey-Harris Company. Chester D. Massey was Treasurer, and Walter E. H. Massey, Secretary. The Massey-Harris Company, capitalized at \$5,000,000, with head offices in Toronto, was incorporated in 1891. The first directors were: President, Hart A. Massey; Vice-President, J. Kerr Osborne; General Manager, Hon. L. Melvin-Jones; Assistant General Manager, Walter E. H. Massey; Treasurer, Chester D. Massey, and Secretary, J. N. Shenstone. The officers remained the same until 1896, when the death of the President, Hart A. Massey, made a reorganization necessary. Walter E. H. Massey then became President, the rest of the officers retaining their former positions. In October, 1901, the company and the community sustained a great loss in the death of Walter E. H. Massey, Chester D. Massey taking the Presi-

The Harris Works of To-day

REVOLUTIONIZING AN INDUSTRY



The Large Factory in Brantford of the Massey-Harris Company

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

dency. After holding this for one year he became Honorary President, and Hon. L. Melvin-Jones was made President and General Manager. The present officers are: Honorary President, Chester D. Massey; President and General Manager, Hon. L. Melvin-Jones; Vice-President, J. Kerr Osborne; Secretary, J. H. Housser;

son Harris. The business was removed to Brantford in 1872, Mr. Harris' eldest son, John Harris, a man of splendid character and ability, becoming actively connected with the firm, and until his death he was the practical, active manager. There were associated with these two gentlemen in the building up of the industry, J.



Hon. Lyman Melvin Jones

President and General Manager of the Massey Harris Company

Treasurer, J. N. Shenstone; Assistant General Manager, Thomas Findley, and General Superintendent, R. H. Verity.

Of the four amalgamating companies it is interesting to refer briefly to the history of the other three. The A. Harris, Son & Company was established at Beamsville in 1857, by Man-

Kerr Osborne, L. Melvin-Jones, J. H. Housser and J. N. Shenstone, all four being prominently connected with the Massey-Harris Co. to-day. The Patterson Bros. Co. was established at Patterson, near Richmond Hill, in 1853. The founder was Peter Patterson, who was an energetic and public-spirited man. He was successively

Present Officers of the Company



J. N. Shenstone
Treasurer



James Kerr Osborne
Vice-President



J. H. Houser
Secretary



Thomas Findley
Assistant General Manager

Reeve of Vaughan Township, Warden of the County of York, and for twelve years member for West York in the Ontario Legislature. Mr. Patterson died in July, 1902. The business was removed to Woodstock in 1887, and was conducted in that city until the formation of the Massey-Harris Co., by Peter Patterson and his two sons, J. D. and A. S. Patterson. The latter has become one of the greatest sales managers in the implement business, and is now general manager of the company in Australia.



R. H. Verity
General Superintendent

The J. O. Wisner, Son & Co. started business in Brantford in 1857. The founder was the late Jesse O. Wisner, and the active manager was his son, Wareham S. Wisner, who held the position until the absorption of the business by the Massey-Harris interests. W. S. Wisner is still an authority on tillage and seeding machines, and is attached to the big company to-day in an advisory capacity.

The commander of this gigantic industrial corporation is Hon. Lyman Melvin-Jones. As chief executive

officer of the largest company in its particular line in the British Empire, he is one of Canada's greatest captains of industry and stands foremost in the development of the agricultural implement trade to its present practically unequalled position among the manufacturing concerns of the Dominion. Mr. Jones knows the farm machinery business in every department from the practical end, as the numerous records in the patent office in Ottawa attest, to the most successful and effective methods of manufacturing and marketing. His greatest invention is, perhaps, the open end binder which enables a machine to cut any length of straw. Mr. Jones was more intent and enthusiastic upon the success of the open end binder than he was in the pursuit of money. It is generally conceded that had he applied for a patent then and there, it would have made of him a millionaire many times, for makers all over the world at once appropriated the principle.

As a youth he entered the service of the Harris Co., Brantford, in 1873, and was among the first traveling implement salesmen in Ontario. After a few months on the road he went into the shop and learned the practical end of the business. Within four years, so satisfactory was his progress he was admitted as a partner, and in 1879 went to Winnipeg to manage the Western trade of his company. He remained in the Prairie City ten years, and served the citizens as alderman, then as Mayor for two years. The first time he ran for the Mayoralty he was elected by a majority of one vote. His opponent demanded a recount which was held before the court and the presiding judge declared Mr. Jones a victor by a single ballot.

"Are you perfectly sure that I enjoy the confidence of the ratepayers to the extent of having a clear majority?" inquired Mr. Jones.

"No, I am not absolutely certain," responded the judge, "but I believe the intention of the voter in the disputed ballot was to mark it in your

Some Founders of the Allied Companies



Alanson Harris

Founder of the Large Industry of
A. Harris, Son & Co.



The Late John Harris

General Manager of the Harris
Company



The Late Peter Patterson

Founder of the Big Business of
Patterson Bros. Co.



Wareham S. Wisner

The Moving Spirit in the Firm of
J. O. Wisner, Son & Co.

favor, and that is the reason I declare you elected."

"Well, I will not accept the seat," asserted Mr. Jones, "unless I have a majority that is beyond a doubt." He resigned and so enthusiastic were the citizens over his firm, manly stand that a few days after he was returned to the office of Chief Magistrate by acclamation.

He is probably the only Canadian Mayor who ever fined a citizen for violating a city by-law and then turned around and paid the fine himself—certainly a unique position for the head of a civic corporation like Winnipeg.

Back in the early eighties it was a common practice to see men sawing wood on the street. A by-law decreed that it should not be done, but there being no back yards where was the average resident going to do it? One day an offending citizen was summoned by the police for a violation of the by-law. Mayor Jones presided in the Police Court that morning, and when the defendant pleaded guilty, the acting magistrate, for the purpose of setting an example to other probable offenders, taxed him a dollar and costs and gave the fellow a week to pay. Before the time had expired the Mayor has gone down in his own pocket and settled with the city. After that the police were allowed to connive at the practice of sawing wood as it was felt by His Worship that to enforce such a rigid regulation would prove a hardship when there were few, if any, private or back yards.

In 1888, Mr. Jones was elected a member of the Manitoba Legislature for Shoal Lake, and entering the Cabinet of the late Hon. Thomas Greenway, was made Provincial Treasurer. Owing to the sudden death in 1889 of John Harris, General Manager of the Harris Co., he resigned his portfolio and returned to Brantford to succeed him. On the formation of the Massey-Harris Company in 1901 he was elected a director and appointed General Manager, which post he held until 1903, when he was made

President and General Manager. He is also President of the Bain Wagon Company, and a director of the Verity Plow Works, the Canadian Bank of Commerce, the Nova Scotia Steel & Iron Co., and the Canada Cycle & Motor Co.

In 1901 he was appointed to the Senate, and, being a recognized authority on the manufacturing and financial interests of the Dominion, is one of the most useful and solid members of the Upper House.

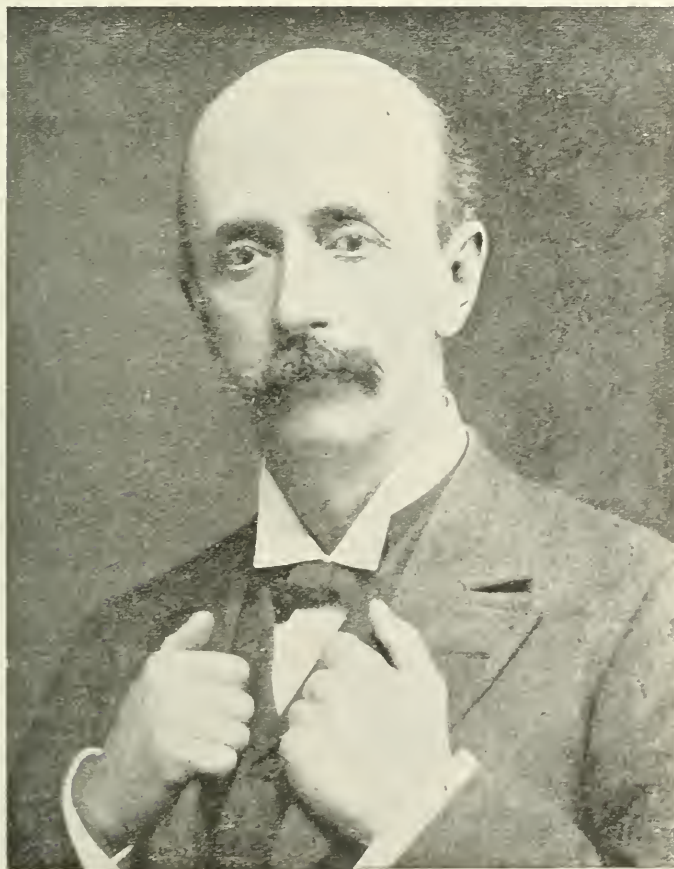
It is not generally known, because the fact has never been proclaimed from the hill tops, that the earnings on all holdings of Hart A. Massey in the company are devoted to educational, charitable and religious purposes in accordance with the stipulation of his will. This sum, together with the givings of some of the large shareholders, means that the entire earnings on fully one-quarter to one-third of the entire stock of this immense organization go each year to help the sick, the suffering and the distressed, and to extend the usefulness, equipment and scope of leading institutions of learning.

The expansion of the Massey-Harris interests, the evolution in agricultural equipment, and the happy results brought about all over Canada, are indeed creditable in the development of a great and strong movement. The outcome is that Canadians have farm implements to-day equal to any in the world, cheaper in price and more varied in character and capabilities. All this, taken into consideration with the fertile soil of the Dominion, especially that of the Canadian West, the salubrity and invigorating character of our climate, the splendid yield per acre, the faith, courage and self-reliance of our people, and our ever-extending transportation facilities, places Canada to-day in an enviable position, and of the many classes, who go to make up the country's citizenship, none is to be more envied than the progressive and wide-awake farmer living in the dawn of the twentieth century.



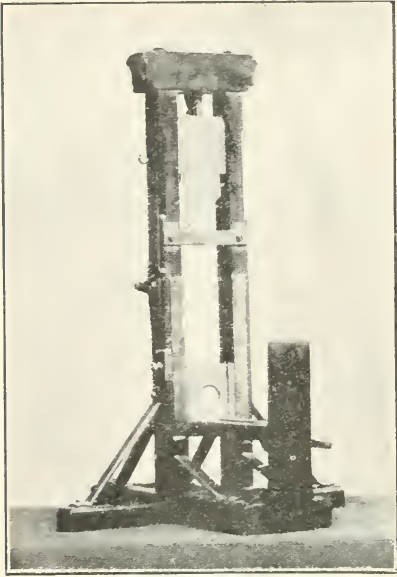
MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

By R. P. CHESTER



His Excellency Earl Grey

In retiring from the post of Governor-General of the Dominion this year, Earl Grey will follow the precedent established by all his predecessors, with the exception of Lord Dufferin and Lord Minto, of only holding office for five of the six years of his appointment.



The Guillotine
As it has been Revived in France

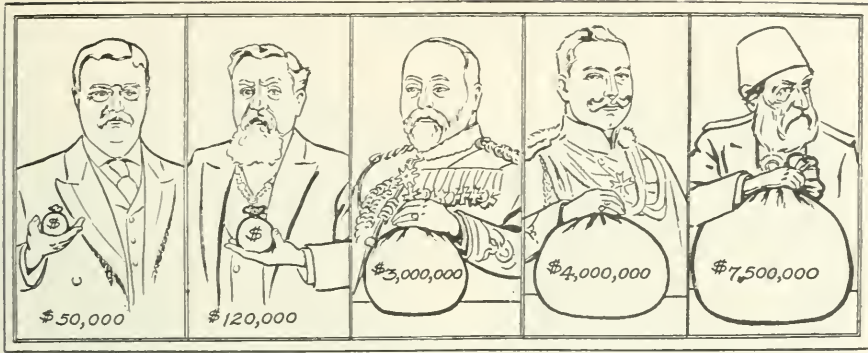
The famous French guillotine, or "the widow," as it is familiarly referred to, has been re-erected at Bethune, in the North of France, and on the first day of its restoration as an instrument of the law four criminals were beheaded in the presence of 30,000 people. For a good many years now the guillotine had been disused, not from any lack of work, but because President Fallieres loves to pardon those condemned to capital punishment, and his Prime Minister, M. Clemenceau, does not believe in carrying out the death sentence. When he was editor-in-chief of the *Aurore*, a newspaper founded in the interests of the unfortunate Captain Dreyfus, M. Clemenceau wrote many articles against the death penalty; but murders increased, the most revolting criminals had their death sentences commuted, the people became alarmed, the law courts protested, the Chamber of Deputies took the same view, and the hands of President and Premier were forced. Hence we see "the widow," as the guillotine is called, again brought out of its hiding place, and it is likely to be kept busy

for some time. M. Deibler, the headsman, who corresponds to the hangman in England, did not desert "the widow" even in her darkest hour. He kept her joints well oiled, for he knew that the time would come when she would again be called to the protection of the body politic. The calling of headsman is hereditary in the Deibler family. Five generations of Deiblers have profited by it. The present follower of this sanguinary calling receives a salary from the State of £1,000, and a perquisite of £4 for every head he cuts off. Besides a residence in town he has a pretty villa hard by the suburb of Vincennes. M. Deibler has a high forehead which might be described as intellectual if his face were not so heavy; his mild blue eyes are far from being as ferocious as one would expect in a man of his calling. He keeps at his own expense four assistants, but he himself looks after the most minute details, even to the placing of the basket.

Great praise has been bestowed and rightly so, on the men who operated the wireless service on board the ill-fated steamer *Republic* and the vari-



An Auxiliary to the Wireless
The Electric Bell, Fixed on a Vessel Below
Water, Which Gives the Position
of the Ship



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES.

KING EDWARD.

EMPEROR WILLIAM.

ABDÜL-HAMID.

THE EFFECT OF THE ABSENCE OF A WAGE SCALE.

Salaries of the Nations' Heads

ous liners which gathered to her assistance. But in addition to the wireless system of communication, there was another device, without which the telegraphic communication might have been practically useless. The electric bell, illustrated on this page, was brought into requisition, when the wireless had brought the assisting vessels as close as possible. This bell, fixed below the water, sent out the signal sound-waves, which guided the on-coming ships straight through the fog to the ship in distress. Without this bell, the time of finding the damaged vessel might have been prolonged disastrously.

The accompanying comparative picture of the salaries of what might not inaptly be termed the general managers of five of the great nations of the world, has a certain interest for Canadians, in view of the fact that our own Governor-General does not receive an income commensurate with his position. It seems as if in democratic countries, the tendency is to pay the lowest possible salary to the chief executive and yet expect him to present a brave front to the world. In the United States they are now agitating for an increase of the Presidential salary by at least one hundred per cent. Our own Governor-General is paid \$50,000, and with that sum is expected to entertain lavishly and in every way maintain the dignity of his

position. To illustrate the calls upon him, reference need only be made to a ball given in Toronto by one of Earl Grey's predecessors which is reputed to have cost him \$12,500, or one-fourth of his annual salary.

If the average man were asked to name a typical British naval officer,



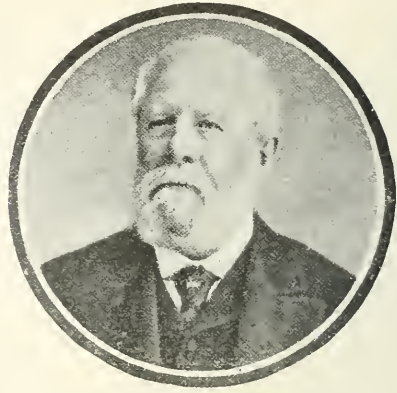
Bulldog Beresford with a Beresford Bulldog

Portrait Study of Lord Charles Beresford who is Resigning the Command of the Channel Fleet

Two Notable English Obituaries



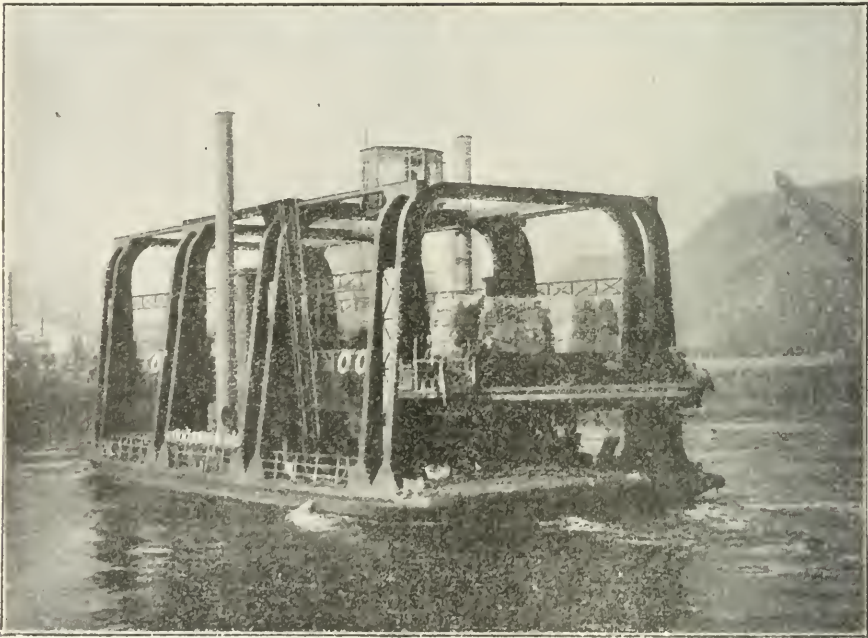
The Late Arthur a' Becket
Distinguished Author and Journalist



The Late Lord Amherst of Hackney
The Eminent Collector

the chances are that "Beresford" would be the unanimous reply. And now comes news that this veteran sailor is to resign the command of the Channel Fleet, which will hereafter form a part of the main fleet under the

supreme command of Vice-Admiral Sir Wm. H. May. It is not so long ago that Lord Charles Beresford, who is a great fancier of bulldogs, as might naturally be expected, presented each battleship of his fleet with a



A New Style of Ferry Boat

This Odd Craft, which is in Commission on Glasgow Harbor, has an Elevator Deck

MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

fighting sample of his favorite canine, sired by the famous "Dick Stone," whose value is more than £1,000.

Two notable Englishmen passed away last month, both of whom occupied distinguished positions in the world of letters, one as a creator and the other as a preserver of literature. Mr. Arthur William a Becket wrote for many English periodicals, notably

for him and he died virtually of a broken heart.

A novelty in a ferry steamer is shown in the illustration. Its distinguishing feature is the floor which can be raised or lowered to suit the tide. Usually in such cases it is necessary to raise or lower the landing stage, thereby consuming time, but with this arrangement the floor of the ferry is



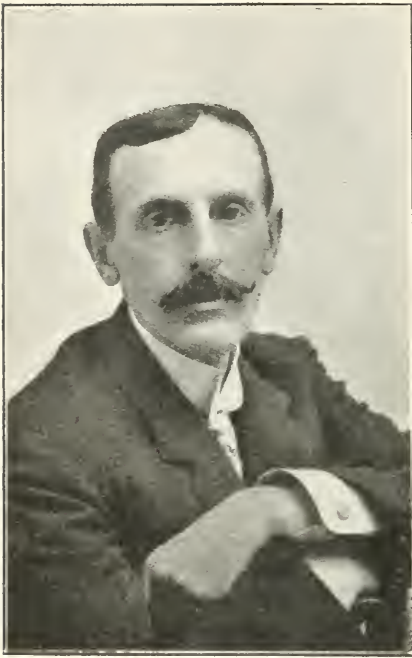
Dr. Sven Hedin

The Famous Explorer who is Finding out the Mysteries of Central Asia

Punch, though he began his career as a lawyer. Lord Amherst, of Hackney, was a great collector of books and amassed a very valuable collection of examples of the printing art. Owing to financial losses, he was compelled a few months ago to sell his wonderful collection at auction. The parting from his treasures proved too much

adjusted to the proper height before the boat comes to the stage. It is in operation in Glasgow harbor, Scotland.

Dr. Sven Hedin is probably the most conspicuous explorer of the present day. He is a Swede by birth, and first came into prominence in 1890,



Marc Klaw

The Man to Whom Practically Every Theatre-Goer in America Pays Toll

when he struggled to the summit of a hitherto unscaled volcanic peak in Persia. He began his work in Central

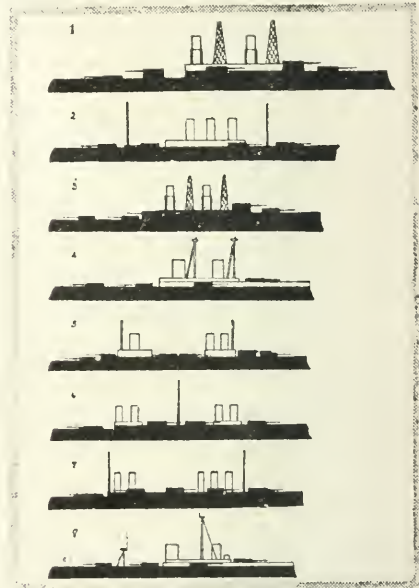


William D. Scott

Canada's Superintendent of Immigration

Asia in 1893, and has devoted his life since then to investigating the mysteries, both scientific and social, of that unknown region. He travels alone, not sharing his exploits with any companion of equal social rank. During his fifteen years of exploration he has amassed an immense amount of valuable scientific information, in the fields of zoology, botany, geology, morphology, topography and geography.

The theatrical trust of America is the firm of Klaw & Erlanger, and the



Comparative Sizes of the World's Dreadnoughts

1, U.S. Wyoming; 2, New Japanese; 3, U.S. Delaware; 4, H.M.S. St. Vincent; 5, German Ersatz-Beowulf; 6, Italian Dante Alighieri; 7, French Danton; 8, H.M.S. Dreadnought

head of that firm is Marc Klaw, whose portrait appears on this page. This firm controls pretty nearly all the theatrical business on this side of the Atlantic, there being very few "stars" who keep up a fight against the trust for any length of time. It may not be generally known that a percentage of the money paid by every visitor to a trust theatre goes to Klaw & Erlanger. That means that no matter how small an audience may be, the trust gets something out of it.

A 20th Century and an 18th Century Swiss



Dr. Deuchar

The New President of the Swiss Republic



Gen. Sir Frederick Haldimand

Governor of Quebec from 1778 to 1784

The great fighting machine, H.M.S. Dreadnought, of which we Britishers are so fond of boasting, has been long since outclassed in size and strength, as the accompanying diagram shows. With the completion of the Neptune, the British will have a group of eight homogeneous ships. The Germans have eight vessels in hand of one type, but of displacements rising from 17,000 to 19,000 tons. The eight American Dreadnoughts represent three different types, culminating in the monsters Oklahoma and Wyoming, of 26,500 tons apiece. The Japanese ships are 22,000 tons, and three of them are now building.

The Swiss President has probably the least power of any executive head in the world, owing to the fact that Switzerland, the mother of republics, has the most democratic constitution in the world. The President is elected annually and has no more power than his one vote in the executive gives him. He is really the head of the State only in name, for all power is vested in the Parliament. His salary is about three thousand dollars a year.

Canadians have an interest in the Swiss, from the fact that a large number of our best citizens are of Swiss birth or descent. Probably the most famous Swiss-Canadian was General Sir Frederick Haldimand, who was



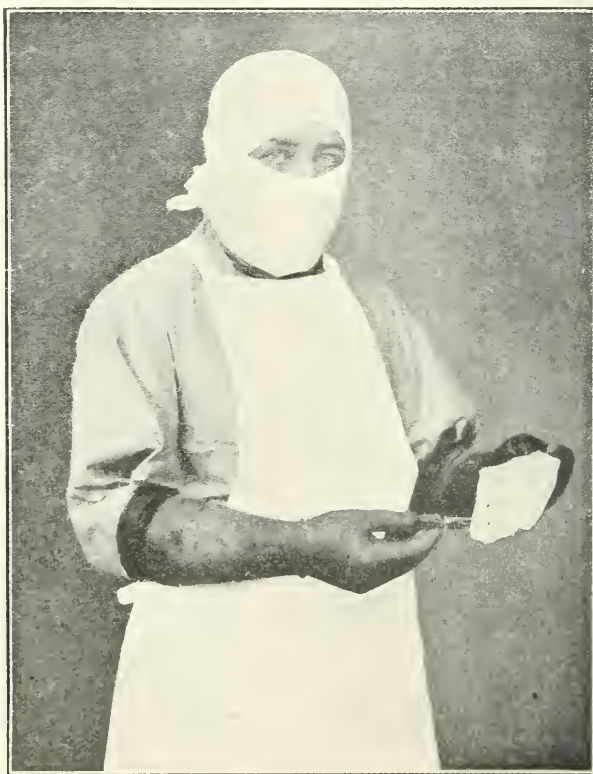
The "Empire" Clock

This Clock Gives the Correct Time all Over the World and the Difference Between the Times of all Places on the Earth's Surface

one of the first Governors of Canada, holding the position of Governor of Quebec from June, 1778, to November, 1784. A number of his relatives still live in Quebec.

The Richard Chronosphere, or more popularly the Empire Clock, is an invention of an Englishman, resident in Woodstock, England. For two

hours and sub-divisions engraved on it. The meridians of longitude are 15 deg. apart. Any meridian being adjusted to its own mean time, all the other meridians denote their own mean time, and each meridian will continue to do this correctly the whole of the twenty-four hours. His Majesty, the King, has expressed himself



Guarding Against Septic Poisoning

The Elaborate Sterilized Operating-Dress of the Modern Surgeon

years the inventor has been at work on the device. Its principal intention is to enable the time to be told at any moment in any part of the globe. The invention consists of an 8 inch. terrestrial globe, inclined $23\frac{1}{2}$ deg., which completes one revolution on its axis in twenty-four hours in the same direction as the earth itself turns. Parallel with the equator is a fixed ring dial, having the twenty-four

as highly delighted with the clock, which he considers of great educational value. He has ordered one for Windsor Castle.

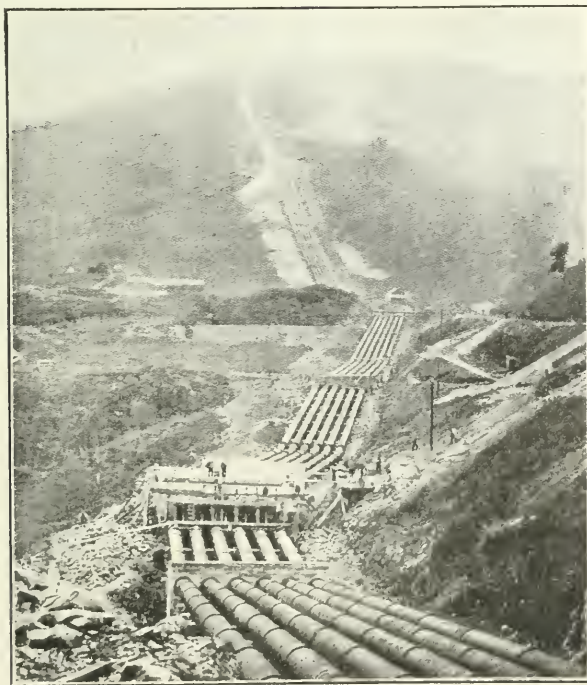
The most perfect operating dress for surgeons yet devised, is described by a writer in the Illustrated London News. The inventor, Dr. Doyen, a noted French surgeon, is shown in the illustration. The surgeon and his as-

MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

sistant wear blouses and white aprons of material that has been sterilized, and the assistants who place these on them wear sterilized gloves. In addition, both surgeon and assistant disinfect their hands, cover them with sterilized glycerine, and wear over them sterilized india rubber gloves that reach to the elbow. The head is completely covered with sterilized bandages, save only for the eyes.

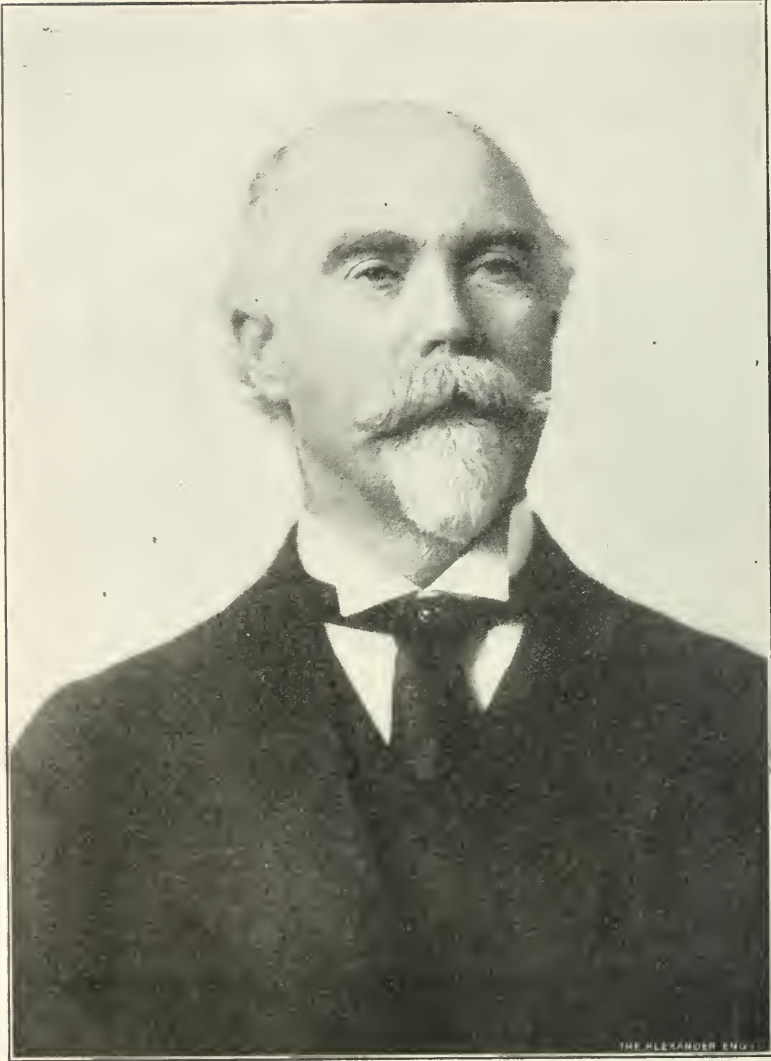
The new Speaker of the Canadian Senate, Hon. James Kirkpatrick Kerr, is a remarkable personality in many ways. From youth he has led an active career, and there is probably no public man in Canada who is a better specimen of physical manhood, considering his years, than Senator Kerr. His alertness, agility and remarkably well preserved appearance for one, now in his sixty-eighth year, would attract attention in any gathering. As he walks along the streets of Toronto or Ottawa his bearing is so

dignified and erect and his step so firm and elastic, that many a head is turned in admiration as he passes. Yet the Speaker of the Upper Chamber is most approachable, kindly and courteous, and there is not, as one might suppose, the slightest trace of affectation about him. For a long period he has been prominent in political and legal circles. As a boy he attended the famous school conducted by the late Dr. Tassie, at Galt and Hamilton. He was called to the Bar in 1862, and became a partner with Hon. Edward Blake, and his brother, Hon. S. H. Blake, the firm being known as Blake, Kerr & Wells, and later as Blake, Kerr & Boyd, when Sir John Boyd was a member before his elevation to the High Court Bench. Senator Kerr has for more than a score of years been the head of Kerr, Davidson, Paterson & McFarland, and holds a commanding position at the Canadian Bar, being elected a Benchler of the Upper Canada Law Society in 1879



A 2,000 Yard Pipe-Track

Used to Carry Water for Power Purposes in Scotland



Hon. J. K. Kerr

Speaker of the Senate of Canada

Three years previous he was created a Queen's Counsel for Ontario, and for the Dominion by the Marquis of Lorne in 1881. In important cases he has frequently appeared before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Politically, his record has been an active one. He has always been a staunch supporter and worker in the interest of the Liberal party,

and for twelve years was President of the Ontario Liberal Association. In 1891 he contested Centre Toronto as a candidate for the Commons. A few years ago he was elevated to the Senate. By judicial training, a long public career and sound judgment he is well fitted to preside over the deliberations of the Upper House,

Let the People Know

Industrial Canada

IF a man had gold dollars to sell at fifty cents and did not let the people know anything about it, he would not sell any. You must tell the people what you have to sell, why they should purchase from you, and something of the value you offer them in return for their money. Too many of us have got into the habit of thinking that because we have been a long time in business everyone must of necessity know all about us and our wares, and it is only a waste of time and of money to go on repeating the story.

Some other fellow has set up next door to us and started right in to tell the people that he is the whole thing to the trade, and kept on telling it to them till they came to believe him, and this belief soon resulted in turning what at first was only a boast into an accomplished fact. The old established house has gone to pieces while the owner slept, and the young, wide-awake rival has built upon the ruin.

A member of the staff of Industrial Canada recently called upon the manufacturers of a certain line of machinery with a view to interesting them in the advertising columns of this journal. They would not think of making such a useless expenditure, they said; every manufacturer in Canada knew they were in business and they were getting their share of the trade. There was no use advertising for what they would get anyhow, and a lot more along the same lines—all reasons why they should not let the people know.

Now along comes a wide-awake foreign house making the same lines and builds a branch in Canada. The same man calls on them and is received as a benefactor. They buy pages, double pages, and whole sections to tell all about what they have to sell, and in six months' time the trade will know more about this new firm than they have learned in years about the old ones, who will, one of these days, wake up wondering why trade is falling off.

We Canadians, as a whole, have not yet wakened up to the advantage of letting people know about what we are making. We go on year after year turning out goods equal to anything in the world, but we let the outsider do all the talking, with the result that the general public has got the idea that an article to be high-class must be imported. In a comparatively short time all this could be changed if we would get out and boost our wares as the foreigners boost theirs.

Pick up any paper you like and you will find that the bulk of the national advertising is of foreign products, and if you look over the advertisement of the local merchant you will find repeated again and again "finest imported," "direct importations," and numerous other phrases of that kind, all boosting for the foreigners. And we cannot blame the local dealer either, because the foreign manufacturer stands behind him with a supplementary campaign.

The Other Self of Jimmie Thrums

By ARCHIE McKISHNIE.

HAVING re-lit his well-seasoned briar root, Jimmie Thrums threw his long legs across the library table, and with a sigh of content let his gaze stray down the long, closely written manuscript on his knees.

Having finished the reading, he stroked his thin cheek thoughtfully, and let his mild blue eyes wander to the window and out across the snow-cloaked lawn. Mechanically, he fished in his vest pocket for a match. His pipe had gone out again.

Jimmie at last awoke to the realization that he had not another match on his person. There were some just beyond his reach, on the mantel, but—well, it certainly is a bore, sometimes, to have things just beyond one's reach, especially when one has just settled down to enjoy a quiet, restful think, as Jimmie had.

So, beyond casting a longing glance toward the mantel, and packing the cut-plug home with a long, inky finger, he resigned himself to his fate.

Well, he had finished writing "The Romance of Miss Wayburn," that was some consolation in his extremity, at least; still, he wished very much for just one match.

He looked across to the window again, and saw a little bow-legged man coming up the path with a shovel on his shoulder.

"Must be the new groom," thought Jimmie. "Wonder if he will pass this way. He's coming! He's coming! If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear. He's coming! He's coming! If you're waking call

me early, call me early, mother dear; For to-morrow—Hello——"

For a narrow-chested man, Jimmie had a pretty strong voice, and having sent the hail through the window, the man approaching had no difficulty in hearing it.

He came to the window which Jimmie had opened with much difficulty, and, looking in on him, grinned and nodded in a friendly way.

"Come in!" said Jimmie cheerfully.

The man looked down at his snowy boots, and up at the window, and grinned again.

"Can't you make it? Climb up the porch pole, hurry up, its cold."

"I ain't much of a climber," said the man. "Besides, my boots be not any too clean."

"Ah!" said Jimmie. "Is that so? Can't climb, eh? Too bad! Everybody should learn climbing and swimming, and all that sort of thing you know. Try it, anyway. Never mind about your boots. Just get hold of that post, and think there's a mad dog or something after you. You'll make it, all right."

The man gave a quick glance over his shoulder.

"I'm not doubtin' I could make it all right if I had to," he said, "but seem' I don't have to, what's the use?"

Jimmie picked up his pipe and sucked away at it thoughtfully.

"Well, you have to in this case, you know," he said at length.

A look of wonderment crossed the man's face.

"Did I hear you say as I had to climb in, sir?" he asked respectfully.

"Yes, I said it. You see, it is quite

THE OTHER SELF OF JIMMIE THRUMS.

necessary, compulsory, in fact, that you climb up the porch pole there and come into this room through the open window. It would be better for you to come quietly; for any resistance on your part would but tell against you," Jimmie added, by way of after-thought.

The man put down his shovel and proceeded to seek a toe hold in the brick wall.

"You see you don't know what you can do until you try," said Jimmie, as the groom's head and shoulders were thrust laboriously through the window. 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.' That's from the old copy-book. Ever read the copy-book? Sit down."

"No, sir, I never read nuthin', sir, seein' I can't read nuthin'."

"Would you mind—or, no, I think I understand you. You can't read. That's it, eh?"

The caller nodded.

"Might you be the son of my new master, sir?" he asked respectfully.

"No, I'm not," answered Jimmie, pleasantly. "I'm only the son's friend. See?"

"Relation sir, no doubt sir?"

"No. Hope to be though," said Jimmie, closing his eyes resignedly.

"Well, sir, can't stay long, seein' as I have been here some time now, and there bein' so much to be done, sir."

"Oh! Just sit still and rest. It's all right you know. By the way, will you kindly hand me that box of matches on the mantel? Thanks. Now light a cigar. You'll find a box of 'em in that drawer on the right. Fill your pockets. Take the whole box with you. I see you enjoy good cigars."

John Forbes, coming into the library, found his friend sleeping peacefully in his chair. Between his heels, on the table reposed the pipe, where Jimmie had tossed it. On the floor were scattered sundry pages of "The Romance of Miss Wayburn."

He went to the door and whistled softly. A tall, dark-haired girl came

forward gleefully and looked in the library.

"Well," she said, and looked in the sleeper's face. As she did so a tender light crept into her eyes, which her brother, standing a little apart, did not see, and she herself was unaware of.

"John," said the girl softly, "he's tired out."

John gave a little chuckle.

"Tired out! Him? Why, Chick, what does he ever do to tire himself out?"

"Works."

"Eh?"

"Writes, then. He writes and thinks and thinks and writes until his poor head must be nearly bursting."

"Yes, he writes, all right," said John. "I'll admit he is—Lord's sake, where did all the mud and snow come from, do you suppose?"

"And there is a broken flower-pot over by the window, and there's mud on the window sill, too. Wake him, John. Someone has been in the room and maybe drugged him!"

"Why, Chick, I'm inclined to think you're right, see, they've swiped all my imported cigars but one. I say, Jimmie! Wake up?"

He grabbed the sleeper by the shoulder, and shook him vigorously.

"What's the matter?"

Jimmie opened his eyes and glanced about the room.

"Why," he said wonderingly, "he's got away."

"Who has?"

"Why, him, of course. Say, folks, you should have seen him scaling the porch pole."

"Jimmie," said Miss Forbes, sternly, "you are just too awful for anything!"

"That's where the snow came from," said her brother laughing.

"Say, he just ate those cigars."

"Eh?" said John. "Ate my cigars, did he? Hang me, if I don't have a mind to eat you for letting him at 'em."

Jimmie looked at his friend reproachfully.

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

"He did me a favor, John," he said gently.

"Oh, did he, now? In what way did he favor you, pray?"

"Matches," said Jimmie, reaching for his pipe.

The girl leaned across the table and laughed happily.

"Poor old lazy-bones," she said.

"You mean that you called him in so that he might hand you down the matches?" asked Forbes, who had been examining his bookshelves, to see if any of his pets were missing.

"Well, you see, John, I couldn't reach 'em from-ah-this position; so it was either he had to come in, or I had to get up."

"Who was he?" asked the girl.

"Well, that reminds me that I neglected to ask him his name. Very careless of me. He didn't leave a card on the table there, I suppose, eh?"

"Oh, he might have been a thief or a murderer, or——" Miss Forbes fixed her big brown eyes on the author's face in horror.

"I don't know," said Jimmie, returning the gaze innocently. "He might have been all of these things and a lot more. One thing I am certain of he was not very polite."

"Why didn't you throw him out?" said Forbes warmly.

"I couldn't very well, having invited him in, you know. Besides I would have had to get up, you see, John."

"Oh, lordy, but you're the limit," sighed John.

"So I put up with him," explained Jimmie.

"In what way was he impolite?" asked Miss Forbes.

"Well, I'll tell you. After he had smoked a few cigars, and told me all about his family—seems there's some trouble in his family—and found out how much I was and wasn't worth—if I was a Torontonion, and a few other unimportant things, it occurred to me that he would make a good subject for my specialty."

"Your specialty?" asked his hearers together.

"Yes, my specialty is inflicting my

stories on unsuspecting individuals."

"Well, go on."

"So I proceeded to read him 'The Romance of Miss Wayburn.'"

"And he wasn't a good subject after all?" laughed Forbes.

"I don't know. I really can't say. Fact is, I went to sleep shortly after Miss Wayburn lost her heart to the school teacher."

"Well, everything considered, I can't say that I think him very much in, even if he did steal my cigars, Jimmie. I recognize the man, though. It was Wemp, the new groom."

"Ah, is that so? But say, he didn't steal the cigars, you know. I gave him the cigars, John. I'm sure he is welcome to the cigars, but it wasn't just the most polite thing in the world, his taking advantage of me in that way while I was asleep, was it now?"

"Nor was it very polite in you to go to sleep when you had company," said Miss Forbes.

"He didn't happen to forget his snow shovel, did he? Neither of you discern a shovel anywhere in the room, I suppose?"

"A shovel! Good gracious alive, what are you talking about?" cried the girl. "John, dear, ring for ice. I believe the poor fellow is suffering from brain-storm."

"I guess, maybe, he left it outside," said Jimmie reflectively.

Forbes came over and stood beside his friend.

"Say, you're the thinnest, homeliest, laxiest beggar I know, Jimmie," he said.

He ran his fingers through Jimmie's light, thin hair until it stood in little bunches.

"I couldn't coax, hire or threaten you to go to the bowling alley this afternoon, I suppose?"

"Too cold," said Jimmie, feeling in his vest pocket.

"All right," laughed John. "So long, old sleepy-head."

"Has he gone," asked Jimmie after a time.

"Yes, he has gone," replied Miss Forbes.

THE OTHER SELF OF JIMMIE THRUMS.

"Would you mind calling him back just for a minute? I won't detain him."

"John! Oh, John. Jimmie wants to see you a moment before you go," cried the girl, running to the hall.

"Well, old bean-pod, hurry up! What is it? I'm late," cried John, striding in.

"I wanted to ask you, John—by the way, would you mind handing me my tobacco pouch off the window, over there? Thanks awfully. That's all this time, only be a good boy, John, and don't stay out too late and——"

But John, with a muttered something, and another jab in his friend's hair, was already away.

"I'm concerned about John," said Jimmie, withdrawing his feet carefully from the table, and looking gravely at Miss Forbes. "The fact is, I am beginning to worry about John."

"Let me fix your hair," said the girl.

She came over, and smoothed it down with her little fingers. It took quite a time, as John had mussed it unmercifully, she said.

Even after she had put it in much better order than it had known for some time, Jimmie protested that he knew it wasn't any more than half-smoothed yet, and wanted to know if, as John's sister, she didn't feel in duty bound to make as good a job of it as she possibly could.

"You've got lovely hair," said the girl, mischievously.

"Too thick and curly almost," sighed Jimmie.

"And so black and glossy!"

"Yes, I know, but I'm not the least bit proud of it. I could not be less proud if I had no hair at all."

They both laughed.

"You'll be in a position to understand what it means to have no hair at all one of these days, if you persist in writing all night, the way you have been doing. See if you don't," said the girl.

"Then I'll get married, and give my wife something to regret."

"Oh, a woman doesn't care what kind of hair the man she marries has,

so long as she loves him, you know," laughed the girl.

"But when it comes to a hair-pulling match how will she stand the handicap, Chick?"

"What are you worrying about John for?" asked the girl, ignoring the question with feminine tactfulness.

"I'm afraid he's lost it," answered Jimmie promptly.

"Lost what, pray?"

Jimmie turned his mild blue eyes upon the girl's face.

"What does a fellow usually lose when he plays a game of chance with a—say, Chick, you know Jack's girl don't you?"

"If you mean Flo, why, of course, I know her."

"Well, you see, I think she has captured so much of your big brother that if she were to keep what she has of John, and John has to retain what he has left of himself, there wouldn't be much left for us. See?"

"Why can't you be sensible?"

"All right, I'll try to be. The fact is, we're going to lose John, you and I. That seems to me an assurance. What we have to do now is to harden our hearts to the inevitable. Flo Graylow is a sweet and beautiful girl. She has won our John. Lots of girls do win Johns by the way. It's the way of the world that Johns should and must be won by some beautiful girl or other. Do you follow me?"

"As nearly as is possible for anybody to follow you, I do."

"Good. Then what I was going to propose——"

"But I don't want you to propose."

Jimmie crammed his hands into his pockets, and took a turn around the room.

"Gad, Chick. I don't know but what I shall propose, then, seeing you don't want me to," he said at length.

"If you won't be sensible I'll leave you."

There was a beautiful rose color on Miss Forbes' cheeks as she spoke.

Jimmie seated himself on the corner of the table.

"Chicken," he said softly. "Come here, Chicken."

"I won't, so there!"

"Of course you know that I was only fooling. I really don't want you to come."

"I know you didn't," and the dark head went down until the face he watched was hidden.

"Then, knowing I didn't mean it, be true to your sex and come, anyway."

"I'm going to leave you. I just hate you, Jimmie, I just h-hate you, so there!"

There was a simultaneous rush for the door, and Jimmie's long legs won him the day. He got there first.

"You see, Chick," he said, as he held her close to him, "it's no use. You've got to have me. That's all there is to it."

"There's nothing about you worth having, so now!" came in a muffled voice from the region of Jimmie's coat lapel.

"Gad, but there is, you know!" cried Jimmie, straightening up.

"I really think that I might marry you—if you would show me," she whispered, her face still bent.

"Done! Here's where the other self of Jimmie Thrums comes in. Good-bye. I'm going out to do something startling."

Jimmie picked up his hat.

"And worthy, Jimmie."

"Yes, Chick, and worthy. Good-bye."

"I tell you, the referee did not give a fair decision."

"And I tell you that I don't consider that you know a fair decision from any other decision. What do you know about the game, anyway?"

John Forbes wheeled upon the speaker, his mouth drawn down to a thin line and his eyes gleaming dangerously. A companion laid a hand on his arm and whispered in his ear.

John looked irresolute for a moment; then he smiled. When he spoke again all trace of anger was gone from his voice.

"I learned and played the game in England," he said.

"Well, you're not in England now, you know, this is Toronto, and we don't want outsiders putting in their oar here, you understand?"

"Any man has a right to demand fair play I believe."

"A man wants to know what he is about though, before he exercises the privilege."

John bit his lip. The insult sank in. "Perhaps I know the game better than you think I do," he said. "Besides, I am not exactly an outsider. I am a member of this club."

"Well, who cares if you are?" said the other with a sneer, as he reached for his coat. "Your being a member gives you a right to the tables, but hardly that of interfering between gentlemen when playing. If you know how to play billiards, show somebody; don't make the referee out a liar, as you are trying to do."

"I maintain that the referee did not give a fair decision," said John firmly.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," remonstrated the manager of the club, coming up. "We can't have this discussion prolonged here, you know."

Jimmie Thrums got up from his seat and strolled over to where the men stood.

"Might I beg a match of you?" he asked of the man who was putting on his coat.

"The porter will no doubt accommodate you," said the man, shortly.

"Well," said Jimmie, "that's funny. Do you know, I took you for the porter. You look like one."

He turned his blue eyes on the one addressed and smiled innocently.

The laugh that met his remark was instantly suppressed as the man wheeled quickly and struck at Jimmie. It was a straight arm punch, and one under which it looked as if Jimmie must go down.

But Thrums was calmly helping himself to some matches from the box above the fireplace when his

would-be assaulter recovered his equilibrium.

"Say," he said cheerfully, "you shouldn't lunge that way, you know. Those punches are all right, if you know how to give them, but I see that you don't."

He had lit his pipe, and now puffed away contentedly.

Before Jimmie knew it, John Forbes had linked arms with him and had pulled him into the lobby.

"In Heaven's name, are you crazy?" he asked, as he bundled Jimmie into his overcoat. "Now the best thing you can do is to clear out."

"Clear out?" asked Jimmie blankly. "What for?"

"Because this man Stark will break your long person into small pieces if you don't. You've insulted him."

"Did you say his name was Stark?" asked the other.

"Yes, his name is Stark. He's manager of the Wilson Mills, and a rough one. He is to be expelled from the club."

"Is he?" said Jimmie thoughtfully, pulling on his gloves. "On account of that affair with——?" Jimmie lifted his eyebrows inquiringly.

"No, not that, although he did act the part of a cad, towards his superintendent's daughter. You see it's because he has been proven a cheat."

"So, that's why, eh? I suppose that little girl was as much to her father and mother as though she had been a society belle. It would have hurt just as much, eh, John?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Forbes, impatiently. "Hurry up, Jimmie, and clear out."

"I don't really think I want to go, old man," said Jimmie, pulling off his gloves. "I like this place first rate."

Just here Stark and two companions came into the lobby, their overcoats on their arms.

They were speaking in undertones, and laughed as though they were pleased at something.

"I say, Forbes," cried Stark, catching sight of the friends, "any time you

want to lose another fifty, let me know, will you?"

A deep flush overspread Forbes' face, but before he could frame a reply to the other's jibe, Jimmie spoke:

"If you would allow me," he said, bowing gravely, "I would like to say that I have a new fifty-dollar note in my pocket that I would like to wager."

"Have you really, now?" asked Stark, with a wicked sneer.

"Yes, sir," answered Jimmie modestly. "I'd just love to bet it, no matter if I did lose."

Stark's companions laughed.

"He's game, anyway," said one.

"Innocence abroad," answered another.

"Well, I'll bet you I can beat you one game of English billiards, for say one hundred a side."

"Gentlemen, I protest!" cried Forbes.

"Very well," said Stark. "It was your verdant friend who suggested it, I am prepared to call all such bluffs, I hope."

"Oh, I am not bluffing," said Jimmie, removing his coat. "We used to play a little billiards in the Y.M.C.A. rooms in Montreal. I got so at last I could beat Jake Jones. Jake was a street car conductor, and I've seen him make as high as ten billiards without a miss."

"Really, now, that was certainly exceptional," laughed Stark.

"Well, if you're not bluffing, suppose we get started."

The four men passed back into the billiard room, and it was not long before a goodly number were gathered about the table to witness Stark trim a new one.

"What in thunder has got into you?" said John, drawing Jimmie to one side. "The shark has your money already."

Jimmie looked thoughtful.

"If I thought that, I'd withdraw," he said hesitatingly.

"But you can't withdraw. It would be a disgrace. It's got to be good-bye one hundred. Oh, Lord!"

"Gad, you're enough to make a man

nervous, John. You haven't got a match, I suppose?"

"Heavens! You're not going to smoke now, are you?" cried Forbes.

"Just a puff or two, just a puff or two. I might as well enjoy my pipe while our friend is enjoying the pulling of my leg for a clear one hundred. By the way, John, you're not betting on the game, I suppose?"

John looked at his friend blankly.

"I see you're not," said Jimmie, producing from an inner pocket a snug roll of bills, and pressing it into Forbes unwilling hand, "Now, John dear, noble, unselfish friend, I want you to bet every cent of this money on him." Jimmie nodded towards Stark, who, coat and vest off, stood talking lightly to some old cronies and chalking his cue. "There's five hundred in that bunch, old man," he said gently.

Forbes laughed in spite of himself.

"It's no use, Jimmie. I couldn't get a taker if I was to offer ten to one. Everybody knows Stark will win."

"Hang it all!" Jimmie stroked his chin in vexation. "I never thought of that. I suppose they do."

"Yes, they know he will win."

"Well, there's only one thing you can do, then, Johnnie. You must bet on me."

"Oh, Lord!" said Forbes, weakly. "What a fool you are! Do you think I'd do it?"

"You've got to do it, it's my money."

"But you'll lose it all, Jimmie, lose every cent of it."

"I'll take a chance."

"But I tell you, I won't be a party to this robbery."

"Very well then, I'll bet it myself," said Jimmie reproachfully.

"Well of all— See here, Jimmie, if you must be a fool, I'll be your bookie. I can get better odds than you can."

"All right, bet it all, John. Or, no. Perhaps you'd better keep back a dollar or two. I've just remembered that I have some letters to post."

"I said that I would play for ten thousand dollars," said Stark hoarsely.

The billiard room was now packed to the doors, members of the club having been attracted to the place through having received the tip that Stark had at last met his Waterloo. About the table was a clear space of four feet. Tobacco smoke hung heavy in the room. The chandelier lights gleamed dimly through it.

Jimmie smoothed down his thin hair thoughtfully, and felt in his vest pocket.

"Will you play me one more game for ten thousand?" Stark's face was haggard and drawn. His black hair hung across his eyes, and when he brushed it impatiently away one could note the tremor of his hand.

"Really, do you know I don't want to win any more of your money," answered Jimmie, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe. "You have lost heavily you see, and I will say that you have been a game loser at that. No, I don't think that I want to play you for that amount."

He looked Stark straight in the eyes as he spoke.

"You have won more than that amount from me," said the other, coming close to Jimmie, so that his words might not be heard by other ears. "I have only about ten thousand left in the world. Give me the satisfaction of either retrieving or of losing."

There was almost an appeal in his tones.

"Gad, old man, I will!" cried Jimmie, after some thought.

Everybody crowded as close to the table as they were allowed, when it became known that the final game for such glorious stakes was on.

It could be seen that Stark was playing his best. Jimmie, on the other hand, seemed to have lost interest. When half-time was called, and his marker came and whispered in his ear, Jimmie glanced at his string and smiled as he noted, seemingly for the first time, that his opponent was far in the lead.

All his old confidence and swagger

THE OTHER SELF OF JIMMIE THRUMS.

had returned to Stark. He looked over at Jimmie with a sneer on his dark face.

"You're streak of good luck seems to have deserted you, my friend," he said, with a sinister smile.

"Well, I must try to lure her back," answered Jimmie pleasantly.

The game was now on again; the crowded room was silent, save for the sound of the balls striking together.

Jimmie was playing now, and playing his very best. Gradually he gained in points, until he was again even. Now he was ahead, and gaining steadily.

Eight points from the end, the two men looked into each other's eyes. On the one's face was depicted baffled rage and utter hopelessness. On the other's face was pictured a child-like pleasure, such as a boy might wear after winning a game of marbles.

Stark turned and attempted a difficult shot, only to make a fluke that told its own story to those who played and understood the game.

He was beaten.

He turned slowly and handed his cue to the referee. The referee nodded to the stakeholder.

Stark had lost all he owned to Jimmie Thrums.

Jimmie walked away from the table, good-naturedly acknowledging the congratulations of many of the by-standers. John Forbes found him standing on the sidewalk, just outside the door.

"By the powers, but you're a wonder, Jimmie, and no mistake," he cried, seizing his friend's hand. "Come along, now, and we'll get away before we get into trouble."

"I want to see Stark for a moment," said Jimmie. "Here he comes now."

"I trust that you are satisfied that it was a fair game," he said, advancing and holding out his hand.

Stark was alone. He looked dazedly at Jimmie, then, seeming to understand, he took the hand extended to him in his own. "I'm satisfied," he said shortly, and turned away.

"Poor devil!" said Forbes, as he

watched them. "He has lost everything."

Jimmie laid his hand on Stark's arm.

"Let me come with you," he said gently.

"No, I don't want anybody with me, you least of all," replied the other, shaking off the hand.

"Well, I'll come anyway, so lead on."

"See here," said Stark, as they walked slowly away side by side, "don't you think you've done enough? Why don't you go away and leave me alone?"

"I'll tell you why as soon as we get to your rooms. I think your rooms are somewhere hereabouts, eh?"

"You seem to be pretty well posted," said the other with a hard laugh. "Yes, here they are."

He produced a latch key and opened a door off the street as he spoke.

The lights turned on, Jimmie cast a critical eye around the room. It was beautifully and artistically furnished.

"Nice rooms, you have here, Mr. Stark," he said. "Don't suppose you'd mind my smoking up a bit. I see you have a cigar."

"Smoke or do anything you please. These rooms and furniture don't belong to me, so I don't care."

Jimmie lifted his eyebrows. "Oh!" he said.

"They are yours now," said Stark.

"Gad, I guess you're right," said Jimmie with a laugh. "Funny, isn't it, my asking if I might smoke in my own rooms? Say, have a fresh cigar?"

He handed a couple of cigars to the other man, and lit his pipe.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Jimmie, after the two men had smoked in silence for a time.

"Eh?" cried the other, rousing himself. "Do? Oh, I don't know. That is, I don't choose to tell."

"No? Well, I wish you'd let me know."

"Well, I will tell you, then. I purpose taking the quickest route I can get out of it all. Now, you've got it."

"Ump!" said Jimmie slowly. "Now, you wouldn't mind doing the little job

somewhere else, I suppose, as these rooms are mine, now, I just wouldn't like the idea of occupying them after a chap committing suicide in them. See?"

"Say, you are certainly a cold-blooded devil," said Stark, almost a look of admiration in his eyes.

"No, simply practical," said Jimmie. "But why polish yourself off in that manner? It's very old-fashioned, you know."

"Well, what would you suggest?" asked the other, looking away.

"Why, I should say, get married," said Jimmie. "I see you have some sweet faces on your mantel—pardon me, on my mantel—there, and it should be easy. Just as good as suicide, anyway. Better, I would imagine—in some respects."

"See here, say what you have to say, and don't jest with me!" cried Stark, springing up and walking up and down the room.

"Well, I will. I think you should marry, and I think you will marry. I think it's the very best thing you can do, and when you've taken ten minutes to reflect on it, you'll be of my opinion. Now, I have a proposition to make to you. I want you to marry, and if you will agree to marry the girl I select, I am willing on my part to give you back the little fortune I won from you to-night. Now, keep quiet and listen, and don't say a word until I am through. On my part, I promise to select for you only such a young lady as you have met. She won't be old or homely, or anything of that sort. She will be something quite the reverse, and you can bet all the money you don't happen to possess that she will be a great deal too good for you."

Jimmie stopped to light his pipe, and waved the other a protest when he attempted to speak.

"On after thought, I will make a part of the little fortune over to your wife—or, no, I'm hanged if I do. I really think you would use the woman bearing your name square. Now, get your thinking cap on for ten minutes. I must go at the end of that time. I've got some things to do. Fact is, I'm going to get married myself."

Jimmie put his long legs on the table, and smoked contentedly. At last he came to himself with a start.

"All right," he said. "You've had fifteen minutes—five more than you needed."

The other man came over slowly, and held out his hand.

"Will you take it?" he asked huskily. "Do you know, I could have killed most any other man who talked to me as you have, especially to-night. I'll be frank with you. I had intended doing away with myself, and—well, you are right. There is a little girl whom I have treated shamefully, and her face has been before mine for the past two hours. She is, as you say, far too good for me, but, perhaps, I could learn to do better. I see you have learned who she is and I understand what your object is. Do you know, there are two of you. The one man I played with and lost. Your other self I play with again now, and win. For, as God is above me, it is a win to have my eyes opened as you have opened them."

Jimmie took the other's hand.

"That is all right," he said cheerfully. "You really think, then, I have accomplished something extraordinary? Good-bye. That's what I set out to do. It had to be done!"

An Understudy to a Queen

MR. SIDNEY GREVILLE

From The London Tattler

SO numerous are the Queen's public and private engagements that her Majesty finds it absolutely impossible to keep them all in person and has to attend many social functions and public ceremonies by deputy. Her Majesty's deputy on all such occasions is her private secretary, Mr. Sidney Greville, who has acted as the Queen's representative many hundreds of times since their Majesties came to the throne. When Mr. Greville attends any social function as the Queen almost the same ceremony is observed as if her Majesty were present in person.

The host and hostess must be ready to receive him directly he arrives; just as no one is ever introduced to her Majesty at any social function unless at the Queen's request, so no one is introduced to her deputy. When the Queen attends any private function the hostess is always informed at least two days beforehand of the hour when her Majesty will arrive, and etiquette requires that all the other guests will have arrived before that time; just the same ceremony is observed when her Majesty is represented by Mr. Greville, who, by the way, on such occasions, is usually addressed by the host and hostess as sir.

To successfully fill the role of the Queen's representative requires an immense deal of tact, especially at a private social function, when a

hostess always to a certain extent is bound to feel more or less disappointed at the Queen's unavoidable absence and for which etiquette even forbids her Majesty's deputy to apologize. He is there in place of her Majesty, and the very fact that he must be received with al-



Mr. Sidney Greville

Who Has Acted as the Queen's Representative
Many Hundreds of Times Since Their
Majesties Came to the Throne.

most the same deference as the Queen makes his part a peculiarly difficult one to play; there is probably not another man in England who could have played it with such conspicuous success as Mr. Greville. A man of consummate tact, delightful manners, and a most kindly disposition he has always succeeded in charming where it is odds many men would have given dire offence.

There is a story told of a certain well-known American hostess in London who met Mr. Greville at an entertainment where he was representing the Queen. "I don't mind telling you, Mr. Greville," said the lady in question, "that I should be very sorry to see you at my house in place of her Majesty." A little while later Mr. Greville curiously enough was deputed to represent the Queen at the house of this American lady. It is probable he had forgotten all about the remark which she had jestingly made to him some time before, but the lady remembered it, and when the Queen's deputy was leaving her house she observed to him, "It is against etiquette to say so I am afraid, but I must tell you that I feel as pleased and honored as if her Majesty herself had been here."

Mr. Greville was originally intended for a political career, but never took very kindly to political life, though the late Lord Salisbury, to whom he acted as private secretary, had a very high opinion of his abilities and was anxious that he should enter Parliament. Possibly he might have done so, but in 1898 the King, then of course Prince of Wales, offered him a position in the household, which Mr. Greville at once accepted, and a few years later he became private secretary to her Majesty.

As a courtier Mr. Greville found his true metier. His wit, his charm, his tact, his brilliant conversational powers, and his unfailing good temper would in any age have made him a good courtier, but Mr. Greville is

something more. He is an eminently good man of business and was largely responsible for bringing about the excellent organization that now prevails in the management of her Majesty's household.

No one, indeed, could successfully fill the arduous and responsible position held by Mr. Greville who had not in a high degree a talent for organization. For example, it is Mr. Greville who arranges all the details of the journey whenever her Majesty travels, which have, of course, to be settled beforehand, and often at very short notice. Even when the Queen goes to Sandringham from Buckingham Palace many little details have to be arranged. The time at which her Majesty will leave the palace, when she will arrive at the station, the names of the railway officials who will be present to receive her, whether the train is to be a special or ordinary, and the number of stops that are to be made on the journey, are all matters that Mr. Greville must be ready to lay before the Queen ere she starts.

Like details have to be arranged when the Queen travels abroad, but under Mr. Greville's skilful management they are settled without the least difficulty, and a clear, accurate, and concise programme of the journey is always ready for her Majesty's inspection long before she starts. Possibly the Queen may require some alteration to be made in it, and it is always so arranged that this can be done readily and quickly.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that only a man accurately and widely informed in the methods and means of modern traveling could accomplish such work. Mr. Greville could, indeed, if he had the time or inclination, write an illuminating volume on "How to Travel," for he possesses a knowledge of the subject that is thorough and complete.

From time to time her Majesty holds special receptions at Bucking-

ham Palace, as she did, for example, when in 1904 she received the nurses of the Royal Pension Fund at the palace and presented certificates to 1,000 of them. An incident of this sort is recorded in the newspapers in a few lines, but the details of the work of organizing such a reception would fill several columns. Mr. Greville is, however, a master of detail and especially shines when organizing a reception of this character. He knows exactly what her Majesty requires to be done and how she wishes it to be done, and understands precisely how to carry out her instructions. Hundreds of letters may have to be written, hundreds of people seen, hundreds of little difficulties surmounted, but on the day of the reception it is certain that everything will go off like clockwork.

There must be no hitch at royal

receptions, and there never is; they are arranged and managed by a man who never makes a mistake. Mr. Greville is the least fussy of men; however busy he may be he is always courteous, pleasant, and good-tempered. In the course of his duties he has to give instructions to a large number of people, and to give them clearly and concisely so that there will not be the least chance of their being misunderstood, but Mr. Greville possesses the art of being able to do this and at the same time can couch his instructions in language that is always entirely courteous. Mr. Greville belongs to several clubs but like most members of the household, chiefly frequents the Marlborough. He plays a good game of bridge, but his favorite relaxation is the theatre, which he attends constantly.

Are You Afraid to Take Chances ?

Success Magazine

Many a man fails because he does not dare to take risks, to take the initiative.

When do you expect to do anything distinctive in life? When do you expect to get out of the ranks of mediocrity? The men who do original things are fearless. There is a lot of dare in their make-up, a great deal of boldness. They are not afraid to take chances, to shoulder responsibility, to endure inconvenience and privation.

There never was a time when the quality of courage was so absolutely indispensable in the business world as it is to-day. It does not matter how many success qualities you possess, young man, if you lack courage you will never get anywhere. Not even honesty or perseverance will take its place. There is no substitute for courage.

It does not matter how well educated you may be, or how good a training you may have had for your vocation, if you are a hesitator, if you lack that courage which dares to risk all on your judgment, you will never get above mediocrity.

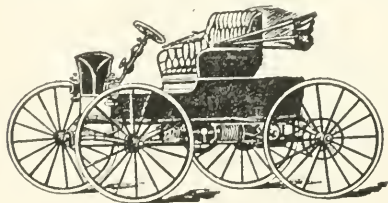
The men who stand at the top of their line of endeavor stand there because they have the courage of their convictions. They had the courage to climb, had the nerve to undertake even against advice of others.

Motor-Cars for the Millions

By JULIAN CHASE

From Van Norden's Magazine

A TOY for the wealthy? Not if you mean for only those who may be rated long in bank accounts. A plaything for the rich? This well-worn phrase is no longer applicable to the motor-car as a limiting characterization. A toy it may be, and in fact it is, for certain wealthy ones, and a plaything; but the motor-car to-day is far more—it is a very useful, economical, and soon-to-be-necessary type of vehicle for those who must get about, for the doctor, contractor, farmer, mail carrier, butcher, grocer and collector, for any one whose daily work is such that distance must be covered,



A Motor Buggy Worth \$550

for any one who now gets propelling power from horse-flesh.

Undoubtedly in its early days the motor-car was the rich man's toy—some said the rich man's burden. But that was the necessary beginning of a thing which was destined to benefit The Millions; and to one who saw that thing begin, it is interesting to look back and to note how the attitude of The Millions toward the motor-car has changed.

When once the motor-car began

to make headway, when it had reached that stage in its development where it was to be seen occasionally on the public roads, it was regarded with curiosity at first, and then, because a horse was frightened or a chicken killed, with fear and unreasoning antagonism. Gradually this hostile feeling narrowed down as the use of motor-cars extended. Roads and parks were thrown open. Restrictions were removed. Speed limits were extended, and now it is generally agreed that the thing to be "regulated" is not the car, but the egotist with no regard for the rights of others, the unbalanced hog who happens to be sitting in its seat.

Against the motor-car there is now no general feeling. It is recognized as a good. It is for The Millions, and the millions want it. It was laughed at, wondered at, cursed—and now is clamored.

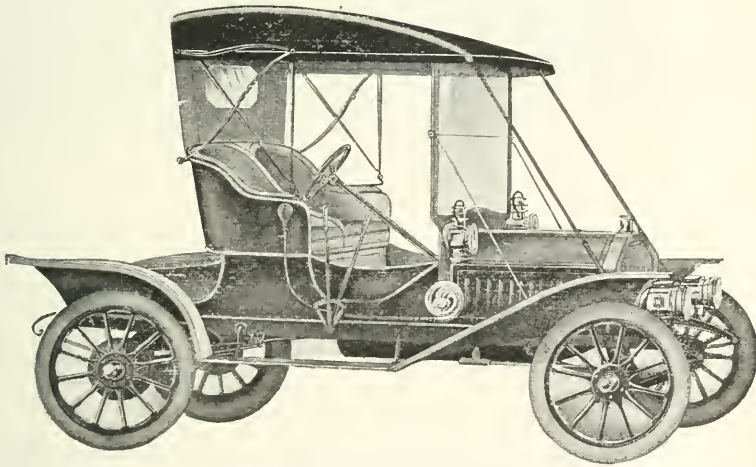
Would you own a motor-car? Can you pay \$150, \$250, \$500 or \$1,000 for one and have enough left for operating expenses?—for no car exists or ever will exist that can be run for nothing. If you can and would, you have but to "take your pick," for cars are to be had at the figures given. Did you ask if they are good ones? They are worth \$150, \$250, \$500 or \$1,000 and it may be more. Much depends on how one measures value. What sort of cars are they? Look at the illustrations and see. Rather good, we should

MOTOR-CARS FOR THE MILLIONS

say. Have prices dropped? Read on.

When you saw that luxurious limousine of 40 horse-power, two years ago, and heard that it cost \$5,000, you probably said, "Well, they'll be cheaper some day." And as you read this article, which your editor has called "Motor-cars for The Millions," you may remark, "I told you so." But you are wrong—that is, in part. The makers of that limousine are probably getting \$6,000 for their best effort now, and are selling all that they can make, and

it come about?" The explanation is that your "I told you so." is also partly right. Prices have dropped, when what one gets for his money is the thing considered. Because of vast improvements in design, which time alone could bring about; because of advanced methods of manufacture, learned by expensive experience and made possible by a greater amount of available capital and an increased demand; because of the use hitherto impossible of materials of a grade better suited to the work the parts are called



A Typical Canadian Runabout, Worth \$1,200

while it may be true that the high price limit, except for specially built vehicles, has been reached, there is not, and probably never will be, any marked falling off in the prices of the highest types of motor-cars. On the other hand there has been on the market during the past two years a constantly increasing number of cars at figures which put them within reach of The Millions. The price of yachts has not been reduced, yet the "chug-chug" of the motor-boat—the yacht of The Millions—is to be heard on every body of water deep enough to float one.

You will naturally ask, "How has

upon to do; because of a much better general understanding of the many difficulties to be overcome; because of these things and because of a corresponding development in allied lines, the motor-car manufacturer is to-day able to sell for \$1,000 or \$1,500 a car infinitely better, more powerful and reliable than he could build five years ago for nearly twice that sum.

In fact, it would not have been possible to have built the cars we have in mind before the present day. The materials were not to be had, and if they had been, they could not have been handled in the same



A Motor Dray With Capacity of Five Tons

economical manner. We did not know so much as we know now about motor efficiency, and if we had it would not have been possible to get the motors made as they should have been. To take an example along this line, we cite the case of a well-known maker whose cars in 1903 were fitted with motors giving seven horse-power. Without increase of motor weight, as time went on, the horse-power was increased to eight, ten, twelve, and now is eighteen; and the cost of production is probably less than it was at first.

So much for power. In the matter of durability it may be said that the use of alloy steels in place of "standard" stock, of pressed steel in place of castings, of new types of ball and roller bearings in place of inferior bronze and babbitt, has done much to lengthen the car's life; and improved ignition, more dependable, and efficient carbureters and refined cooling systems have made for much greater reliability.

Take the best representative of the medium-priced motor-cars of

to-day, look at it carefully, and you will find that it has all the features of the high-priced car of yesterday, and is better all in all than the high-priced car of the day before. The low-priced car of to-day is a new development made possible by the general advance of the motor industry and the constantly growing demand for the car of The Millions. It may be small—you can't buy a skyscraper for the price of a cottage; it may not be as powerful as that \$5,000 limousine—power means weight and weight means increased cost; it may not be fast, speed is expensive—but it will carry you and your wife, if you have one, comfortably; it will go where you want to go, up hill and down, and it will run fast enough to bring you under the law—if that is what you want.

He who would buy a motor-car for \$500 or less, has to-day a variety of types from which to choose. At \$150 there is offered him a little car, probably better suited to his son, which has a single cylinder motor and a double-belt drive to the rear wheels. At \$250 there is another and

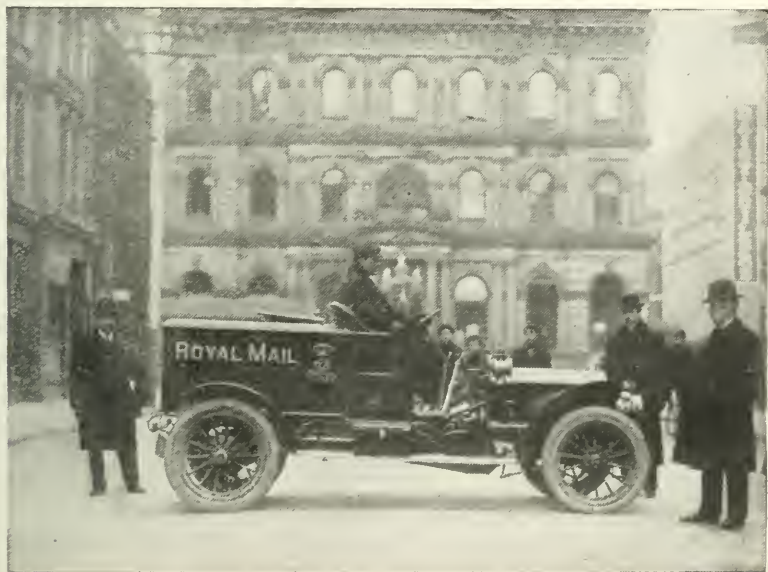
MOTOR-CARS FOR THE MILLIONS

larger machine into which he would more comfortably fit, which also has a single cylinder motor, this one of four horse-power, driving the wheels through a friction disc and chains. At \$300 there are others of much the same type, and \$400 the range of choice is widened by the addition of the "motor- buggy" type, of which we will say more later, and the appearance of cars with two-cylinder motors. At \$500 the offering is quite pretentious, with the general lines of a much larger car, a roomy seat for two, and a motor capable of driving the car at a very good pace and of taking it anywhere and everywhere.

As the price increases above \$500 there is a corresponding increase in the number of cars to be had. Their size and power increase as well until, at \$850, we see a four-cylinder, four-passenger touring car with magneto ignition, shaft drive and all the "ear-marks" of a big car. At \$1,000 we have a four-cylinder run-about with twenty horse-power, or as much power as the racing cars of eight years ago. At \$1,250 and

\$1,500 we have a closer approach to mechanical and vehicle perfection than was thought but a short time ago to be attainable even at a much higher figure. These cars have four-cylinder motors of thirty horse-power or more, magnetos as the source of ignition current, the sliding type of change-speed gears, bevel gear drives, five-passenger touring bodies, and everything that one could reasonably ask for in a car of their size.

And now a word about the "motor-buggy." It is a product of the Middle West. Four years ago the motorist of the east first noticed it—and laughed. The western farmer saw it, too—and was interested. He finally bought one. His neighbor bought another. Now there are at least twenty companies trying to meet the demand. The motorist of the east laughs at it no more. He shakes his head instead, and says, "There's a good deal in that idea after all." And so there is, as the western farmer has found out. Some day his New England brother will take it up. Its large

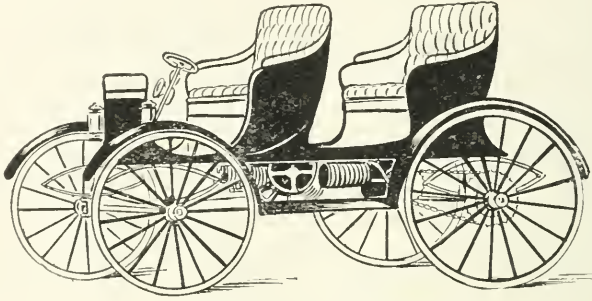


A Mail Car Made in Canada for the New Zealand Government

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

diameter wheels and easy springs make solid tires possible. Its "clearance" makes it adaptable, to what we know as "country roads." Its simplicity makes it easy to "keep going." Its price puts it within the reach of any one who keeps a horse.

goods at the same cost as with horses, then are The Millions benefited materially. And it is this that the motor-car makes possible. It is this that the motor-car does, and as surely as the locomotive has displaced the stage coach, as surely as the

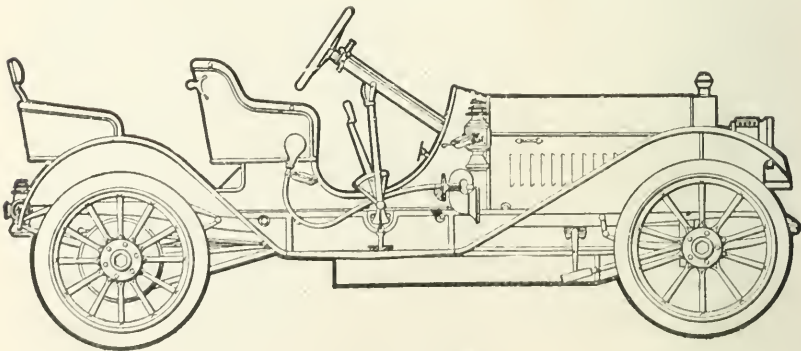


A Family Surrey, Costing About \$800

The motor-car of The Millions is not only a pleasureable vehicle, but a business car as well. The greatest benefit derived from the motor comes not through the pleasure that it gives, but through the service that it renders. If the professional man can go as far at less cost or farther at the same cost; if the merchant can deliver the same amount of goods at less cost or a greater amount of

trolley has superseded the horse-car, as surely as machinery has always won in its conflict with the animal, just so surely will the motor-car displace and supersede the horse. And to the same extent will The Millions benefit.

"The motor-car of The Millions," the "machine for the masses," of yesterday a dream, to-day is a tangible reality.



A \$3,000 Roadster

The Romance of the Rothschilds

By ANON

Reproduced from the Saturday Journal

IT was in a sordid, evil-smelling street in a Frankfort slum that the dazzling fortunes of the great house of Rothschild were cradled in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Picture a narrow lane, flanked on each side by towering rookeries of grimy bricks, in which the air was always fetid and stagnant, and into which the light of the sun rarely penetrated; and at each end of this lane, a barricade of iron chains beyond which none of its residents might pass under fear of death. Within these narrow bounds hundreds of Jews led their narrow lives.

Such was the Judengasse of Frankfort, in the days when Meyer Amschel Rothschild was born in the year 1743, the son of a poverty-stricken dealer in oddments who took his name from the Red Shield (Rothschild) which hung, as a trade-sign, in front of his modest shop. His real name was Bauer, which branded him as of peasant origin.

Before he had reached his twelfth birthday young Meyer was known far beyond the limits of the Judengasse for his business astuteness. He quickly found Frankfort too cabined a sphere for his ambition; and packing up his few belongings he started one day, with a stout stick and a stouter heart for companions, on the long tramp to Hanover, where the bright-faced lad soon found a place in the office of a banker and money-changer. Here, by hard work and thrift, he managed to save the capital which enabled him to return to Frankfort a

man of means, and in a position to start as a dealer in bullion, curios, coins and bills of exchange on a large scale.

The real turn of the tide arrived when he came under the notice of William IX., Landgraf of Hesse Cassel, who took the Jew into his favor, installing him as banker to himself and his court.

Those were the troublous times when Napoleon was flooding Europe with the horrors of war, and when great thrones were tottering and falling on all hands. When the destroying armies at last threatened Hesse Cassel, William thought it high time to seek safety in flight. In his hurry to "pack up and be off" he had no time to secure his cash, which he was only too glad to leave in the hands of his banker, though probably he had misgivings as to seeing it again. Safer, however, he thought, in the hands of Rothschild, his Hof-agent, than in those of Napoleon. The sum amounted to a quarter of a million pounds. The Hof-agent, however, was equal to the crisis; he saw how to take good care of the money, and at the same time to make it yield an excellent return to himself. The result was that within six years he had nearly quadrupled the Landgraf's capital.

When Meyer lay dying, he summoned his five sons and as many daughters, and enjoined on them that when he was no more they should conduct the great business he had built up, in partnership, trusting each other

and working in harmony for the extension of the family fortunes; and that, with this object, their descendants should as far as possible intermarry.

All five sons had inherited much of their father's financial genius; but it was to Nathan, the third, that the lion's share fell. Arriving at Manchester as a youth, with less than £100 as capital, he prospered so rapidly as banker and money-lender that within a few years he was able to migrate to London with £200,000 at his back, a substantial capital which he quickly increased ten-fold.

When Napoleon returned from Elba to take up the sword again, Nathan prepared for his greatest coup. Not trusting to his agents, he himself ventured as far as the field of Waterloo, and from a neighboring height watched the ebb and flow of that epoch-making battle. The moment he saw the tide turning decisively against Napoleon, he jumped on his swift horse and raced, as one possessed, to Ostend.

Here he encountered a serious check. The sea was running mountains high and no fisherman dared venture on it. An offer of 2,000 francs at last secured the services of one more venturesome than his fellows, and after a perilous voyage Nathan was landed at Dover, from whence he posted fast as horses could gallop, through the night, to London, and at 10 o'clock the next morning was found leaning against his accustomed pillar at the Stock Exchange.

For days the Stock Exchange had been extraordinarily nervous, and was now in a state to be influenced either way by the faintest and most unreli-

able hint. It was known that Nathan had left for the Continent, and when he appeared again there was a great silence of consternation. Then suddenly, from what source no one was quite certain, the news began to circulate that the hundred and seventeen thousand Prussians under Blucher had been cut down at Ligny on the 16th and 17th of June, and that Wellington was a doomed man. This news produced an extraordinary effect, and the funds dropped to absurd prices, Nathan himself being amongst the very first to sell. But while he sold gingerly with his left hand the Jew had bought in bounteously with his right, and when the good news came on the following day Nathan had netted a million pounds.

The fortune left by Nathan to his four sons has been estimated at £10,000,000.

Baron Nathan was succeeded in England by his son, Baron Lionel, who still further enhanced the family fortunes. He was the chief mover in the construction of all the leading Continental lines, and in the loan of £4,000,000 to the British Government for the purchase of Suez Canal shares from the Khedive. But his chief title to memory is his magnificent work for his co-religionists, whose political emancipation, among other great and beneficent services, he secured.

Of the later history of this great family the story is perhaps too well known to require re-telling. To-day, the Rothschilds, still presenting a harmonious and consolidated front, are incomparably the wealthiest family in Europe, and probably in the world.



Ye Story of Caviare

With a Cree Legend
of the Sturgeon

From the Manitoba Free Press

Illustrated by Hay Stead

MANITOBA yields other harvests than those that are reaped from its fertile soil. The name and fame of Manitoba's wheat have gone abroad to countries overseas, as well as throughout our own continent; but it is far from being generally known, even in our own continent, that Manitoba has important fisheries. The mental picture which is usually conjured up by the name of this Province is that of a sea-like expanse of fertile soil, a prairie empire of "the gold that grows," a land of wheatfields that stretch to the circling sky. Besides its widespread wealth of prairie loam, of which great areas yet await their first furrowing by the settler's plough, Manitoba possesses lakes of large extent, and these are furrowed by the keels of fishing fleets which reap rich harvests yearly. The Manitoba of to-day is vastly



larger than the Manitoba which, in 1870, became a Province of the Dominion of Canada. It is the only prairie Province that has a sea coast. It is as large as Texas, the largest State in the neighboring republic; more than twice as large as Great Britain and Ireland; larger than France, Sweden or Spain; more than twice the size of Italy; larger than Chile. It has the commodious sea harbors of Fort Churchill and York Factory, on Hudson Bay, the Mediterranean of this continent. The building of a railway to Fort Churchill is now going forward as a Dominion Government work, and the opening up of the Hudson Bay outlet for the grain of Western Canada to the European market is definitely embarked upon as a national undertaking. The Bay itself, which is the third largest sea in the world—being exceeded only by the Mediterranean and the Caribbean—yields the northern whale, so prized for its "whale-bone," a single adult specimen being now worth \$15,000, the white whale, or grampus, the narwhal, whose tusk, from six to ten feet long, yields a valuable ivory, the walrus, five species of seals, and thirty kinds of edible



fishes. The peltries of the sea and shore remain undiminished, though fur hunting has gone on for three centuries. The great Company which takes its name from the Bay, expends in that region \$2,000,000 annually in the purchase of furs, chiefly those of the bear, fox, wolf, wolverine, lynx, skunk, ermine, marten, mink, muskrat, otter, and the renowned beaver; and of the products of the whale, porpoise and walrus fisheries it also exports large quantities annually to the British markets. Great quantities of sturgeon sounds, or air bladders, from which isinglass is made, are also shipped. The forest products include three varieties each of pine and spruce, two each of elm, ash, poplar and birch, and one each of aspen, tamarack and fir. Smaller growths, suitable for pulp-making, also abound. The existence of such minerals as iron, copper, silver, gold, mica, gypsum, antimony, asbestos and coal has been demonstrated, the deposits, yet untouched, being of vast extent.



Of the lakes of Manitoba, Lake Winnipeg is the largest, being 275 miles long, and from 40 to 60 miles wide, its area being about 9,000 square miles, and its total coast line longer than that of any of the Great Lakes, except Lake Superior. No other Province or State has entirely within its boundaries a body of water at all approaching it in magnitude. Great Salt Lake, in Utah, is



only one-fifth of the extent of Lake Winnipeg. The largest of its tributaries is the Saskatchewan River, one of the four great rivers of the continent east of the continental divide; its total length is 1,090 miles. The Red River, 700 miles in length, and the Winnipeg River, 300 miles in length, and many minor rivers, also pour into Lake Winnipeg. The Nelson River is its principal outlet, and connects it with Hudson Bay. Next in magnitude to Lake Winnipeg come Lakes Manitoba and Winnipegosis, the former 125 miles long and 25 miles wide, the latter 130 miles long and 20 miles wide. Of smaller lakes there are many. The fishing industry is carried on mainly on Lake Winnipeg. This year's catch on that lake amounted to 8,000,000 pounds, making, at an average value of 5 cents per pound, a total value of \$400,000. The great bulk of this catch was exported by the Dominion Fish Com-

pany to the United States, consisting chiefly of white fish, which is in great demand. There are also considerable quantities of pickerel, pike, catfish and sturgeon exported. Of caviar the annual export is from \$10,000 to \$15,000 in value. It goes to Europe, most of it to Hamburg, which is the headquarters of the trade. The little package of caviar accompanying this book is of this year's take on Lake Winnipeg. It goes to you from the Manitoba Free Press with the wish that you may relish your Christmas good cheer with gusto as hearty as that of Peter the Great for his favorite dishes, among which caviar held a foremost place.

The word caviar, caviare, or, as it was called in England more than three hundred years ago, caviary, is, the philologists tell us, cognate with the Dutch kaviaar, and the German, Danish and Swedish kaviar—all derived from the French caviar, formerly cavial, which is traced to the Italian caviale, formerly also caviaro, which the philologists further inform us, is cognate with the Spanish caviar (there is also Spanish word cabial, meaning sausage made with caviar), and the Portuguese caviar and cavial, both of which words mean caviar. The modern Greek word for it is kabiari, the mediaeval Latin was caviarium, the Turkish word is hav-yar, and the Russians call it ikra. So much for the name of it. Now for the thing itself.

Caviar is the roe of the sturgeon prepared as a table delicacy. As a dish too rare to be known by the generality of people, and the flavor of which would not be relished by an uneducated palate, Shakespeare makes Hamlet speak of it, in describing a play which was too fine to be appre-

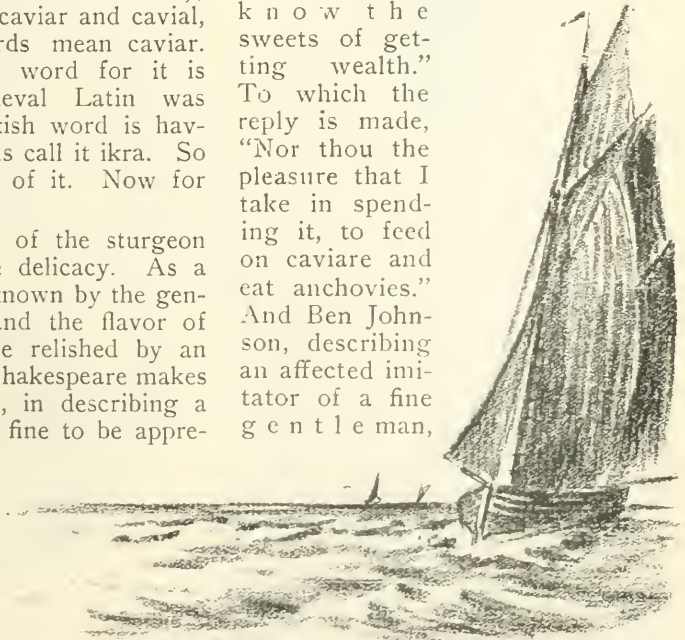
ciated by ordinary minds. "'Twas caviare to the general" (meaning the generality), says the Prince of Denmark. Anchovies were likewise regarded as being above the appreciation of any but those of most exquisite taste. In one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, these lines occur in a passage advising a young lady how to behave so as to be taken for a person of the highest fashion:

"Laugh wide and loud—and vary;

A smile is for a simp'ring novice,
One that ne'er tasted caviary,

Nor knows the smack of dear
anchovis."

Caviar was so fashionable that affected traveled men made a point of declaring that they cared for few other delicacies besides it. There is a description of such a coxcomb in "Blount's Observations," published in 1620. "A pasty of venison," it says, makes him sweat, and then swear that the only delicacies be mushrooms, caviare, or snails." In an old play, "The Muses' Looking Glass," one of the characters says, "Thou dost not know the sweets of getting wealth." To which the reply is made, "Nor thou the pleasure that I take in spending it, to feed on caviare and eat anchovies." And Ben Johnson, describing an affected imitator of a fine gentleman,





writes that he "doth learn to make strange sauces, to eat anchovies, macaroni, bovoli, fagioli and caviare, because he" — the person imitated — "loves them."

The following curious account is taken from Dr. Muscovy," a notable book of Crull's "Ancient and Present State of travels which was published in London in 1698:

"Caviare, or

throw away the flesh (though the daintiest of all fish) reserving only the spawn, of which they sometimes take an hundred and fifty or two hundred weight out of one fish. These roes they salt and press and put up into casks, if it is to be sent abroad, else they keep it unpressed, only a little corned with salt. That made of sturgeon's spawn is black and small grained, somewhat waxy, like potar-go, and is called ikary by the Muscovites. This is also made by the Turks. The second sort, which is made of the roes of the belluga, or white fish, has a grain as large as a small peppercorn, of darkish grey. The caviare made of this spawn the Muscovites call Armeinska ikary, because they believe it was first made up by the Armenians. Both kinds they cleanse from its strings, salt it, and lay it up on shelving boards, to drain away the oily and most unctuous part; this being done, they salt it, press it, and put it up in casks containing 700 or 800 weight, and so send it to Musco-

cavajar (called by the Russians ikary), is made of the roes of two different fishes, which they catch in the River Wolga, but especially near the City of Astracan, to wit, of the sturgeon and the belluga. I will not pretend to describe the first, it being too well known in these parts; but the belluga is a large fish, about twelve or fifteen foot long, without scales, not unlike a sturgeon, but more large and incomparably more luscious, his belly being as tender as marrow and his flesh whiter than veal, whence he is called white fish by the Europeans. This belluga lies in the bottom of the river, at certain seasons, and swallows many large pebbles of great weight to ballast himself against the force of the stream of the Wolga, augmented by the melting of the snows in the spring; when the waters are asswaged he disgorges himself. Near Astracan they catch sometimes such a quantity of them that they

and other places; from thence it is transported by the English and Dutch into Italy. That glew which is called ising-glass is made out of the belluga's sounds."

The preparation of caviar is a simple enough operation, yet one requiring skill and experience to get the best results. A specially prepared salt, known as caviar salt, is used. The sturgeon roe and this salt are the only ingredients in caviar. The quality of



YE STORY OF CAVIARE

the caviar depends upon the care in handling it, and in keeping it at the right temperature throughout the whole process. The caviar from Lake Winnipeg is shipped to Hamburg in kegs containing from 100 to 125 pounds. It is said that some of it finds its way back across the Atlantic in one-pound, half-pound and quarter-pound jars and tins, as the Russian article. By the Russians and Germans caviar is used as a staple article of diet. They eat large quantities of it with bread, usually made up as sandwiches, or spread on single slices of bread. By gourmets the world over it is greatly relished as an appetizing hors d'oeuvre.* The usual way of serving it is first to make it as cold as possible, without freezing it, and then mix a little lemon juice with it and spread it upon thin, crisp toast, either with or without hard-boiled egg. It is used also as a filling for sandwiches, always with lemon juice, and usually with the addition of chopped hard-boiled egg. It is known that King Edward is specially fond of caviar sandwiches at luncheon. Caviar is never cooked.

The sturgeon fishing on Lake Winnipeg is done almost entirely by the Indians. They take the fish in pound nets, and keep them alive in enclosures, or pens, which they make in suitable places near the shore, where the water is not too deep, by driving in stakes and so making a fence to keep the sturgeon prisoners, until they are ready to make a journey in one of their sailing boats, to one of the calling places of the fishing companies' steamers, or until one of these steamers visits a locality where there is a sturgeon pen. At Fort Alexander, the Hudson's Bay Company's trading post at the mouth of the Winnipeg River, which for more than a century has been one of the most important posts on Lake Winnipeg, you can always count upon finding some Indians and half-breeds. Of the

fishers to be found there, the veteran is Gran'pere Lalonde. He is very old—nearer ninety than eighty years, they say. In the summer time he sits on the rough plank platform in front of the store at Fort Alexander, smoking his beloved habitant tobacco and watching the great river change color with the varying sun and wind. In the winter he crouches in his corner behind the stove at his son's homestead beyond the reserve up the river, shaking his old grey head, and from time to time muttering to himself.

At times he will tell stories of *les vieux temps*. Some of them are queer



tales, for Gran'pere Lalonde has seen strange things in his time; and if they were less rambling, and if one could write down the old man's own words, they would make good reading.

The strangest story of all, perhaps, is of the time Gran'pere Lalonde saw l'Eturgeon Royal, the great sturgeon of Cree tradition, the mythical monster which guards the fishing grounds of Lake Winnipeg—the terror of all old-time Cree fishers, and to be propitiated only by the sacrifice of the choicest portion of each day's catch.

Had I but the gift, I could make

* In Russia the passages blacked out in foreign newspapers and periodicals by the censor are colloquially known as Caviar.

you feel the grip of that weird tale as Gran'pere Lalonde told it to me one summer evening, as we sat waiting for the Beaver's white sails to show around the high point of Elk Island. Nobody will believe the story, but that is neither here nor there. Half Cree in race, Gran'pere Lalonde is almost wholly Cree in mind, and as he grows older the French in him gives way before the savage, his inheritance from an Indian mother.

It was over fifty years ago. Gran'pere Lalonde and his partner, Michel Dupre, were camped for the summer fishing at Pigeon Bay, beyond the Narrows. There they had spread their nets and built their stages, on which the fish were to be sun-dried for use in the coming winter. The fishing had been poor, and they had shifted camp time after time, from Rabbit Point north to their present station.

"I tell you dis, 'Poleon," said Dupre. "Dere is no luck to us while you kip not givin' dat way for l'Eurgeon Royal. He is tek de fish out of de net every tam, quick, for you not pay him his petite bouche. I don' lak it, me, for to go feesh wit' you. Some day we go out, an' dat is all. Dere is no more 'Poleon, no more Michel! Dat little gel Marie Beauchamp, she no t'ank you for dat, I t'ink me!"

"Sacre! Michel," said Lalonde, "dat is ol' Hinjun tale 'bout de King sturgeon. I lak see de feesh can kill 'Poleon Lalonde. I'm catchin' heem in ma net, mebbe soon. I don' care, me; I t'row no feesh back on de lak' dat I'm catchin', no not for de devil heemself!"

"Tek care wat you say, 'Poleon, he's hearin' you! He's mutche manitou, dat feller. He'll come out de lak an' keel you dead! Even de Compagnie she pay heem. Antoine Bouvier, at de Fort, put back wan w'itefish in every t'irty for l'Eurgeon Royal."

"Antoine Bouvier ees wan squaw. Hees hair stan' up if de win' blow it de leaf at night. Me; I am French! I am not fear for Hinjun devil." And wrapping himself in his blanket,

'Poleon turned on his side and slept the sleep of the just.

Michel damped the fire with the contents of the kettle and followed his example, as far as his fears would let him. For nearly a month now they had been fishing together, and the whole of that time 'Poleon had steadfastly refused to follow the time-honored custom of throwing back as an offering a fish from each take of the net. Michel passed the night restlessly, and rose in the morning with dire forebodings of disaster.

The morning dawned grey and drizzly. They broke their fast silently and sullenly, as though to avoid harking back to the previous evening's fruitless discussion. Together they ran their flat-bottomed boat into the water and stepped in.

"Now we shall see," said 'Poleon, "if dat dam l'Eurgeon Royal has tek' ma feesh."

They reached the nets. The first pull brought their hearts with a leap to their mouths. "Jesu, Marie!" cried Michel; "dere is wan honder feesh, if dere is wan in de net!"

The whole length of the net was one silvery gleam of fish. With the boat half full, 'Poleon turned its nose towards the second net. As he did so, Michel stealthily reached forward and lifted a fish by the tail.

"Hol' on, Michel; drop dat!" 'Poleon rose, oar in hand. "You t'row out dat feesh, you go wit' heem, for I hit you wit' de paddle. I t'ink shame for you, act like wan papoose."

Michel opened his hand reluctantly, and the fish slid squirming over its fellows to the bottom of the boat.

They reached the second net. Both were trembling with suppressed excitement. The best take of the season was theirs, yet the sturgeon spirit had been denied his sacrifice. Michel's terror was manifest in his shaking hands and pallid face, and even 'Poleon, despite his vaunted disbelief, was not without some qualms of conscience.

All this Gran'pere had told me in the queerest mixture of English and

YE STORY OF CAVIARE

Canadian French, interlarded with Cree—his mother tongue. As his story proceeded, the old man's eyes glistened, he hitched himself forward in his chair, and his pipe ceased to glow, for he waved it in one yellow, wrinkled hand while the other nervously fumbled with the arm of his chair. As he reached again, in imagination, that second net which was to convince Michel of the mythical nature of the "Hinjun devil," his voice ceased. His hand was arrested in mid-air, and his eyes dilated, while his body seemed to stiffen unnaturally. In a silence broken only by the river noises and the voices of the children beyond the stockade, I waited for the resumption of his faculties. Presently he broke the stillness. In a low, hoarse voice, as though the terror of it were still with him, he spoke.

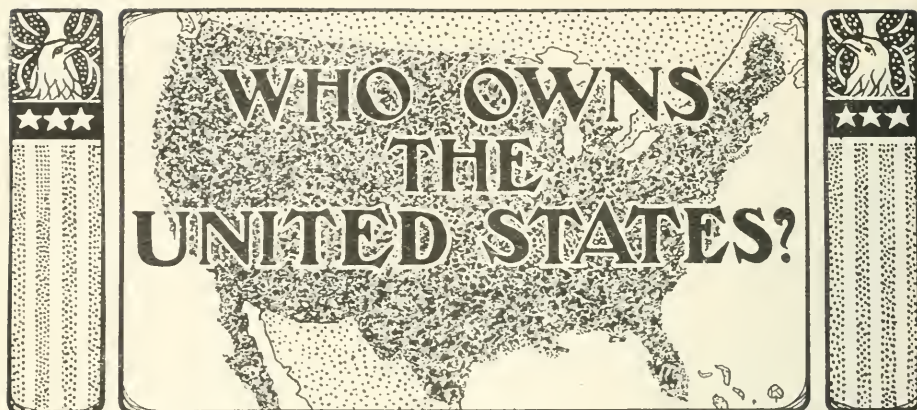
"I turn de boat—so! I put in de oar. Michel, he tek hol' on de net an' pull. She is full—full more better dan de las'. Michel haul—p'raps half, an' de feesh com' tumblin' into de boat. I lean over to give heem han', for she come heavy, when, holy

Mother of Saints, de boat she lift. A beeg wave lak de bottom of de lak' coom up turn de boat over, an' dere is no more Michel, no more feesh, no more boat! Moi—'Poleon—on de lak, an' wan beeg nemayoo—arpents long! He look at me wit' little red eye, an' turn over on hees side. I see hees beeg round mout, open as wide ma head, an' so close, so close! I'm not knowin' anyt'ing affter dat; I t'ink I'm drown, or dat feesh he eat me.

"De nex' t'ing, I'm in camp, an' Michel is dry ma clo'es, an' feex de kettle for tea. He shake, too, lak me. He say not'ing, lak me. De boat is dere an' de net, but de feesh, she is all gone.

"An' nex' tam we haul de net, de firs' fish is t'row over for l'Eturgeon Royal, for I hear heem say close in ma ear lak a w'isper: 'Poleon, it is mine!' I look at Michel, but he don' hear it. Me! I'm t'rowin' de feesh, begar! An' every tam since dat I haul de net, I'm knowin' l'Eturgeon Royal feex hees eye, red, an' say: 'Poleon, 'Poleon, it ees mine!'"





By HENRY M. HYDE.

Article and Illustrations from Technical World Magazine

WHEN "Coal Oil Johnny" bought all the champagne in New York and emptied it into a plunge bath, so that he might take a swim in the sparkling wine, he was by comparison a mean and penurious miser. The only real, genuine, open-handed and free-hearted spendthrift in the tides of time is the government of the United States. For instance:

When Jay Cooke and his colleagues were projecting the Northern Pacific Railroad they took off their hats and made a bow to Congress.

"We're thinking of building to the Pacific coast," they said. "Can't you give us a little help?"

"Why, certainly," the Congress replied enthusiastically. "Just take the State of New York and go to work."

"Oh!" said the railroad promoters in a pained voice, "is that all? Why, we really expected something substantial."

"Well," Congress answered, swelling with philanthropy and putting its hand into the public pocket, "of course if you feel that way about it you can put Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Delaware on the string, too. Now run along and get busy."

Still the Promoters stood and looked pathetically at that tender-hearted aggregation of statesmen.

"Why certainly," sobbed Congress, finally, vainly endeavoring to conceal its emotion, "we'll have the people lend you what money you need, too. Please don't look at us in that tone of voice any longer."

In other words, the land grant of forty-four millions of acres made as a free gift to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company by the national Congress more than equals in extent the total area of the States of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Delaware.

Up to twelve years ago Congress had given away the public domain to railroad and other corporations to the extent of 266,000,000 acres, a bit of territory not far in extent from the total area of France and Germany, two countries which support between them a population much greater than the whole population of the United States when the last census was taken.

When one gets this terrific fact clear in his mind he is in a condition to realize that it is full time for Uncle Sam to make a determined effort to save what few scraps and remnants of

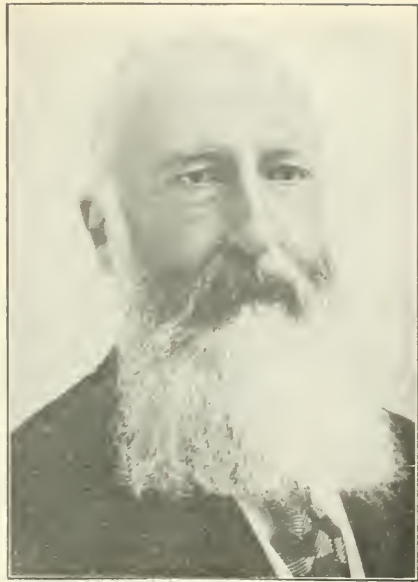
WHO OWNS THE UNITED STATES

his patrimony are still left in his possession.

This movement, of which President Roosevelt stands at the head, is no attempt to resurrect the corpse of railroad subsidies. It is a bugle call to a man whose pocket has been picked, whose jewelry and valuables have been stolen, to wake up and defend himself before the thieves carry off his underclothes and leave him naked.

Like the negro question and other unsolved public problems, the railroad subsidy is a heritage of the Civil War. Nearly nine-tenths of all the vast land grants were made during that period of reckless and prodigal expansion which marked the decade which saw the beginning and end of the rebellion. The one great argument in their favor is that, without public aid, private capitalists could not be persuaded to invest their money in opening up a wild and unsettled country. And the one everlasting answer to that argument lies in the fact that the only trans-continental road which has never been in the hands of a receiver and never failed to pay all its promised dividends to stockholders is the Great Northern, which James J. Hill pushed through from Lake Superior to Puget Sound, over the wildest and most unsettled region on the continent, without the aid of a cent from the public treasury.

Land is the greatest of all natural resources. It contains and covers or



King Leopold of Belgium

A Typical European Monarch, yet his Kingdom Could Only Fill One-half the Domain of America's Greatest Landowner,
Henry Miller



A Comparison of the Respective Realms of King Leopold and Henry Miller

bears on its surface all the others. Once get a clear idea of who owns the land and the question of who controls the natural resources is answered. Unfortunately land titles in the United States are so involved that it is impossible to make a comprehensive statement on the subject. It is easy, however, to give specific examples which are sufficient proof of the fact that if the people are to save anything of their birthright immediate action and permanent watchfulness are absolutely necessary. First of all, let it be understood that the great railroad companies are the least of land offenders. They merely took with open hands what a nation of spendthrifts allowed its reckless or dishonest servants to throw away. It remained for a small army of shrewd and unscrupulous men, some by taking advantage of loose land laws and some by bribing public officials, to segregate and set apart to their own use and possession vastly greater portions of the public land. Eighty years ago a poor boy was born in Wurtemberg,



Duke of Sutherland

One of the Largest English Landowners in America. He Owns 422,000 Acres



Duke of Devonshire

Holds 148,626 Acres of Land in the United States

Germany. He came to this country in a sailing ship, drifted across country to California and went to work as a butcher's boy, with nothing but his day's wages to depend on. At the present time, grown old and gray, this butcher's boy, whose name is Henry Miller, owns and controls fourteen and one-half million acres of rich and fertile land—22,500 square miles—equal in round numbers to the aggregate area of the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Rhode Island.

Try to grasp what that means! And then turn over in your mind all the fairy stories and wonder tales that have ever been dreamed and written and then see how this true story of the penniless German butcher boy, who in fifty years became the absolute owner in fee of a magnificent empire, twice as large as Belgium, makes the wildest of them sound commonplace!

How did Henry Miller get possession of all this land? Ask any man from the Pacific coast and he will wink a knowing wink. "Why, from the government, of course—most of

it," is as far as he cares to go for publication. They are fast learning out on the Pacific coast, where most of the fat and fertile territory is divided up among a few great land kings, that the crime of lese majesty is a serious one. Where one hundred men hold title to 17,000,000 acres in the valley of the Sacramento, alone, how shall a common subject find the courage to defy them by pointing out the open and unblushing frauds by which some titles are acquired? When United States Senators, Congressmen, a Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington, and scores of subordinate officials are proved to be in the pay of the land grafters, a plain American citizen-subject may be pardoned if he hesitates to call down on himself the wrath of the King!

One hears much of the evils of landlordism in Ireland. Henry Miller, a single American land-owner, is lord of the land over an area two-thirds as large as the whole of the Emerald Isle! One pities the condition of the down-trodden Irish peasants. Listen

WHO OWNS THE UNITED STATES



Duke of Rutland

Whose Possessions in America Include
70,039 Acres of Land



Duke of Portland'

Holds 55,259 Acres of American
Soil

to this incident of daily life on one of the Miller ranches:

One day Henry Miller, aforesaid, drove up to the ranch house. Since his last visit rats had eaten a brood of young chickens.

"Rats, heh!" snorted Miller. "Sign of decay! Where's that damned tramp of mine?"

How long will it take to develop the servile and cringing spirit of peasants, when one man can refer to any of the people who live in his kingdom—which is three times as large as the State of New Jersey—as "that damned tramp of mine?"

Go back to Ireland and recall how the hand of absentee landlordism has crushed the life out of that unhappy people. But how about absentee landlordism in America? Suppose the same dukes and earls and lords and barons who own the soil of Great Britain own as much more of the territory of the United States? To most people that supposition will sound like an absurd and impossible jest. They are invited to read the following incomplete list of landlords in the

United States, who are not only absentee but foreign landlords and most of whom bear titles of English nobility:

Name.	Number of acres owned.
Duke of Bedford	51,085
Earl of Brownlow	57,799
Earl of Carlisle	78,540
Earl of Cawdor	51,538
Earl of Clavland	106,650
Earl of Derby	56,698
Duke of Devonshire	148,626
Lord of Londonsboro	52,655
Duke of Northumberland ..	191,460
Duke of Portland	55,259
Earl of Powls	46,095
Duke of Rutland	70,039
Lady Willoughby	59,212
Sir W. W. Win	91,612
Earl of Yarborough	54,570
Baron Tweeddale	1,750,000
Byron H. Evans	700,000
Duke of Sutherland	422,000
W. Whaley, M.P.	310,000
Robert Tenant	530,000
Lord Dunmore	120,000
Benjamin Neugas	100,000
M. Ellerhausen	600,000



Lord Dunraven
The Noted Yachtsman who Owns
60,000 Acres in America

Lord Houghton	60,000
Lord Dunraven	60,000
A Peel, M.P.	10,000
Alexander Grant	35,000

The above list, which was made twelve years ago, is most incomplete and imperfect. At that time there were fifty-six foreign individuals and corporations which owned in the United States land aggregating more than 26,000,000 acres, a territory much larger than the State of Indiana and including four-fifths as much land as all England. Kept in the public domain and divided up into homesteads it would have furnished 140,000 families with farms of 160 acres each.

Since the list was compiled foreign landlords have been the object of discussion and legislation both in Congress and in several State Legislatures. But any lawyer can explain how simple it is to evade laws against foreign landlordism. And the fact remains—no matter how titles at present may be involved in trusteeships and local holding corporations—that, in one way or another, a whole splen-

did empire which once belonged to the people has passed into the ownership of foreign noblemen and capitalists.

Even more significant is the rapid growth of enormous land holdings by resident capitalists and corporations. In 1870 there were only three thousand and four hundred farms in the United States which embraced more than 1,000 acres each. In 1880, this had been multiplied by nine—nearly thirty thousand landholders held more than 1,000 acres each in fee simple. In 1900, when the last census was taken, the number of farms containing more than 1,000 acres had jumped to nearly 50,000, an increase of about 66 per cent. And, in addition, the recently organized trusts have, in almost every case, got control of vast tracts of the most valuable land in the country, holding in the aggregate millions upon millions of acres. Thus the Standard Oil Company counts among its assets considerably more than a million acres of oil lands; the Steel Trust holds in one tract coke lands valued, on the authority of Charles M. Schwab, at \$60,000,000, and the



A. Peel
A British M.P. with Large Land Holdings
in America

WHO OWNS THE UNITED STATES

United States Leather Company boasts title to 500,000 acres of hemlock timber. This list might be multiplied indefinitely, nor does it mention even the corporations which are the largest land holders. The lumber companies dominated by Frederick Weyerhaeuser, of St. Paul, for instance, own and control timber areas covering in the aggregate more than 30,000,000 acres, or almost the amount of territory included within the State of Wisconsin.

Lest it should be gathered that the more or less fraudulent land barons of the Pacific coast are the only great individual land owners of the country it may be mentioned in passing that the late Col. D. C. Murphy, of New York State, held title, when he died, to more than four million acres of farm lands; that the late United States Senator Farwell, of Illinois, his brother and one or two other men, owned three million acres of land in Texas, and that Mrs. Virginia Ann King, of Greenville, Texas, owns so much land in one great ranch that it is a drive of nearly fifty miles from the porch of her manor house over the flat, black prairies to the front



Lord Haughton

Owner of 60,000 Acres of American Soil

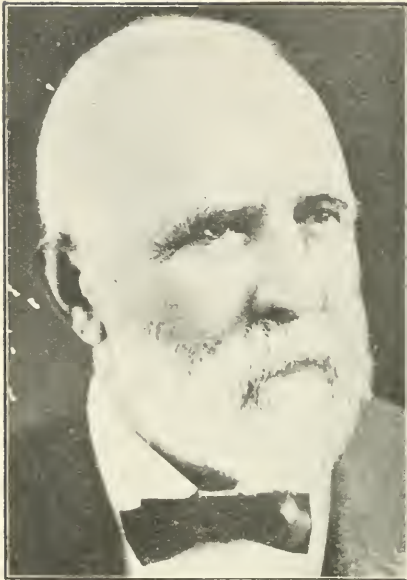
gate of her door-yard. These persons are named merely as notable examples of a large and impressive class of great capitalists who in one way or another have got possession of great tracts of land, which once belonged to the people. It is no part of the intention of this article to charge or to insinuate that they or any of them got title through fraudulent or extra-legal means. They are cited simply to illustrate in how reckless a way the public domain has been dissipated and to rouse, if possible, the people to a realization of the vital necessity of scrupulously safeguarding the remnant which still remains.

Less than one hundred years ago the public lands of the United States embraced one billion, eight hundred million acres. More than one-tenth of the whole—and this of the choicest—was granted, off hand, to railroad and other corporations. Eighty million acres went in grants to agricultural and other schools and colleges, more than sixty millions were disposed of by the gift of soldiers' scrip—a large part of which was bought up for little or nothing by capitalists—and seventy millions were given



Earl of Carlisle

Holds 78,540 Acres of American Land



Frederick Weyerhaeuser

Connected with Companies Controlling 30,000,-
000 Acres of Timber Lands

back to the several States as swamp lands.

The balance sheet of the national government in account with the people on the subject of the public domain may be roughly put as follows:

Congress, Dr.,	
To the PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.	
	Acres.
To the Public Domain	1,800,000,000
Credit:	
By railroad and corporation grants	192,500,000
By grants for schools and colleges	80,000,000
By grants on soldiers' scrip ..	61,000,000
By grants of swamp lands to states	70,000,000
Total	403,500,000
On hand 1908	755,000,000
	1,158,500,000 1,158,500,000

Taken up by actual settlers and land
grafters

At first sight the grand total of 755,-000,000 acres still remaining in the public domain is most impressive. It looks not at all like a desperate situation. It would furnish, if divided into 160-acre tracts, farms for nearly five million families. All this talk, then, of a land famine is merely the attempt of a reckless muckraker to start another unfounded sensation!

But wait! We desire first of all, as the side-show barker remarks, to call your attention to the large animal in the first cage to your right! That is Alaska, with a total area of 270,000,-000 acres, which is not likely to be homesteaded by farmers for some aeons. Subtracting that, one finds the public domain cut nearly in two, with four hundred millions of acres remaining. From that must be taken the millions permanently locked up in government forest reservations, national parks and other reserves. From it must be taken also thousands of square miles of mountains and deserts which neither irrigation nor improved dry farming will ever bring under the plow.

In the end the people find themselves much in the position of the spendthrift, who after running through his patrimony, still boasts himself rich, because half of his safety-deposit vault is piled high with wild-cat oil stock and other worthless securities.

Stepping into the next tent your careful attention is called to some strange and wonderful statistics, collected at vast expense and pains by the daring hunters and explorers of the census bureau.

In 1880 twenty-five out of every hundred farmers in the United States were tenant farmers—owning no land of their own—working for a landlord on shares or paying rental in some other way. Twenty years later the total number of farmers had increased by more than a million, but the number of tenant farmers had increased even more rapidly. In 1900 more than thirty-five and a half out of every hundred were working land that belonged to somebody else—and that in a country where fifty years ago the refrain of a popular song ran:

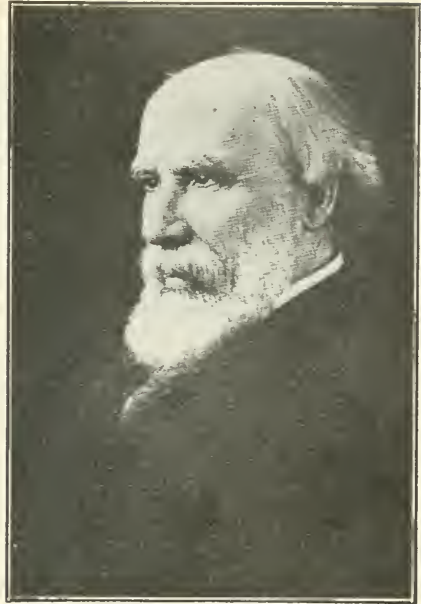
Uncle Sam has land enough
To give a farm to each of us!

Never mind the fact that outside of the farms two-thirds of all the families in America are paying rent for

WHO OWNS THE UNITED STATES

the roof over their heads—that doesn't matter in the present discussion. The fact of significance is that there were in 1900—the number is much greater now—no less than three million families of American tenant farmers—peasants in the making if the proper definition of a peasant be an agricultural laborer who works the land of another. In down-trodden Ireland, when it was most populous, there were never more than 800,000 tenant farmers.

Speaking generally, there are two plans along which most of the great landed estates in the United States are managed. One method is that followed by Samuel W. Allerton, of Chicago, who, in addition to other great interests, owns more than 40,000 acres of improved farm lands in the great central States of Illinois, Iowa and Ohio. Mr. Allerton has adapted trust methods to agriculture. Each of his farms is a model of its kind and all are operated under the general direction of a central office in Chicago. Each farm is directly managed by a resident superintendent, who is held strictly responsible for results. All the latest scientific methods are employed and the estate as a whole closely resembles a great industrial corporation, with many widely scattered plants, yet all enjoying the benefit of collective buying in huge quantities under the general direction of a highly efficient executive, who cultivates a spirit of rivalry among the various farms and sees that all the superintendents are kept up to the highest pitch. This method, of course, does away with even the quasi-independence which the average tenant farmer enjoys and makes all the residents employes on wages. When it is considered that Mr. Allerton also owns the stockyards in several large cities about which his farms are grouped, it will be realized that he is logically applying trust methods to farming more completely than in any other instance which can be cited.

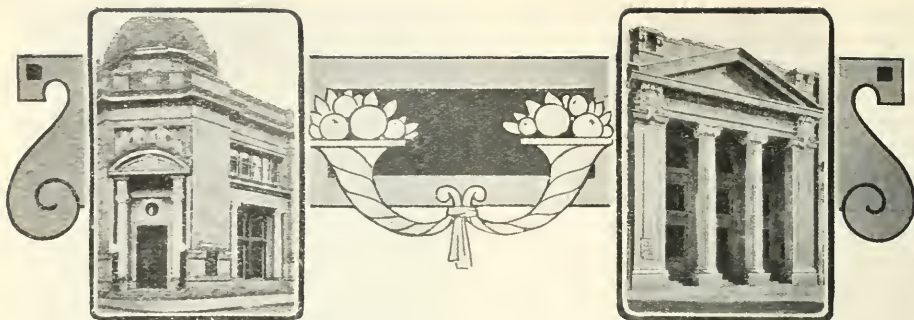


James J. Hill

The Canadian-born Railway Magnate who
Built the Great Northern Railroad With-
out Asking a Single Cent From the
People and Who has Never
Passed a Dividend

Another method of managing a great land estate is that which was followed by the late Lord William Scully, of London, who owned, in addition to other great tracts, 40,000 acres in one piece in Logan County, Illinois. He rented all his lands for cash, compelling his tenants to erect all buildings and to make all other improvements at their own expense, at the same time forcing them to pay all taxes on the land. The net annual income from his Logan County land was for some years about \$150,000.

Both methods tend towards the creation of that monopoly in land which last year drove half a million of the youngest, sturdiest and most ambitious of United States farmers across the border into Canada, where there is still free land to be had by those who will take the oath of allegiance to King Edward and settle down to honestly till the soil.



The Virtue of Thrift

By LORD ROSEBERY.

From the London Times.

THRIFT is one of those virtues—there are, perhaps, more than we think—which it is much easier to preach about than to practise. To a Scotchman our reputation in the world being what it is, it would seem almost like carrying coals to Newcastle to advocate thrift in any shape or form. I will content myself with repeating in the words of Shakespeare—and they comprehend, after all, the whole truth of the matter—that thrift is blessed, not merely because of the accumulation of substance, but because of the foundation and strengthening of character. My definition of thrift will be this—getting full value for your money and looking ahead; but, of course, the historic definition which has given so much comfort and encouragement to thousands is that of Mr. Micawber. What did Mr. Micawber say to David Copperfield on a famous occasion? “Annual income £20, annual expenditure £19 19s. 6d.; result, happiness.” “Annual income £20, annual expenditure £20 0s. 6d.; result, misery.” I suppose that that is practically true. It means in reality that a man who is beforehand with the world, in however small a degree, occupies a very different position, relatively to the rest of the world, from the man who is

behindhand with it to however small an extent. Of course, from the financial point of view of thrift, all know very well that it is the foundation of all opulence, all prosperity, even of those colossal fortunes which we hear of in America, but which we never realize in this country.

It is perfectly true, I think, that Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who began in the very humblest circumstances of life in the Town of Dunfermline, has worked his way up to a colossal fortune, which I cannot attempt to estimate, but which I know by his beneficent expenditure must be enormous, mainly by beginning with thrift. Recently in the newspapers we had another example of a lad who landed in South Carolina 63 years ago with 12s. in his pocket and died leaving ten millions sterling. I do not mean to argue—I am not such a fool as to argue—that it was by mere thrift that these colossal fortunes have been accumulated; but I am going to argue, and it is my profound faith, that they were in the commencement founded on thrift, and nothing but thrift. A small but substantial sum was accumulated, which was so utilized by the genius of speculation as to amass these enormous fortunes.

Now, I want to make an exception

THE VIRTUE OF THRIFT

before I go any further. Whatever thrift is, it is not avarice. There is a broad distinction between thrift and avarice. Mr. Micwaber in his definition expressly, as it seems to me, excludes avarice, because the accumulation of sixpence at the end of the year, which he indicates as amounting to happiness, would certainly not satisfy any dream of avarice. But avarice is not generous, and, after all, it is the thrifty people who are generous. All true generosity can only proceed from thrift because it is no generosity to give money which does not belong to you, as is the case with the unthrifty; and I venture to say that of all the great philanthropists, all the great financial benefactors of their species of whom we have any record, the most generous have been thrifty men.

Let us pass from the financial value of thrift, which to me is not the greatest, to that which results in the formation of character. I know that many people, when they read speeches about thrift, say: "How can the poor be thrifty? They have nothing to be thrifty upon." Now the exact reverse of the case is true. Strangely enough, we have proof to the contrary in that, by the experience of Edinburgh, of Glasgow, of Manchester, and other cities—it has been found that periods of stress, and not periods of prosperity, have been the most favorable for thrift. But the case of Scotland is a much more emphatic illustration of this than any particular savings bank, in however large a town it may be situated in Scotland. The 18th century, the time of perhaps her direst poverty—at any rate, as compared with other countries in the world—was the period of her greatest thrift. One hundred and twenty years ago there were probably not more than £200,000 or £300,000 of current coin in the whole of Scotland. When you compare that with \$14,000,000 of deposits in the two savings banks of Edinburgh and Glasgow you may arrive at some computation as to the difference of prosperity between the

Scotland of to-day and the Scotland of that time. But that was the time of Scotland's greatest thrift. It was the time when her whole current coinage did not amount, it is calculated, to £300,000; so much so, that in those days we read that the one great object of the Scottish peasant was thrift, not for the sake of livelihood, but for the sake of his funeral. To amass enough money to obtain a decent funeral was calculated, I think, at about £2. These patient and self-denying people amassed enough for that event in their lives. They toiled and spun and spared themselves for that purpose, and, much more than that, they maintained their own aged, their own parents, their own relations. They thought it a shame to take any money from the public, and their spirit of independence is, at least, equal to any spirit of independence that we boast of now. They scorned State assistance; they scorned that any should maintain their families but themselves. They gave a little surplus in charity, for there were plenty of recipients in the beggars and tinkers of the road. The nation at large was thrifty, independent, self-respecting to a degree known, perhaps, in no other nation at no other period in the world.

When things were in this impoverished state in Scotland the Scots were a source of terror to their southern countrymen. Only the other day I lit upon a caricature—an English caricature, I need hardly say—dated 1780, ten years after the time I am writing of, when the current coin was so small in number. The caricature represents a Scotsman only half clad, with his shoes on one shoulder and an essential part of his dress on the other, barefooted, on his way to England, and underneath it was written:

"The savage's breeks are on his
shoulders
So plainly seen by all beholders,
Half starved, half naked, but one
shoe;
Yet by and by he'll ride o'er you."

Our great grandfathers—my great

grandfather, at any rate, was living at that time and in possession of his estate—our great grandfathers did great things in those days on a mess of pottage. They had no more, but with it they helped to mold the Empire. They maintained their poor without legal compulsion; they sought nothing from external help, and they laid, in their nakedness and their barrenness, the foundations of the prosperity which reigns in Scotland at the present moment. None of us would care to live as they did. Some of the poorest in our country would shrink from the manner of life which was endured by some of the noblest in those days. We should not care to share their privations, but we should not be unwilling to be convinced that we possess their independence, their self-reliance and their self-respect, and I regard that as the greatest blessing resulting out of thrift—independence of character. Whether Scottish pride arose out of Scottish thrift, or whether Scottish thrift arose out of Scottish pride, I really cannot decide; but they are closely intertwined, so closely that you cannot, perhaps, separate them. But, at any rate, the combination produced a character that has governed the country.

When we talk of thrift producing character we are equally at a loss to know whether it is not thrift that is a sign of character. Thrift means care, foresight, tenderness for those dependent on us. Whether those qualities produce thrift or whether they are produced by thrift, I will not venture to say; but, at any rate, of this I am certain, that they are inseparably intertwined. You remember what the last words were of Oliver Goldsmith, one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived in this island. You remember he wrote the "Vicar of Wakefield," that masterpiece which has survived so many masterpieces—he wrote the "Vicar of Wakefield," if I remember aright, to pay off a creditor, his landlady, or another, and he was always in financial difficulties. When he lay dying,

some one said to him, "Is your mind at ease?" He replied, "No, it is not." Those were his last recorded words. You may be quite sure that if he had united genius to thrift his last words would have been something very different. But I said a moment ago that it was a question rather of how can the poor be thrifty. I will not go into the question except to say that I think that I have demonstrated that it has been in the power of the poorest to be thrifty in our country in the past.

But there is, at any rate, one sort of thrift which is in the power of the very poorest, and which is to refrain from waste. If I wanted to train a child to be thrifty, I should teach him to abhor waste. I do not mean waste of money. That cures itself because very soon there is no money to waste, but I mean waste of material, waste of something which is useful, which may not represent any money value to the waster. There is waste of what does not belong to us, which is a very common form of waste. There is a waste of water. I am not speaking of the waste caused by the pollution of rivers, though that, perhaps, is the most criminal form of waste which exists in our midst. There is not a river which flows round Edinburgh that is not hopelessly and wantonly polluted, so that it cannot be used for any cleanly purpose. I am not speaking of waste of water in that way, but waste in private families among individuals, a waste of that precious element which compels Edinburgh to go seeking every 20 years or so for a new source of water supply.

I remember being a member of a small municipality of a small town in the south of England. When this question of waste came before us we found that water was allowed to run, and that every form of waste was indulged in, because it cost nothing, and so the result was a water famine that summer. Again, let us take the waste of gas and things of that kind. I believe that the Edinburgh town council recently adopted a stringent measure

THE VIRTUE OF THRIFT



Lord Rosebery

A Strong Advocate of Personal and National Thrift

for the prevention of the waste of gas—but I am not resident in the city, and so have not experienced this rigor; but, at any rate, we all of us must see that there is a constant waste of things which cost nothing to waste, and this is in reality an offence against ourselves and against the economy of the whole world. Now, if you teach your children to be thrifty, I would beg you to impress on them the criminality of waste.

Now what is the example we learn from great men in this respect? I will take three foremost men of their

countries in the last century and a half. I will take Washington, Frederick the Great and Napoleon—Washington as thrifty a man of business as ever lived; Frederick the Great, more than thrifty; Napoleon, thrifty in detail to the utmost possible extent. And then I take three other names—three names familiar to us Scotsmen, three names of great Scotsmen, and there I find more difficulty. I take Burns, Walter Scott and Gladstone. Of course, the toughest nut to crack is Burns. We, worshippers of Burns, are not accustomed to

think of him as thrifty; and, undoubtedly, from some points of view, he was not thrifty, though he had uncommonly little to be thrifty upon. But no one can see the enormous output of work that Burns did without seeing that he must have had a great thrift of time which is, perhaps, the most important form in which we can be thrifty. But I will abandon Burns as a difficult subject. Walter Scott, as we know, died ruined, but Walter Scott was eminently thrifty. The trouble with Walter Scott was that he was ambitious and endeavored to found too large a structure upon his labor. His thrift went into business which he did not understand, and, therefore, the whole structure toppled over. Of Mr. Gladstone I can speak from personal knowledge. There was no man so careful and thrifty in his expenditure, combined with great generosity and liberality. But no man who ever saw that great man at work could believe that it was anything but a sin to waste anything, especially time.

Now I want to refer to a larger sphere of thrift; and that, after all, is the main point on which I wish to insist. All great empires have been thrifty. All great empires that were meant to continue, to abide, were thrifty. Taking the Roman Empire, which, in some respects, as a centred empire, was the greatest in history, it lay like an iron clamp upon the face of the world. It was founded on thrift. When it ceased to be thrifty it degenerated and came to an end. Take the case of Prussia. It began with a little, narrow strip of sand in the North of Europe—"all sting," as some one said from its shape and the fact that its inhabitants were almost all armed men—and it was nurtured by the thrift of Frederick the Great's father, who prepared a vast treasure and a vast army by an economy which we should call sordid, but which was the weapon by which the greatness of Prussia was founded, and from which the present German Empire has

arisen. Take the case of France. In my humble belief France is in reality the most frugal of all nations. I am not sure that the French always put their money into the savings banks, and, therefore, they do not figure so well in the proportion of depositors to the nation as some others may do; but, after the disastrous year of 1870, when France was crushed for a time by a foreign enemy and by a money imposition which it seemed almost impossible that any nation could pay, what happened? The stockings of the French peasantry, in which they had kept their savings of years, were emptied into the chest of the State and that huge indemnity and that war expense was paid off in a time incredibly short. The other two nations that I have spoken of were made by their thrift, but France was saved by her thrift.

Now we come to our beloved country. What are we to say of her in the way of thrift. I am bound to say that, speaking from that external point of view, I am not quite sure that thrift is a governing consideration of our Parliament at this moment. To such a degree has this absence of thrift proceeded that it is now a subject of joy to the economist that votes are passed under the guillotine, because, when any vote comes up for discussion, there is no question of its diminution, but a hundred voices for its increase; and, therefore, although politicians are apt to complain of so many votes and so much expenditure being passed under the rigid rule of silence imposed by the guillotine, the economist secretly rejoices that such is the case. I do think that it is wise for those who have the government of our affairs to remember that great empires only live as long as they are thrifty. The moment that they begin to waste or disperse their resources the day of their end is at hand; and that is a fact abundantly proved in history—proved up to the hilt, I think, by all the examples which I have given you.

TOWERED CITIES

A dream of the future

FROM THE SPECTATOR



Photo by Brown Bros., in Van Norden's Magazine

THE "skyscrapers" of New York have already begun to outlive a good deal of their disrepute, and indeed to command the credit that belongs to all strong and original building. Many of the lankest of these buildings are beyond a doubt basely and irretrievably utilitarian: but from the beginning there were architects who perceived that "skyscrapers" were inevitable, and who set to work to design the most scientific, and architecturally the most noble, buildings which the circumstances permitted. This, after all, is the true and common, if not the final, function of architecture—to produce the most scholarly design which is appropriate to the uses the building will be put to, and which abides by the limitations of site and cost imposed by the architect's employers. The limitations in New York have long been strict, and they daily become stricter. The city is built upon an island from which escape can only be made by bridges, tunnels and steamers. The pressure at the business end of the city, which is at the point of the island, and therefore on the edge of the water, is intense, and the value of building-land is fabulous. Geographical and financial reasons both prevent the business houses from expanding horizontally, and therefore they must extend vertically—towards the sky. When the necessity for this

is recognized universally—and we should think it almost is by this time—a new era is certain to come in which taste will undergo a considerable revolution. The “skyscraper” will be more and more praised as a characteristic product of the American genius, and it will be judged in practice, not by the mere fact that it is a “skyscraper,” but by the kind of “skyscraper” it is.

The great Singer building in New York—nicknamed the Singerhorn—was finished not long ago. It has forty-five stories. This is a notable increase of height on the Park Row Syndicate building, which a few years since astounded the world with its twenty-six stories. Londoners may try to measure the Singerhorn by thinking of Queen Anne's Mansions, our nearest approach to a “skyscraper,” which have at the highest part only fourteen stories. The cupola of the Singerhorn is six hundred feet above Broadway. But forty-five stories are by no means the limit. While the Singerhorn was being built the Metropolitan Life Assurance Company glorified its original plans for a new building, and announced that it would build fifty stories, and that its tower would be nearly a hundred feet higher than the Singerhorn. The Metropolitan is already in existence, and still the competition continues. The Equitable Life Assurance Society, not content with fifty stories, promises a building of sixty-two—half as high again as the Singerhorn. Where is the sky-ward race to end? Mr. Gilder says: “I, for one, should not be amazed were the next few years to bring into being an office building of nearly a hundred stories, rising twelve hundred feet from base to cupola. Already there is report of a thousand-foot building, to occupy in part the site of the Mills building in Broad Street; and the Scientific American has pointed out that the present local Building Code, by permitting a pressure of fifteen tons per square foot under the foot-

ings on a rock bottom, where caisson foundations are used, implicitly authorizes the construction of a two-thousand-foot building of the Singer type, capable of subdivision into a hundred and fifty stories, each thirteen feet four inches high.” But that, as Mr. Gilder says, may be dismissed as a *reductio ad absurdum*. It might be thought that the tallest “skyscrapers” already existing are not safe, but no building of this kind is exactly what it appears to be. It is a great steel cage, simply clothed with stone, brick, or marble; it is not so heavy, or so top-heavy, as one might suppose; and the foundations go proportionately deep below the surface. The invisible part is not nearly so large as the submerged part of an iceberg, but it is still an essential and most important part of the construction. It is only twenty years ago that the first offices were reared upon the scientific foundation which has made all the subsequent “skyscrapers” possible. And in these twenty years the skyline of New York has been transformed out of all recognition. It is as though an Alpine range had been thrust upwards by some slow volcanic pressure. Mr. Gilder says: “As to the impressiveness of the present skyline as seen from the East River, the Hudson or the Bay, there can be no question. Nothing of its kind exists elsewhere. . . . The immense masses of masonry, hundreds of feet high, above which ascend towers and turrets conspicuously higher, produce an effect grandiose in the extreme. At night, one seems to be approaching a city set upon a hill, the innumerable lights producing, here and there, the effect of winding roads leading upward from the level waterside. And visible for many a mile, above all other objects, the shaft of the Singer building, illuminated within and without by countless lights, glows like a lily in the pool of night.”

Recently we wrote of the Venetian

TOWERED CITIES

effect of this lofty city as the traveler approaches it from the sea. It is perhaps the nearest modern counterpart of what ancient Tyre was with its tall buildings—tall for the very reason that the New York buildings are tall. But we said nothing of the breaks and decorations of the tops of the houses as they are seen against the sky. It is obvious that the regulated architecture of the future will concern itself much with this variegated line, for if the buildings were allowed to rise to a uniform level, sunshine and fresh air would be shut out for ever. As a consumer of light and air the "skyscraper" is already enough of a vampire. Madison Square is almost without sunshine in the winter. Within the last few weeks a committee has been appointed in New York to revise the Building Code, and it is expected that a limit to height will be recommended. Mr. Flagg, the architect of the Singerhorn, has a definite proposal to make, apparently with the approval of most of his brother-architects. This is that no "facade shall rise more than one hundred feet above the street; and that only one quarter of the lot on which a building stands shall be covered by any part of the building which rises to a greater height than this; and that such higher part shall come no nearer the front line of the building than that line comes to the curb." To the height of the tower itself he would fix no bounds. The meaning is clear. The dead skyline of the future city will not rise extravagantly high, but above it, like particular peaks upon a chain of mountains, will be towers and domes and pinnacles, through which the sun may shine and the breezes blow. New York will be a towered city. And then of course this style of architecture will be imitated all over the world. It is really the legitimate product of peculiar conditions, and it will be illegitimate wherever those conditions do not exist. But that

will not be thought to matter. Have not unsuitable styles of architecture always been transplanted? Do not people who live in hilly countries gravely set up obelisks in their valleys, though obelisks were designed originally to be signs and memorials in flat deserts? But to New York, at all events, will belong the fame of originality among all the towered cities of the world. The towers of New York will be reckoned as characteristic as the minarets of a Mohammedan city, as the bell-towers of Russia, as the pillar-towers of India, as the peels of Scottish fortresses, as the pagodas of China, or as the campaniles of Italy.

This is a very attractive prospect in its way, but the disadvantages give one pause. At an exhibition in New York lately the models and diagrams demonstrating the conditions of the congested population were quite a "sensation." When humanity is strung upwards towards the clouds in increasing numbers is it likely that these conditions can be easily improved? We need not spend sympathy on those who will live at the top like rooks in lofty elms. Their offices and habitations will sway a few feet this way and that in gales, and they will be told, like visitors to the Eiffel Tower, that this elasticity in a steel structure is the proof of stability. These people too, will breathe a free and fresh air. But those who live in the dense and contaminated strata below will sacrifice much to convenience. Will every member of this population in layers have the necessary amount of cubic air-space?

Express and slow elevators are already familiar in New York. The system of "non-stop" journeys will have to be extended. No one, we should think, would go up to the sixtieth floor in a slow elevator. But some day may there not be yet a further architectural development? It is not beyond the bounds of imagination that light bridges will be thrown across the chasms.



John Thaddeus Delane

The Famous Editor of the London Times, who took Editorial Charge of "The Thunderer" at the Age of Twenty-three and Personally Edited Every Item in it for Many Years

Memoirs of a Great Editor

By the DEAN OF CANTERBURY

From the Cornhill Magazine.

HAVING been closely associated with Mr. Delane, the famous editor of the Times, as a writer of leading articles under him for some fifteen years, I was asked ten years ago at the instance of some of his friends, to contribute some account of him to a series of papers on great editors, projected by the Philadelphia Evening Post. This article, though written at that time, only ap-

peared last February, but it will thus be seen that it is independent of the recent publications on the subject.

Perhaps the first and most important point to be mentioned about Mr. Delane and his methods is that he maintained an absolute mastery of the whole of the paper in all its details. He controlled with the utmost thoroughness every branch of it. I do not suppose, indeed, that he troubled

himself with the advertisements, nor can I say how far he trusted the law reports to a professional eye, except that a case of public interest would be sure to attract his notice before publication; but, with such technical exceptions as these, he "read," in the press sense of the word, everything which was to appear in the paper the next morning, and edited it so as to ensure that the whole was in harmony, and was fitted to produce one clear impression on the public mind. The telegrams, the correspondent's letter, the observations in Parliament, were all kept in view in the leading article, and were themselves kept in due relation to one another. This, of course, involved the principle that he kept strictly in his own hands the initiative of all that was to appear in the paper, and especially of the leading articles. No one, while Delane was editor of the Times, could obtain the insertion of articles which he had written of his own motion or at the suggestion of others.

One of my earliest experiences is an instance in point. Having had no subject sent to me for several days, I ventured, at the instance of a person of high distinction who was a great friend of Delane's, to write an article and offer it to him. But it was at once returned to me with one of Delane's inimitable notes, saying:

I return you this article, because it is, I assure you, essential that whatever is to appear in the Times should proceed from the initiative of whoever holds my place, and not from that of any other person, however highly esteemed. The effect of any divergence from this principle would be to deprive your contributions of any value, and to prevent their being accepted as embodying the opinions of the Times, which must, believe me, be those of no other than

Yours faithfully,

JOHN T. DELANE.

That note exactly expresses the principle on which his whole work as

editor was carried through. He insisted on being himself responsible for all the news supplied to the public; he was solely responsible for the interpretation of those news and for the comments upon them. He selected the letters addressed to the Times which were to be published; he chose the books which were to be reviewed, and exercised an independent judgment on the reviews which were supplied; he was scrupulous as to the way in which even small matters of social interest were announced and handled. In short, the paper every morning was not a mere collection of pieces of news from all parts of the world, of various opinions, and of more or less valuable essays. It was Mr. Delane's report to the public of the news of the day, interpreted by Mr. Delane's opinions, and directed throughout by Mr. Delane's principles and purposes.

This method of editing was infinitely laborious. Even when the Times was much less than its present size, the task of "reading," correcting, and controlling from forty to fifty columns of new matter every night was immense. But Mr. Delane never shrank from it, and it certainly gave the paper as a whole a unity, a cohesion, an interest, and an effectiveness which can be obtained by no other method.

But, of course, there was one qualification which was indispensable for such editing. It needed an adequate acquaintance with every field of the varied human life which was reflected in the pages of the paper, and this acquaintance Delane enjoyed by virtue of a rare experience. He had brought away from his undergraduate career at Oxford what, after all, was the best endowment of university life in those days—a general literary culture and capacity, combined with a general knowledge of affairs and a wide sympathy with men. The foundation of his character was a robust and genial human nature, which loved real action of all kinds, and delighted to throw itself into the current of public life.

He is said to have supported himself at Oxford by writing for the provincial press, and his great enjoyment was hunting. He was a bold and fine rider, and his delight in that English sport was typical of his whole character. When he came, as a very young man, to London, he took a part for a while in reporting and other secondary branches of newspaper work. He was called to the Bar, and he attended the hospitals for some terms. He was always fond of medical and surgical knowledge, and he has more than once mentioned to me his experience in Paris under the great French physiologist, Magendie. Although, therefore, he was neither a scholar, nor a lawyer, nor a doctor, he was a good deal of each, and he was able to follow the varying developments of those great spheres of thought and life.

But these varied elements of a many-sided character were brought to practical perfection, for the purposes of his work, by his social capacities and opportunities, which were of the rarest kind. He was the most agreeable of companions, and all the best classes of London society were soon open to him. He took advantage of these opportunities with extraordinary tact. While availing himself freely of the hospitality offered him on all sides, he maintained in all societies his dignity and independence; and Lord Palmerston was not making any formal excuse when, on being rallied in the House of Commons upon exerting an undue influence through the editor of the Times, he simply replied that Mr. Delane's company was so agreeable as to be always welcome. Mr. Delane did not deny that one of his objects in society was to obtain news, or, at least, the means of understanding news; and it required a rare delicacy to be able to turn to account the information he might gather without taking any undue advantage of the confidence or frankness of his hosts. But he succeeded in doing this with wonderful success, and, consequently, he was day by day gleaning

in society, in the intercourse of drawing-rooms or clubs, the information which enabled him to form a just apprehension of every subject which arose in the evening's news.

The course of a day's work in his prime will best illustrate his capacity in this respect. He rarely left the office in Printing-House Square before five o'clock in the morning, and walked to his small house in Serjeants' Inn, a little square off Fleet Street, about a quarter of a mile distant. When he rose, he would spend three or four hours in arranging the work of the day, writing and answering letters; and sometimes, especially in my years of apprenticeship, I would receive a letter from him about six o'clock giving me my subject and my cue for the work of the evening. But about the middle of the afternoon his horse was brought to him, and, followed by his groom he rode away towards the West End. He said to me once that if he started to walk from Fleet Street along the Strand to Pall Mall or Westminster he would never get there, as so many people would buttonhole him. But on his horse, which he rode slowly, he could greet them and go on. When the Houses of Parliament were in session he would always ride down to them, stroll into the House of Commons or the House of Lords as he pleased, stand under the gallery, and acquaint himself with the parliamentary situation of the day. Peers or members who were concerned in the current business would speak to him, and thus he was always in touch with the prevalent feeling and tendency in both Houses.

Thence he would ride on to the Athenaeum or the Reform Club, and there he was sure to meet someone interested in the political or scientific or legal question of the hour; or else he would ride on to Lady Palmerston's house in Piccadilly, or to Baroness Lionel de Rothschild's, or some other great leader of political or social life, and carry away at least as much suggestion or information as he brought.

In the evening the days must have been rare when he was not, or could not have been, dining in some society which brought him once more into contact with the current interests and living thoughts of the hour. He was thus always learning and observing, living in the best life of London from day to day, hearing the questions of the moment discussed from the most various points of view, and gaining an appreciation of the men and the influences which were determining the course of events.

In his best time, moreover, he was treated with great confidence by Ministers of State. A Minister who was engaged in carrying through some important measure would take Delane at least so far into confidence as to enable him to understand the real bearings of what was done and said in public; and even during critical situations in foreign affairs I have seen at night short notes from the Minister of the day, which sufficed to indicate the direction in which it was desirable that public opinion should be guided.

This was to a vast extent the secret of Delane's power as an editor. His paper reflected the real state of the English world in London because it reflected him, and because in his mind were reflected the varying thoughts and influences of the several men and women by which and by whom the course of English life was at the moment being determined. The Times held up a mirror to the public because Delane, who molded it from day to day, was himself the mirror—a mirror, indeed, which so far modified the reality as it brought all which it reflected to a focus and an object, but in which all the elements of the life of the day found their place.

Delane generally came away from dinner in time to reach Printing-House Square about ten p.m., or, at least, before eleven, and then he had to bring to bear upon the material laid before him, whether of the telegraph, or of parliamentary reporters, or correspondents' letters, the knowledge of the real position of affairs

which he had been gaining during the day. There were generally two or three leader-writers in attendance, in separate rooms, and in a short time after his arrival he would send to each of them, unless they had been previously instructed, the subject he wished them to treat. If its treatment were obvious, he would leave them to themselves with no more than a verbal message. But if it were a matter of difficulty or doubt he would soon come into the writer's room, and in a few minutes' conversation indicate the line which it was desirable to take, and the considerations which the writer should have in the background. He never gave these suggestions in such detail as to hamper original treatment on the writer's part. A few interesting and humorous observations would suffice to illustrate the true state of the question and to indicate the purpose to be kept in view, and then the more original the writer's treatment of the subject the better he was pleased. His influence in such conversations was due not so much to his authority as editor as to the impression he produced of mastery of the whole situation. To talk to him was like talking to the great political or social world itself, and one's mind seemed to move in a larger sphere after a short discussion with him. He always listened patiently to inquiries or hesitations, and was tolerant of everything but trivialities.

Those midnight conversations are among the most interesting and instructive reminiscences of my life, and they were among the chief pleasures of my work in Printing-House Square. In connexion with them there is one characteristic of him to be particularly mentioned: it is that he elevated every subject that he touched. I never remember, even in the heat of the most rapid exchange of thoughts and suggestions, one undignified or common thought or expression escaping him. He spoke of all subjects of consequence as involving deep human interests, and he treated them, and helped us to treat them, under that

aspect. In a word, he maintained as an editor, under whatever strain and whatever provocation, the part of a great gentleman, and it was a gentlemanly as well as a literary education to work under him.

One of the first things he had to do when he came to the office at night was to determine what subjects should be treated in the leaders for the next day. He always, of course, had some ready written which he used in emergency. His witty colleague, Sir George Dasent, used to call these leaders the "marmalade articles," because they were "an excellent substitute for butter at breakfast." They were, however, a very valuable element in the paper, as they were generally reviews of some important information which had lately been made public.

Delane kept a close eye upon parliamentary blue books, in which the most interesting facts are frequently buried; and often, when there was no more urgent subject, I have thrown the substance of one of such blue books into a leading article. But Delane's main object with the leading articles was to treat with the utmost promptness every question as it arose. He hated all delay or dallying with the subjects of the day. In connexion with this habit, his publication of correspondence was characteristic. Nowadays, when some interesting topic has been started by a correspondent, two or three days may elapse before a reply is printed, and so, instead of a quick return of question and answer, observation and counter-observation, a succession of letters drop casually into the columns of the paper, and people have forgotten one letter before another appears. But Delane, as he once said to me, liked to serve his dishes up to the public "hot and hot." A subject once started was followed up smartly until it was exhausted. In the same way, in the leaders, the news of the evening or the debate of the evening was treated the next morning, and the reader found in the same

number of the paper the subject-matter and the comment on it.

It was particularly gratifying when the race was over to be cheered by a generous note of thanks from him, written after the paper had gone to press, perhaps when he had gone home about five in the morning, and before he went to bed. Here is one example out of many:

My dear Wace,—Though I have come home here, I cannot go to bed without congratulating you upon your admirable army article of this morning. It does you great honor and reflects as much credit upon the paper.

Ever yours,

JOHN T. DELANE.

His gift for writing little letters of this kind was one of his great accomplishments. Among the many hundreds of letters I received from him there was not one which was not gracefully as well as tersely expressed, and which might not have been published as it was written. However hurriedly he had to write, he never wrote "in haste," and never used the loose shorthand of common colloquial expressions. Here is a characteristic specimen, from the last years of his career, of the sort of letter in which he would propose the evening's subject:

My dear Wace,—I think you will find a fair subject in the letter from the Cape; but if you agree with me, and will do it with interest, I should like an article recommending the adoption of the earliest opportunity for a mediation in Turkey. The terms, indeed, must be altogether reconsidered, since the "bag and baggage" policy was advocated. The Turks have shown that they are second to no European power in the field, and have justified the boasting which seemed so out of place during the Conference. England is alone capable of urging an armistice, if, indeed, there is now time for it.

Ever yours,

JOHN T. DELANE.

Just a word or two in this way would give the cue, and the rest was left to the writer. But to return to his work at night: there was another element in it which completed his power. This was the extraordinary thoroughness of his editorial revision. He watched with the utmost care not merely the substance and the general argument of an article, but every detail of expression. He could correct commas at 3.30 a.m., and would write one of his brilliant little notes at that hour to warn a writer against an incorrect expression. I remember his once writing to me at that hour to protest against my using the word "action" to describe an act. "Action," he said, "is properly used only of a military action or an action at law." I think he was wrong, on the authority of the Scriptural expression: "The Lord is a God of knowledge, and by Him actions are weighed"; but the vigilance which could insist on such a point in the heat and haste of editing illustrates the indefatigable conscientiousness of his work.

He extended the same vigilance to the ordinary work of reporters and to the simplest paragraphs. I remember his being particularly indignant with the use of the slipshod phrase that a marriage, or a funeral, or a race had "taken place." It was mere slovenliness of expression, he said, instead of saying that a marriage had been solemnized or a race run. He exerted a valuable influence in this way toward maintaining in the public mind a standard of correct English writing.

He was very considerate if one of his subordinates was in real difficulty, as from illness or domestic trouble, but in the ordinary course of work he would take no excuses. A man must do the work given him, and do it well, or else Delane had no place for him.

I am not competent to describe another and most important sphere of his work—his instructions to the regular and special correspondents of the paper, and his own correspondence with public men. Something of it is known, though imperfectly, from the story of his vigorous action at the time of the Crimean War; but there is good reason to believe that he played a much larger and more important part in public affairs than is generally known. In fact, he wielded a power, in his prime, of which public men were obliged to take account.

He may well, in such a position, have made occasional mistakes, but it is a marvel they were so few; and perhaps it is still more to his honor that, amidst all the flattering influences, personal and public, by which he was surrounded, he remained to the last a simple, strong, independent character, a robust and generous Englishman to the backbone, intolerant of all unrealities, a great man of action, whose delight was in using his rare powers for public ends and for the good of his country, and at the same time a staunch and affectionate friend, full of sympathy, courtesy and dignity. It was because he was a great and good man that he was a great editor, and it is to his many qualities I would render chief homage in this inadequate tribute.



Electric Locomotive Drawing Train From St. Clair Tunnel

Agricultural Co-operation in Denmark

By JOH. DALHOFF.

From the *International Review*.

A TRAVELER who visited Denmark wrote that one of the most interesting things he had observed was that even the pigsties on the farms were provided with electric light. Although that is not the rule, yet it is the skilful management of the small farms and the ability and training of the farmers which have built up the reputation of Danish agriculture. The same reasons also explain its great productivity, which is illustrated *inter alia* by the fact that butter, eggs and pork to the value of about £15,000,000 are annually exported to England, and horses, cattle and other Danish agricultural commodities to the value of about £3,500,000 to Germany. Of course the large agricultural estates in Denmark, comprising one-tenth of the area of the country and each about 600 acres in extent, contribute their share of this total, but the larger share, both absolutely and relatively, comes from the moderately large and small holdings of the tenant farmers and cottagers, the number of which amounts almost to 180,000. The reason for this flourishing condition of Danish agriculture is to be found partly in the practical and social subdivision of estates, the wide prevalence of private ownership, the firm political position of the farmers, the comparatively light taxation imposed by the State on agriculture, which is not artificially fostered by any protective system, and other similar circumstances, and partly in the sound education and training of the peasant class. Universities

and agricultural technical schools are attended year after year by thousands of young men and women, and in the country there are few houses in which newspapers or periodicals are not taken in.

But to a great extent the strength of Danish agriculture lies in the sensible form of co-operation, organized on the sharing-system, a system more widespread in Denmark than in any other country.

This co-operation is carried on in associations of producers and consumers.

Of productive associations the most important, economically speaking, and the most celebrated are the co-operative dairies. The first dairy of the kind was established in West Jutland in 1882, and at the present day the number has risen to 1,086. The incentive to the foundation of these dairies and the cause of their subsequent development on so large a scale must be looked for in the practical conflicts of the seventies and eighties, which sharply defined the cleavage between the peasants and landowners, and forced the peasants into close combination. One main reason also lay in economic and technical development. After Denmark had for many years carried on a large export of surplus wheat, it was obliged to make a change, and lay chief stress on cattle-raising.

To be able to compete with success in the English market, it was necessary to adopt in practice the latest technical improvements, methods and

AGRICULTURAL CO-OPERATION IN DENMARK

apparatus (sterilization, centrifugal machines, etc.), such as several experts strongly recommended at the time. The requisite capital could be obtained by most agriculturists only through joint-subscription; and political circumstances, combined with the democratic temperament of the Danish farmers, stamped these arrangements with their special character.

To set up a co-operative dairy the partners lend the necessary capital, which bears interest and is redeemed within ten years. The members jointly guarantee the loan in proportion to the number of their cows. At the general meeting, the supreme organ of the undertaking, all as a rule have one vote: in exceptional cases, there are variations of this; as, for example, that the owners of ten or more cows have two votes and the rest one vote. The general meeting elects from their number a board of management with a president, who is frequently treasurer as well and is responsible for keeping the accounts and the daily superintendence of the dairy. The management is conducted by a dairy-expert, appointed by the board, and the whole enterprise is always kept up to the level of the latest technical and hygienic developments. The dairy has the fresh milk fetched daily from the members, which is paid for according to its percentage of cream and is returned as skim. The annual profits are distributed in proportion to the quantity of milk delivered.

The number of partners in the 1,100 dairies amounted in 1907 to about 160,000 and the number of farms and cow-owners altogether is about 180,000. Thus nearly nine-tenths of the latter are connected with co-operative enterprises. Those who stand aloof are chiefly holders of very large or very small farms. The very large farms frequently have their own dairy, and a family with only one cow must often require all the milk for their own use. These results are plainly derived from the following figures:

Size of farm.	Total number of cows on the farms.	Percentage sending the milk to co-operative dairies.
$\frac{1}{2}$ hectare ¹	3,400	58
$\frac{1}{2}$ —60 ha.	828,500	85
60—240 ha.	145,400	72
240 ha.	60,200	37

As regards the annual output of the co-operative dairies it is stated that in 1907 they received 2,250 million kgs. of milk, from which, apart from cheese, for which no figures are available, about 85 million kgs. of butter were produced. At least three-quarters of this total go by swift and regular steamboat communication to English ports, and can be sold a few days later at the highest prices to English consumers, thanks to the uniformly excellent quality.

The separate dairies have gradually entered into combination with one another, partly through dairy associations, butter exhibitions and so on, partly through joint purchases of machines, whereby the dairies are equipped with machines and apparatus, and kept in repair in the cheapest way. There is also a common accident insurance scheme for the dairies.

Following the pattern of the co-operative dairies the next thing was the institution of co-operative slaughterhouses, owing to Germany and England prohibiting the import of live hogs.

The first co-operative slaughterhouses were built in 1887. Their number at present is 34, with about 93,300 partners, possessing some 190,000 hogs. Here, too, the moderately-sized holdings are most strongly represented. In the establishment of co-operative slaughterhouses, however, many difficulties arose. In the first place, because the equipment of a slaughterhouse is much more expensive than that of a dairy. The capital of most slaughterhouses runs from £8,750 to £11,250, as compared with £1,250 to £1,500 for the dairies. A slaughterhouse requires, therefore, a much larger number of

partners, from 1,000 to 6,000, as compared with 150 in the dairies. Again, there is keen competition between the co-operative and private slaughterhouses. The constitution and management of the slaughterhouses closely resemble those of the dairies. The partners purchase the hogs at a price depending on the quality as well as on the quantity of the flesh, and the profits are divided according to the number of hogs delivered. Altogether, in the 34 slaughterhouses, about 1¼ million hogs are killed annually, besides a small number of cattle.

¹A hectare=2a. 1ro. 35po.

Finally, reference must be made to poultry-raising and the export of eggs. After several years of strenuous agitation for Danish eggs the "Dansk Andels Aegexport" was founded in 1895. The country was divided into districts, the members of which pledged themselves to deliver new-laid eggs, collected daily. Every egg is stamped with the number of the member and his district, so that the producer may always be traced. The receipts from the sale of the eggs, after deducting expenses, are divided among the members on the usual sharing-principle.

Later, several other selling societies were instituted, and these more than anything else have brought about the agricultural prosperity of Denmark in the last ten years. The value of the exports of Danish eggs has risen from £375,000 in 1897 to £1,400,000 in 1906. A large portion of this money goes directly to thousands of very small holdings.

Not only the interests of producers, but those of consumers also, are looked after by the Danish agricultural associations. For this purpose associations for the purchase of foodstuffs and seeds have been formed in many parts of the country. But the economic and particularly the social importance of the widespread system of ordinary consumers' associations is still greater. The Danish "Unsholdnings" or "Brugsforeningen"

(Household Associations) were directly modelled on the famous society of Rochdale Pioneers. The first Danish society of this kind was founded in 1866, in a commercial town of West Jutland. It was called into existence by the parson of the town, who studied the English societies in order to be materially helpful to his parishioners, and then established a similar enterprise in his native town. In the first few years this society found few imitators, but the peasants took up the idea, while it developed no great importance in the towns. Each society is managed by a member appointed for the purpose. The members are jointly responsible for the obligations of the society, and the net profits are distributed to each member in proportion to the sum total of his purchases. The number of these societies amounted in 1875 to 95; in 1892 to 547 with 75,000 members; in 1898 to 837 with 130,000 members; in 1905 to about 1,000 with 158,000 members. The number of country residents amounts, however, in all to 300,000.

The idea of a combination of the separate consumers' associations was carried into effect in Copenhagen in 1896. To become a member, the separate associations must subscribe for shares to the value of £5 12s. od. apiece for at least 20 members, and with the amount subscribed guarantee the obligations of the combined society. This society, which has moved in the present year into a large new building in Copenhagen, has an annual turnover of about £1,750,000. It has branches in the country, and possesses several factories.

At the head of the whole system of associations in the country there has been since 1898 an Association Committee, of which Hogsbro, the Minister of Public Works, was recently elected president.

The system of agricultural associations is more widespread, perhaps, in Denmark, and has gained their a greater social and economic importance than in any other country.

Brown of the New York Central

By W. T. A.

From the Post Magazine.

ONE cold winter day, just forty years ago, "Jim" Hamilton, the station agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, at Sioux City, stood on the platform, muffled in his warm fur coat, watching a gang of section hands piling cordwood alongside the track in the train yard. Wood was cheap and plentiful in the West in those days and coke had not yet supplanted it as fuel. But it kept a small army of men busy most of the time replenishing the wood piles along the line.

Among the workers, Hamilton noticed one red-faced youth who put more energy and intelligence into his work than any of his companions. He was agile; he lost no time in passing from one pile to another; he piled wood just as though he were doing the most important work on the whole railroad. Hamilton strolled over and watched him at close range. Finally, he spoke to him.

"Say, boy," he said, "how would you like an inside job? I need an active young fellow like you to work around the station. The job would be easier than what you're doing now."

"Thank you," replied the boy, "but I ain't looking for a soft snap."

"What's your name?"

"Brown."

"Well, good luck, Brown," said Hamilton as he turned on his heel.

Brown, the section hand of 1869, is William C. Brown, who has succeeded President Newman as head of the Vanderbilt system of railroads. Al-

though he began work on a road out West, where most of his success as a railroad operator has been achieved, he is a native of New York State, having been born up in Herkimer County in 1853. He was sixteen when he went West and got a job cording wood on the St. Paul Road. It would be hard to imagine beginning any lower down on the ladder than that. His salary was then only a dollar a day. But he kept his eyes open and learned about a good many other things than wooding a locomotive before he had been at it many months.

When he refused Hamilton's offer of a "snap" job, he hadn't any idea of remaining a section hand all his life, although most of the men he was working with never got any higher. Within a year, while working on the section at a little town in Illinois, the opportunity presented itself for Brown to learn telegraphy in the evenings. He accepted it then gladly, and thus opened the way for his future advancement. He has often said, however, that he believes his refusal of Hamilton's offer was a real crisis in his career. It got him in the habit of avoiding "snaps," and made it comparatively easy for him to find his greatest enjoyment in hard work. Those who know him say that his positive genius for conquering difficult problems has been one of the prime causes for his success.

By close application he picked up telegraphy rapidly, and, before many months, became a regular operator. Not satisfied with merely doing his

work well, he studied thoroughly the whole question of the application of the telegraph to the movement of trains. After he had worked at the key at various points on the St. Paul Road for upward of a year, learning all the time more and more about the way trains were handled, he entered the employ of the Illinois Central in the same capacity. It didn't take his superiors long to find out that he was too valuable a man to remain as an ordinary operator, and they soon promoted him to the rank of an assistant train despatcher. That was in 1872, and with that road he remained as an assistant and as despatcher until 1875.

For another year he was a train despatcher with the Rock Island, thence going to the Burlington in a similar capacity. His service with the Burlington lasted until 1890, and in this fourteen-year period he became successively chief train despatcher, train master, assistant and general superintendent of the road. In every position he occupied he went at his work with the same determination to master it that he showed as a boy section hand. In every position he showed the same loyalty to the management of the road that he expected in his subordinates. Those who worked under him were quick to understand that in him they had a superior who sympathized with them because he himself had risen from the bottom ranks.

He was never afraid of working overtime. There are railroad men in the West to-day who recall one of these occasions. It was while he was a train despatcher with the Burlington Road. A blizzard had stalled several hundred carloads of cattle in the East Burlington yards, and there was great danger of their freezing to death if they were not taken out. The superintendent was at his wits' end, when Brown, who had finished his day's work, volunteered his assistance. By working all night without a let-up, they moved the cars and saved the road many thousands of dollars. Brown's promotion to the post of

chief train despatcher followed shortly.

From 1890 to 1896 he was general manager of two subsidiary lines of the Burlington system in Missouri. Here his ability as an operating executive was displayed so well that in 1896 he was elected general manager of the entire Burlington system with headquarters in Chicago. In 1901 he left the Burlington, with which he had been connected for twenty-five years, and began his connection with the Vanderbilt lines as vice-president and general manager of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern. In 1902 he became third vice-president of the New York Central, becoming senior vice-president in 1906, when he was transferred to this city to take complete charge of the operating department of the road.

Many incidents of his career during his quarter-century stay with the Burlington emphasize his resourcefulness as a manager, his habit of quick thinking and quick action in an emergency, and his willingness to do his share of the hard work on every occasion. While he was superintendent of the Iowa lines, a strike, called unexpectedly, tied up an eastbound express. The superintendent was in his private car on the end of the train. When he realized what the abandonment of the train meant, he walked forward and looked over the engine. Then he called to the trainmaster.

"It looks as though we must take this train on to Galesburg ourselves, Jim," he said quietly.

"Why, Mr. Brown——" began the trainmaster, who, attired in patent leathers and a light overcoat, didn't relish the idea.

"Jump in, Jim," interrupted the superintendent. There was something in Brown's tone that stopped further protest, and he climbed into the cab. With the trainmaster acting as fireman, Brown ran the train into Galesburg on schedule time. It is probably the only instance on record of a high railroad officer running the engine that pulled his own private car.

BROWN OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL



William C. Brown

The New President of the New York Central Railway

On another occasion, shortly after he had become general manager, one of the cars of the train on which he was traveling ran off the track. Seeing that some difficulty was experienced in getting it back in place, Mr. Brown, without making known his identity, offered a suggestion. No attention was paid to him. He repeated it. The conductor looked scornfully on the man he supposed a mere meddler. But the car refused to budge. Then Mr. Brown, irritated at the delay, ignored the conductor, and, turning to the brakeman said: "Do as I say. This train has been stalled here too long already." Recognizing the tone of authority, they obeyed, and in

twenty minutes the train was proceeding. When the conductor learned that it was the new general manager whom he had ignored, he confided to a fellow-conductor his fear that he would be discharged. "Oh, cheer up," was the reply. "I knew him ten years ago up in Iowa. He'll take it as a joke." And so he did.

Another incident of his life in Missouri is related to show his readiness to participate in any work which he called upon his subordinates to do, no matter how great the personal danger entailed. Information was received that a hold-up of the Omaha train out of Jefferson City had been planned for a certain night. The general man-

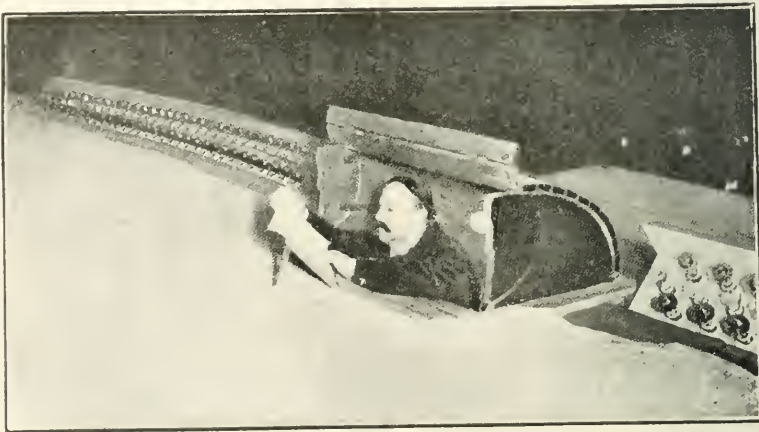
ager at once determined to outwit the robbers by sending out a decoy train, loaded down with police officers and deputy sheriffs. Mr. Brown himself accompanied it. The train was flagged and the robbers proceeded with their work until they were met with a storm of bullets—which killed three of them outright. In the battle which followed the general manager was in the thick of the fray, emptying two revolvers, and himself leading the chase that resulted in the capture of several of the gang.

It is one of Mr. Brown's policies to leave matters of detail as far as possible to be worked out by his subordinates. He enjoins the same policy on those who possess authority under him, believing that in that way the most effective work can be achieved. He believes that it makes for efficiency to throw every man as far as possible on his own responsibility. This method, he holds, not only inspires confidence, but gives a man the opportunity to put his own ideas into effect, with the results that newer and more effective ways of doing things are often discovered.

President Brown belongs to that class of railway presidents who are known as "operating presidents," to distinguish them from the financier

class, who are experts on railroad securities, but know little of practical railroading. Mr. Brown's personal idea of the distinction between the two classes of railroad officers was well expressed by him in the course of a talk a short time before his own advancement took place.

"The day is past," he said, "when a railroad director could walk into headquarters and ask that his son or nephew be placed in one of the chairs near the top. The man who has worked himself up from the lowest positions; performing the minor work at the bottom with loyalty and efficiency, is the practical man for whom there is always a place at the top. He has known possibly how to drive a locomotive, how to throw a switch, how to distribute cars on a siding, how to handle a heavy freight or direct flying expresses from a despatcher's office. That has given him a first-hand insight into the multitude of small things that make up the great working industrial whole. He brings with him to a higher and responsible position a training that is of immeasurable assistance to him in solving the enlarging problems that confront him. It is the man who starts at the bottom who is best able to solve the big railway problems of to-day when he does get to the top."



Workers in Odd Corners

The Prompter in his Little Box at the Front of the Stage in the Modern Theatre



Reproduced from Herald Magazine

THRILLING experiences?" repeated Leo Stevens. "Oh, sure! You get them in ballooning, naturally. In a way it's like leaving suddenly for a new world and getting there in a few minutes—a strange land of wonderful sights and sensations, great air currents, clouds, rainbows, snow and rain factories, cyclones—yes, don't forget cyclones.

"My most dangerous experience came just last summer—after twenty-three years of ballooning.

"Allan Hawley and I made an ascent at Pittsfield, Mass., taking along a young chauffeur from the city, of whom the local aero club wished to make a licensed pilot.

"A licensed pilot, you know, must have made in all at least ten ascents, two of which must be conducted under a regular pilot, one alone and one at night."

Stevens stopped and chuckled. "This young chap got all his experience concentrated in this one trip, I guess, and Mr. Hawley and I each had a new one.

"We went up very nicely—straight up for a few thousand feet—and then floated away from the city toward Dalton, a suburb. It was a fine, clear day, the weather predictions were favorable, and when we struck our course we be-

gan plotting on the map just how far we should go and about where we might land.

"Just over Dalton the balloon stopped for a moment and circled easily back toward Pittsfield. This move was against our calculations, and we thought it rather funny. Were we going eastward, after all?

"That was decided very quickly. Just east of the city we stopped again and came back in a narrower circle, more swiftly this time, and so around again and again, swifter swifter, swifter—and then, as quick as a flash, we plunged into night.

"There was a great long streak of pale light straight up from our heads—a sort of road to heaven, it struck me—and then came a roar like the sound of a cataract. We were still circling, but in such a small, fast circumference that it made us dizzy. And all the time there was a rasping, grating noise under the basket.

"We're scraping the tops of trees!" yelled the boy, and that was the last thing I heard him say. Suddenly there was a flash of light, and Hawley leaned over the car.

"My God!" said he, 'look at that!'

"He pointed at a drag rope. For a moment I saw it. It was flying taut like a curved whiplash above

our heads. Then it dawned upon me what had happened. We were caught in a cyclone cloud—caught in the tail of it—and were being sucked up through the centre.

"How far up were we?"

"Well, maybe seven thousand feet. We couldn't see the instruments."

Stevens' nervous face was alight with the memory of the lightning-like trip.

"Great Scott!" said he. "It was fearful. Seemed like a monster was running away with us and shaking the car with might and main to fling us out. It was hard work to hold fast."

"'You're in for it,' I told Hawley."

"He smiled a little. 'Well, I'm in for the best of it,' said he. And we didn't have time to talk much from that time on."

"I looked at the boy. He was crouched down in the car on his knees, gripping the side of the basket with his hands—and teeth, it seemed. Just as his eyes showed over the top I spoke to him, called him by name, yelled at him and finally kicked him. But not a word out of him, not even a look. I wonder what he was thinking of?—praying probably for an automobile to take him home!"

"It seemed as if we ought to do something, but, after all, there was nothing to do. We must wait, that's all."

Hawley motioned toward the safety valve, but I shook my head.

"'I'm not going to valve,' I yelled. 'Not yet!'"

"You see, I figured that it was false suction pulling us up, and no device in the world could check that ascent. Just think of that drag rope! We couldn't do a thing till we were free. To attempt any tricks might prove fatal. Struggling against a cyclone is like dealing with a balky wild beast—you'd best lie low till each gets good natured."

"Well, we got to the end of that long funnel after a while and seemed to pop out suddenly upon what looked like a dark, billowy sea. Then we began to descend."

"I remember hoping that we would not land on Mount Greylock. We were going down fast and threw out most of our sand, then our rugs, carrying cover and lunch basket."

"Suddenly the ground loomed up and I saw an open field and farmhouse. A man was ploughing and I yelled at him. He thought some one was calling to him from the front of the house and hurried away, leaving his horses. We were coming down directly over them and I threw out my last half-sack of sand. The balloon stopped, quivered a moment, floated away and landed nicely."

"It was some time before the boy found his voice. Then he looked at me and said: 'You look awful white, Mr. Stevens.'"

Stevens stopped and laid a warning finger upon my arm. "Now, that sounds mighty dangerous," said he, "climbing a cyclone a mile and more into the sky. In a way it was—for an inexperienced person. But inexperienced people don't go up alone, and, anyway, it was more spectacular than perilous. You mustn't get the idea that ballooning is dangerous. It isn't. My own record proves that, and every other balloonist will tell you the same thing."

"How often do you read of a balloonist being killed? If there is an accident every newspaper the world over has an account of it. And yet, when the Hudson Terminal Building was begun in this city twenty-six Italian caisson diggers failed to call for their time checks, so I am told. The news was never published."

"Ballooning is wonderfully spectacular. Last summer over Pitts-

field I saw snow in the making. It was beautiful.

"There were seven of us in the car. We were at an altitude of one and a quarter miles.

"First the snow resembled a great shower of granulated sugar. The sun shining through it gave it all the rainbow colors, so that it looked like a great shower of confetti. Then the reflection of the sun's rays played queer freaks. At times the shower appeared to go up instead of down, sweeping by us as though whirled up from the earth by some enormous blast. Down below us when the light cleared we could see the specks spread out into big, beautiful flakes."

Stevens' face lighted up with an aeronaut's enthusiasm. "I love to live in the air!" he exclaimed. "Once the launching ropes are off I am happy. And, leaning back in his chair, he gave me a picture of an ascension I shall never forget.

You are floating softly upward into a great blue ocean of air, fresh, sweet, exhilarating. Swiftly the earth sinks away beneath you, bowling up around the horizon line till it seems like the mouth of an enormous crater. The noisy shouts of "Bon voyage!" die away in a faint wavering strain, and soon you are in the midst of original silence. Not a sound is heard save the quick ticking of the barograph.

The earth changes into a great, strange map. Tall buildings look like pepper boxes, and then are lost in the general squatness. Cities and villages become mere diffused outlines of ground plots. Fences change into tiny, evanescent lines; roads look like pale yellow ribbons and rivers like silver cracks in the earth's surface.

Over there is a thin white streak of smoke weaving its length over the green vista. A train is rushing along. Suddenly it is gone, swallowed up, it would seem, in that strange looking earth. But no. It has merely plunged into a tunnel

beneath a towering mountain, the very presence of which is lost to the balloonist's eye.

Now you pass above the clouds and into a dazzling sunlight. The white billows beneath, with the shadow of the car upon them, look like great trackless fields of snow. So realistic is the scene it seems as if you could put on snowshoes and walk away.

You are on a new planet now roused with a wonderful exhilaration. Beautiful rainbow effects create a veritable fairyland all about you. Suddenly a faint, weird music of sweetest cadence strikes the ear and is gone as swiftly as it came. That is some great, jarring noise from the earth or the heterogeneous roar of a big city merged into measured vibrations of harmony and wafted up to your new world by some upspringing current of air.

Stevens laughed suddenly and caught my arm. He had stopped talking and I did not know it. "Come back to earth," said he. "How high up were you?"

"Yes," he continued seriously, "ballooning is wonderfully spectacular, but it is not dangerous. I can give you an apt illustration.

"Just recently I made some ascensions in Springfield, Mass. One day, after I had finished luncheon at a home in the city, the young man of the family got me aside and told me in whispers how eager he was to go up. I promised to give him the first opportunity and 'phoned him next day.

"Want to go up?" I asked.

"You bet your life!" said he, dropping the 'phone, and in ten minutes' time he was over in the field and excitedly shaking my hand.

"His sister learned of it somehow and drove up hurriedly, just as we were ready to get in the car. She was very much scared and cried and threatened by turns, trying to induce her brother to give up the ascension and go back with her. Finally she whipped up her horse and

drove home to get her father and bring him out.

"Well, we had a fine trip and got back to the city just as the evening papers were out. We stopped in front of a double bulletin board, and there, on one side, was the announcement of our trip and on the other the news of his sister's accident. Her horse had run away and she had been seriously injured.

"Now," concluded Stevens, "for my own part, and so far as safety is concerned, I'll take a balloon trip in preference to land traveling every time. It has been proven safer.

"How many people who object to the sport really know what a modern balloon is? Very few.

"I had an amusing experience in this respect last year in New England. A prominent resident of Springfield decided to make an ascension with me, but kept the news from his wife, who was highly nervous and had a heart weakness.

"The day we went up some kind friend imparted the news to her, and as the balloon passed over her house she fainted away and was ill for two weeks. After that, of course, I steered clear of meeting her.

"Last summer, however, in Springfield the two—husband and wife—motored out to see me. She seemed quite pleasant after she found I was not an inhuman monster, and was greatly interested while I showed the balloon to her and explained its operation. She was much surprised, too; said she had only seen one balloon, and that from a distance. It was a small, hot air balloon, such as parachutists use, and it caught fire a short distance up. Whenever she thought of a balloon, she said, this picture always entered her mind.

"Why don't you go up?" I suggested.

"Oh, my!" she said, turning to her husband. "I should like to. Can I go?"

"We made an ascension the next day. In mid-air she turned to me

and said: 'Do you know, I have never felt so well and strong as I do this minute?'

"You see, the thin air, lack of pressure and everything made her heart work more easily. And altogether she was the most pleased woman I have ever seen. Before we descended she had made her husband promise to buy a balloon, and now they are devotees of the sport."

Other American women who have taken up ballooning are Mrs. Max Fleischman, of Cincinnati; Mrs. A. R. Lambert, of St. Louis, and in New York Mrs. Courtlandt Field Bishop, Mrs. Newbold Leroy Edgar and Mrs. Julian R. Thomas. In England the Honorable Mrs. Asshton Harbord is the owner of several balloons, has many ascents to her credit and has twice crossed over the English Channel.

"It is simply a matter of getting used to the idea," said Stevens, "and then becoming familiar with the balloon and its safety devices. Then an ascension follows, and once an ascension is made you have an enthusiast.

"Interest is awakening all over the country. In the Middle West and in New England it is not an uncommon sight now to see a balloon in the air almost every fine day. Whenever I make an ascension there are a number of lady teachers present taking down notes about the construction of a balloon and its methods of operation. These are taught in the class room, and the idea is a good one. We must become educated up to ballooning. I do not believe that any form of aerial navigation will ever compete commercially with the present means of transportation, yet in many ways it is the thing of the future.

"In a few years we shall have transatlantic and transcontinental balloons of the dirigible type—so soon, in fact, that their advent will surprise us all, just as the aeroplane performances of the Wright



The First Woman to Fly

London Magazine

Mrs. Hart O. Berg Enjoys With Mr. Wilbur Wright the Delights of Flying.

brothers did. Before that time we shall have aerodromes in every large city and in many smaller ones, parks and buildings where balloons may be stored and inflated and where ascents may be made. These will be established very shortly."

The present day balloon enthusiasts are pioneers, it must be borne in mind, and to them is due a good

deal of credit for their unselfish efforts to promote the sport and bring its delights and usefulness before the general public. It is but a few years ago that the balloon was only a showman's device, and its utility was based altogether upon a matter of gate receipts; to-day it bids fair to play a very prominent part in the sports, the transportation facilities and the international rela-

tions of more than half the civilized world.

Still more credit is due professional aeronauts—men like Stevens and Captain Baldwin. The balloon in its former restricted sphere was a very lucrative source of livelihood to them. Then its operation was invested with a sort of magic known to a very few, and it would seem natural that they should prefer to jealously maintain this situation instead of being prime movers in a general campaign of education.

This year, Stevens says, he will come out even for the first time in his manufacturing experience. In his parachuting days he made as much as \$2,500 in a single day. All his present ascensions—in New England, New York, the Middle West—are made at his own expense. So, too, were his ascents for the government. It seems strange that an individual should have to take the initiative and bear the necessary expense in such a matter when to-day most nations are struggling to increase their balloon service with much the same competitive energy that they devote to enlarging their naval armament.

"I've just returned from Milwaukee and Ohio," said Stevens, "and I had many odd experiences there.

"My hotel was thronged with visitors pretty much all day long. I had a good deal of trouble getting in and out and avoiding them. Some people simply wanted to talk with me; others were cranks with flying machine devices; a few wanted to make ascents.

"One young fellow came to me with money. 'I understand,' said he, 'that you charge \$100 to take a passenger up.'

"'No,' said I, 'I don't charge anything. Why, do you want to go up?'

"'Well, I'll tell you,' he said. 'I'm the janitor of a bank here in town. There's a young clerk there, son of the president, who has plenty of money and is very chesty and snob-

bish. He is going up with you tomorrow and is constantly boasting about it. Now, I'd like to beat him by going up to-day. If you'll take me, I've got \$300 saved up and \$150 of it is yours.'

"That's a fair sample of the requests I get," said Stevens. "But the general awakening of interest is encouraging, anyway."

We had been talking in the Stevens balloon factory, the only institution of its kind in New York, or, for that matter, in the country. It covers two and a half floors, and at its busiest time has about as many employes, the fraction existing in the person of a stately black cat, who plays the part of night watchman.

Here is a varied assemblage of all things balloonwise cluttering the floor and hanging from the rafters: Ropes in bundles and loose coils, ballast bags of stone, denim, anchors of all sizes, hampers, baskets, netting, rings and a dozen odds and ends of equipment and paraphernalia.

In a row along one side are canvas covered bundles of varying size, gas bags packed and ready for shipment, and in the corner is a loose tumble of white cloth. That's a balloon in the making.

The sewing of the gas bag and assembling of the parts of the complete balloon are done in the factory. A cotton and linen mixed cloth is generally used—sometimes Japanese and Chinese silk. After the stitching is done the bag must be varnished, and that requires a much larger space.

So the factory has an adjunct in Hoboken, a large skating rink, with a roof sixty-five feet in the clear. Here the bag is varnished, pumped full of air and rolled over on its side, to be inspected carefully for leaks. Some weeks are required for drying, and, all in all, it takes from sixty to seventy-five days to build and dry a balloon for shipment.

THE MEN OF THE SKY

A balloon to carry two persons and with a gas bag of 22,000 cubic feet costs between \$500 and \$600. The inflation costs but \$18, so the sport as compared, for instance, with automobiling, is not an expensive one.

The structure of the balloon is simple. Briefly, it consists of a spherical gas bag and a concentrating ring underneath, to which is attached the tail-like appendix and safety valve, opened and closed by a cord which dangles down into the car.

The car, hung by ropes to the network which covers the gas bag, is a stout wicker basket, lined with canvas and with movable stripe for seats. The interior may be fitted up very luxuriously and provided with small buffets and hampers. Thermal bottles and self-heating cans provide a hot and elaborate lunch whenever desired.

Along one side of the gas bag is a narrow, imposed strip, ending in a cord in the car. This is the "ripping cord." It is used for quick deflation and is a very important accessory, fulfilling the opposite function of the ballast bags, which are carried in the car and hung on ropes about the side. Briefly, in operating a balloon it is sand out to go up and gas out (through the "ripping cord") to go down.

"The balloonist fears water most of all," said Stevens. "If you see yourself approaching a large body of it and don't care to cross you can easily make a quick descent by means of the ripping cord. But if it is misty, so that you cannot see far ahead, and you don't know just where you are it is rather risky. I've just had that sort of experience out in Milwaukee, and I found this little instrument of much help."

He showed me a small brass contrivance that looks like the chopped off end of a cornet. It is attached by a heavily insulated wire to good sized dry batteries. "That's an electric 'siren' whistle," said he. "It

can be heard five miles away, and then the batteries are good for ballast.

"Its use is to warn people of your approach, so that they will be ready and in fit condition to talk to you and tell you where you are. You see, it often takes half a minute for your megaphone call to reach the earth, and even if they answer promptly another half minute for their answer to reach you. Now, if you are flying along at the rate of forty miles an hour you can see the disadvantage you labor under.

"We have laughable experiences in the country. When you approach a farmhouse the chickens see the shadow of the balloon first and start an awful uproar. Then the pigs take it up, and by the time you are over the house the family is half mad and half crazy with fright. Generally when I yell down 'Where are we?' I get only an open-mouthed look and the answer—a very gratifying one—'Hey! Where are you going?'

"We had lots of fun with this siren.

"I suppose it does sound unearthly to hear this hair-raising screech come out of the sky. But what antics we saw!

"Two Swedes dropped down beside their plough horses and began praying. Another man rolled over and covered his head with his coat. Generally, though, the brave fellows just cut and run for their wives and families. Then they would come out with grandfather's flintlock and defy us to do our worst.

"I'll never forget a trip I made years ago from St. Louis to Michigan. We were above a tornado at one time and it was a remarkable sight. Not a bit of trouble where we were. You could scarcely know you were moving, and not a sound from the earth reached us. But we could see big trees bend and break and fields of grain swept flat as a floor.

"The storm was still on when

we tried a landing, and an exciting time we had of it. We were swept through an orchard, breaking our anchor and tearing off big branches of trees. We crashed to the ground right in front of the farmhouse, where a tall old lady stood defiantly guarding the door. We called rather unexpectedly and, considering the damage done in the orchard and all, she had good reason to be mad.

"Where did you fellers come from?" she demanded.

"St. Louis," said I.

"She stared at us, took off her glasses, wiped them and stared again.

"Now, that will do!" said she, and walked in and slammed the door."

The first dirigible balloon built in this country was designed in the Stevens factory. Strung on the wall are the original skeleton models, long wooden frames, with sharp pointed ends.

"Dirigibles have followed spherical balloons," said Stevens, "and are fast coming into practical use. They are the balloons of the future.

"Handling a dirigible, however, is altogether a different matter. In

the first place more care must be taken in filling them with gas so that the inflation will be even throughout. Then one must understand the operation of the engine, another matter altogether. The dirigible costs much more, too—about \$5,000.

"Just as soon as aeronauts accustom themselves to being up in the air and handling an ordinary balloon they will take the dirigible easily enough. I expect to see them in fairly common use within a few years. Then our much vaunted airship era will be on.

"The aeroplane will never become popular. The flying machine is to ballooning what tightrope walking is to ordinary sports—it all depends on the operator, who must be an acrobat.

"Handling an aeroplane demands constant attention and genuine agility of the professional kind. Constant concentration of thought is necessary. Forget an instant and you are gone.

"But dirigibles—well, here's a proposition. Let's take a dirigible trip to Europe in 1915. Will you go?"

Begin It

Goethe

Lose this day loitering, 'twill be the same story
To-morrow, and the next more dilatory;
True indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost, lamenting over days.
Are you in earnest? Seize the very minute;
What you can do, or think you can, begin it;
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.
Only begin it, and the mind grows heated;
Pegin it, and the work will be completed.

Fitness In the Business Race

By SIR FORTUNE FREE

Reproduced from Cassell's Journal

IT was fitness did it."

Those are the words of the critics regarding Dorando's failure to beat Longboat in the Marathon race at New York. Hayes beat Dorando, Dorando in the same race beat Longboat, Dorando beat Hayes, and now Longboat beats Dorando. One gets a bit mixed when one looks at it. Opinion may differ in the end as to which is really the best man, but for the beaten man there is always one regular excuse: "He wasn't fit."

To get a man absolutely fit is a bigger job than one who has not tried it might imagine. Mr. Justice Hawkins once described how an old gentleman named Noyes, who used to train some of the most celebrated prizefighters of the day, groaned over the difficulties he had to fight against in getting his man "fit as a fiddle."

"You see," he said, "you no sooner get a man fit in one way than he flops over in some other way, an' you want him fit all through. A bit ain't no good. Well, it's like puttin' a drunken man on horseback. You no sooner shove him up on one side than you have to run round to stop him a pitchin' off on the other. Always somethin' wrong. No; I don't expect as I have ever had a fellow yet as was more than nine parts fit. But that's more than other fellows manage."

We don't all want to run twenty-six miles in two hours forty-five minutes. Marathon races are not the

line of most people, but, all the same, being fit or unfit makes a terrible lot of difference in whatever business race we may be contesting. Sir James Paget, the great physician, declared that he could never make out how it was that, while people recognized they could do nothing physically big without some training, they would not recognize that daily life wanted some training for, too.

Disraeli was with a friend one day when they met Gladstone walking down a street in the West-End. He was walking at his usual rate—something like six miles an hour—and, with a flower in his buttonhole, his head up in the air, and his coat tails flying behind him, he whizzed by with a smile of greeting. Disraeli turned to look after him, and sighed.

"He is, perhaps, the most wonderful man in Britain," he observed. "Wonderful in many ways, but none more wonderful than in how he manages to keep fit." It was a mystery, of course. He was working at that time about fifteen hours a day, and many of those hours were spent in the House of Commons in an atmosphere as foul as, perhaps, any East-End workshop could boast.

One of our most beautiful and hard-working actresses the other day—she often does absurd things—meeting me in a West-end drawing-room, asked me how old I thought her. I told her thirty-five—mean-

ing, of course, forty-five—and she told me, in a whisper, that she was over fifty. I asked her how she managed it, and she replied: "It's care—not being a fool."

The prescription did not tell me much. I found out later that she meant bearing her work always in mind and never departing from a rigid system of keeping fit for it.

Some time ago a series of experiments were made by scientific gentlemen on the children in a number of schools. They wanted to find out how it was one child differed from another in getting tired—how one was able to keep bright longer than another. The youngsters were most carefully examined and then set to work. At the end of an hour or so they were examined again. At the end of another hour examined once more. I am sorry to say that a large number of those youngsters did not turn out satisfactorily. Then the investigators put their heads together and began to ask them questions so as to find a clue to how it was they were deficient in energy. They found five great reasons—want of proper food, want of proper exercise, want of proper air, want of enough water, and want of enough sleep.

I pointed out that result to a celebrated barrister the other day who was complaining of not "being up to the mark." I thought he might recognize among those causes of mental and physical flagging one that might fit his case. He said that, apart from the want of a bath, he believed he had every want of those children. He made a note of them as things he did not mean to forget having enough of in future.

At a big West-End establishment where there are over a hundred and fifty young ladies employed, I read in the papers, the proprietors have, for a year or two back, been trying to induce their employes to become "fit" as they possibly can. They got a lady in to put them through a little

six minutes' drill each morning. Then for a time they spoilt everything. They got the lady to deliver a series of little lectures to the girls on, "How to Take Care of Yourself." The feminine back went up at that. Just as if they could not take care of themselves! Preposterous! As attendance at the lectures was not obligatory, none went. The lady lecturer found she had only to take care of herself! Recognizing the situation, the heads of the establishment changed the title of the lectures to "How to Keep Healthy, Young, and Beautiful." The place was packed. The management declare that they have found the lectures and the drill one of the most paying departments. They have decreased sickness—got rid of the ordinary ailments of life—in a wonderful manner. The girls go about their work with a hundred per cent. added on to their cheerfulness. The only drawback, from the proprietors' point of view, is that the young ladies are getting married so fast.

Fitness or unfitness for work often depends on such little things that, because the remedies are at everyone's doors and inside their doors too, people won't attach importance to them. Quain, the great physician, when called in to a certain gentleman first of all insisted on having a forty-guinea fee. It seemed a lot, but the physician confided to a friend that he knew the patient, and that every guinea he added on to his fee meant that the patient would all the more readily adopt his advice. Forty-guinea advice would have double the weight of advice given for twenty. He impressed upon the patient, if he wanted to live, to take horse exercise.

"That means," objected the patient, "that I shall have to buy a horse for seventy or eighty pounds! I can't be seen on a mean beast."

"Life is not dear at that," said the physician gravely.

Feeling as if Death were behind

him ready to clutch his collar, the patient bought the beast and began to ride. It had a wonderful effect. The physician, however, explained to a friend that it only meant the gentleman's swallowing a few gasps of fresh air each morning. He might have stood at a window and done that and got the same benefit at the cost of nothing a day. But he would never have done that. So cheap!

The girl confined to a place of business all day, and the young fellow confined to an office, want to think for themselves if they are to keep "fit."

"To all the disadvantages—as regards health—of their occupation," declared Sir Andrew Clark, the great physician, "the young man and the young woman add a forgetfulness of themselves. Their work may 'take it out of them,' but they put everything that goes wrong with them down to their work. A vast amount of their unfitness comes from neglect of the most ordinary rules of health—as regards what they eat and drink for instance."

A city doctor, who takes a great interest in the workers in offices, told me some time since that he had made a point of questioning the girls who come to him as to the

meals they eat in a week. He found that the majority, in the seven days, got about as much nutriment as they should have had—and might have got for the same amount of money they spent—in four days. The millionaire with seven carriages, he declared, took care to get more walking exercise, than the gentleman who always had a penny 'bus at command. He invariably prescribed knocking off buns to the girls and walking three miles a day to "the chained to the desk brigade."

The worker who finds his work such a strain that it takes up all his time and energy, would often find that a little of the thinking applied in the proper direction—to himself—would relieve him of a vast amount of worry in other directions. Baron Hirsch, the millionaire, when he was applied to by a young fellow for some advice as to how to succeed in the world, surprised him by telling him one good thing was to always sleep with one's window open a little. The disappointed seeker of a recipe for how-to-get-rich-rapidly mentioned the advice to a friend.

"He only means that it is a good thing to attend to the little things that give one energy in mind and body," said his friend.

Cheerful Under All Circumstances

Success Magazine

On November 18, 1907, a man was electrocuted at Sing Sing for murder.

The day before his execution his two sisters and some other relatives, who had worked very hard for his release, called to say "Good-by" to the prisoner, and at their departure he said, "I will walk to the chair with a smile on my face, and the smile will be for you."

He kept his word, and was smiling as the deadly current ended his life.

If this wretched man could smile when facing death under such horrible conditions, it would certainly seem that any one could manage to be cheerful under the most trying circumstances.

Romance of a Famous Mining Camp

By KATE SIMPSON HAYES

Reproduced from the Pacific Monthly

THE recent incursion of the Guggenheims into Cariboo, so long famous for its gold placers has awakened a new interest in that romantic district among the people of the United States.

The real romance of old Cariboo, however, centres round about the story of a miner who made and lost millions, and whose grave to-day marks the spot where fortune beckoned and bereft, all within a quarter of a century. Many sturdy forms stand out against the background of the historic past, but one supreme figure overshadows that group and is silhouetted strongly in the fast-fading light of time: That man is known and remembered as "Cariboo" Cameron.

Cameron was a young Glengarry Scotsman from Ontario, Canada, who went out to California in the rush of '49. Accompanied by his young bride, Cameron joined the gold-seekers and found himself with thousands in chase of fortune, making the overland journey to the Golden State, then over-run by prospectors. The miners were outnumbered by the card-sharpers and other scalawags who lived idly on the toil of the toiler. Ten "honest" women were in the camp, and bonniest of the bonnie, went young Cameron's wife, her pretty face and trim figure creating admiration that the little Presbyterian, brought up in a Canadian country town, little understood. Cameron dug down to pay dirt, scraping and searching for

the precious metal all day, while the little wife sang in the camp and cooked the workingman's meal. Meanwhile the dissolute camp life went on all around; and one day, Cameron quit his claim, the Californian "pocket" he had emptied scarce filling the pocket of the leather vest he wore, and with his brave-hearted young wife he set out from "Frisco" for the newer gold fields of British Columbia.

The "tote" road leading "Anywhere" led from Yale to the heart of the Hills; it was an old Indian trail and forked in many branching directions; and Cameron with his wife, and pack on his back, set out one September day, the hand of the woman in his hand, the hope of the miner in his heart. Yale at this time was the head of navigation; the trail ran with the Fraser River, crossing it by fording at Spuzzam, running through the great canyon to Boston Bar, thence to Ashcroft, and on through the deep-wooded hills to the gold fields.

Cameron's young wife took to the road cheerfully; encouraging by her word and smile, only letting lonely tears fall when her husband left her to bring down a winged bird for the wildwood supper. Toil and heavy privation were carried with the more lightsome hopes along that almost impassable way; but the lust for gold is a wonderful and revivifying thing, and the men and women who dared the dangers of the march were proving the "sur-

vival of the fittest." Ten days out, Cameron camped one rainy evening by a beautiful lake, and while he sat smoking a thoughtful pipe, his wife prepared the couch of pine boughs. The dying light of day showed a figure coming through the deeply-tangled brushwood of the forest. It was an old Indian, a "Siwash" who begged a little kinnikinnick (tobacco). Behind him trudged a wife, bearing a pack of muskrat skins. With that true hospitality which belongs to the labor world alone, Cameron offered food and shelter to the savages. It was received with stolid indifference by the savages who went away, but was amply repaid the next evening, when the Indian, following the Camerons, reappeared, carrying a folded rag of blanket in which lay shining nuggets of glistening gold. The savage pointed in a certain direction, and being importuned by the miner, agreed to lead them to the source of supply. He led the two whites through a tortuous way over mountain and through wilds until, November having arrived, they were suffered to know the journey was ended. Here Cameron struck tent, and the wet season having set in, he took upon himself the building of a rude shelter which he might call home.

With spring came the real work of sluicing, when the water bed was laid bare and adjoining bottoms carefully scrutinized. Mile after mile of the ground was worked; water flows turned and rivers dammed, but gold traces were few amongst the gravel and earth turned over day after day. The waters kept the secret well; the rocks hugged the gold close, and all poor Cameron found after a full twelve months was the fact that his wife was failing in health. Prospectors and others, trailed into the little camp, and as there were no clearly defined social lines, the "honest" woman clasped hands with Jezebel

out of sheer longing for human sympathy. The loneliness was appalling. One morning Cameron's wife was unable to rise from her bed. Her heart had throbbled its last hope of finding the gold and success now seemed something very far away. Whispering words of sympathy—and hope—wonderful woman heart!—Cameron's wife looked her last on the mist-veiled hills, and babbling a few unconscious words, which told the broken-hearted man too late, how great had been her loneliness and how deep the love of old Glangarry—she passed away into the forgetfulness of the long sleep. Wrapped in the worn Scotch plaid shawl which had long covered her aching heart she was placed in a rudely-constructed coffin, and she was fittingly laid within the bosom of the new land which held her last hope. Three days later Cameron struck the streak which brought him fortune and made him a multimillionaire!

Then came the title "Cariboo Cameron." Cariboo thenceforth became the centre of a mining activity never surpassed in history. Between dusk and dawn of a single day the population jumped from twenty-seven souls to seven hundred. The number multiplied itself within a month. A "town" arose; the "Wake-up-Jake" saloon came; the Dance House followed, and the leering eye of the "Red Light" shone with snake-like brilliancy amongst the tall timbers of the hills. Men went wild with the glut of wealth suddenly acquired; but amid all the carousal and noise of the crowd, one man set apart when nightfall came; sat by a darkened cabin on the hillside, muttering over and over again with drawn lips, the hopeless words so often heard in life: "Too late! too late!"

Social life in an early-day mining camp was a cross between a fight and a funeral! One day someone struck pay dirt and the whole

"town" danced a week to celebrate the "strike." Another day a funeral followed a fight and the entire population gathered together to decide whether the slayer was qualified for the law of the limb, or, would he (by reason of his talking qualities, having proved his individual right to kill), become a limb of the law? All matters were settled by "motion," and motion meant commotion, but Cariboo camp had proved itself—it was the greatest paying camp on earth, for the average value of the gold taken went over a thousand dollars per lineal foot. The actual output of Cariboo, with its tributary camps combined, averaged during the period of activity, \$1,145,457 per annum.

"Lightning Creek" and "Williams Creek" became famous in 1861; both giving out millions to the lucky owners. But during the year 1862, the Cariboo camp alone gave out \$3,913,563.

Meantime where was Cariboo Cameron? The colonial Government having been appealed to, sent out in January an armed escort to convey the first consignment of gold dust out from Cariboo camp, Cariboo Cameron was the first man to take his "treasure" out. What excitement when the word went round! What bar-room logic was brought to bear when the computed wealth of the "King of the Cariboo" was estimated at 10,000 ounces of "dust," and what sentiment was aroused when, the escort having arrived, the "treasure" Cariboo lifted to the stage-coach was the body of his loyal companion in poverty and labor. At an enormous cost he was taking to her Glengarry home the body of the woman whose last babbling words were of its pleasant orchards and fields. Truly the King of the Cariboo had a royal heart and true!

"Cameron-town," as the camp was then called, got drunk in recognition of the deed. Sir Matthew (then

Judge Begbie) had so named it in 1863. But the man who made the place and the name famous had drifted East, had built a fine mansion in his native town, and, after a time, married a second wife and set out to enjoy his hard-earned wealth. It was said of him that he hated the sight of gold—and spending it became a "mania." But those who knew him best tell of unrecorded good done with his millions.

Those who knew the man well, spoke of him as "saddened." Those who knew him less, hurled at him the word "maddened." Maddened by grief, or success, which? For some years the words "Cariboo Cameron" were dropped from the chat of camp life. The camp went on panning out dirt in big-paying quantities; the days of fiddling and fighting calmed down to more temperate indulgences, and schools with churches, as well as shops and the play-house, gave a more wholesome atmosphere to the place.

The cost of transportation was enormous; a dollar a pound being the fixed rate. Theatre tickets sold at ten dollars apiece, and everything was paid for in gold-dust. To show the value of a consignment sent out, and the necessity for an armed escort in the wild days of Cariboo, a "bucket" of nuggets and precious "dust," computed in cash value meant \$154,765, and tipped the scales at 9,040 ounces.

The "Road House" of the pioneer days was another institution. To it the stage rolled up, and from it went out, with hopes, many a searcher of fortune. The "111-Mile House" kept by one McClure, still stands, a hospitable doorway to hungry travelers; freighters and wayfarers seeking the north country by stage coach still use the highway of the old trails.

In the early sixties the Victoria ran the rapids of the Upper Fraser River; its hulk may be yet seen high and dry where the remains of a

THE ROMANCE OF A FAMOUS MINING CAMP

"camp" stands in the lonely hills. A fine smart little steamer replaces the Victoria on this inland waterway.

Quite recently the Guggenheims of New York bought out "The Pit" mine of Cariboo, paying \$100,000 in cash for it, and the cut shown herewith shows the working shaft between a gravel ledge 300 feet high on either side. The old piping for the sluice work now going on lies on the ground.

"Cameron town" has become quite a respectable camp, and has been renamed Barkerville.

* * * * *

One September day in 1887, the stage brought into Barkerville two travelers, a man and a woman. The camp scarcely noted the shabbily-dressed newcomers; travelers were plenty, and little interest was at-

tached to anything outside the routine of camp life. But interest was most rudely awakened next morning when the report went out that Cariboo Cameron lay dead, his body resting in the old and time-battered camp from which he had gone out years before, a multi-millionaire! Cariboo Cameron had returned to the haunt of his success, a pauper! He had won and lost a fortune—how he won it, we all know—how he lost it, why ask?

He had come back to the old camping ground bravely determined to "begin again," and with him came a second woman to dare the toil and trials of the gold-seeker. What a sublime courage for the woman! What kingly courage for an old disappointed man! To-day Cariboo Cameron's bones lie within a stone's throw of the Camp in Barkerville.

Keep Playing

Herbert Kaulman in Everybody's

If you're on to the game and you're wise to the rules,
Keep playing.

Buck through the centre and give it a ram,
Smash on and crash on, you'll squirm through the jam.
If their trick is a flim, let your trick be a flam;
Don't welch just because you've received one hard slam.

Even if you are down, they've not counted you out.
When you've rested, go back at the bunch with a shout.
Get your wind, grit your teeth, you're not hurt for a damn—

Keep playing.
Suppose you are last, there are more laps ahead,
Keep running.

Many a victory is snatched from defeat;
While there's breath in his body, no man can be beat.
Don't you know you've a chance to the very last heat?
Brace up there and put some more speed in your feet.

If you try hard enough, you'll catch on to the way;
Chances are that to-morrow is your special day;
Screw your courage up tight, twist some grit in your meat!
Keep running.



Sir John Barker

From Apprentice to Baronet

By WILLIAM LATEY .
From Young Men

SIR JOHN BARKER, M.P., who received his baronetcy when the Birthday Honors of 1908 were conferred, is one of those men who owe their success entirely to untiring personal efforts. He was an alderman of the first London County Council, and is now member for Penrhyn and Falmouth.

"When I was sixteen, on April 6th, 1856, I received my last present from my parents. Since then I have kept myself."

These are Sir John's own words, and, though many a man can say the same, few can make claim to the steadiness of purpose and unrelaxing vigor with which he won his way from obscurity to be emperor over a vast emporium. Times have changed in business as in social life, but for the ambitious young man grit and "go" will tell just as much now as they did in the early Victorian days.

Sir John Barker was first of all a draper's apprentice, and he much regrets the vanishing of the valuable system of apprenticeship.

When I found Sir John in his little office in the well-known Kensington establishment where he supplies anything from a juicy steak to an Egyp-

tian mummy, it was after traversing a veritable hive of industry. At this one establishment—for he is head of three large firms—he employs from 1,700 to 2,000 hands.

First, he told me something about his career. Born in 1840 at Doose, near Maidstone, he left school early to become apprenticed for three years to a draper. Learning thoroughly all the secrets of the trade, he left home to make his own living, and came to London.

He did not expect to see gilded pavements, but he found it took all his time to pay his way and leave something over for the proverbial "rainy day." However, he toiled and saved, and before he was thirty found his way into a large firm already well known at that time. The whole management was vested in him after a while, and the returns from £16,000 a year leapt up in three and a half years to the enormous figure of over £300,000.

Then in 1870 Mr. Barker resolved to strike out for himself; "and the result," he said smilingly, "you can see around you."

Apprenticeship is in skilled trades what "articles" are in the privileged

FROM APPRENTICE TO BARONET

professions. A hundred years ago nearly every boy intended for a commercial life was an apprentice, and in Elizabethan days we know that the London apprentices were a body to be reckoned with. Now for some unexplained reason boys drift into most trades without any of that thorough technical education which is guaranteed by apprenticeship under a good master. Printing and engineering are two of the callings in which one is still apprenticed as a general rule, but in the drapery, as well as in most other, trade the system is unfortunately dying out.

"It is the only way to learn a trade properly," remarked Sir John. "My groundwork has stood me in good stead from first to last. I learnt all that was to be learnt about small wares as an apprentice and improver, and what was necessary then is even more necessary now. To become an employer you must get to know every detail of your business, and not be above sweeping out the office.

"What is required in a young man? Industry, enthusiasm, and a desire to excel. Whenever I entered a shop I looked at the top berth, and generally managed to get it. The conditions then were only different as to the volume of business. Great wholesale stores were only just in process of creation, and salaries were smaller.

"Nowadays, I have noticed, men are paid better but are satisfied with less responsibility. People in my firm have refused important berths because they shirk the responsibilities. In my younger days I saw very little of that. Men jumped at what they could get then, and did their best.

"There are always plenty of good positions for good men, but men above the average are not easily found, and—don't forget—a great firm does not live on its name, but mainly on the capacities of chiefs of departments. The measure of success of each department is the thermometer

of the business ability of the man in whom the management is invested."

Sir John Barker puts great faith in the need of recreation and amusement, and, in fact, was a pioneer of the early closing movement. Only the day previously to my call upon him he headed a deputation to the Home Secretary in favor of Lord Avebury's Sunday Closing Bill. Sunday opening of all sorts and conditions of shops is on the increase, he said, in large towns, and especially in London and Glasgow.

"When I was canvassing during my election campaign at Maidstone, I met a grocer who said to me, 'I'm not going to vote for you; you want me to shut up my shop early, and lose half my trade. If I and my daughter like to keep open the shop till ten, why shouldn't we?' That is the type of man who keeps a whole district open."

In reply to a query, Sir John said he would welcome any way of avoiding the "living-in" system. "It is very costly and a great responsibility, though if it is for the benefit of my staff I don't mind in the least."

In his firm, I learnt, most of the employes preferred to be boarded, as also in the case of a well-known dress-making firm, of which he is chairman. In the latter case many of the girls come over from Paris, and it is obviously the best thing for them to board together. "Here, too," he added, "young girls come up from the country—daughters of tradesmen in most cases—knowing that they are sure of good food and comfortable board."

This was no idle boast, for Mr. R. Millbourn, a director, took me round the staff buildings, and I was astonished to see the high scale of comfort provided for the workers. No wonder "living-in" in such an expensive district as Kensington is such a considerable item in the firm's expenses.

As I came away my reflection was that if all "living-in" systems were conducted so admirably as this, shop assistants would be in clover.

The Business End of Polar Exploration

By W. S. BRUCE

From the Fortnightly Review

THE world shrinks, and now there are few parts of the globe which have not been traversed. I say purposely traversed, for many parts traversed have not been explored. A race across Africa, from Paris to Peking on a motor car, or what has been aptly called the "boyish Pole hunt," can now no longer be regarded as serious exploration. In fact, in Polar exploration, especially people are beginning to see the comparative uselessness of such journeys, and rarely can any Polar expedition get money unless the leader announces that such and such scientific investigations are to be made by a staff of experts, and that such and such scientific results are likely to accrue. Yet what the mass of the public desire is pure sensationalism, therefore the Polar explorer who attains the highest latitude and who has the powers of making a vivid picture of the difficulties and hardships involved, will be regarded popularly as the hero, and will seldom fail to add materially to his store of worldly welfare; while he who plods on an unknown tract of land or sea and works there in systematic and monographic style, will probably not have such worldly success, unless his business capacity is such as to allow him to turn to his advantage products of commercial value in the lands and seas he has been exploring. The general rule, however, is that the man of science opens the way and reveals the treasures of the unknown, and that the man of business follows and reaps the

commercial advantage, and where this is not the case and the man of science takes to money-making, the chances are that the world has rather lost than gained by his transition. Yet there is a marked temptation for the man of science to devote himself to money-making sooner or later, for so starved has he been for many years that eventually he seeks to gain some of that worldly comfort for his family and himself associated with moderate wealth which has been almost entirely denied to him in earlier life. It is right, therefore, that the man of science who has not the time or the inclination to devote his life to the gathering of gold should look to those who have this for their chief aim in life to support him in investigations of the unknown, or to those who, by the industry of their ancestors, have more than is necessary for at least a life of comfort.

In the face of these facts, it is interesting to note that the author recently, in trying to get support for the Scottish National Antarctic Expedition from one who professes desire to spend the large fortune he has gathered in a useful manner, should have received the answer that he could not see the use of such expeditions. Exactly the same answer that Columbus received more than four centuries ago; yet how many owe their wealth to that enthusiast's voyage. Was there ever a more mad-cap expedition than that one? A veritable nutshell to sail westward into the unknown

THE BUSINESS END OF POLAR EXPLORATION

and to face dangers beyond all the powers of human conception.

There is no reason to believe that wealth equal to that of the New World of Christopher Columbus does not exist in the Polar regions, considering the increased power given to man by the advancement of science, which is constantly showing new ways and means to furnish suitable methods for discovering and making use of that wealth.

So far I have been trying to answer the question which the Polar explorer constantly gets asked him usually by the business man who has not had any scientific training—namely, What is the use of these Polar expeditions? If the sole aim is to reach the North or South Pole or to get nearer to it than anyone has been before, the answer must be that it is of little value either to science or commerce. That is the accomplishment of an athletic feat only to be carried out by those who have splendid physical development. But if it refers to expeditions well equipped with every means for the scientific survey of a definite section of the world—be it land or sea—then the answer is different. To add to the store of human knowledge means increased power of adding to human comfort. It also means making another step into the forever unfathomable unknown, and it is the duty of the scientific explorer as a pioneer to investigate a definite area of the unknown with a staff of competent specialists.

Modern Polar exploration must be conducted in this manner. Having decided whether one's energies are to be applied to the Arctic or Antarctic regions, the explorer has to make up his mind whether it be land or sea that he is about to explore, and, having determined that, and being well acquainted with the literature of his subject, and having had previous practical training in the work he is about to undertake, he chooses his definite area. It may be a large or a small area. It may be one that has been previously traversed and of

which a hazy idea may be had. It may be over lands untrodden by the foot of man or seas as yet unfathomed. Suppose it is a detailed investigation of the North Polar basin. The explorer must first have a good ship, built somewhat on the lines of the *Scotia* or *Fram*, for resisting and evading ice pressure, and, following the idea of Nansen's drift, he will sail the Behring Straits, making his base of departure British Columbia or Japan. Then, working northward as far as possible through the pack ice, the ship will eventually be beset firmly in the autumn or even earlier, and, if she be of the right build, with safety. Now, as far as the ship is concerned, she must be made snug for the winter, and she becomes to all intents and purposes a house for the next three, or may be four, years. She will drift right across the North Polar basin, and will emerge from the Polar pack somewhere between Greenland and Spitsbergen. The probability is that she will pass almost if not right through the position of the North Pole. But all this may be counted worthless if there is not complete and thorough equipment of men, instruments, and other material for scientific investigation. The expedition must be for the thorough examination of the Polar basin—that is, it must be an expedition fitted out primarily for oceanographical research. The leader of the expedition should be a scientific man, and should certainly be one who has gained knowledge by having carried on scientific research in one or more departments in the service of some previous expedition. He must also be practically acquainted with the handling of an oceanographical ship. Without such experience, be he landman or seaman, failure must be the result.

The scientific staff must include well-trained men able to organize the work of their various departments under the co-ordination of the leader. Astronomy: meteorology, including an investigation of the higher atmosphere by means of balloons and kites,

as well as sea-level observations; magnetism; ocean physics, including an investigation of currents, temperature, specific gravity at all depths from the surface to the bottom; bathymetry, including a complete study of the shape of the floor of the Polar basin; geology, especially a study of the nature of the bottom; biology, an investigation of every living thing, those animals that live on the bottom of the sea, those who swim on or near the surface or in intermediate depths—in short, benthic, planktonic, and nektonic research; a study of the algæ and animals that may be found in association with the ice itself, as well as an investigation of every animal or plant above the surface of the ocean. Six or eight scientific men would not be too few to form the scientific staff, and they must be provided with at least two laboratories, a scientific store room, and photographic room. The leader himself being well acquainted with conditions of work in the Polar regions, it is not essential that the scientific staff should be, but it would be an advantage that his chief of staff had some ice experience, and that he should be able to take up the reins in the event of the serious illness or death of the leader. The scientific side of the ship should be separate from the nautical, and the leader must be the intermediary and guiding hand for both. The master of the ship must be subject to the leader, and the crew entirely responsible to the master, the leader strongly supporting the master in this position. It is questionable how far commercial advantage would be derived from such an expedition, probably none immediately, though almost certainly some to a future generation if not to our own; but the increase of human knowledge by the thorough survey of a definite area of our globe in a systematic manner is sufficient to warrant such an expedition being carried out.

This is the only piece of work (in

the North Polar regions) that remains to be done on an extensive scale, and which must extend over a long period of time without a break, though there is much Arctic work to be done in other directions. Thus the author has been busying himself during the last two summer seasons with the detailed investigation of Prince Charles Foreland. This island, about fifty miles long and about six miles wide, forms a considerable part of the west coast of the archipelago of Spitsbergen. Prince Charles Foreland, named after Charles, son of James VI. of Scotland, has been known to exist for more than 300 years, yet there has been practically complete ignorance of its form, geology, fauna and flora.

It would be of interest to take the chart of the Arctic regions and to enumerate the different parts that yet remain to be explored—their name is legion. The Beaufort Sea, the islands and channels to the north of the American continent offer especially a splendid field for topographical, hydrographical, biological, geological and other research. Much valuable work is to be accomplished by a series of stations set up in strategic places for biological research, and the same may be said for magnetism and meteorology—especially if associated with investigation of the higher atmosphere. Denmark deserves great credit for recently setting up a biological station in Davis Strait in the manner here indicated. This has been accomplished by the generosity of Justice A. Hock, and is backed up by an annual grant of £600 from the Danish Government towards its maintenance. Similar stations could with little difficulty be set up in Spitsbergen, Franz-Josef Land, Novaya Zemlya, and possibly also in Jan Mayen and East Greenland. This form of research is one of the most valuable forms of exploration yet to be accomplished. The station should in each case be provided with a moderate-sized steam or motor launch.

The Human Factor in Business Efficiency

By W. M. McFARLAND

Reproduced from Engineering Magazine

IT is probable that there was never a time when there was not an effort on the part of some especially energetic individuals to bring about an improvement in existing methods, but with the advent of the steam engine as an active factor in human affairs, this effort for improvement has become more marked, with an intensity which has been steadily growing, down to the present time, so far as relates to increased efficiency of machines. The improvement has come about partly by good fortune, partly by experiments (not always well directed), and partly as the result of effort directed by a thorough knowledge of theory. The last quarter-century has witnessed a greater concentration of effort towards the increase of efficiency in the human element, and it is proposed to discuss briefly what is really the basis for the undoubted improvement which has resulted.

It is one of the elementary chapters in political economy which proves that unorganized society is of necessity inefficient, and the books go on to show that specialization produces a decided increase in the individual and the general efficiency. This is true even on a small scale. When the scale of operations is greatly increased, we find, as we might expect, that thorough training and organization are productive of increased efficiency, as is notably shown in the history of armies in ancient times.

The great success of Alexander in his expedition through Asia is attributed in part to the fine organization and drill of the army by his father, Philip, who in turn was a pupil of Epaminondas. The latter was apparently the inventor of the first material change in tactics in introducing a movement similar to the flying wedge, which was popular in football some years ago. The utilization of this idea in his battles was a great feature in Alexander's victories. In the same way the successes of Hannibal against the Romans were apparently due to the much higher skill and training of his officers and men, under the direction of his consummate generalship. Organization and drill alone, however, are not sufficient, as was shown in a most remarkable way in Napoleon's campaigns. Leaving aside for the moment the marvellous military genius of Napoleon and the great ability of some of his chief lieutenants, the fact remains that prior to the Revolution none of them had had any experience in battles on a large scale and they were often pitted against veteran commanders of many years' experience. They had troops who were comparatively raw, and the enemy in many cases had troops who were veterans. There must be some reason for the immensely greater efficiency which was developed, and it seems, on even moderate analysis, to rest upon a basis of rewards of some kind. In the early days—those of Alexander

and Hannibal—it was expected that the victorious army, besides receiving its usual pay, would glut itself with loot. We may not regard a spirit thus satisfied as of a very high grade; but for the time the incentive was thoroughly adequate. Hannibal's soldiers were all mercenaries and had no patriotic impulses to influence them in the slightest degree, while the Romans were fighting for their country. Something of the same sort was true of Alexander's men, as we know that it was customary among the Greek soldiers to hire out their services. In the case of Napoleon's armies, there can be no doubt whatever that the splendid rewards which he held out for splendid services were calculated to bring out the very best work of which each man was capable. It was commonly said that every soldier carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack, and we know that a majority of his marshals actually rose from the ranks.

The very difference in quality between the men who are usually obtained for soldiers in peace and those who enter the service during a war emphasizes this point. In times of peace there is ordinarily little chance for an enlisted man to get much advancement. In war, for a bold and brave man there are splendid opportunities; and the history of the American Civil War, with the large number of men who entered as privates and afterwards became officers of the regular army, shows the much greater opportunity. An actual count of a recent Army Register showed sixty general officers (two lieutenant-generals) who had risen from the ranks and whose names were on the list. We can see all these things very clearly now when we look back and study them, but in times of general indifference or stagnation this basic principle seems to be entirely ignored.

In the early days of hand-workmanship, men were either their own

masters or, at least, worked in small groups where they were thoroughly under the master's eye, so that questions of organization did not enter. The advent of the steam engine, and following it the growth of the factory system, changed the problem of craftsmanship almost completely and in a way to make the questions of organization and discipline somewhat analogous to those obtaining in military organizations. When the factories were still small and the masters could be personally acquainted with every man, so that there was a personal touch, there was still something of pride on the part of all decent workmen in rendering an adequate return for the wage received; but with the development into the huge establishments of recent years this personal touch has been entirely lost, and it is an undoubted fact that there has been a tendency on the part of the men to render less than an adequate return for their wage.

Two methods are always open in handling large bodies of men—by leading or by driving. With work that requires no particular skill and mere brute strength, the method of driving may succeed moderately; this was the method in both ancient and modern times of handling slaves. Where the skill of the workmen is involved, however, driving is practically out of the question. Something can be accomplished, but there is almost sure to be a reduction in quality of product. We then come to exactly what was found two-thousand years ago in the military organization—that to get zealous and efficient work, an adequate reward must be offered.

It can hardly be asserted with confidence that in industrial lines the perfect system of reward has yet been discovered—that is, one which, while perfectly just in theory to master and man, is accepted cheerfully by both. Piece work seemed very promising (and it certainly is

just) but in one way it did even more than was expected. It proved almost always that the men had produced so much less than was easily possible that the masters would have been more than human if they had not cut the piece-work rate, and, of course, the result was strikes and other troubles. Then came the premium system, which seemed to be entirely fair to both masters and men; but the labor organizations are against this because they claim that it leads men to produce too much, thereby throwing many out of employment. Others, like Mr. F. W. Taylor and his followers, have shown very admirably how a proper bonus system would produce the proper results, although this would doubtless be opposed by the labor agitators. There can be no doubt whatever that all of these systems have shown very thoroughly that they do offer an adequate reward to men who are willing to be fair, and that, as a result, the efficiency of work and of the plants is enormously increased. It will, of course, be understood that it is assumed that the other essentials of success—proper organization, modern labor-saving methods, etc., are to go along with the factor specially affecting the personnel—but I believe that the human factor is vastly the more important.

It has seemed to me that in many

of the schemes which are put forward for increased efficiency there is too great a tendency to assume that the human beings who have to carry them out are machines. This mistake is akin to that which is so often made where it is believed that an evil can be cured by simply passing a law against it, forgetting that public opinion must be back of the law.

In these days, some branches of business, notably advertising and selling, are showing a firm belief in the truth of Pope's saying "The proper study of mankind is man," with splendid results. They aim to show a man that it is to his interest to buy. What we have to do in production is to show the men that it is to their interest to produce with the highest efficiency. The most practical way to do this—is it not indeed the only way?—is to provide an adequate reward. The rare men who are sure to rise to higher positions are naturally satisfied with this as their reward; but the vast majority cannot hope to rise higher than skilled artificers. These men have exactly the same human nature as the executives of the establishment, and what causes the executives to be efficient will certainly have the same effect upon the workmen—and this is adequate reward for the highest efficiency.

Sand

Success Magazine

Large numbers of people have brilliant qualities; they know a great deal, are well educated, but they lack sand, staying power. They can't stand by a proposition and see it through thick and thin to the end. They lack that bulldog grit which hangs on until they triumph or die. They lack the clinging ability that never lets go, no matter what comes. They work well when things go smoothly; they are fair-weather sailors, but are terrified in storm, paralyzed in an emergency. Staying power is the final test of ability.

Hugh Chalmers of Detroit

By H. W. FORD

In the Business Philosopher

PERHAPS you have heard of Hugh Chalmers.

He is the man who received \$72,000 a year when working for John H. Patterson, president of the National Cash Register Company.

Of course, Chalmers was pathetically underpaid, but even so, \$72,000 a year is a very exceptional salary, and a man who can command it, and earn it, as Chalmers did, deserves unusual attention, especially when that man is only 32 years old.

Chalmers was 32 when, as vice-president of the National Cash Register Company and general manager of its world-wide business, he received this annual fortune. He is a little older than that now.

Also, he is a bigger man now. Chalmers grows. When he decided that it was not longer worth \$72,000 a year to try to work at the National he went into the automobile business for himself. He bought an interest in the E. R. Thomas-Detroit Company and became its president. The name was then changed to the Chalmers-Detroit Company.

He has been doing things in the automobile business. If you don't believe it, ask any automobile man.

Chalmers discovered that a millionaire car could be built and sold for \$1,500. The announcement of this discovery caused a good deal of an upheaval in the automobile world. Also, this announcement struck a responsive point of contact in the public mind and many kind thoughts were sent in Chalmers' direction by thous-

ands of people who had long been wanting a millionaire's car for about \$1,500. If you doubt this, just drop a line to the Chalmers-Detroit factory and ask how many replies they got from the first advertisement about the astounding car.

Chalmers is truly a great salesman. He got his first big start by selling cash registers. When he entered the automobile business he saw that conditions were changing rapidly in that industry; that where heretofore automobiles had been bought, hereafter they would have to be sold. He figured out that with the right kind of a selling organization he could market his cars in great quantities, and hence afford to take a small profit on each car. Because of this policy it won't be long before nearly everyone can afford to own an automobile.

Chalmers is the hero of the original real millionaire story. He was worth a million dollars at 30, and he had made it all himself, beginning as a very poor boy.

I do not know that Chalmers had \$1,000,000 worth of real property at that time, or that he has that much yet, but, nevertheless, he was a real millionaire. He capitalized himself for \$1,000,000, and he then loaned the capital to the National Cash Register Company for \$50,000 a year, which is the interest at 5 per cent. on \$1,000,000. And this isn't a very high rate of interest; most millionaires get more than this on their capital.

Did you ever figure out how much you are worth—how much capital

your efficiency represented? What salary do you earn? It is the income on what amount, at 5 or 6 per cent.? This amount represents the capital that you have tied up in your body, your brain and your soul.

Chalmers had a million dollars tied up in himself, and he collected the interest at regular intervals. Note also, that either the capital increased or the rate of interest was raised, because, as mentioned above, he was later getting \$72,000 a year, an increase of \$22,000 over \$50,000.

Most people could manage to live fairly well on the \$22,000 increase.

Chalmers was a trained man. By constant thought, continual study, and unfaltering industry, he made himself worth what he is. Talk of efficiency! Chalmers is efficiency personified.

You will be interested in the main facts of Chalmers' struggle to business success.

He had the first essential to a great career: he began in the business world as an office boy at about \$2 a week. This was in the Dayton sales office of the National Cash Register Company. He worked days at sweeping out the office, running messages, and doing all the other duties that an office boy is supposed to do, but seldom does. At night he attended a business school, where he learned stenography and bookkeeping.

At fourteen, while working as stenographer and bookkeeper in this same office, he made his first sale of a cash register. The barrier was up. Nobody rang the recall bell and he went right on.

At eighteen he was an office salesman; at twenty a sales agent with an exclusive territory; four years later he was district manager for Ohio with twenty-four sales agents and salesmen under him; at twenty-five he was called into the factory to be assistant manager of agencies; at twenty-six he was manager of agencies; then assistant general manager; then general manager and vice-president, at twenty-nine.

It was a big job that this youngster

assumed, but he had been steadily laying up his resources against this crucial test, and when the test came he had sufficient capital on which to do business.

There was a plant with 5,000 employees to manage, a selling force in America of 475 men to direct branch companies in foreign countries to organize and oversee, competition to meet and subdue at home and abroad. But Chalmers took to increased responsibility as a duck takes to water. With unerring judgment of men, he built up around him an organization of young, enthusiastic, forceful lieutenants. He inspired them with loyalty. He made his personality an asset of the business.

Conventions and extensive traveling acquainted him with every man in the selling force. And every man considered Chalmers his personal friend. His wonderful memory made it possible for him to know every name and every face. Not only that, but by constant study of the daily sales report he trained himself to know each day just how much business each man had done, and, in meeting one of them could give just the right word of congratulation, encouragement or "ginger."

Was it a convention of salesmen tired after a season's work, perhaps a bit discouraged? Hugh Chalmers' words of appreciation, advice and encouragement, drawn from his own experience and his wider view of the field, would send them back to their territories eager for work and confident of success—a state of mind sure to result in bigger sales. Was it a delegation of workmen with a grievance or a mass-meeting of employees on the verge of a strike? It was Chalmers who justified the company's position, showed that the interests of management and employees were one, appealed to the men's loyalty and sent them away satisfied. Whenever Chalmers spoke to a meeting, large or small, his hearers went back to their work with more snap and vim than

they had before. His words were worth dollars in increased efficiency.

"I believe in treating men as human beings," says Mr. Chalmers. "When I talk to people individually or collectively I appeal not merely to their heads, but to their hearts. Persuade a man merely by cold logic and, though he admits the correctness of your claims, he is not 'sold'—not convinced. Arguments that tell are the ones that reach the heart."

If the essence of successful salesmanship is persuasion, then it is easy for one who knows Hugh Chalmers to understand why he should have been one of the most successful salesmen the National Cash Register Company ever had.

Chalmers would have made a great jury lawyer. The resourcefulness of the salesman in advancing arguments and meeting objections has developed in him to a wonderful reasoning power and persuasiveness. When Hugh Chalmers talks to you, you are convinced that what he says is right, always has been and always will be. This convincingness is one of the strongest assets in Chalmers' inventory of success-bringing qualities. He has a personality that inspires confidence.

He believes in employing good men and paying them well for what they do. He has always stood for high commissions to agents. "The man in the field," he would say, "is the man who keeps the factory going. Let us pay him all we can. He can't make money for himself without making money for us."

Chalmers wants his men not only to make money, but to save it. He comes of Scotch ancestry and Scottish thrift is one of his characteristics. "Save your money," has been the burden of many talks to his salesmen.

When he was a salesman himself he had an original method of making himself work hard and save money. He made it a rule that he must earn enough by the 12th of each month to pay his traveling and office expenses.

"Everything over and above expenses," says he, "was profit. So I worked and saved in the first part of the month to get my expenses paid and begin to earn profits. And I worked hard at the end of the month, to put all the commissions I could into the profit column, instead of into next months' expense column."

Once upon a time on a train bound for New York, Hugh Chalmers gave a fellow manufacturer the business man's countersign: "How's business?" It was during a period of depression.

"Only fair," answered the other; "times are pretty hard. But I've done a good piece of work in the last six months. I've spent my time in the shop and succeeded in cutting down the cost of our product 25 cents."

"But how about your sales?"

"They've fallen off about 30 per cent. But it's a bad year. Everybody's business has dropped off. How are things with you?"

"To date," said Mr. Chalmers, "we show an increase of 20 per cent. over the same period last year. We're selling our product at the highest prices we've ever got, and we are behind on our orders. I suppose our manufacturing cost is a little higher than it might be, but while you've been cutting 25 cents off the cost of each article by getting out in the factory, I have kept \$25 on the selling price by anticipating competition and by devoting my attention to the big problem of selling organization and advertising."

"Which is the most important?" That is the question with which Hugh Chalmers faces the problems of the business day, and it is his ability to determine "which," and to concentrate all his powers on that one task, that enabled him at 32 to manage a world-wide business and to earn a salary of \$72,000 a year. It is this same ability—to pick out the big problem and to solve it—that has made him, ten months after he entered it, one of the big figures in the automobile world.

Oriented

By W. ALBERT HICKMAN

From the Century Magazine

THIS is a poor story, for it has no plot, and all stories written in America are supposed to have a plot. Nothing else matters. This story has a girl and a man and a chief event. Of these the chief event happened only in the ordinary course of things, and if the girl had not had one straight, white streak in her internal construction, probably it would not have affected her in the proper way, and there would have been no excuse for writing this at all. It may still be a question whether the girl was worthy of the event and so worth our valuable consideration. But whether she was worth it at the time or not—and it seems improbable—she doubtless became so in the end. Under the drilling of love and life many of this sort do when you never would have suspected it. The chief event itself was an artistic performance, and every artistic performance, however mean may be its little type, deserves worth in its appreciators; but as has been said, if she had no worth, without doubt she acquired it, and, also without doubt, in the acquiring process the chief event helped her. So far this seems a bit abstruse.

Her name was Helen McNab. Her father was a Montreal broker. In 1869 he had walked in from a creek seventeen miles up the Ottawa River to take a position as an office boy—this story was written in 1907, which makes a profound difference—

I remember imperfectly a descrip-

tion given me by Winslow Whittman, late of Boston and India.

"Never been in the McNab's drawing room!" he said, with a face full of pity. "Your life is yet to be lived. They got stuffed birds in it, and a stuffed bear, an' a stuffed Injun, an' a full-sized Eskimo kayak. Then they got all sorts of chairs—chairs that belonged to Louis Quatorze, an' Louis Quinze, an' Louis Seize, an' I guess most of the other Louis. Some of their legs turn in, an' some of 'em turn out, an' the tops of 'em are all different; some like squash-pies, with a rim round 'em, an' some ilke meat-pies, with a lump on 'em; but you can't sit on any of 'em. In one corner it's Patagonia, in another it's the Petit Trianon, an' in another it's Hudson's Bay. Oh, your life is yet to be lived."

Miss McNab was the only daughter and she was pretty; but if you stripped her of the aura that surrounds every pretty girl, she was not attractive. In the ordinary course of things she went away to a boarding school to develop her individuality, and when she came back she had it fully developed. She wore a suit covered with large black and white checks and a very flat sailor hat, and she walked in all respects like an ostrich. Later she had a bored expression, and there was something about her that led you to suspect she had never done enough to deserve it. She had a nasal voice, which she used for pro-

ducing an unfounded libel on an English accent and an unsorted collection of English sporting phrases. She had one slash scar on her left cheek from having collided with a tree one night on the Mountain on skis, and of this she was reservedly proud—she had followed fifteen others down the slope, and had come out blind-stunned at the bottom. She was always well groomed and manicured, her nails were cut to a rounded point, she was usually marceled (this is a way of doing a woman's hair that makes it take on a beautiful regularity of contour that you see in the ripples of the sand of the sea-shore, or the clouds of a mackerel sky), and she was gifted with the taste (which is the proper term for money when applied in this connection) to dress effectively, which she did. Any time she had left over from the operations involved in these peculiarities she used in maintaining her position, and this position was a complicated thing.

In North America there is a small but delicately perfumed army of young ladies who have made it their business to start an aristocracy. For certain obscure reasons including the lack of aristocrats to fill in with, they have failed; but, instead, they have what is called a plutocracy, which is the same thing from the inside, though from the outside it is quite different. Montreal, like many other cities to the East and West and South, has an ornate nascent plutocracy, and Miss McNab's position at the time of this tale was on the extreme outer edge. The position of these plutocracies is uncertain, as they are maintained entirely by keeping just such young ladies from looking behind the Veil (where, by the way, there is nothing whatever—though that is a secret), and so the plutocracy is usually busy, and the young ladies are busy as well.

Miss McNab was so busy that she

had never had time to see a man. She believed she had danced with them. She unquestionably had decorated boxes at His Majesty's with them when they could afford it, and stalls when they could not. She had received violets from them, and large American Beauty roses. (The former she had worn, and they had wilted; the latter a maid had put in water, and they had wilted—at eighteen dollars a dozen.) She had dined at the Hunt Club with them, and at the Forest and Stream, for there is something about that brusque, sporting manner over the warmth of transparent chiffon that is attractive to the uninitiated. But she had no idea in the world what a man was really like inside. She had her own imperious method of dealing with them, and that was to be all-sufficient for all time. It was her perfect, patent, impervious system, filled with raw oil and finished with three coats of best spar varnish. It was applied to all men alike that moved within her orbit, with variations to fit their prestige. Beyond her orbit there was a vague and unimportant region filled with college professors, navvies, photographers, and mechanical engineers, such as drive the *Lusitania*, and such like. Any one of these she would refer to as a man, but with a different tone, and that was the end of him. This was her whole philosophy; quite inconceivable, but approximately so. And yet, still more inconceivable, under all this there was doubtless the stuff to make a woman that could sing songs to her own children, and the Magnificat to herself, and repeat the Apostles' Creed. This is a wonderful world.

Now, the man had recently come to Montreal from England. His father had been a great consulting engineer in Victoria Street, and, like all good consulting engineers, had died at his appointed time. He had been great even above riches, which is very great indeed, so he had been

able to leave his son only a little under 6,000 pounds, a strong engineering tendency, and two or three of the recognized varieties of common sense. Among these was not the one relating to the value of worldly possessions, and in five calendar months Mr. George Porteous Vaughan Morgan—for that was the son's name—had expended 5,384 pounds, 12 shillings, 9 pence; and of such beautiful quality was one sort of common sense he did have—the one that teaches how to deal gracefully with men and women—that with this comparatively small sum of money he made a notable disturbance in the great City of London, and his existence was admitted from the Circus to the foot of the throne. In fact, so great was this disturbance that its echoes have not altogether died away to this day. Afterward, having learned his lesson cheerfully and silently, and without a touch of melo-drama, he came out to Canada with 600 pounds, and, following his engineering trend, joined himself to a company in Montreal whose business was to sell English automobiles to the Canadian public under the blessed advantages of the Canadian Preferential Tariff. Then of a sudden it seemed that all his reserve common sense came into action at once, and immediately he began to prosper; for he was one of those rare specimens, an utterly adaptable Englishman. He even arose before eight o'clock in the morning.

Early in his Canadian career he collided with Miss Helen McNab at the St. Andrew's Ball. It so happened that no fewer than two of Miss McNab's bondmen had failed. One had been found by a two-years' widow of twenty-six, and the other had found a very charming young lady who belonged to one of the oldest French-Canadian families and who had just returned from eighteen months in Paris: so there was no prospect of either of them coming

back at all. So, partly by accident, which is our crude way of describing the methods of Providence, and partly through his own cheerful initiative, Mr. Vaughan Morgan received three dances. This, for Miss McNab of Montreal, was quite unheard of, and an excellent start.

Being an adaptable Englishman, Mr. Vaughan Morgan did not conceive that a two-step was made out of a mighty, automatic walk, or that a waltz consisted in turning in one direction over a limited area of floor at thirty-six revolutions per minute. On the contrary, he studied his surroundings, took thought, carefully put Miss McNab on her mettle by asking if she was very tired, and finished smiling and warm, with the lady in a more disheveled condition than she had ever been in public in her life. In the midst of her disapproval, she noticed a new, uncatalogued, pleasant, tingling sensation that apparently came out of an uncertain pink haze. But in the face of a life-time of habit, this effect was ephemeral, and in the intervals between the dances she reverted to her normal condition, and languidly told Mr. Vaughan Morgan reserved tales of the doings of the frightfully smart set to which she belonged.

Now, Mr. Vaughan Morgan, having laid out with great intelligence 5,384 pounds 12 shillings 9 pence in finding out what he could about London, was amazed at so much innocence so wickedly put, and, at the end of the third of those dances and interviews, went out into another room and served himself with bad claret lemonade a number of times, chuckling insanely all the while. Still, having come from a land where there are a million and a half surplus women, he was taken with the novelty of the imperious treatment—with apparently so little warrant it—so two days later, being Sunday, he called. He found Miss McNab in her especial element, surrounded by

a salon, and haughty beyond his most amazed conception; for he also came from the only democratic country in the world, and had seen no other.

Miss McNab's mother held a lorgnette under a transformation, and said that the St. Andrew's Ball was becoming frightfully mixed—which is true of all balls—and Miss McNab's brother, though apparently in his own house, conversed with a friend on the opposite end of the same divan, and regarded Mr. Vaughan Morgan as a stranger. This was all he got out of that visit, and when he arose, Mr. McNab, junior, and the friend smiled, and he departed in some wonder, but with unabated interest. But Miss McNab imagined she saw a smile in the back of his eyes, and said a good-by that lacked poise—her first since she was six years old.

Working under the illogical rules that govern these things, Mr. Vaughan Morgan's interest continued to grow, and within three months, in spite of occasional contact, he had formed a most wonderful idea of Miss McNab. Now, the description of this young lady already submitted was dispassionate and, as far as it went, unquestionably correct from a mechanical point of view, which makes Mr. Vaughan Morgan's later idea all the more wonderful: put into English words, what he came to see was this:

Her height was the perfect height. (In this case it happened to be 5 feet 6 3/4 inches, less 2 1/4 inches for sole leather and brass nails.) She was erect and beautifully balanced, and full-figured. She had glorious, indescribable golden-brown hair, with a shimmer that traveled like the shimmer of raw silk; walnut-brown eyes that shone and sparkled and had a way of looking up suddenly under lids that flickered for a second and shut down, leaving the effect of distant, silent summer lightning. (So far these were his

precise words.) Her skin was clear and fair, but with an uncertain flush beneath that carried warmth from her finger-tips to the forehead, and at the least provocation blazed in her cheeks till you had to draw a slow breath to stand still. This was the over-whelming impression—tides and surges of growing color; those eyes; and then such hands! They were not particularly small, but altogether wonderful; well-balanced, soft, deft, and strong, the essence of all capability, adaptable, responding to every foreshadowed need, and accomplishing with all adequacy and finish, and with a touch that was perfectly sure, so that anything they had done could never conceivably come undone at all. When she played they flowed—and she neglected Chaminade for Chopin—and when she stopped they glided on their own irresponsible way, and were a source of danger to all mankind. But wonderful above everything else was her mouth: sensitive and mobile until it was heartbreaking to watch it. Every little thought that slipped through her mind, every little trend of a half-formed idea in fun or in earnest, in devilment or in pure play, was heralded there, and the corners slid up and down or quivered for one small second under the flutter of those eyelids until the alluring color came, stormed up, and you could only stand and groan. And then her voice was clear as crystal (bis) and she had a way of turning her words that was frightfully attractive. . . .

So Mr. Vaughan Morgan's conception went, in part; and, besides, into this creation he breathed the breath of life, making her into the flattering likeness of a real woman with all the attributes—prospective, useful motherhood, and the rest—probably not one of which she then actively possessed.

And Miss McNab remained imperious and unscathed to the point of irritation.

Now for the sacrifice. In every

artistic performance there must be a sacrifice. If you paint a picture that attains to the line at the R. A., it is the canvas, the pigments, and a little boiled linseed oil. If you write a success of the season, it is several blocks of rag paper, half a pint of ink, and a suffering iridosmine pen-point. If you play the Second Rhapsody, it is an expensive grade of felt wearing on steel wires. In this case it was an English car called the Brunel, sold in Canada by the company to which Mr. Vaughan Morgan had joined himself. Her makers called her "The Engineer's Car," to distinguish her from the mass of cars that seemed to be dedicated to the public—or the devil. A glimpse into her gear-box, or at the mighty teeth of her driving pinion (which is as important a part of a car as a hairpin is of a woman), or at the mightier hub and gun-carriage spokes of her hind wheels, told you why, and why she was peculiarly fitted to be the sacrifice. And, besides, under her bonnet was an engine-room like the engine-room of an ice-breaker, with a centrifugal pump that might have come from Tangyes, with any spare space filled with a giant magneto; and all notably protected from the wet and gritty world outside. Her builders had laboriously come to the conclusion that an automobile was a dignified private carriage, and had gone forever from red bodies to the darkest of Nile-green; so, aside from a certain massiveness, she was altogether deceptive, and no man would believe that she could rage furiously, for they called her but twenty horse-power. But of horses there are many sorts, and doubtless the horses in England are bigger than the horses in America.

Here begins the introduction of the chief event. One April day, when the ice out of Lake St. Louis was moving down in rafts over the Lachine Rapids, and a Donaldson liner and the Bellona, with fruit

were waiting at Quebec for the breaking of the bridge at Cap Rouge, Mr. Vaughan Morgan took out the twenty Brunel to demonstrate to a man who was preparing a summer home beyond Como.

And here it is necessary to digress for a geographical explanation.

Montreal City is on the island of Montreal, and Montreal island is in the mouth of the Ottawa, where that woodland river empties itself into the great St. Lawrence; for the Ottawa has a delta like the Nile and the Amazon. If you wish to get off the island of Montreal, you can go in two ways: by something that floats on the water or by a bridge. At this particular time in April there is nothing afloat except ice and driftwood, so you must go by a bridge, and of the bridges there are two kinds, railway and highway. The railway bridges are owned chiefly by corporations and so lead everywhere it is desirable to go; and the highway bridges are owned chiefly by the Government, and so would lead nowhere except by what is called the express will of the people, and the people of North America, unlike the people of England, never express their will, but are governed directly, in as far as it may be necessary, by an over-ruling Providence, who does not build bridges.

It is twenty-three miles by road from the City of Montreal to Ste. Anne de Bellevue, which is at the extreme end of the island of Montreal. Beyond is the flood of the Ottawa, with Isle Perrot, over two miles wide, breasting the current in midstream, and with Vaudreuil three miles away on the opposite shore. And Como, where Mr. Vaughan Morgan wished to be, is six miles beyond Vaudreuil.

The main lines of those two great corporations, the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Grand Trunk Railway, run out to Ste. Anne, and, by high bridges resting on ponderous, ice-cutting piers, cross over to Isle

Perrot. Across that elm-clad island, side by side, they strike a broad, straight, stately roadway, until, by other bridges with ponderous piers, they cross over from Isle Perrot to Vaudreuil, and go on their way into the West.

On the other hand, the highway, which is the property of the Government, comes out speciously by Lachine and through lakeside villages to Ste. Anne; and then, instead of proclaiming its inadequacy by turning down into the river and ceasing, swings nobly round the end of the island and returns to Montreal—as is proper—through the woods.

That is to say if you have attained to Ste. Anne by road, and wish to reach Vaudreuil—which-is-beyond-the-Ottawa, three miles away, you may go by little bridges over little rivers and so round by the City of Ottawa, two hundred and fifty miles, or you may go back twenty-three miles to Montreal, cross the River St. Lawrence by the Victoria bridge, travel many leagues upstream, cross the River St. Lawrence again at Valleyfield, P.Q., and travel eastward again many leagues to Vaudreuil, which is the shorter. Or, to put it in all its nakedness, from Montreal, the greatest city in Canada, you cannot directly by road reach the mainland of Western Quebec and Ontario, the most populous section of Canada, at all. This of course is an outrage, and if the island of Montreal were inhabited by the English as such, would be expressed as an outrage day and night without ceasing until the Governments involved, helpless against importunity, like all Governments, and for the sake of blessed peace, which is the ultimate aim and object of all Governments, would signal their weariness, and immediately there would arise the sound of hammering on metal and the voice of the pneumatic riveter on girders at St. Anne.

All these great and seemingly irrelevant matters bear directly on

Mr. Vaughan Morgan, for they show why, to reach Como, which is beyond Vaudreuil, he had to load the twenty Brunel on a flat-car, from which she was precariously navigated down three-inch planks at Como Station.

And here, to justify Mr. Vaughan Morgan's intelligence, it may be said that he had no conception what an Ottawa Valley road might be in the spring, but having alighted in four inches of snow water, he went forward in faith and demonstrated. He demonstrated through wasted, sooty snow-banks that melted without ceasing under a summer-blue sky. He demonstrated on a water-swept tundra where runnels poured over an ice-edge into a lake that in summer was a hay meadow. He demonstrated over a half-frozen plowed field, preferring it to a four-horse-power stream which the owner assured him at other seasons was the drive, and he finished by taking his victim for what he called a spin on the main road. The spin consisted in leaping from mud-holes to muddy snow-banks, and swooping from snow-banks into mud-holes, and resembled nothing so much as navigating the Bay of Fundy in a high sea in an open boat.

"It is a bit sloppy-you-know—isn't it!" he said, with one eye overlaid with mud, and he went on talking reassuringly between gulps as the patient springs jolted their livers. In the end he careered away joyfully toward the station by himself, with one bent mud-guard and an order for one \$3,500 car in his inmost pocket.

For that night the twenty Brunel was to have stayed in a shed, and he was to have gone into town on the 6.13. But the demonstration had been long, and the 6.13 was on time, and passed down, unflagged, toward Vaudreuil when he was still a quarter of a mile across the plain.

"Marooned!" Mr. Vaughan Morgan commented, and plowed ahead

to interview the agent. The agent was already being interviewed. There were two young ladies and one young gentleman, and they appeared to have reached the station platform only the moment before. In any case, they paid no attention to the arrival of anything so trivial as a motor. One young lady was addressing the agent personally.

"You stupid fool, didn't you know we were coming, whether you could see us or not? Did you think we wished to stay out here all night—alone?" with a side-swept glance at the young gentleman. It was the voice of Miss Helen McNab, in heat. The agent was French-Canadian, brief in temper, and not fully trained in deference. His reply was full of words. On the first count he tried to make plain that he was not a mind-reader. On the second, he pointed out that he had no method of judging.

"I don't know, me!" he said, waving his arms in the air. "Vot eef you don' came en time for y'r train—I s'pose so." And he departed into the station, leaving Miss McNab white with wrath. (The McNabs had a house at Como, and the gods-that-desire-excitement had arranged that Miss McNab should choose this day in April to visit it for the purpose of suggesting improvements. She had brought with her a suite, Miss Yvonne Dacoste, because she was one step nearer the Veil, and very haughty, and Mr. Gerald Brian Glover, who had a thin and fair mustache, and was what she called a "nice boy.") Then, the mud storm having subsided, she saw the twenty Brunel and Mr. Vaughan Morgan. For one inexplicable second she was abashed: after which she had an inspiration. She consulted with the other two. "Watch me work this Englishman!" was the substance of it, though it was more beautifully put.

"How do you do!" she opened, and advanced towards the edge of the

platform. Mr. Vaughan Morgan shuddered, and bowed through his crust.

"Beastly walking, isn't it?" he said.

"Frightful," said Miss McNab, and properly introduced Miss Dacoste and Mr. Glover. "We've lost our last train, and I must be in town at a quarter to eight. Won't you go and ask that man if there's no other train—anywhere?—He's been horribly rude." There was somewhat implied, but to that phase Mr. Vaughan Morgan seemed deaf and blind.

"Must?" he said, with the painful literalness of a man, and took on a serious expression. She did not explain that it was bridge at Lady Sanderson's—her first—and, after all, that was very important. Her impervious system drove her ahead, full into the bosom of the unguessed future.

"Yes, must!" This tone was her final. Mr. Vaughan Morgan said, "Oh!" with a face full of consideration and a mind full of thoughts, and in a moment dropped over the unopened door into the mud and was in the station-house. In half a minute he returned, visibly anxious. There was a Grand Trunk train from Vaudreuil at 7.10.

"Arrives?"

"Bonaventure at five minutes to eight."

"That is much too late," she said regally, smoothing the wrinkles out of long, tan gloves, while Mr. Glover pulled his mustache.

"—Or we might get a special at Vaudreuil. I can take you down in the car—if you don't mind the roads and the mud." Miss McNab held rigidly to her part. She did not mind anything. Mr. Vaughan Morgan absently eyed Mr. Glover's expanse of vicuña and satin and Miss Dacoste's hard-crowned, over-feathered hat (we shall remember the spring of 1907), and his smile almost broke out. But his face remained the face of one who realizes

that something must be done immediately.

"I'm quite sure we shall manage it in some way, if we go at once," he said, cheerily, leaning toward the sacrifice. Would Miss McNab like to ride in front?

She would.

He advanced on the crank, preoccupied, as a man thinking out things far ahead, while Miss Dacoste and Mr. Glover daintily climbed into the tonneau, with the manner of people who have certain misgivings, and seated themselves on luxurious cushions spattered with half-dry mud. Mr. Vaughan Morgan heaved, and a deep-seated tremor ran through the twenty Brunel. He moved to one side, and half the Nile-green roof over the forward mysteries rose up and balanced itself in the air. For a dozen seconds Miss McNab watched his hand wandering amid complications—scarlet cylinders, glaring brass piping and a whizzing aluminum fan, which she gazed at incuriously, not being a mechanic, after which the bonnet closed with a clang. The lady did notice that it was unlike the tinny snap of certain bonnets she had seen, but this was her only impression of unusual strength. This impression immediately gave place to another more interesting. She painted a beautiful picture of Mr. Vaughan Morgan hiring a special at Vandreuil, and taking her in instate; and she would see that he did it.

This last impression was not accurate. Mr. Vaughan Morgan had also a plan: which did not coincide in the least. How he thought it might forward his interests, or why he thought of it at all, I am sure I could never guess. Probably it was one of those first-flush impulses that have created that Outer-Empire tittle, Mad Englishman. Miss McNab's "must" had made it possible. He knew part of Miss McNab, and he knew how to foster that "must" until it became a fetish. If she ever

gave in, his excuse would be gone. But, then, with a little urging, she would never give in till the trumpet blew and the earth dissolved away from beneath her feet.

In the meantime he slid into the driver's seat, pressed his foot on a pedal, and moved two levers that clicked. A hum rose up from somewhere, and Miss McNab felt herself being pushed back deep into the cushions. Then the hum ceased, and there was no sound but the hiss of snow water driven out in two clean sheets under the bows. The twenty Brunel, in a hundred-foot lake, was silently under way.

"Top speed," said Mr. Vaughan Morgan irrelevantly, with the appreciation of an enthusiast.

"It does not seem very fast," Miss McNab commented, with a voice like an echo from a glacier.

"I should have said, 'Direct drive,'"

Miss McNab said, "Ah!" not knowing in the least what he meant.

"Don't believe you have to be home by a quarter to eight at all," he continued, in great absence of mind, still dealing thoughtfully with levers. "What is it for?"

"That is my own particular business; but it is really important."

"Really!" said Mr. Vaughan Morgan, and this time a little child could see that he was impressed. He was a beautiful actor, and that expression of great anxiety came back. Miss McNab was satisfied. The first result took place at once. They had climbed from the lake into pure mud that played in two smooth fountains alongside, and they had arrived at the turn to the main road. On every car there is a little innocent-looking pedal that is called the accelerator. It has an unseen connection with the throttle, and is more potent than all the pedals of a cathedral organ put together. Turning into the main road, Mr. Vaughan Morgan rested his foot on this pedal ever so lightly, and smiled a grim smile in the

back of his eyes. (This sort of smile does not show outside.) The twenty Brunel accelerated, and Mr. Gerald Brian Glover, in the tonneau, sat in Miss Yvonne Dacoste's lap. Miss McNab grasped Mr. Vaughan Morgan's left arm with a grip like the grip of a drowning man, and then let go as if it were red-hot iron. Mr. Vaughan Morgan, unnoting, ostentatiously fought with the steering-wheel, and, when the trouble had subsided, busied himself in apologizing lavishly to the tonneau. Mr. Glover was forcing the crown of his hat into shape, and Miss Dacoste looked ruffled.

"So sorry," he said; "but we skidded a little. This mud is awfully treacherous, you know." Mr. Glover had been laying himself out not to say the unclean things that were in his mind, so his reply was at random and barely polite. Miss Dacoste vented a few crisp sentences of high-strung words and ferociously repinned her hat, and Miss McNab sat as rigid as Cleopatra's Needle. With her crew in this order, because, in his apology, Mr. Vaughan Morgan had disregarded the road ahead, the twenty Brunel rose up on the edge of an unwarned hollow with sides like a pit, pitched forward, heaving the suffering tonneau skyward, coasted on heated brakes over water-washed gravel into troubled water, rode for a second, dory-like, in foam, trod down a half-floating pole bridge, where her axles came up and smote her frame with blows like the blows of a sledge, and plowed out and upward on naked rock, with Mr. Vaughan Morgan transformed in the flash of an eye, laughing the joyful laugh of the English, that, in the midst of a great event, counts not the cost of anything, though life itself may depart in the next breath. It was all part of the Vaudreuil road, though in bad condition.

"There's one more river," he sang softly, wiping the water from his

eyes, and leaning forward to his work, "An' that's the river of Jordan." This quotation had a deep and hidden significance, but he went on at once, "I say, didn't she take that beautifully?"

"She really did," said Miss McNab. It sounded more normal than anything he had ever heard her say, and he managed to look once without being seen. She was holding the edge of the seat and the rim of her hat, and the color was blazing in her cheeks. From the tonneau arose a heated silence. They had seen water drifting back there in great clouds, and they forebore to look.

Then the twenty Brunel settled down to perform marvels, for the best of modern motor-cars is a miracle on wheels. No other piece of complicated machinery—saving only perhaps the human mind—has to live through such outrageous shocks.

Mr. Vaughan Morgan was a good driver—they also are born—and that day he drove with all his judgment, or as much judgment as he could use and get the Brunel's best speed under these terrible conditions. There was only one thing that might happen: the Brunel might burst—collapse—disintegrate—and settle back softly into a scrap heap—or an impalpable powder—but if she did, in his opinion it was worth the cost. If she did not, he would end one day with satisfaction.

Sometimes her starboard tires traveled on an uneven ridge of sandy snow, and her port tires plowed in the worn sleigh-track and removed the water therefrom into the next field; and sometimes it occurred to her to change sides, and then, immediately afterward, to change back, and she alternated with great rapidity so that she rolled like a torpedo-boat in a beam sea and terribly disarranged the passengers in her tonneau. Again, on a side hill, where the down-hill side of the road had melted first, her lower wheels ran in mud and her upper on ice, and she

circled the hill with a list so heavy that you could hear the tonneau gasp, clinging desperately to the windward rail. Sometimes, on the level, she struck the remnants of the winter's pitches, with every ridge still frozen and as even as waves of the sea, and she rocked and bucked like an unhandled broncho until the floor of the tonneau, under its carpet, rose up and dropped back at every pitch with a clack like a slapstick, and the passengers and their cushions were lifted five clear inches above the seat, and came down all braced for the next jump. There is nothing in the world more disconcerting to real dignity than just this sort of thing without any time allowed for rearranging yourself between jumps. It recalls a baby with a pain being danced on an inconsiderate knee. The effect is cumulative, and Miss Dacoste's New York hat, which was not fitted for motoring, pulled apart her brilliantine-clotted hair and hung itself over her left ear. Mr. Glover bounced like a muddy ping-pong ball, and Miss McNab, still holding the edge of the seat and the rim of her hat, braced both feet against the sloping foot-board and labored with her expression.

Mr. Vaughan Morgan appeared to see none of these things, but stared at the ominous pathway ahead. At times it was glare ice, at other times it was gruel-thick mud, and in one hollow it was a duck-pond, with ducks and everything complete. There is a theory that neither the Cochon duck nor the domestic Mallard can fly. They flew that day—all but one. Whether he could fly, if he really cared to, will now never be known.

The twenty Brunel dazzled her occupants and became a dream. Between endless snake-fences, dancing astern through tears, she climbed slopes that opened up on the left the flood-brown Ottawa in the afternoon sun, ever widening down into the

Lake of Two Mountains; and on the farther side of these slopes she descended recklessly, dizzily chattering her lamps, and joyously pounding her tool-box up and down in its locker, until it sounded as if her vitals would certainly fly out on the road. She advanced on small farmhouses close by the roadside, and froze large French-Canadian families into uncouth groups of statuary, until the horse collected himself and tried to back up the front of the barn, and then all was activity in her settling wake. In pure faith she rounded abruptly into unseen stretches of road, and once was cursed wonderfully by an agent for sewing machines with a matched team of bays, which were stopped only by having to fight a five-barred gate. Sometimes she traveled straight and sometimes she sidled like a shy horse under the saddle, but always in a rain of flying water or mud or wornout snow. At all times she rocked and slued frightfully, and in certain brief moments she proceeded on two wheels. She dodged up-country chickens and she raced up-country dogs, one of which miscalculated and flew for a space like the Cochon ducks—but with the aid of the mud-guard. Twice her driver mistrusted the whole appearance of things ahead, and led her aside over squashy spring turf, through which she sucked her way until at last she rolled, mud-bathed, into Vaudreuil, where she was the wonder of the inhabitants, and up to the station. Her passengers had passed from fear and disgust into amazement, and finally into apathy. The populace could see that it was something desperate, and exhibited no levity, though Mr. Glover's features were lost to the eye. Miss Dacoste was transfigured and Miss McNab sat with tight lips. Mr. Vaughan Morgan had the situation by the throat.

"Sit still for one moment," he begged, and fled in the direction of

the station-agent, to whom he talked aggressively for a few seconds. No one knows what he said. He came back running, but was stopped and drawn aside by a bystander from Isle Cadieux.

"De lady's seeck?" he inquired, indicating Miss Dacoste, who had partly swathed herself in a gritty rug.

"Yes," whispered Mr. Vaughan Morgan, confidently; "very," and mounted the step.

"Just as I thought," he said politely—"no special possible." And before he was fully settled in his seat, the twenty Brunel had gathered way. He swung her round the corner of the station, humored her softly over eighty-pound rails, and turned her down the main line, inbound, of the Grand Trunk Railway! A yell arose from far behind. He paid no attention. Three times he slowed to climb over switch-points, then opened up, and the twenty Brunel fled down the line, thuttering over sleepers toward the great bridges and the mighty Ottawa itself. Steering lightly with one hand, he found his watch and looked.

"Now we sha'n't be long," he said, addressing Miss McNab's iron-bound countenance. All his anxiety had passed, and he was visibly appreciating the last of the red-gold sunshine and the soft, spring evening air. What Miss McNab might have replied is not known, for Mr. Glover burst through his mud-caked silence.

"What are you going to do? Where are you going?"

"Home," said Mr. Vaughan Morgan, looking at Miss McNab.

Miss McNab flushed. Into the heart of Miss Dacoste came a great fear, which she strove to conceal in a lady-like manner.

"Surely-the-man-is-not-going-to-take-us-across-the-railway-bridges!" she exploded.

"Miss McNab must be home at a

quarter to eight," said Mr. Vaughan Morgan, softly. A good driver does not turn his head. Miss McNab sat as undrawn as the London "Times," and ahead there rose up a subdued and suggestive roar. It was the terrible sound of a six-hundred-mile river in flood. Miss Dacoste, in the trembling tonneau, covered her face with her hands, and Mr. Vaughan Morgan drove—like an engineer.

On the edge of the thunder stood a gang of incapacitated section men and a red shanty containing a gasoline engine and a three-bucket pump that filched a little of the Ottawa's water for the passing locomotives. Long afterward Miss McNab admitted that she would have been willing to live in that shanty for a very long time had she been allowed to stay ashore. But she gave no sign, and in the next breath the twenty Brunel was running in mid-air over open ties.

Ahead the way stretched clear enough, but that was a little thing. To the left, a few yards up-stream, hung the great mainline bridge of the Canadian Pacific Railway, breaking the oncoming flood, with every sharpened pier carrying a bow wave like a battle-ship, and singing its own song in overwhelming roar. Between came down the waters, golden-brown and overlaid with foam, to break again in thunder on the piers that held up the twenty Brunel. Between the ties they could see the torrent pouring through far beneath, bearing an occasional log from some lost brough on the Gatineau. On each side was the raw edge—bare tie-ends; no guard-rail; nothing. Miss McNab thought of the car's steering gear, which might be mutable, like all things human. She stared down at the water, which was unwise. For one little instant she went dizzy and sick. The Ottawa stood still. The Grand Trunk bridge and the twenty Brunel, moving corner-wise, started up-stream, furiously chasing the

tails of the stone piers of the Canadian Pacific bridge, that swirled on ahead like the sterns of battle-ships abreast, until she closed her eyes. (Mr. Vaughan Morgan, unseeing, saw this also.) When she opened them again, it was to keep them up, as one who would successfully waltz on skates. Ahead ranged the bare, wind-swept elms on Isle Perrot. To the right were more bare elms and swamp ashes, doubtless attached to summer islands, but now bending like twigs in the midst of the brown flood. Later she remembered to the left, three hundred yards above, one small island, with a bare, white house, sheltered by nine pines and flanked by water-whipped scrub, and remembered praying she were there; until of a sudden she found herself on Isle Perrot with the twenty Brunel heading down that four-tracked avenue through the woods, and Mr. Vaughan Morgan talking freely about the beauties of the country in spring, while the Canadian Pacific embankment rose ever higher on the left.

Mr. Gerald Brain Glover, feeling the exigencies of the situation, sat up to say that the trip across the bridge was "magnificent," with which everybody undertook to agree, until the Ottawa's other branch hove in sight through the trees, with bridges still higher and boiling white rapids below, and a great silence settled down once more. On this passage, high in the air, over the precise centre of the rapids, they met an astonished way freight, and her thunder blended with the roar from below, and the wind of her passing brought tears to their eyes till they bowed down their heads for relief. So with bowed heads they whirled into the still more astonished station at Ste. Anne, and without so much as glancing aside, Mr. Vaughan Morgan jerked the twenty Brunel out into the carriage drive, and so into the king's highway

along which she lurched at high speed once more, spattering mud anew.

The details of that flight eastward down the island of Montreal, in the golden light after sunset, through lakeside villages and past disregarded and incensed toll-gates, are all most ordinary details. There was no such navigation as on the Vaudreuil-Como road. The only marvelous thing was Miss McNab's conversation; and for her it was marvelous beyond all marvels. It was jerky and telegraphic and without great poise, and sometimes it was bitten in two because of an excess of enthusiasm on the part of the twenty Brunel over some bump. But through the agency of Mr. Vaughan Morgan and the twenty Brunel, in some way I do not understand, the golden light that overcast the melting snow, and the great spring floods, from road runnels to boiling rivers, had reached in to her soul, and she talked; and Mr. Vaughan Morgan was electrified. She paid no attention to the people in the tonneau. In any case they could not hear. It was all very ordinary, because it had all been said so many times before—though anything that was ordinary was most extraordinary coming from Miss McNab—so none of it is worth repeating. It was all about ideals, and what a man lives for, and what a woman is hunting for all the time. And the girl's color was so gorgeous, and it was all so wonderful that at Lachine Mr. Vaughan Morgan took the lower road for no other reason than to buck that suffering car through those disgraceful streets of lower St. Henri, and to dodge among the Amherst trams and the traffic of Notre Dame. The twenty Brunel lifted them as lightly as a gust of summer wind up into Sherbrooke Street with time to spare and she left Miss Dacoste and Mr. Glover at their doors, through which they disappeared, running. Their clothes

were ruined and, for the time being, they were not friends with anybody; but the trip had been awfully good for their appetites.

Now here is where the blessed illogical part of the whole business comes in. As was said at first, this is a poor story, for it has no plot. The gentleman simply took the lady for a ride in a motor-car. But in front of her own house Miss McNab said, "You dear, dear boy!" for Mr. Vaughan Morgan had also been talking. "And, however you accomplish it, don't ever let father find out

we crossed those bridges. Go down to every newspaper now and stop it however you like, but stop it; and then change and come back and talk to me. I'm not going to Lady Sanderson's to-night."

Forty minutes later, Mr. Vaughan Morgan, pale with hunger, handed the twenty Brunel in at the garage.

"I say, Beckley," he said, "you might wash her down a bit, will you?" In thirty-five minutes more, freshly clothed and newly fed, he was climbing upper Peel Street on foot.

Forget the Disagreeable

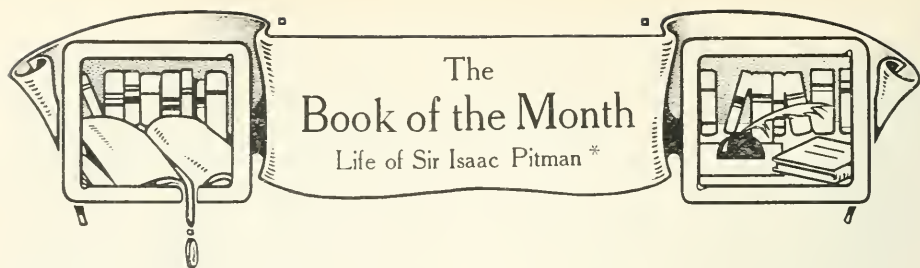
Success Magazine

Some people are so unfortunately constituted that they do not seem able to remember pleasant, agreeable things. When you meet them or call on them, they always have some sad story to tell; some unfortunate thing has happened to them or is surely going to happen. They tell you about the accidents, the narrow escapes, the losses, the afflictions, the misfortunes they have had. The bright days, the pleasant days, the happy experiences, they seldom mention; they drop out of their memory. They recall only the disagreeable, the ugly, the discordant, and the crooked things.

The rainy days make such an impression upon their minds that they seem to think it rains about all the time.

There are others who are just the reverse. They are always talking of the pleasant things, the good times, the agreeable experiences of their lives. I know some of these people who have had all sorts of misfortunes, losses, sorrows, and yet they so seldom speak of them, or refer to them, that you would think they never had anything in their lives but good fortune, that they never had any enemies, and that everybody had been kind to them. These are the people who attract us, the people we love.

The habit of turning one's sunny side toward others is formed by the practise of holding charitable, loving, cheerful thoughts perpetually in the mind. The gloomy, sarcastic, mean character is formed by harboring hard, uncharitable, unkind thoughts until the brain becomes so set toward the dark, that the life can only radiate gloom.



THE age in which we live owes much to many inventions and discoveries, but it is doubtful if the business and educational world is indebted to any science more than to phonography, or shorthand as we call it in this busy, hustling day. There are many systems extant, but that of Sir Isaac Pitman is the most widely used throughout the English-speaking centres. The inventor, who was also a life-long advocate of spelling reform, gave to the world a system as extensively known and employed as the language in which it is written.

Isaac Pitman was an inventor who conferred a great benefit on his country. His life story has been often told, but not until the present has it appeared in complete form and the work known as "The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman," which has just been issued, is a bright, interesting and complete record of his career, that will prove helpful and inspiring, not only to those who love to study the achievements of the great, but also to the army of shorthand writers throughout the civilized globe.

Isaac Pitman was born at Trowbridge, Wiltshire, Eng., January 4th, 1813, and died January 22nd, 1897. His father, Samuel Pitman, was a cultured and deeply religious man, who for a score of years was overseer in a cloth factory at Trowbridge. His school days ended early, the vitiated air of the crowded room forcing the lad to leave as he had frequent fainting fits. He entered the counting house office of a cloth manufacturer, but studied in the evenings at home. He had to learn his own pronunciation of words and carefully read through Walker's dictionary. Some time after he said: "With that instinctive love of knowledge common to boys I began to study shorthand. I saw that it would be a great advantage to write

six times as fast as I had been accustomed to, and I borrowed a book, read it through, copied the alphabet and arbitrary words, and have written shorthand ever since." Isaac entered as clerk in the office of his father, who had begun business as a cloth manufacturer. Very soon he became a school



Sir Isaac Pitman



The Birthplace of Phonography

Isaac Pitman's House at Wotton-under-Edge

teacher, and in 1832, when the late, Hon. W. E. Gladstone was first elected as M.P. for Newark, Isaac Pitman was made master of the Long School at Barton-on-Humber, in North Lancashire. Shorthand was not taught there, but by the aid of a blackboard he trained the scholars in methods of correct pronunciation. In 1836 Isaac went from Barton to Wotton-under-Edge, in Gloucestershire, to become master of the new British school there. In 1837 he opened a private school at Wotton and decided to impart instruction in shorthand.

From 1833 he had written out all

his correspondence in shorthand in a letterbook, and was in a habit of taking notes in shorthand of speeches and sermons in which he was interested. He used Wm. Harding's edition of the system of Samuel Taylor, and prepared a book of instruction on the subject. It was suggested to him by an unknown adviser that the work would be more likely to succeed if, in his object to popularize shorthand, he would compile a new system. Isaac remarked that he had no intention of becoming a shorthand author and had no ambition to appear before the public in that capacity until it was sug-

gested to him as the means of accomplishing an end. He set to work in the summer of 1837 on the construction of a system based on the sounds of the English language, and it was interesting to note that he was most deeply engrossed in experiments with shorthand on the momentous day when Queen Victoria succeeded to the throne, so that the art is co-eval with the opening of the Victorian era, of which it has proved to be one of the most useful inventions.

The Pitmanic system was introduced to the world quietly and without advertisement, and, as far as can be discovered, its author engaged in no special effort to make it known. He was, indeed, far more concerned in effecting improvements in his work for the contemplated second edition. The first work was called "Stenographic Sound Hand." In 1839 Isaac took up his residence in Bath, which he made his home for the remainder of his life. The second edition of his work appeared in 1840, and it was decided to call it by a shorter name,

"Phonography" being agreed upon.

On March 25th, 1894, Queen Victoria knighted Mr. Pitman as a mark of national appreciation, and the press of the British Empire uttered a chorus of approval. Sir Isaac retired that year from the Phonographic Institute, and also from partnership with his sons, Alfred and Ernest Pitman, and transferred to them his interest in the books of which he was the author. At the time of his withdrawal he had been uninterruptedly engaged in the work in connection with his invention of phonography for fifty-seven years, and had edited the Phonographic Journal for fifty-two—a record in both respects quite unique in national history. Three years later he passed away, and the unwearied worker in writing and spelling reform, as well as in many religious and social movements, received tributes such as have fallen to few public men in recent years.

*The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman, by Alfred Baker, London. Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd. Cloth. illustrated, 7/6.



Isaac Pitman and his Two Sons in 1889

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- A Stenciling Lesson for Girls. Lilian Barton Wilson—Ladies' Home Journal.
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- Art and American Society. Mabelle Gilman Corey—Cosmopolitan.
- Art Treasures at Belvoir Castle. Lady Victoria Manners—Connoisseur.
- Homes of American Artists. Ralph De Martin—Am. Homes and Gardens.
- A Pioneer in Distinctive American Art. Giles Edgerton—Craftsman.
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- The Navy Sixty Years Ago. Admiral John Moresby—Living Age.
- Handling Big Guns and High Explosives on Our Battleships. Rear Admiral R. D. Evans—Hampton's Broadway.
- The Navy Department. Truman H. Newbury—National.
- The Education of Army Officers—Outlook (Jan. 30).
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- Pointers From Outside The Counter. Frank Farrington—Brains (Feb. 6.)
- Evolution of Store Systems. Leroy Metzgar—Brains (Feb. 6.)
- The Creation of New Capital. Saturday Review (Jan. 30.)
- The Abundance of Money—World's Work.
- Why Men Fail In Business—World's Work.
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- Digging Coal Under The Sea. Arthur Frankland—Pacific Monthly.
- How I Handle My Customers. F. J. Selden—System.
- The Quality Man In Business Edwin W. Moore—System.
- Factory Design That Pays Dividends. J. W. Stannard—System.
- Rasing Estimates on Accurate Costs. J. W. Stannard—System.

- Giving Property Sales Momentum. David Lay—System.
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- A Self-Checking Cost System. Edward Wade—System.
- The New Banker-Business Ally. George H. Cushing—System.
- Fur Trading with Indians in the Far North—Rod and Gun.
- Collections. James H. Collins—Sat. Evening Post. (Feb. 13).
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- A Child's Chariot. J. J. Bailey—Suburban Life.

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- The Development of The Mechanical Engineer. Geo. F. Stratton—Cassier's Magazine, (Feb.).
- The Public School and Industrial Education. Charles King—Education.
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- Working For an Education In a Southern School. Katherine Glover—Craftsman.

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- "Democracy" In American Education. Herbert W. Howill—Living Age.
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- The Normal School Ideal. Frank Webster Smith—Education.
- It Needed God: The Task That Was Bigger Than Abraham Lincoln. James Oppenheim—Circle (Feb.).

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

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Is Smoking Injurious?—Young Man.
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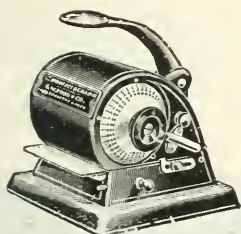
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Improvements in Office Devices

The Protectograph.

The danger the business man runs in not protecting his checks is not always apparent to him although his attention may be frequently called to losses sustained by firms through having checks raised, yet it is only when he himself sustains such a loss that he realizes his folly in not protecting his bank account against such depredation. No one would think of signing a blank cheque yet this is what it often amounts to when such cheque



The Protectograph

falls into the hands of a crook. If a cheque is worth protecting it is worth protecting against any possibility of alteration. The up-to-date house takes as much pains in insuring its bank account against loss as it does its building and stock. The protectograph which is being put on the market by G. W. Todd & Co., Rochester, prevents any cheque being raised no matter how carelessly it is written. It stamps a limiting line thus:

NOT OVER FIVE DOLLARS \$5.00

which cannot be erased. The paper is cut into shreds by sharp little teeth and the indelible ink of the line forced into its very fibre. The stamping is done in an instant by pressing a lever. The Protectograph should be in every business house.

Eliminates Operators.

A multiplex telegraph apparatus, which is worked something like a typewriter and does away with the use of the Morse code, is being

installed in the Postal Telegraph Company's main office in Baltimore and will be in operation in a few days. It will be used on the Baltimore-New York service. The machine is the invention of the late Prof. Henry A. Rowland of the Johns Hopkins University. The Postal company already has a number of them in use between New York and Boston, St Louis Philadelphia and Chicago, and they have been found to work efficiently. It does away with the use of skilled operators and in many places where they are used women operate them. They are in use largely in Italy and on the Continent of Europe. The machine is arranged like a typewriter keyboard, and when a key is pressed a type bar on the machine at the other end of the wire prints the letter. It is said that the machine is accurate and can be operated at less expense.

The Ellis Time Stamp.

The Ellis Time Stamp is a perfect systematizer. It will show the exact time, day, hour and minute when certain work was commenced and when it was finished; when a telegram, letter or package was sent and when it was received; when documents or papers requiring the attention of various departments were received and disposed of by each of the departments, etc. In short, it is a time recorder that saves time, detects carelessness, fixes responsibility and establishes the basis for computing cost.

The Ellis Time Stamp is so simple it needs but little explanation. It simply consists of a special watch movement, stem winding and stem setting, set in a nickel plated case. On the lower side is a rubber dial, similar in appearance to the one on the face, and from which the impression is taken. The hands of this dial move automatically and simultaneously with the hands on the face. The stamp dial can bear such words as "Commenced," "Finished," "Received," "Sent" and such other words as may be desired and may also bear the name of the person or company using it.

Where it is necessary to guard against fraudulent manipulation a stamp will be furnished which can be set only by the person having the setting key.

A Very Clever Machine.

The Mercantile adding machine, is one of the latest additions to that field.

This machine is medium-priced that adds, multiplies, subtracts and divides and makes other calculations common to the adding machine, and fills the special want of bookkeepers or those having need for a calculating device of smaller proportions. It is intended to supply this want.

The lever stroke is very light and short. The machine is compact, being 12 inches long, 1½ inches high at one end and 3¼ inches at the other. The keyboard is standard. The weight is ten pounds and can be carried about with little or no inconvenience. In this respect it is



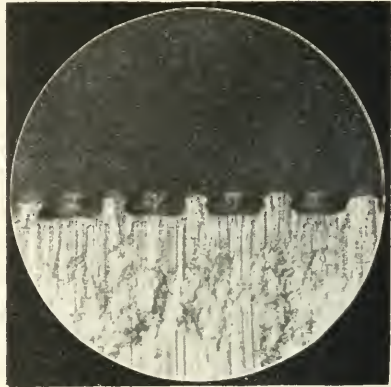
The Mercantile Adding Machine

especially valuable for taking stock or for use in lumber yards, or wherever it is desired to have the machine about much. Repeat key and error keys are provided.

Machine Etched Printing Plates.

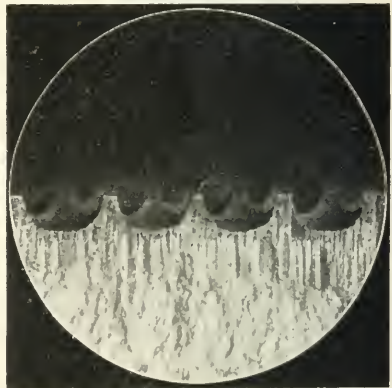
One of the chief difficulties among engravers has been to turn out line cuts and half-tones that will print clear and clean from first to last of a long run, without the constant attention of the pressman. If etched too shallow

the cuts "fill" and print up dirty, while the effort to make a deep cut by the old tub-etched process results in an "undercut" dot or line



Greatly Magnified Cross Section of a Half-tone Plate, Hand Etched. Shallow, Ragged, Under-cut Dots are Its Obvious Faults.

which breaks down and completely spoils the work. A new process called the Levy Acid Blast obviates this trouble through etching by the sharp impact of hundreds of minute sprays of acid under high pressure, producing a strong wedge shaped dot or line, with great depth, splendid tone values, and unexcelled printing qualities.



Cross Section of a Half-tone Plate Machine Etched by the Levy Acid Blast Process. Note the Extreme Depth, the Strong Conical Shape, and the Absence of Under-cutting.

These Acid Blast plates are produced by The Toronto Engraving Co., Limited, who have the exclusive rights so far granted in Canada.

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Humor in the Magazines

The young Scotchman never liked his mother-in-law and this weighed heavily on the mind of his wife, who was ill.

Calling her husband to her bedside she said to him, "Sandy, lad, I'm varra ill and I think I'm gang to dee, and before I dee I want you to gie me a promise."

"I'll promise," replied Sandy. "What is it?"

"Weel, I ken that when I dee I'll have a fine funeral, and I want you to ride up in front in a carriage wi' my mother."

"Weel," sadly responded Sandy, "I've gied ye my word, an' it's nae me that's gang back on that, but I'll tell ye one thing, ye've spoilt the day for me."—*Success Magazine*.

A Philadelphia woman, whose given name is Mary, as is also the name of her daughter, had recently engaged a domestic when, to her embarrassment, she discovered that the servant's name, too, was Mary.

Whereupon there ensued a struggle to induce the applicant to relinquish her idea that she must be addressed by her Christian name. For some time she was rigidly uncompromising.

"Under the circumstances," said the lady of the house, "there is nothing to do but to follow the English custom and call you by your last name. By the way, what is it?"

"Well, mum," answered the girl, dubiously, "it's 'Darling.'"—*Harper's Weekly*.

Into a general store of a town in Arkansas there recently came a ducky complaining that a ham which he had purchased there was not good.

"The ham is all right, Zeph," insisted the storekeeper.

"No, it ain't, boss," insisted the negro. "Dat ham's shore bad!"

"How can that be," continued the storekeeper, "when it was cured only last week?"

The ducky scratched his head reflectively, and finally suggested:

"Den mebbe it's had a relapse."—*Harper's Weekly*.

It was raining outside, and little interrogative Irma was in one of her worst, or at least most trying, moods. Father, busily writing at his desk, had already reproved her several times for bothering him with useless questions.

"I say, pa, what—"

"Ask your mother!"

"Honest, pa, this isn't a silly one this time."

"All right, this once. What is it?"

"Well if the end of the world was to come, and the earth was destroyed while a man was up in an airship, where would he land when he came down?"—*Everybody's Magazine*.

"Women's minds are much cleaner than men's," remarked Mrs. Oliver Herford.

"They ought to be," replied her husband; "they change them so much oftener."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

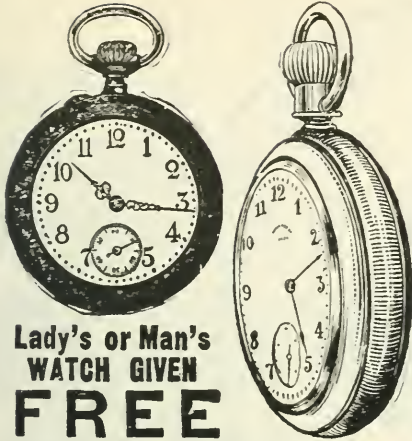
This one is credited to O. Henry, but he refused the two dollars. A pessimistic young man dining alone in a restaurant ordered broiled live lobster. When the waiter put it on the table it was obviously minus one claw. The pessimistic young man promptly kicked. The waiter said it was unavoidable—there had been a fight in the kitchen between two lobsters. The other one had torn off one of the claws of this lobster and had eaten it. The young man pushed the lobster over toward the waiter. "Take it away," he said wearily, "and bring me the winner."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

Two men met on the street. They hadn't seen each other for months. One of them had a wife who occasionally figured in the society columns. After they had exchanged views on things in general, the other man asked him—"Is your wife entertaining this winter?" "Not very," said he.—*Everybody's Magazine*.

A Baltimore man was recently showing his nice new opera hat to his little nephew, and when he caused the top-piece to spring open three or four times the youngster was delighted.

A few days thereafter the uncle, during a visit to the same household, brought with him a silk hat of the shiny, non-collapsible kind. When he was about to leave the house, he encountered the aforesaid youngster running down the hall with what looked like a black accordion.

"Uncle Ed," observed the boy, "this one goes awfully hard. I had to sit on it, but even then I couldn't get it more than half-shut."—*Lippincott's*.



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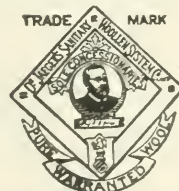
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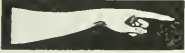
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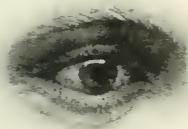
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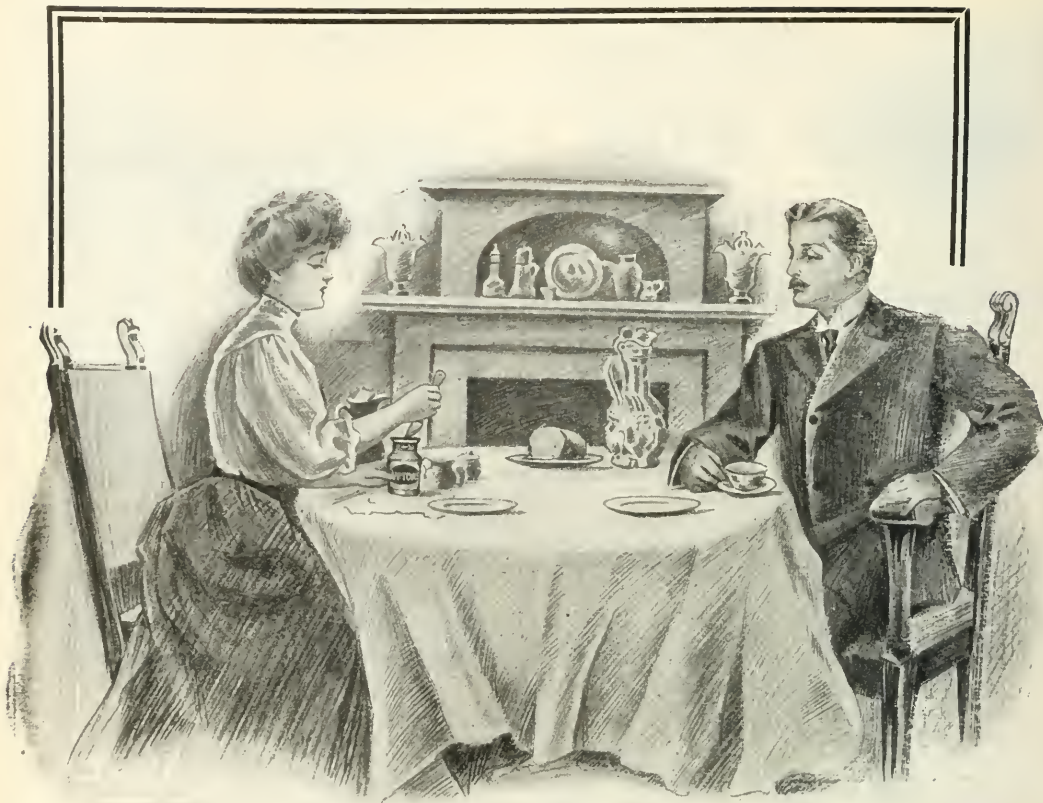
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Mainly About Ourselves

OWING to the appreciation expressed by many of our readers for the original Canadian articles which have been appearing from month to month in the magazine, it has been decided to increase the number of these in each issue from three to four. This will mean a slight reduction in the space devoted to the best articles from other magazines but such a curtailment will only result in a more careful selection of the reprinted matter. By condensing and expurgating we will probably be able to give quite as many articles as before.

For the Canadian section, our energies will be directed to securing the very best specials possible. As has been pointed out before, the field is rich. There are scores of excellent subjects and, by treating four of these each month, we will be in a position to cover the ground more rapidly. While many of these articles will be dealt with by members of our own staff, still there is plenty of room for free lances to try their prowess. Any subject, possessing a direct or indirect business interest, Canadian in theme, if handled in a bright original style, will be sure of a welcome in our editorial sanctum, particularly if it is accompanied with illustrative photographs.

We are planning at present to extend the circle of our editorial readers, by taking in a number of men prominent in the business and professional world, who are going to give us the benefit of their special experience. By this means it is our hope to raise the general standard of our selections to a higher plane. The mass of periodical matter is so great that it will require a big staff of readers to ensure a careful estimate of each month's output. The greater the number of readers, the more perfect will become the balance of the selections and the more nearly will the individual tastes of our readers be approximated.

Our leading article this month on "Titled Canadians" will have considerable interest in view of the fact that the average man or woman knows so little about the nature of the

titles and even less about their holders. It is true the lists of birthday honors are carefully read and the gentlemen so honored come in for a considerable degree of attention but, of the men with the hereditary titles, whose forebears were created peers or were knighted years ago, the public are to a great extent ignorant. To enlighten Canadians about the men of rank of their own country, is the purpose of this article and its author, Mr. J. Miller McConnell, has handled his subject well.

The article on "Canadian Pleasure Grounds" has as its primary purpose the inducing of our citizens to improve the appearance of their towns and cities, to make them more attractive and healthy, and to brighten the lives of the poorer classes by providing pleasant breathing spaces free to all. This object is indirectly gained by descriptions of some of the more important parks in Canada.

A personal sketch next month will deal with a wealthy Canadian Chinaman, a resident of Victoria, B.C. Not so long ago, this gentleman traveled in state to New York and surprised the people of that great city by the style in which he did things. New Yorkers are only used to the laundryman type of Chinaman or to the official class, so that the advent of a well-bred Chinaman of wealth, was something very much out of the ordinary. At any rate, the writer of our sketch has portrayed this Canadian Chinaman as he is at home and readers will find much of interest in the story.

A word or two about our frontispiece may not come in amiss. It is number 4 in our National Art Gallery Series and it is at the same time a reproduction of the latest purchase by the Government for the gallery. Elsewhere we give a short sketch of the artist, who, while a member of a distinguished Canadian family, is now almost a permanent resident of Paris. His picture is a view from the windows of his studio and in it he seems to have caught the atmosphere of Paris with remarkable accuracy. This series of frontispieces will be continued during the rest of the year.

THE EDITOR.

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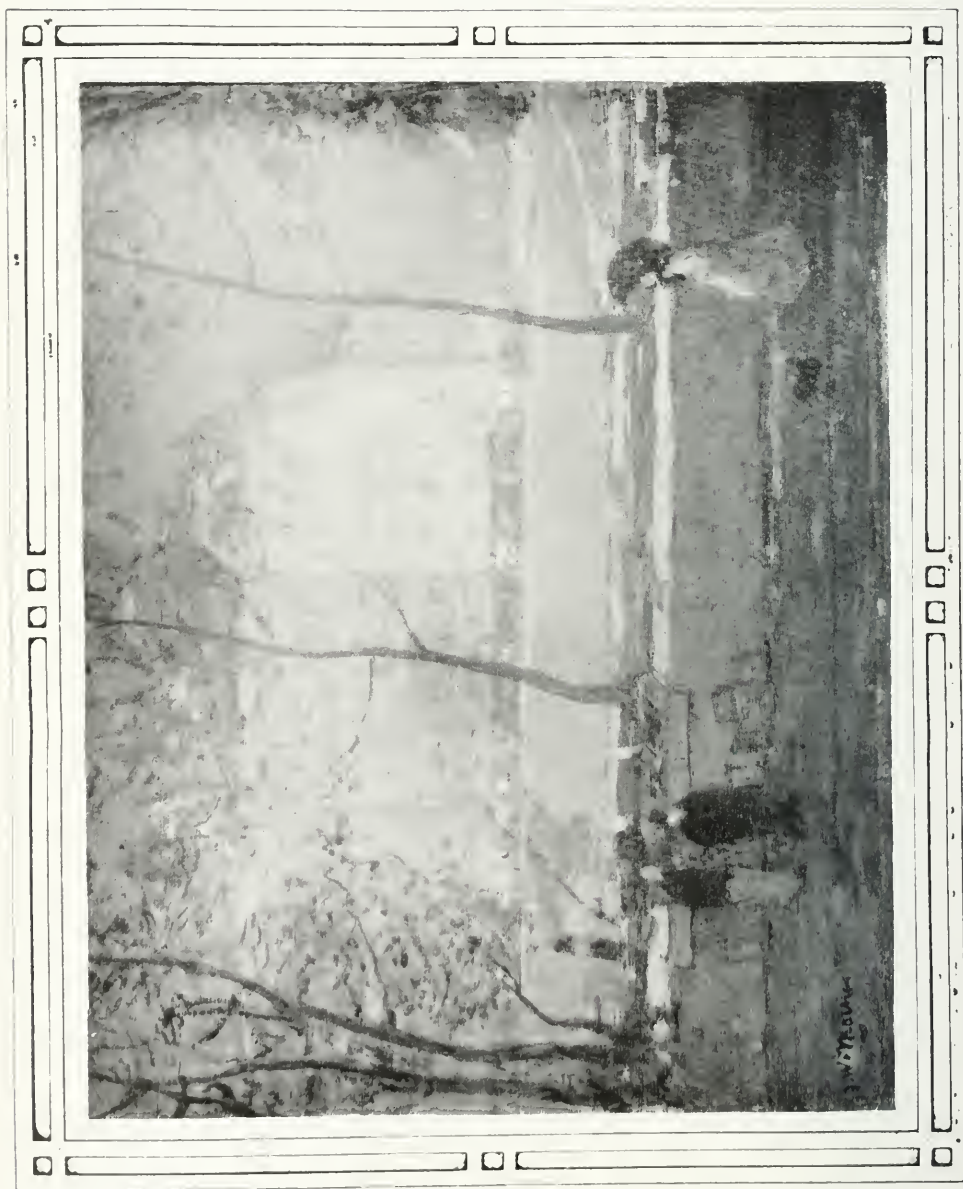
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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XVII

APRIL 1909

No 6

Canadians and Imperial Titles

By J. MILLER McCONNELL

THE question of the acceptance by Canadians of Imperial titles was much debated for some years following Confederation in 1867, but for the past twenty-five years little has been said on the subject and there seems to be a generally tacit consent to the principle that it is a highly proper thing to accept such honors at the hands of the Crown.

It may be that the flow of Imperial sentiment broadcast over the land has had to do with this acquiescence, but it is also attributable in a considerable measure to the high character and unquestioned standing of the men who have been honored in recent years. If there was any doubt in the minds of the general public that the honors would be worn other than honorably and with distinction, there might be another story.

Political sentiment has a way of veering about in a young and ambitious country which is truly amazing. There was a time in the history of Canada—and it is not so very long ago—when public men looked more to Washington than to Westminster. Democratic instincts were more firmly rooted while that spirit prevailed. The feeling respecting titles and other Imperial attractions was more inclined to

coincide with that of our American neighbors, and sneers at those who accepted titles were not uncommon. Much of that has been swept away on the flood tide of Imperialism, and there is a complete reversal of things. Washington may now look to Ottawa, but Canada looks to Britain.

In the early days of United Canada there was considerable bitterness displayed in the discussion as to whether Canadians should accept these titles or not. Many leading Canadians of that day plumed themselves on their democratic instincts, and they claimed that it was undesirable to accept honors which to them smacked of an Old World aristocracy. Others objected very strongly in some cases to the personality of the men who were so honored.

Objection chiefly rose from some leading men in the Liberal party, although, as claimed by the late Sir Oliver Mowat, the matter was never a plank in the Liberal policy. As a matter of fact, however, Liberals were the chief objectors, and such early leaders as Mackenzie, Brown and Blake never accepted knighthood, although they might have had the titles had they so wished.

A peculiar thing about the situation



Lord Aylmer

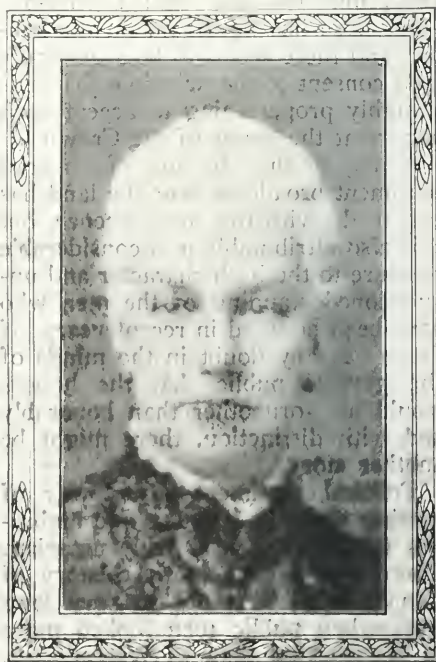
A Native-Born Canadian and the Eighth Baron of that Name.

was that in later years some of those who had been prominent in the ranks of the objectors accepted titles, and in consequence came in for a considerable amount of ridicule. The late Sir Oliver Mowat thought it necessary in 1892, in a public address, to devote considerable attention to the matter of the acceptance of titles in virtue of having accepted one himself after having been associated for many years with public men who were utterly opposed to the idea.

As recently as 1897 there was considerable talk in some sections about the acceptance of a title by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and many of his followers of ultra-democratic feelings were inclined to think that he should not have accepted the honor which was bestowed upon him at the late Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. But the Premier accepted, as have many leading Liberals since that day, and of late, there has been no question in the public mind on the matter. There are

still, no doubt, many who regard titles with contempt and would not accept them if offered, but they are content to permit their feelings to remain quiescent. There are those who will readily recollect the discussions that frequently went on some years ago with respect to what were often called "tin-pot titles," but it is safe to assert that even the originator of that phrase now looks upon the matter in a more charitable light.

In looking over the list of Canadian Peers and Baronets, the highest and rarest titles, it is at once noticeable that not one of the Peerage honors was originally conferred on a Canadian-born, while but few of our living baronets first saw the light of day in the Dominion. Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount Stephen, the two most widely known of our Canadian peers, were born in the Old Country. Baroness Macdonald, the widow of the late Sir John A. Macdonald, was born in Jamaica, and was honored since her



Lady Macdonald, of Earncliffe

Widow of Sir John A. Macdonald, who was Created a Baroness in Honor of her Husband's Services to Canada.

distinguished husband's death. Baron de Blaquiére was born in Canada, but inherited his title, as did Baron Aylmer. Reginald D'Iberville Charles Grant, Baron de Longueuil, inherited an old title of the French regime in Canada, which was afterwards recognized by the British Government, but appears to have been the only one that survived from that interesting period of Canadian history. That constitutes the sum total of the Canadian

was so honored, Sir Charles Tupper having been advanced from Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George, to which he was appointed in 1879, to Knight Grand Cross of the same order in 1886, and thence to a baronetcy two years later. The only instance of a Canadian baronet being made a peer was that of Sir George Stephen, who was given his first title in 1886, and was elevated to the peerage in 1891.



Lord De Blaquiére

The Sixth Baron is a Native-Born Canadian
Now Resident in England.



Lady De Blaquiére

Who was Formerly Miss Lucienne Desbarats
of Montreal.

peerage, and there is yet to appear the first Canadian-born to be created a peer of the realm.

Baronetcies are not quite so rare as peerages, but they are, nevertheless, uncommon. In a period extending over two hundred and fifty years (from 1755 to 1909) only twelve Canadians have been made baronets. A period of twenty years elapsed between the time Sir Edward Clouston was given his high honor in November, 1908, and the preceding Canadian

It is an interesting fact that with but few exceptions, Canadian baronetcies have or will become extinct. Sir Edward Clouston, the newest of the rank, has daughters, but no son to whom to leave the title. Sir Charles Tupper's title will go to his eldest son, Mr. Stewart Tupper, of Winnipeg. His second son, Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, has a title of his own earning, having been created a K.C.M.G. in 1893. Had Sir George Stephen remained a baronet the title

would have died, as he has no heir. Sir John Rose (1872), Sir James Stuart (1840) and Sir Wm. Johnson (1755), left heirs and the titles are still in existence. Sir John Beverley Robinson, the fourth baronet of the line, left an heir, John Beverley, but it is understood that it is desired that the title be now obsolete, so that there are now only four successions in sight out of the twelve created.

Sir Edward Gordon Johnson, the fifth baronet, and the holder of the oldest Canadian title of that rank, is one of the staff in the general offices



Sir John Johnson, Bart.

The Second Baronet, Who Espoused the British Cause in the War of Independence.

of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Montreal. The title carried with it an estate of comparatively small value.

Sir Edward Gordon Johnson succeeded to the title on the death of his uncle, Sir William Johnson, the fourth baronet, about a year ago. The baronetcy was created in recognition of the skill and bravery of the ancestor of the family, Sir Wm. Johnson, in turning the tide of battle in favor of the British against the French at Lake George in the second half of the eighteenth century.

At the end of the war Sir Wil-

liam's vast estates on the Mohawk River were confiscated and property that would have to-day represented millions were lost to the family. The family came to Canada to settle after the War of Independence, but it never succeeded in re-establishing itself on a territorial basis.

The present baronet has been a resident of Montreal all his life, his father being the late Archibald Kennedy Johnson, of this city, youngest brother of the deceased baronet. He was born in 1867 and in 1902 married Miss Violet Evelyn Hayes, a daughter of the late Dr. Thomas Evelyn Hayes, of Dublin, Ireland. He has been connected with the Canadian Pacific now for six years. The family seat is at Woodland Grange, St. Matthias, Richelieu County, Quebec.

The present baronet has in his possession the Patent and Seal by King George II. creating the first Sir William a baronet in 1755. It also carries with it a knighthood for the eldest son. The first baronet's successor was his son, Sir John Johnson, who espoused the British cause in the War of Independence, and headed several raids from Canada into the United States. His headquarters were on the site in Montreal now occupied by Bonsecours Market, and on that building is a tablet with the following inscription: "Sir William Johnson, of Johnson Hall, on the Mohawk River, the celebrated superintendent of Indian Affairs and first American baronet, commanded the Indian allies of Amherst's army in 1760. To them was issued in commemoration the first British Montreal medal. Here stood the house of his son, Sir John Johnson, Indian Commissioner."

While none of the Canadian peerages were conferred on what might be recognized as purely political grounds, the majority of the baronetcies were, on the other hand, given to

men who were conspicuous in the political history of Canada, before and after Confederation, but mostly prior to the union of 1867. Sir James Stuart (1840), Sir Louis Hypolite Lafontaine (1854), Sir John Beverley Robinson (1854), Sir Allan Napier MacNab (1858), Sir George Etienne Cartier (1868), Sir John Rose (1872), and Sir Charles Tupper (1888) were all men of prominence in the councils of the country. Sir William Fenwick Williams (1856), the hero of Kars in the Turko-Russian War, was the greatest soldier Canada ever produced. Sir George Stephen (1886) was a successful business and railway man, while Sir Edward Clouston, the latest baronet, is a great financier, the brains of the Bank of Montreal. In the matter of rank it is worthy of mention that Sir Edward takes precedence over the president of the Bank of Montreal, Sir George A. Drummond, who is only a K.C.M.G., C.V.O., though Sir Edward is only vice-president of the bank and general manager. It is considered highly probable that the Dominion Government, through the Crown, wished to bestow upon Sir Edward the highest honor possible as a reward for services to the Government of the day in connection with the financial matters, the Bank of Montreal having for a long time had intimate relations with the Finance Department.

Authorities, in undertaking to set forth an explanation of the British peerages, admit that there are so many complications that even an expert may be occasionally perplexed. There are two general classes of peers, those who are of the House of Lords and the peerage outside of the House. Of the first-class there are two divisions, those created and those elected. Of the created peers there are three sub-divisions (1) hereditary peers, (2) life peers, or otherwise law lords, and (3) official peers or lords spiritual. Of the elective peers there are two sub-divisions: (1) Irish repre-

sentative peers, elected for life, and (2) Scottish peers, elected for one Parliament.

The peerage outside of the House consists of Scottish and Irish peers, many of whom sit in the House of Lords, either under Imperial titles or as representatives. There are also peeresses in their own right; Imperial peeresses, whose male heirs go to the House of Lords on succession, and Scottish peeresses, while it is said Irish peeresses are barely possible. Peers outside also include peers' issue



Chas. Le Moyne

Created Baron de Longueuil by Louis XIV.

with courtesy titles, such as eldest sons of dukes, marquesses and earls, etc., and Scottish lords of session.

The peers in whom Canadians are more closely interested are "peers created," and who sit in the House of Lords. Peerages such as granted to Baroness Macdonald, of Earncliffe, are occasionally granted to ladies of distinction or the widows of distinguished men. In her case, death will terminate the title. In the case of Lord Strathcona, who has no direct heir to the title to the barony, it will by special patent descend to his grandson, the son of the Hon. Mrs.



Sir Louis Hypolite Lafontaine, Bart.

Created a Baronet in 1851.

Howard, who married Dr. Howard, whose father was at one time dean of the medical faculty of McGill University. Lord Mount Stephen has no heir.

The British baronetage in which, as has already been stated, only twelve Canadians have so far ranked, grew out of a lower division of the rank of barons and dates as far back as 1321. It is linked with the nobility by virtue of its being hereditary, and being conferred by patent alone, the early patents having closely resembled those of barons, but in other respects it has much the appearance of a specialized order of knighthood. Every baronet is required to register his pedigree and to receive a certificate from one of the Colleges of Arms.

The peerages of the houses of De Blaquiere and De Longueuil are the least familiar to the general public of the Canadian peers. The holder of the former title, which is of Irish descent, was born in Canada, but is resident in England, while the second

was born in England and continues to reside there.

The present Baron De Blaquiere is the sixth holder of the title, it having originated with Lieut.-Col. John De Blaquiere, who was of noble French descent, but whose father had been driven to England by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, was appointed secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and was created baronet in 1784, and baron in 1800. The sixth baron was born in this country, his father being Charles De Blaquiere, of Woodstock, Ont., and his grandfather was Hon. Peter Boyle De Blaquiere, in his time a legislative councillor of Canada and chancellor of Toronto University. He was for a time a clerk in the Bank of Montreal, and married a Canadian lady, Miss Lucianne, daughter of George Desbarats, of Montreal. He has a son to inherit the title.

The Barony of De Longueuil was created by Louis XIV., when Canada belonged to France. It was recognized by the British Government in 1880. It is open to female succession, but the present heir presumptive is the baron's brother, John Moore de Bienville Charles Grant, and the second heir the latter's son.

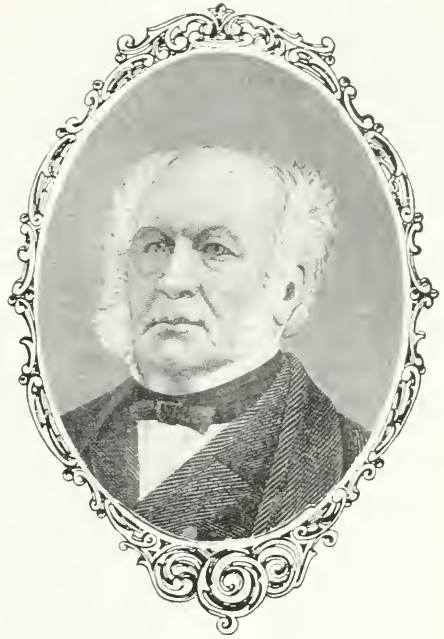
The first Baron Aylmer was a distinguished naval officer in the reign of James II. The present baron is the eighth and has a distinguished military career to his credit, as did his father before him.

Among the least generally known of the Canadian baronets are Rev. Sir James Stuart and Sir Cyril S. Rose. The latter is a grandson of Sir John Rose, the first baronet, whose record in Canadian politics is well known. He is a young man, residing in England, and although he is married, the heir to the title as yet is his uncle, Mr. Charles Day Rose, M.P., the well-known London banker.

The second oldest Canadian baronetage, conferred on James Stuart in 1840, for his services in connection with the union of Upper and Lower Canada, is near to extinction. After

the death of the original baronet, who was chief justice of Lower Canada, the title was for many years held by his second son, Major-General Edward Andrew Stuart, a Crimean veteran, who ended his days as Governor of Chelsea Hospital. The present baronet is the third son of Sir James, Rev. Sir James Stuart, rector of Portishead, Somerset, who has passed the allotted four-score-and-ten, and has no heir.

Titles in which colonials do not figure are the Orders of the Garter, the Thistle and St. Patrick, but when we get to the Knights Grand Cross of the Bath, it is found that Sir William Fenwick Williams (1871), and Sir John A. Macdonald (1884), were so honored, both gentlemen having been previously Knights Commander of the Bath. Of late years no Canadians have been given honors in those grades, while comparatively few have been created Knights Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, the principal holders of that rank, since de-



Sir Allan Napier MacNab, Bart.

Created a Baronet in 1858.



Sir William Fenwick Williams, K.G.C.B.

Created Knight Grand Cross of the Bath in 1871,
a Title Which has Only Been Conferred on
One Canadian Since Then.

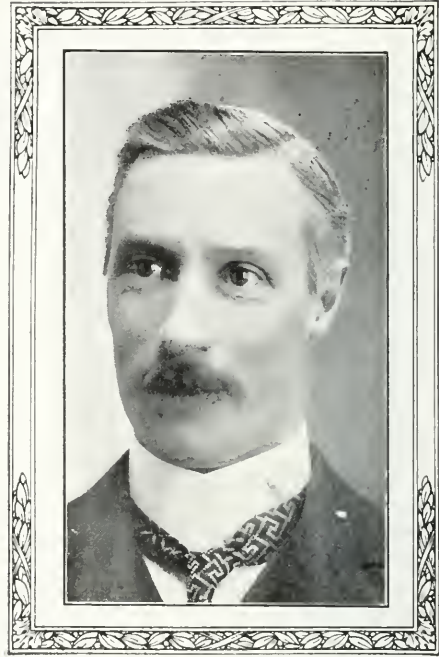
ceased, being Sir Alexander Gait, Sir John Rose and Sir Oliver Mowat. Lord Strathcona, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Richard Cartwright and Sir Wilfrid Laurier are the only living Canadians entitled to attach G.C.M.G. after their names.

The titles which are more numerous bestowed on Canadians are of the Orders of Knights Commander of St. Michael and St. George and Knights Bachelor. Down to this stage all the holders are entitled to prefix "Sir" to their names. Not wearing any title, but still giving the holders an established official and social standing, are Companions of the Bath and Companions of St. Michael and St. George, of whom it may be said in the stereotyped phrase, "their names are too numerous to mention," the purpose of this article being to deal more particularly with the higher titles. Several Canadians have been lately created Commanders of the Royal Victorian Order, the last batch having been handed out at the time of the Quebec Centenary last summer.



Sir Charles Tupper, Bart.

Created a Baronet in 1888. Since When Only One Canadian, Sir Edward Clouston, Bart., Has Been Similarly Honored.



Sir Edward Gordon Johnson, Bart.

The Fifth Baronet and the Holder of the Oldest Canadian Title of that Rank.

when such men as Sir George Drummond, Mr. Byron E. Walker, Hon. Adelard Turgeon, Mr. Joseph Pope and General Otter, received the honor, Earl Grey receiving the higher decoration of Knight Grand Cross of the Order. There were also several knightships at that time.

The Victorian Order dates from 1896, and was designated as a recognition of personal service to Queen Victoria, but since her death it has been increased in numbers. There are five classes in the order.

The Order of St. Michael and St. George, out of which the greater number of Canadian honors are derived, dates back to 1818, having been originally established to commemorate the placing of the Ionian Islands under the protectorate of Great Britain, but it was not made applicable to the colonies until about 1865. Originally small, the numbers of the order were successively enlarged until it has

become assignable to any person who had rendered valuable services, either in colonial or foreign affairs.

Knights Bachelors do not strictly constitute an order, and the designation is the simple prefix "Sir." There is no decoration attached, and there is no limit to the numbers, neither are there any officers.

Besides the above, there are the Order of Merit and the Imperial Service Order, instituted by King Edward in 1902, and a number of Canadians have of late come in for some of those decorations, the latter being intended to reward long service, particularly in the Civil Service, the former being applicable to any department whatever — war, science, literature or art.

Of late years, the conferring of honors has followed more in the lines of rewarding citizens who have made themselves shining marks in a philanthropic, social, judicial, administra-

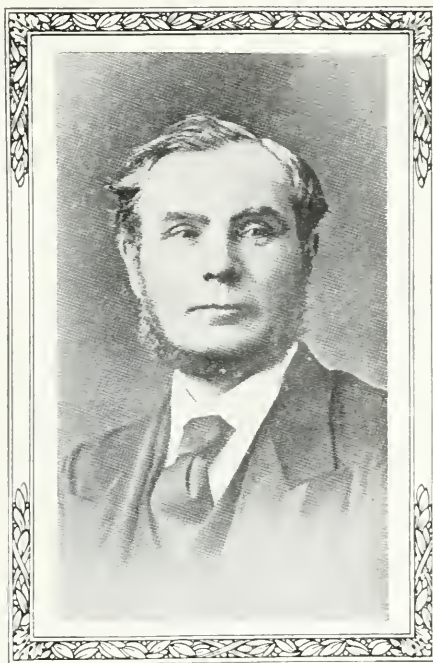
tive and social sense, rather than as political rewards. Thus it is that lieutenant-governors, judges of the higher courts, first ministers of provinces, extensive givers to educational and other worthy causes and leaders in commercial life, are frequently given titles. Among that class we find Sir George Drummond, Sir Louis Davies, Sir Sanford Fleming, Sir James Grant, Sir Louis Jette, Sir Percy Lake, Sir Daniel McMillan, Sir



Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper

Second Son of Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., Created a K.C.M.G. in 1893.

William Van Horne, all K.C.M.G.'s, while in the ranks of Knights Bachelor are found, such men as Sir Montagu Allan, Sir Mortimer Clark, Sir Wm. Falconbridge, Sir George Garneau, Sir Lomer Gouin, Sir Hugh Graham, Sir William Macdonald, Sir Henry Pellatt, Sir William Meredith, Sir Charles Moss, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Sir Henry Strong, Sir Melbourne Tait, Sir Thomas Taylor and Sir James Whitney.



Rt. Hon. Sir John Ross, Bart., P.C., G.C.M.G.

Finance Minister of Canada 1867-9



Sir George Etienne Cartier, Bart.

Created a Baronet in 1868 for his Services to the Country.

CANADIAN PLEASURE GROUNDS

By G.W. COOPER



Springbank Park, London

WHENEVER a busy man is over-worried, the doctor prescribes the country; and when any of us are depressed by care or trouble, our cure is the sight of our chosen hills. That is if we have money wherewith to fly the town; but if we have none of that valuable commodity to spare, what can we do when the thirst for the hills burns in us, or when the "spring fever" makes its annual visit? We can do the next best thing and visit the park or stop in the square and sit and drink in some sunshine and afterwards go on our way refreshed. That is if our city fathers are alive to the necessity for open air spaces for our healthful recreation. It is often objected that tramps occupy all the benches; but is it not cheaper to supply a tramp with a bench in a park than to supply him with a cell in jail? There is a conscious or unconscious sensibility, to the beauty of the natural world, which in many men becomes a passion, and to which even a tramp can respond.

In London, England, almost a hundred open spaces—many of them old

cemeteries—have been converted into children's playgrounds and old folks resting places. Who shall say that London is not better for this? "Nothing is so costly," it has been well said, "as sickness, disease and vice; nothing so cheap as health and virtue." Rochester, N.Y., is a bright and shining example of this with the lowest death rate and the best park system in the State of New York. It would not be a difficult matter to prove the correlation of these two facts. In addition, Rochester is known far and wide as "The City Beautiful" and "The Flower City." This is advertising which would be cheap at almost any cost, but how cheaply it is gained in addition to the improved conditions of living, which prevail in that city. What Canadian city is there which can longer afford to neglect this sort of public improvement, bringing, as it does, not only health and enjoyment to the citizens, but renown and visitors from abroad?

The public pleasure grounds of any community comprise all such public open spaces as are acquired or arranged for the purpose of providing favorable opportunities for

SOME REPRESENTATIVE CANADIAN PLEASURE GROUNDS

healthful recreation in the open air. Among these are included boulevards, squares, landscape parks, botanic gardens and playgrounds. The semi-public pleasure grounds include railway station grounds and exhibition parks.

The city parks should be places of quiet resort for people who cannot take the time or who have not the strength to go often to the country to find refreshment. Within them should be all possible quiet, together with everything that may call to mind the happy peace of the country and make us forget the town. The ground should have some pleasant variety of surface with both wood and open ground, some water if possible and perhaps some one point from which to view the world around and outside. The city squares should provide a resting and breathing place and a touch of green in the midst of the city's turmoil. The grounds around public buildings should be a setting for the architecture and especially when these buildings are schools, the planting

may be made of great educational value by the labeling of the trees and shrubs. The botanic gardens are our greatest source of information as to the hardiness and usefulness of all the thousands of varieties of ornamental trees, shrubs and plants which are in use to-day. And last, but not least, the school garden and playgrounds are bringing our children into closer touch with nature and influencing them in a happy direction at the stage in their life when they are most affected by their environment.

Probably the best known of all the parks in the Dominion is Queen Victoria Park at Niagara Falls. It has in it all the elements which go to make up a beautiful landscape park. It consists of about 150 acres on the shore of the Niagara River, extending back to the bluff of the Niagara highlands and along the shore from below the Falls to the Dufferin Islands above them. Combining, as it does, this nearly unparalleled location, together with good native planting, open lawns, facilities for



Scene in the Public Gardens, Halifax



Victoria Square, one of Montreal's Central Breathing Places

outdoor sport, such as baseball and tennis and at the upper and more wild portion for bathing, fishing and camping, it has a great future before it and with careful development should some day deserve the name of the Canadian National Park. The architecture of the power plants situated along the shores of the river is very good, and in one instance almost good enough to justify their intrusion into the park.

Montreal has 35 public parks, aggregating in all 750 acres. The present system dates back to 1876, and about \$100,000 are expended yearly. There are three large parks, Mount Royal, St. Helen's Island and Parc LaFontaine. Mount Royal rises directly behind the city and is covered to the summit with beautiful trees. From it may be had a fine view of the valleys of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers and from the observatory, 740 feet above the river, the oldest hills known to man, the Laurentian Mountains, can be seen. The Island of St. Helen was leased to the city by the Government in 1874. It contains 128 acres and is located about one mile from the city.

Originally, a garrison under the British regime, a portion of it is still reserved for military purposes and the old fort is extremely well preserved as also an ancient wooden blockhouse on the crown of the hill. These are two good examples of the land that should be set aside and held in public trust. The one has grand scenery and vegetation and the other serves to keep green in our memory the historic events of the past.

Toronto, with its 30 parks, totaling 1,775 acres, is well supplied with open air spaces. The most central are Queen's Park, which surrounds the Provincial Parliament Buildings, Allen Gardens and the Normal School grounds. Queen's Park contains many fine old oaks which are in an excellent state of preservation. In the northern section of the city lie the Rosedale ravines, Reservoir Park and some fine cemeteries. To the east are Riverdale Park and the Zoo, as well as Victoria and Munro Parks. Along the lake shore to the west is the Exhibition Park, where the Canadian National Exposition is held each

SOME REPRESENTATIVE CANADIAN PLEASURE GROUNDS

fall, and the valley of the Humber River. Across the bay and two miles from the city lies "The Island," which comprises 325 acres, divided into three parts. One part is for baseball and other outdoor performances, one is laid out with wide stretches of lawn, shade trees and lagoons, along which are cottages, boat houses and pavilions, while the third portion is a favorite haunt of fishermen. This is to be recommended as illustrating an ideal division of a public open pleasure ground since the most diversified tastes may here be satisfied. Toronto spends about fifty cents per head of population per year on her parks.

One of the most useful and to some people the most interesting public parks in the whole Dominion is the Arboretum and Botanic garden at the Central Experimental Farms at Ottawa. Here, under the direction of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, an area of 65 acres of the Central Farms is devoted to a collection of trees, plants and shrubs from all parts of the world. There have been many thousand species tested and the results serve not only as a source of information to plant lovers throughout the

Dominion, but advertise abroad how great a number of plants are hardy in our climate and thus dispel many doubts as to the resources of Canada in the way of plant life. This Arboretum is now much visited and an increasing interest is manifested in the progress of this work, not only by botanists, but by the general public.

The beginning of the famous Halifax Public Gardens was a very humble one. Originally a bog, the land was filled in a little at a time and the trees and plants were at first contributed by interested citizens from their own premises. The gardens now contain many fine specimens of native and exotic trees, plants and shrubs, and are not only a great credit to the city and the Dominion at large, but the object of a great deal of admiration both at home and abroad. Point Pleasant Park at Halifax contains 186 acres and was deeded to the city in 1870 by the Imperial Government for a term of 999 years. It contains three forts that command the entrance of the harbor, and a natural growth of pine, hemlock and spruce, and is well supplied with shrubs and deciduous trees. There is also about one acre of Scotch heather which is naturally



Victoria Park, Berlin

an object of great interest to visitors. The control of this park is vested in a commission and \$2,500 a year is spent on maintenance. The commons is a tract of land given to the citizens of Halifax by George the Third. It contains 235 acres, and is used as a parade ground and for cricket, football, baseball and quoits. It has many large shade trees and a wading pool for the children which also affords skating in the winter. There are also, in Halifax, five smaller parks, which, together with the Commons and the Public Gardens, are placed under the control of a distinct commission.

London is so fortunate as to possess a breathing place nearly in the heart of the city and close to the main business corner. This is Victoria Park, which contains the area of three city blocks, has many fine shade trees and is carefully laid out and tended. The Exhibition Grounds or Queen's Park, as it is called, is owned by the city and used for two weeks in the year for the purpose of holding the Western Fair, while the rest of the year it is open to the public as an adjunct to the city parks. The race track enclosure is used for athletic contests, for which it is well adapted, owing to a good track and large grandstand. The city also owns and controls through the water commission, about 300 acres of land situated along both banks of the Thames River. This property, which is called Springbank, is easily reached by trolley, and is therefore very accessible. It contains the pumping station for the city water supply, a pavilion, several retiring buildings and a bandstand. So admirably has Nature provided for this park that little is left to do except to open up roads and paths, judiciously thin out the woodlands and dress them down with shrubbery. If this property be held and its development placed in competent hands, it is destined some day to be one of the finest scenic parks in the

whole Dominion. The London park area totals about 350 acres, of which Springbank contains 295 and Victoria Park 16. The grounds of the Provincial Insane Asylum, situated at London, are notable for the large number of fine trees which they contain.

In the Victoria Park at Berlin there is also another near approach to the ideal in a city park. This lies within four blocks of the heart of the town and yet contains fifty acres or more. It has running water and a lake of an acre or so in extent, as well as a picnic grove which is visited annually by hundreds of people from nearby towns. Then, too, there is also an athletic field, in a corner by itself, which is not only a source of income to the Park Commission, but a constant means of healthful outdoor exercise to the younger people of the town. Several hundred dollars are yearly turned into the park fund by the rental of this field for band concerts and the like, and hundreds of people are annually drawn to the city by the attractions of the picnic grove. Taken all in all, it is a very paying investment to the town and an example which might profitably be followed by other municipalities.

At Winnipeg an example has been set for the rest of the Dominion which is deserving of notice. In 15 years there has been developed on the treeless prairie a large park system and boulevards have been laid out and planted on over 100 streets. Up till 1907 something over 12,000 trees had been planted on these boulevards with a very small percentage of loss. Attention is now being turned toward playgrounds and one is being provided in the largest park. This latter is called Assiniboine and has been developed recently from 283 acres of naturally beautiful woodland and prairie along the Assiniboine River. There are ten smaller parks and squares, of less than five acres each, under the

SOME REPRESENTATIVE CANADIAN PLEASURE GROUNDS



[Charming Vista in High Park, Toronto]

control of the Public Parks Board, as well as St. John's and St. James' Parks of 10 1-2 and six acres respectively. A sum not exceeding one-half mill on the dollar of assessed property is expended yearly by the board and the results are gratifying, to say the least. This shows what the careful following out of plans prepared by a skilled landscape architect will produce and should be a lesson to some of the "penny wise and pound foolish"

municipalities of the Dominion. At Regina the same wise policy was followed and the grounds around the Parliament Buildings were laid out and planted before the buildings were erected.

The City of Regina recently planted two new parks. One, called Victoria Park, is in the heart of the city and comprises the area of two city blocks, and the other, of sixty acres in extent, is called Wascana Park, and is adjoining the new Parliament grounds.



Rustic Bridge in Reservoir Park, Toronto



View in Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg

Both are arranged artistically and planted generously. The drives from Wascana Park connect with those in the Parliament Park, so as to form a continuous landscape effect and the grounds of both slope to the shores of Wascana Lake. Edmonton is also looking forward foresightedly to a day when it will be as well favored with parks as Regina. The Alberta Government is now constructing a park around the new Government Buildings, which are located on the bank of the North Saskatchewan River, of which they command a magnificent view as well as of the surrounding country.

Vancouver has, in addition to a few small squares, only two parks, but these are very worthy of notice. The largest, called Stanley Park, contains 1,000 acres, and is still largely in its natural state, except for a few small areas which have been cleared for picnics and other amusements. The park occupies a peninsula lying between Coal Harbor and the Gulf of Georgia, and is nearly surrounded by these two bodies of water. From some parts of the park the Mountains of Vancouver Island may be seen across 20 miles of water and the view from

any part of the park is beautiful, since the mountains, which rise 2,000 feet, are close at hand. There are, in this park, 11 miles of very fine drives through the natural forest of fir, cedar, alder, birch, hemlock and spruce. Along the five miles of trails and footpaths through the dense forests of the park are found some giant trees. The largest of these trees are the cedars, which have attained 66 feet in circumference. The fir trees here rise to a height of 350 feet and a circumference of 24 feet. All summer long the park is visited by hundreds of people attracted by the beauties of the spot and the fine bathing facilities along the shores. The other large park in Vancouver is Hastings Park, which was given to the city by the Provincial Government. This consists of 160 acres fronting on Burrard Inlet, which stretches away for miles at the base of the mountains. The intention of the city is to turn this into an exhibition park.

The first impressions of a town are apt to be the most lasting and yet how often we get them from a railway coach and look out upon a poor station in a setting of cinders and board walks. Fortunately the rail-

SOME REPRESENTATIVE CANADIAN PLEASURE GROUNDS

roads are slowly erecting stations which are in many instances in very good taste. Our Canadian railways have now begun to devote some attention to station surroundings, but great opportunities still await a transforming hand in the making over of the ugly gateways to our cities. It is now over ten years since the Canadian Pacific Railway commenced to give away to its station employes flower seeds in the spring and bulbs in the fall. These are supplemented each year by handsome little booklets of advice and encouragement. The men have taken a keen interest in the cultivation of flowers as is shown by the fact that this spring tens of thousands of packets of seeds will be required to

supply their requests. From St. John to Vancouver the men have written the Floral Department for seeds and booklets. No rules are made concerning the cultivation of these flowers, this work being entirely voluntary on the part of the employes. Not only do they derive enjoyment themselves but they give pleasure to the thousands of passengers on the trains. Then, too, when the improvement of the station grounds commences more attention is paid to fences and general surroundings, the good example spreads in the neighborhood and the result benefits all concerned, especially in the way of a good first impression of the community on the part of the traveling public.



Elaborate Floral Effects at the Regina Railway Station

The Right Kind of Journalism^{*}

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

From the Outlook

I FIRST came into close contact with The Outlook when Governor of New York, ten years ago, and I speedily grew to have a peculiar feeling of respect and regard for Dr. Abbott and his associates. We did not always agree, and as our convictions were strong our disagreements were sometimes positive; but experience taught me that, in the first place, Dr. Abbott and his associates always conscientiously strove to be fair, and that, in the second place, they not only desired to tell the truth, but made a serious endeavor to find out the facts. I found, moreover, that they combined to a peculiar degree a number of qualities, each of them good, but rarely found in combination.

Every owner, editor, or reporter of a conscientiously and ably conducted newspaper or periodical is an asset of real value to the whole community. It would be difficult to overestimate the amount of good which can be done by the men responsible for such a publication—responsible for its editorial columns, responsible for its news columns, responsible for its general policy. We have many newspapers and periodicals, big and little, of this kind. But we also have many that are emphatically not of this kind.

During the last few years it has become lamentably evident that certain daily newspapers, certain periodicals, are owned or controlled by men of vast wealth who have gained their wealth in evil fashion, who desire to stifle or twist the honest expression of public opinion, and who find an instrument fit for their purpose in the guided and purchased mendacity of those who edit and write for such papers and periodicals. This style of sordid evil does not even constitute a temptation to The Outlook; no influence of any kind could make the men who control The Outlook so much as consider the question of abandonment of duty; and they hold as their first duty inflexible adherence to the elementary virtues of entire truth, entire courage, entire honesty.

Moreover, they are as far removed as the poles from the apostles of that hideous yellow journalism which defies the cult of the mendacious, the sensational, and the insane, and which, throughout its wide but vapid field, does as much to vulgarize and degrade the popular taste, to weaken the popular character, and to dull the edge of the popular conscience, as any influence under which the country can suffer. These men sneer at the very idea of paying heed to the dictates of a sound morality; as one of their number has cynically put it, they are concerned merely with selling the public whatever the public will

^{*}This is ex-President Roosevelt's first contribution, as associate editor, to the Outlook. Its complete title is "Why I Believe in the Kind of American Journalism for Which the Outlook Stands."

THE RIGHT KIND OF JOURNALISM

buy—a theory of conduct which would justify the existence of every keeper of an opium den, of every foul creature who ministers to the vices of mankind. Here, again, it is perhaps not especially to the credit of Dr. Abbott and his associates that they have avoided this pit; fortunately, they are so constituted that it is a simple impossibility for them to fall into it.

But they do deserve very great credit for avoiding another type of temptation which has much fascination for men of cultivation and of refined taste, and which is quite as fatal to their usefulness as indulgence in yellow journalism. A newspaper or periodical which avoids vulgar sensationalism, which takes and cultivates an interest in serious matters, and things literary, artistic, and scientific—which, in short, appeals to people of taste, intelligence, and cultivation—may nevertheless do them grave harm, and be within its own rather narrow limits an element of serious mischief; for it may habitually and consistently practice a malign and slanderous untruthfulness which, though more refined than, is at least as immoral as, the screaming sensationalism of any representative of the journalism which it affects to despise. A cultivated man of good intelligence who has acquired the knack of saying bitter things, but who lacks the robustness which will enable him to feel at ease among strong men of action, is apt, if his nature has in it anything of meanness or untruthfulness, to strive for a reputation in what is to him the easiest way. He can find no work which is easier—and less worth doing—than to sit in cloistered aloofness from the men who wage the real and important struggles of life and to endeavor, by an unceasing output of slander in regard to them, to bolster up his own uneasy desire to be considered superior to them. Now a paper edited by men of this stamp does

not have much popular influence, and therefore is less detrimental to the people at large than yellow journalism; but it may, to the extent of its power, exert a very real influence for evil, by the way in which it teaches young men of good education, whose talents should be at their country's service, that decent and upright public men are as properly subjects of foul attack as the most debased corruptionist; that efficiency and wickedness are interchangeable, and that the correct attitude to adopt, in facing the giant problems of our great and troubled time, is one of sneering and supercilious untruthfulness.

Dr. Abbot and his associates have avoided this pitfall also. With them cultivation and good taste have not implied weakness. Demand for righteousness in others has not led to abandonment of truth on their own part.

The Outlook has stood for righteousness, but it has never been self-righteous. It stands for the things of the spirit, and yet it remembers the needs of the body. It serves lofty ideals, it believes in a lofty idealism. But it knows that common sense is essential above all other qualities to the idealist; for an idealist without common sense, without the capacity to work in hard, practical fashion for actual results, is merely a boat that is all sails, and with neither ballast nor rudder. The Outlook's belief in gentleness and tenderness, in the spirit of brotherly love, never blinds it to the necessity of cultivating those hardy, rugged, and vigorous qualities for the want of which in the individual, as in the Nation, no gentleness, no cultivation, and, above all, no gift of money-making and no self-indulgence in the soft ease of living, can in any way atone.

The Outlook has shown a fine scorn of untruth in every form, of unfairness and injustice to any man or any cause. It is not given to

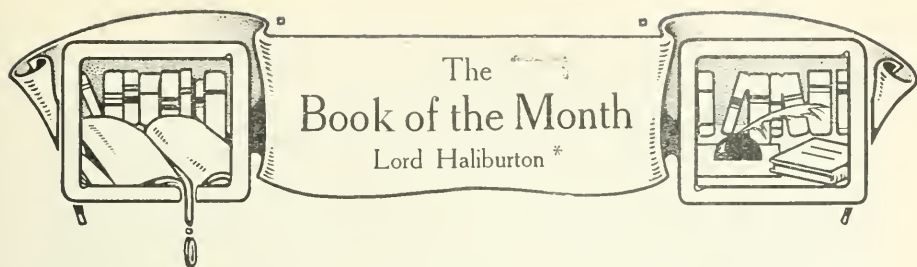
humanity never to err; but The Outlook makes a resolute effort to find out what the facts actually are before passing judgment. With its earnestness and strength of conviction go hand in hand with a sincere desire to see and to state the other man's point of view. It believes that things in this world can be made better, but it does not endorse quixotic movements which would merely leave things worse. It champions the rights of the many. It desires in every way to represent, to guide aright, and to uphold the interests of those whom Abraham Lincoln called the plain people. It feels a peculiar desire to do all that can be done for the poor and the oppressed, and to help upward those struggling to better themselves. But it has no sympathy with moral weakness or sentimentality. All that it can do it does and will do for the cause of labor; but it will in no shape or way condone violence or disorder. It stands for the rights of property, and therefore against the abuses of property. It believes in a wise individualism, and in encouragement of individual initiative; and

therefore all the more it believes in using the collective force of the whole people to do what but for the use of that collective force must be left undone.

I am glad to be associated with Dr. Abbott and the group of men and women he has gathered around him, because they practice what they preach; and because they preach the things that are most necessary to the salvation of this people. It is their earnest belief that every man must earn enough to support himself and those dependent upon him; but that when once this has been accomplished, money immediately becomes secondary to many other things. In this matter The Outlook puts its principles into practice. It strives in proper ways to make money. If it did not make money it could not be run at all. But making money is not the prime reason for its existence. The first question asked when any matter of policy arises, so far as The Outlook is concerned, is whether or not a given course is right, and should be followed because it is in the real and lasting interest of the Nation.



Traveling De Luxe in Africa



The Book of the Month Lord Haliburton *

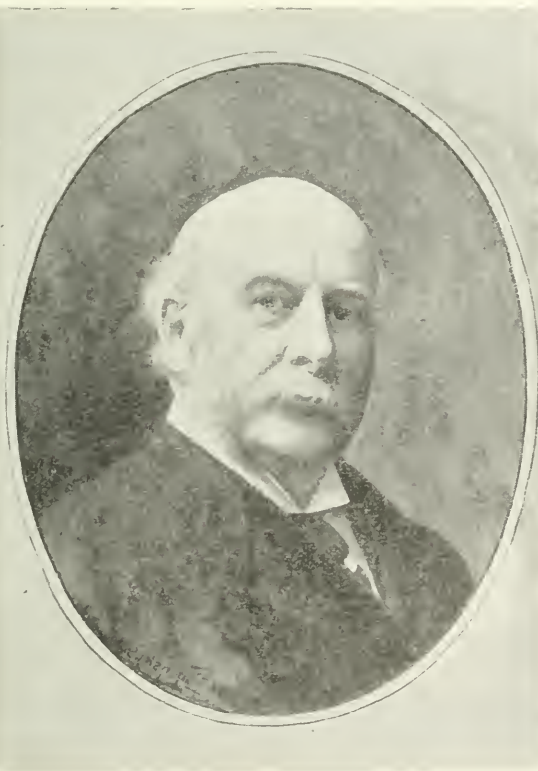
THE publication of a memoir of the public services of Lord Haliburton is a well-deserved tribute to the memory of an administrator of exceptional ability, who labored for many years quietly and unobtrusively as a permanent officer of the British War Office. Governments rose and governments fell, new ministries were formed and old ones dissolved, but the stability of the administration was continued through it all by the presence of trained and experienced civil servants like Lord Haliburton.

As Canadians, we have a dual interest in the life story of Lord Haliburton. Not only was he a native of Canada, but his father was that famous Nova Scotian, Judge Haliburton, the author of "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker," and the inventor, according to Artemus Ward, of American humor.

Arthur Lawrence Haliburton was born at Windsor, N.S., on December 26, 1832. His father had been born in the same province in 1796 and was at the time of his son's birth,

Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in Nova Scotia, having attained to the dignity of that position at the early age of thirty-two years.

Together with his two brothers, Thomas, who became famous as a musician, and Robert, who entered the law, he was educated at his father's alma mater, King's College, Windsor, N.S., the oldest university in the colonies and the only one possessing a Royal

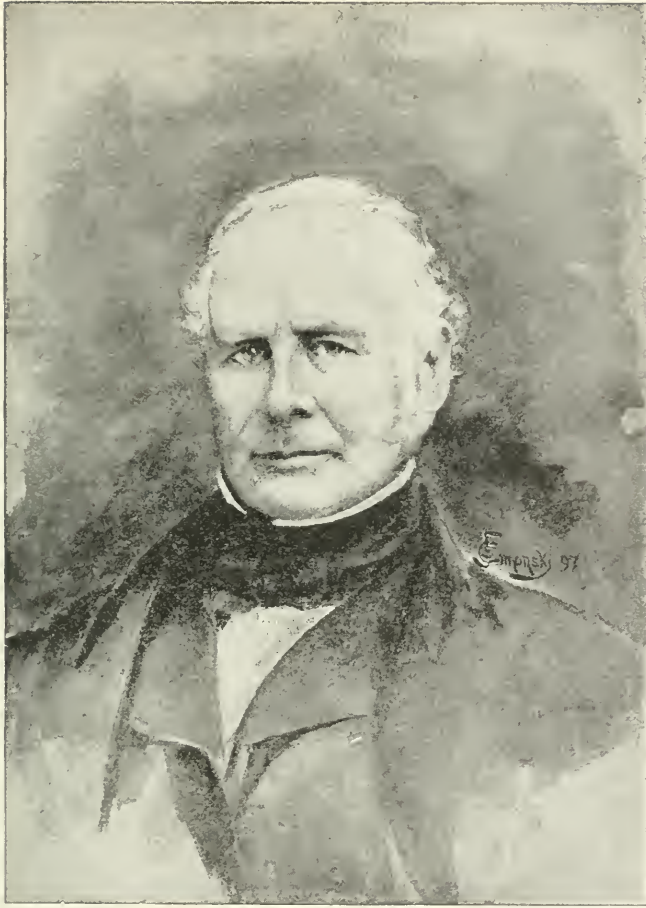


Lord Haliburton

Charter. The place of its original foundation had been New York, but after the great disruption of 1775 it had migrated to Nova Scotia and in that loyal atmosphere had retained the Tory traditions of its Oxford prototypes. Among the pupils



Birthplace of Lord Haliburton, Windsor, N.S.



Wm. G. Haliburton

The Author of "Sam Slick"

of a generation senior to the Haliburtons were the two distinguished soldiers, Sir John Eardley Inglis, the defender of Lucknow, and Sir William Fenwick Williams, the defender of Kars.

Lord Haliburton was always attached to King's College and in 1899 accepted from it the honorary degree of D.C.L.

His original vocation was for the law and he was duly called to the Nova Scotia bar in 1855. His legal studies and legal training were destined to be of invaluable service to

him in later years. But at this moment the outbreak of the Crimean War turned his ambitions into a different channel. He received a commission in the recreated Commissariat Department of the Army and was promptly despatched to Turkey. Though he was never actually at the seat of hostilities in the Crimea, he learnt invaluable lessons connected with the needs of an army in the field.

In 1857 Haliburton was posted to the forces stationed in Canada and in 1859 received his commission as

Deputy-Assistant Commissary-General, being recalled to England in the following year. Then began that period of desk and office work which, with a single break, was to continue until his retirement in 1897. His advance was rapid and by 1877 he was holding the office of Director of Supplies and Transports.

During Lord Wolseley's Nile campaign of 1884-1885, his arrangements were so perfect in face of unparalleled difficulties, that that great soldier wrote him a personal note on the completion of the campaign, expressing unstinted praise of his work. "On the strength of this testimonial," says the author, "Haliburton might almost dispute with Sir Edward Ward the fame of being the best commissariat officer since Moses." In substantial recognition of his services, Haliburton was made a K.C.B. in 1885.

In 1887, the office of Director of Supplies was abolished and Haliburton became assistant Under-Secretary of State for War. In 1895 he became permanent Under-Secretary and from March, 1895, to September, 1897, was the crown of his active career. For the first time he enjoyed a full measure of independence and responsibility. He was now one of that little hierarchy of the permanent heads of departments on whom the whole fabric of administration rests, and few have emerged from the ordeal with a higher record.

An accident in 1882 had led to increasing lameness and a fall in the spring of 1897 made him permanently dependent upon crutches. The time had come when he was entitled to claim his release from toil and responsibility. On the birthday immediately preceding his retirement he was admitted to the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

In the birthday Honor List of 1900, Haliburton's name figured

among those upon whom her late Majesty was graciously pleased to confer a peerage. As a loyal Canadian he took the title of "Baron Haliburton of Windsor in the Province of Nova Scotia and Dominion of Canada." His death occurred on April 21, 1907.

The author of the Memoir, J. B. Atlay concludes the book with the following eulogy, "Of servants such as he was any nation may be proud. And to the ability and rectitude which he showed through all his long official career he added, in private life, the charm of a singularly gracious and kindly nature, of a large and generous mind, and of the inability either to give or to take offence. His public work brought him the respect of all acquainted with him. His personal character endeared him to all who knew him. He died full of honors and warm in the affection of his many friends. And the honors and the affection were alike deserved."

To his early upbringing in Canada, Mr. Atlay attributes his fearlessness of official etiquette and his strength of opinion, founded on knowledge and true judgment.

"One of the noblest and finest men I have ever known," is the tribute paid to his memory by a distinguished soldier, who had been brought into constant contact with him officially, and had been admitted to close intimacy with him in private life. From early manhood Haliburton's great abilities and immense powers of work had been placed unreservedly and ungrudgingly at the disposal of his country; and at a period when he might justly have claimed exemption from all further liability he still labored hard to further what he judged to be the true interests of the Army and the nation.

*Lord Haliburton. By J. B. Atlay. Toronto: William Briggs.

The Lost Empire of England?

By WALTER FREWEN LORD

From the Nineteenth Century

WE Englishmen should face the present situation with more dignity if we were not so ignorant of history. For many centuries our foes have been all to the south; so of course our ports and defences look southward. With the exception of one short period of rivalry with Holland we have had no foe to the eastward till the last fifteen years. Consequently we have no preparations. To provide the necessary ports and defences is not "unfriendly," but only the most ordinary common sense.

Similarly, people continue to talk about Germany as if that mighty power were still the Prussia of the Convention of Olmutz. The best way to understand the question is to talk it over in German with Germans; one does so to some advantage if one has known the country and the language for more than thirty years. The following abstract is the 'boiling down' of many a long talk with men of character and ambition and patriotism, who know what they are talking about:

"For us the conquest of England is a historical necessity. We are quite sure of our future; sooner or later we are certain to beat you by force of money-bags. We have a population already half as large again as yours. We increase more rapidly than you. Our vitality grows higher daily; yours is lower and lower every day. For this there are reasons. Your land is ruined by

Free Trade, and your rural population is scattered or has migrated to the towns. Every week your enterprising citizens leave the country, while their places are taken by the scum of our population. All that is a great source of weakness to you and of strength to us. We have composed all our internal differences; you have new differences growing more and more bitter every day.

"If you changed your financial policy you could deal us a serious blow, for we are growing rich on your spoils. But you will not dare to do that; your Radicals will not allow it. We are in no hurry. You might still make yourselves strong by union with your colonies; but, there again, your Radicals will not allow that.

"We shall build and build against you until the burden is too heavy for you to bear, and then you will have to take our orders. There is one chance of a settlement with you at an early date; it is that we might catch you napping. If, at any time, we could strike with a clear majority of ships in our favor—owing to your fleet being scattered—that would do. For you have no army; if you had one we should not dream of invading you. When once we are in the country the result is a foregone conclusion."

So speak these manly, courteous, downright Germans; gallant friends to-day, gallant and most formidable foes to-morrow. How far short of

this robust and intelligent tone do we fall in England! One day we are indignant at remarks which might "hurt the Germans' feelings," as if the Germans were neurotic imbeciles and not live men. Another day we grow violent over German "espionage"—as if espionage were not a perfectly legitimate preliminary to warfare. In fact, we indulge in every emotion except the sober intention to ascertain the facts and profit by our knowledge.

On the 25th of September, 1908, the distribution of the fleet was as follows: "Six battleships (Channel Fleet) were at Scarborough, eight were at the Home ports, viz. three at Chatham, three at Portsmouth, two at Devonport; four of these were ready for sea and four were refitting. At the same date nine (Home Fleet) were at Cromarty, two were in the neighborhood of the Nore, and one was at Devonport." This was the disposition of the Home and Channel Fleets on the date named, as described by the First Lord of the Admiralty on the 4th of November, 1908. Interrogated as to whether such a thing was likely to occur again, the First Lord replied in the affirmative.

Thus we have it on the authority of the First Lord of the Admiralty that he has already on one occasion placed the Home and Channel Fleets in precisely the position in which my German friends would like to find them for greater convenience of destruction, and we also know that he intends to repeat that operation.

On the 25th of September eighteen German battleships were at Heligoland; but the First Lord was officially unaware of the fact.

It is not necessary to understand the technicalities of naval warfare in order to appreciate the situation of the 25th of September, 1908; it suffices if one understands that six is a smaller number than eighteen. The Germans are as cautious as they are brave, and have no intention of

running any risks. They know that many opportunities of attacking, with an overwhelming superiority, will be granted them, and they will choose that which is most convenient for themselves. In the meantime, they are not perfectly sure of their ships or of their crews; but they are continually practising for the great day; all honor to them; all shame to us if they succeed.

There are limits to their courtesy in discussing the invasion of England. You must not inquire why their High Sea Fleet never goes on the high seas; the answer being of course that it is not meant to go on the high seas, and is only built for one rush and for one campaign. Also, if they say that their fleet is built to protect their commerce, you must accept that explanation. Do not ask why it is always in Europe instead of suppressing piracy off Singapore; they do not jest about such matters.

With respect to this question of warfare, one of the greatest difficulties to be overcome is the jeer that Radicals always level at civilians who "pretend to understand warfare." Technicalities we may not understand, but we can understand that it is no use throwing stones at a man who is armed with a rifle; you do not even annoy him; and he chooses his own time to shoot you down. This is the position to which we were nearly reduced on the 25th of September, 1908.

"No blood tax," "No militarism," "Universal brotherhood," and so on, cry the Radicals; all of which sentimentalisms are synonyms for one ugly word—cowardice. Compare these catchwords—which always get a cheer from the audiences of this anaemic generation—with the phrases on the lips of Germans: "Deutschland uber Alles," "Alle fur Kaiser und Reich." "Our future lies on the Sea," "The trident must be in our grasp." These are words befitting a great, proud, successful

and ambitious people. While we cower and shiver at the thought of war, they prepare: exultingly noting the dementia of a great nation which has deliberately confided its interests to its unavowed but, none the less, most dire enemies.

Lord Roberts tells us that the advance-guard of invasion is already here, 80,000 strong. One would suppose that this would be conclusive. Cite that grave warning to Radicals and what do they say? Many things—all foolish—but the most ridiculous reply that I have encountered is the fatuous return question "Where are they?" Where do these mock innocents suppose they are? Do they expect to have them paraded in Hyde Park for their inspection? Of course it is the business of a secret agent to remain in secrecy. Anybody except one wilfully blind could see that.

We come to the condition of the people—a frightful spectacle. Too many Englishmen are living in conditions to which we would not condemn our pet animals. The infernal gospel of cheapness, to which the Radicals are so devoted, is responsible for this. Here we may profitably consider another of Magee's famous addresses. It was on the Ten Commandments. It is hard to be original about the Ten Commandments; but Magee performed this difficult task. At that date the ruin of English agriculture was rapidly drawing near, and with it the loss of our agricultural population—the most serious blow yet dealt at the strength of this country. The first wealth of a country, said Magee, is its manhood. The Ten Commandments are the basis of a well-ordered State, and dire was the punishment of misconduct enjoined by Moses. But, on the other hand, how handsomely was virtue rewarded! How careful was Moses of the health of the chosen people, of their food, and their family life!

How was every man cherished and rewarded so long as he was a good citizen! As for the "stranger within the gate"—he might have the leavings of the chosen people. Now, said Magee, remove the reward of virtue, and maintain the dire punishment for wrong-doing, and where is your well-ordered State? We have traveled far in thirty years; we have done exactly what Magee warned us not to do. We do not cherish our manhood. We only cherish our good-for-nothings; they are the only class that the State encourages—the rest may go hang.

Ignorance is our enemy; it seems as if it would be our conqueror. How great that ignorance is may be realized from some remarks of the late Professor Huxley made twenty years ago. We were then just beginning to talk "Imperialism." At that date Huxley did not like it. He thought that England would do better to renounce a policy which he thought "grasping," and to subside, contentedly, into a second Holland, a country without dependencies, whose history was wound up. Even Huxley was really ignorant of the fact that Holland was possessed of the largest Colonial Empire in extent after our own. He was also unaware that England had conquered that Empire (much of it twice) and handed it back to the Dutch, which is hardly a "grasping" policy. So I listened in respectful silence and mentally sketched the "Lost Empires of the modern world." Lord Rosebery's definition of the British Empire cannot be too clearly kept in mind: the "greatest secular agency for good now existing in the world."

Any suggestion for overcoming our ignorance must be made on the supposition that Germany grants us time. We are now existing on German sufferance. If she chooses to strike she can write the "Lost Empire of England" at her leisure,

"The Man Who Never Sleeps"

Herald Magazine

IF some one told you that a man could get along year in and year out with only three or four hours' sleep out of every twenty-four and meanwhile carry on his shoulders more business responsibility than a half-dozen ordinary men you probably would not believe it. But there is such a man in New York City. It is Herman A. Metz, Controller, who because of his remarkable activity is called by the men in his office "The Man Who Never Sleeps."

He never sleeps as much as seven or eight hours at a stretch. He very seldom sleeps more than three and a half or four hours. He usually sleeps three. And he has done it for years.

Still, if you should see him hustle into his office some morning at eight o'clock you would think he had enjoyed a full night's rest and topped it off with a Turkish bath. He once said if he slept eight or nine hours without interruption he would not get over it for a week. His mind works with lightning-like rapidity when he has his customary three or four hours' rest; it works more slowly when he has a prolonged sleep. Lack of mental rest seems to keep him in the pink of condition. Here is his actual routine for one twenty-four hour period within the last ten days:

8 to 9 a.m.—Attended to personal business.

9 a.m. to 1 p.m.—Signed papers, received visitors and looked after

the thousand and one details of the Controller's office.

1 to 2 p.m.—Had luncheon with four men who had business appointments with him.

2 to 2.30 p.m.—Looked after his personal correspondence.

2.30 to 3.30 p.m.—Attended a meeting of the Board of Estimate.

3.30 to 6.30 p.m.—Performed duties of Controller and received at least one hundred visitors.

6.30 to 7 p.m.—Got shaved and massaged and put on evening clothes.

7.30 p.m.—Attended banquet at Engineers' Club.

9 p.m.—Went to second banquet at Rector's.

10.30 p.m.—Dropped in at a theatre box party.

11.30 p.m.—Made a speech at a political banquet.

12.30 a.m.—Joined a supper party at an uptown restaurant.

2 a.m.—Started for Brooklyn in an automobile.

3 a.m.—Played a game of billiards at the Brooklyn Democratic Club.

4 a.m.—Went home and to bed.

7 a.m.—Got up to prepare for another day's affairs.

There is nothing unusual in this for Mr. Metz. Frequently he goes to three and four banquets in a single night, staying a few minutes at each. Neither is he a stranger in the all night restaurants in upper Broadway. He is known in them all, just as he is known in all the theatres and clubs.

"THE MAN WHO NEVER SLEEPS"

Getting around as he does is partly business with him, although he declares that he enjoys every minute of his time. More than that, it agrees with him.

Never since he became a full-fledged business man has he made a practise of sleeping six, seven or eight hours, as the average man does. And he never gets up with a headache or with a tired feeling.

"It is time wasted to sleep eight or nine hours," said he to a Herald reporter. "Figure it out. Say a man sleeps four hours a night instead of eight. He saves 1,460 hours in a year, or 172 working days, of eight hours each, which is the time usually given to business. Now, see what that means. Say a man's earning capacity is \$10 a day. He is throwing away \$1,820 a year, assuming of course that the time saved is devoted to earning money. In ten years, figuring his earning capacity at \$10 a day, he would have made \$18,200. Say he can earn \$25 a day, which is modest enough. In ten years he would have thrown away \$45,000 worth of time. Now say he is worth \$100 a day, which thousands of men are. He loses \$182,000. That's worth thinking over a bit. I find no trouble in getting along with——"

"Beg pardon, Mr. Metz, a delegation of Bronx taxpayers to see you."

The Controller's secretary had interrupted. Five minutes later the busy official returned to the interviewer. He had listened to his visitors for a minute or so. Then he checked them. He had grasped what they had in mind long before they had a good start with their explanation. Then he gave his answer to them in a jiffy, slapped each one on the back, accompanied it with an invitation to come again and sent them on their way smiling. He does in ten minutes what many business men will spend hours over. He gallops through long re-

ports and complicated, technical documents, comprehending them fully, and goes along, never turning the pages back to re-read them.

He will talk to a group of visitors for two or three minutes, turn to another and discuss an entirely different topic and meanwhile put his signature to papers brought in by his chief clerks and answer hurried questions put to him by his secretaries. He is indeed a live wire. He talks like a streak of lightning and thinks faster than he can talk. When he dictates his stenographers are put to their wits' end to keep up with him.

And he does it all on three and four hours' sleep.

"Don't you ever feel tired out?" was asked of him.

"Never. If I sleep my allotted time I feel fine and fit. If I oversleep I don't feel in good form. I usually sleep three or four hours and more often three than four. That is enough for any man, in my estimation, if he takes good care of himself, doesn't eat too much, drink too much or in other ways abuse himself."

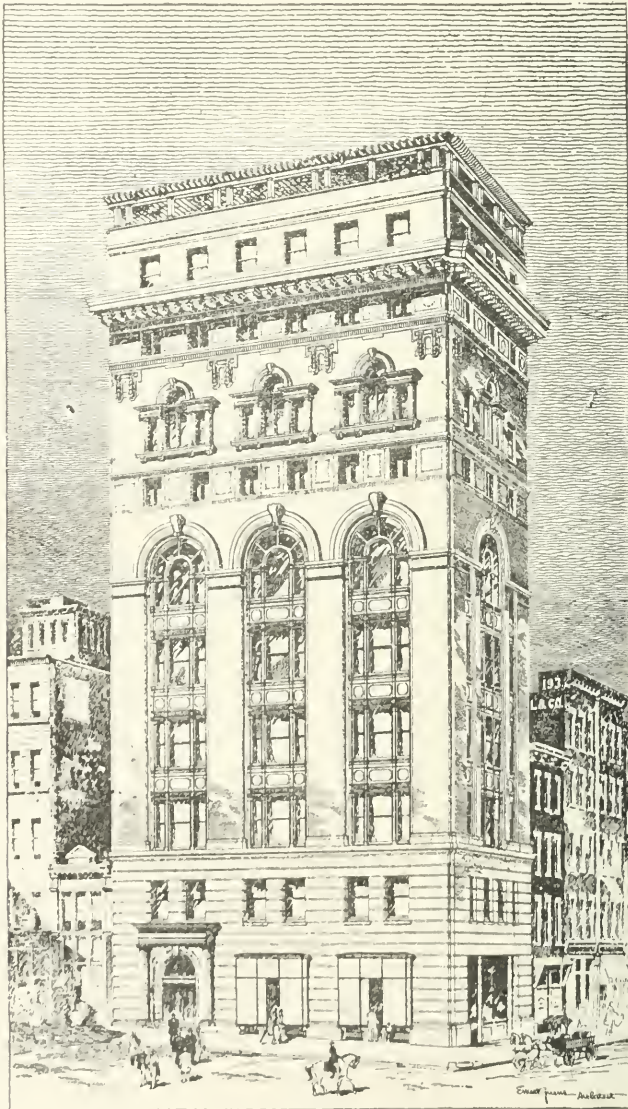
"What's your advice to people who wish to live as you do and keep their health?"

"Don't worry, don't let others worry you and don't take yourself too d—d seriously. You know the trouble with the great majority of people is that they think they are carrying the responsibilities of the world upon their shoulders. Always remember that you—I mean any one—is just one of a billion. Things would and will go on without you and you won't be missed. So don't try to figure out that you are essential to the world's progress. Just smile and let things run along as they will, always, of course, doing your best at whatever you undertake. With this mental attitude gray hairs won't come early and lines won't streak one's face.

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Mr. Metz gives never less than eight or nine hours a day to the city, and he works hard every minute. He wastes little time eating and he spends practically no time reading. His secretaries keep him informed as to what appears in the newspapers. Besides being at the head of the biggest finance department in America, he is at the head also of a big business concern which

has branches in many cities and does a business of millions every year. He started in as an office boy and is now the head of the concern. As such he has an income of several times as large as his salary of \$15,000 as Controller. In fact, he is a man of vast wealth, all of which he made himself. He could retire if he wished, but he believes a man of forty-two should stick to his last.



A Club for Journalists

New Home of the New York Press Club

MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

By R. P. CHESTER

The recent death of Donald Mackay, worthily called "The grand old man of the Canadian dry goods trade," closed a notable mercantile career. He was the acknowledged leader and pioneer in the business with which he was actively identified for nearly seventy years, and, although in his ninety-fourth year, up to within a couple of months of his death he was a frequent visitor to the wholesale establishment of Gordon, Mackay & Company, Toronto, of which firm he was the head. He was a son of William Mackay, and the parish of Kildonan, Sutherlandshire, Scotland, was his natal spot. The family removing to Lybster in 1819. He inherited the rugged constitution of the stalwart Highland stock, born of the pure mountain air they breathe and the athletic life they lead. He was the youngest of ten



The Late Donald Mackay

children, and when twenty-one years old, left Scotland for Canada. He had been in this country only a few months when the rebellion of 1837 broke out. With the true instinct of a Highlander he joined the

Loyalists and served throughout that brief but stirring period. His brothers, Joseph and Edward, started the great dry goods house of Mackay Bros. in 1840, which was for years a large factor in the commercial life of the Dominion. Donald Mackay joined them and began a career which was crowned with such remarkable success. He went to Hamilton in 1848, and beginning business for himself, it developed so rapidly

that within a few months he took his nephew, the late John Gordon, into partnership, and thus the present big wholesale house of Gordon, Mackay & Company had its inception. The firm built the old

Lybster cotton mills at Merriton, Ont., in 1861, the industry being named in memory of the place of Mr. Mackay's youth. The mills were operated for years at a large profit. A man of keen foresight, self-reliant disposition, and indomitable will, Mr. Mackay was enabled by good judgment and splendid insight to pilot his business through many a period of storm and stress. During the commercial crises of 1857, 1867 and again in 1878, when financial reverses swept many commercial concerns away, his firm, like a steady oak, defied the blasts of adversity, and came safely out of the crash. The troubles of those disastrous times would have whitened the

hairs of many a business man—not so those of Donald Mackay, who always had a head, well poised, cool and crowned with thick, black hair on which the ruthless hand of time failed to leave the usual marks of frost or decay. He was fond of pedestrian and equestrian exercises, and for many months after his ninety-third birthday had passed, his step was as firm and steady as that of many men of half his years. Donald Mackay leaves behind the record of a life well spent.

The rise of Sir Ernest Cassel to wealth and fame is one of the romances of modern finance. His father, Jacob Cassel, was a banker in a small way in Cologne—indeed, so small that there was no room for his son; so at sixteen young Ernest left school and came to England, where he soon found himself sitting on a tall stool as junior clerk in a Liverpool grain merchant's office. This was in 1868. Three years after, finding that his salary was only fifteen shillings a week, he came to London. About this time one of the most famous financial firms in London was in difficulties of so grave a nature that there seemed to be no way out of them. Ernest Cassel happened to be clerk in the firm which was investigating their affairs, and he soon found himself face to face with the task of disentangling the complications. Such was the extraordinary aptitude he showed for dealing with large financial questions, that before he was one and twenty he had made a name for himself. Launching out on his own account, the first task he had put before him was the straightening out of the finances of Argentina. And so he rose from triumph to triumph. A close friend of King Edward, and a fine sportsman, he is one of the most genial and modest of men. It is an open secret that a peerage has been his for the asking for the last few years, but the modest "E. Cas-



Sir Ernest Cassel, Bart.



Portrait of Thomas Swinyard

Painted for the Toronto Club by Piero Tozzi

sel," painted in small black letters inside the door of his office, is not likely to be painted out for a great many years to come.

Thomas Swinyard, who is presenting to the Toronto Club an oil portrait of himself, painted by Piero Tozzi, a talented Italian artist of New York, is one of the two oldest members of that famous social organization, A. G. Ramsay, former

President of the Canada Life Assurance Company being the other. They joined in 1861. While Mr. Swinyard has for the last 17 years lived in Gilvertsville, N.Y., he visits Toronto three or four times a year and is always given a cordial greeting by his many old friends in the comfortable club house at the corner of Wellington and York Sts. A gentleman of wealth and leisure, he usually spends the winters abroad at Monte



Philander C. Knox

The Foremost Member of President Taft's Cabinet.

Carlo and other points in Southern Europe. Since 1883 he has been President of the Dominion Telegraph Company, which has its head office in Toronto. He came to Canada in 1861 from England where he was Assistant General Manager of the London and North Western Railway and, on his arrival here, he assumed the duties of General Manager of the Great Western Railway, then a leading road in Ontario with headquarters in Hamilton. He remained with the Great Western until 1871 and during that time was one of the most widely known men in the Dominion, being as prominent a figure in railway circles in this country as Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Charles M. Hays, or William Mackenzie are to-day. For some years later he was interested in the oil regions around Petrolea, Ont., and in 1874 was appointed a special commissioner by the Federal Government to take over the Prince Ed-

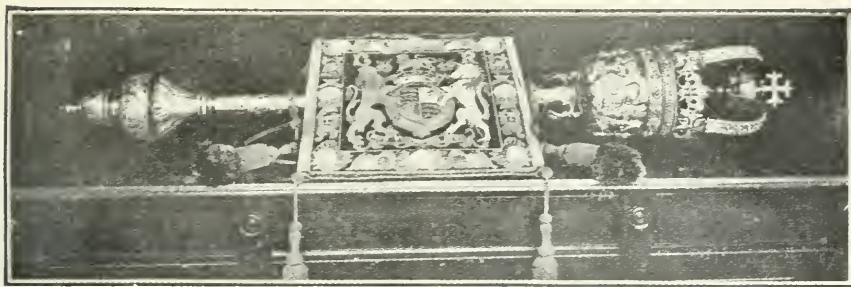
ward Island Railway from the Provincial Government, complete and organize the line. This was to fulfill one of the conditions under which the Island came into Confederation. Next year he became General Manager of the Dominion Telegraph Company, succeeding to the presidency on the death of Hon. T. N. Gibbs. During the same period he was for several years Vice-President of the New York, Ontario and Western Railway with headquarters in New York City. Genial and courteous, with the happy faculty of making and retaining friendships, he was in days gone by, a cricketer of note. He is fond of golf, and although in his seventy-sixth year, is a remarkably well preserved and active man. His portrait, which will soon be hung in the Toronto Club, will be a welcome addition to the gallery of leading members, past and present, whose pictures adorn the walls of that institution.

Philander C. Knox, who may not inaptly be called the general manager of Uncle Sam's administrative



Admiral Sir W. H. May

In Supreme Command of the British Naval Forces in Home Waters



A Symbol of Power

The Mace in the British House of Commons

business, under President Taft, is a notable figure among American public men. A lawyer by profession, practising in Pittsburg, he came to Washington an almost unknown man, succeeding John W. Griggs as attorney-general in President McKinley's second cabinet. Mr. Knox is an indefatigable worker. When he was attorney-general it was a not unusual thing for him to appear at the department at nine o'clock with all his correspondence for the day attended to. This necessitated his rising about six. Mr. Knox stands about five feet four and a half in his shoes; he is well built, well groomed, well preserved and active. He is a man one would look at twice meeting him for the first time in the street. He has a fine, expressive face, which lights up when he smiles like that of a highly pleased cherub. He is fond of his home and his books, but much delights in outdoor amusements. He plays a game of golf that staggers the famous experts of the Supreme Court of the United States. Justices Harlan and Brewer. Mr. Knox is a great lover of the horse. He still owns the fastest pair of trotters in double harness in the world, and on his country place at Valley Forge has a large stable of fine driving and saddle horses.

Admiral Sir William May, on whose shoulders will fall the burden

of organizing the biggest fleet the world has ever seen and the sole responsibility for the naval defence of the United Kingdom, is by no means as young a man as his portrait would indicate. Since he entered the Navy in 1863 he has had a most distinguished career. Not only has he been an attache at a foreign Court, Director of Torpedoes at the Admiralty, aide-de-camp to the late Queen, Controller of the Navy, and Second Sea Lord of the Admiralty, but he wears the Arctic medal for the expedition of 1875-6, and claims the enviable distinction of having increased the size of the Empire by annexing Christmas Island. Amongst his other unusual services is that of having led the naval contingent in the Diamond Jubilee cele-



Sir Thomas Lipton Enjoying Life



J. W. Morrice

The Artist who Painted this Month's Frontispiece

brations, while to him also were entrusted the naval arrangements in connection with the funeral of the great Queen. The Admiralissimo of the British seas is a K.C.B. and K.C.V.O., and he also wears the insignia of the Legion of Honor and of the Prussian Order of the Red Eagle.

A Canadian artist, whose work is winning recognition in many quarters and commanding attention in leading art centres, is J. W. Morrice, son of David Morrice, of Montreal. He began life as a clerk in a Toronto law office, but did not care for Coke and Blackstone and, after a few years, finally decided that the courthouse was not the arena in which he could make his way to the front. He abandoned the profession and went to Paris where he has ever since resided, occasionally visiting his old home. He devoted his time and splendid talents to art, and one of his pictures has just been pur-

chased by the committee on selections to be placed in the National Art Gallery at Ottawa. It is a scene from his studio window in Paris. His productions are distinctive and decidedly clever, characterized by freedom of handling, perfect tone and breadth of treatment. He is impressionistic in his conception and ideals and has exhibited his paintings in the Salon, Paris, in London, at the Royal Canadian Academy and the Ontario Society of Artists as well as at the exhibit of the Canadian Art Club in Toronto. A comparatively young man, his efforts are considered very fine and have elicited the highest measure of praise in leading cities of the world. The majority of his pictures are impressions and as such are considered quite as striking and clever as any work in that particular school.

Some interesting facts in connection with the evolution of advertising have been recalled by the recent death of Andrew Pears, the English soap manufacturer, whose name was known in the remotest corners of the earth. The Pears' business was founded by a great-grandfather of

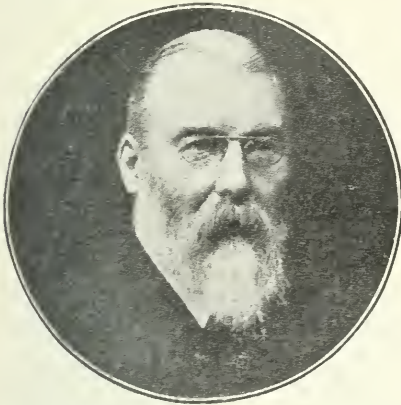


The Late Andrew Pears

Head of the Famous Firm of Soap-Makers

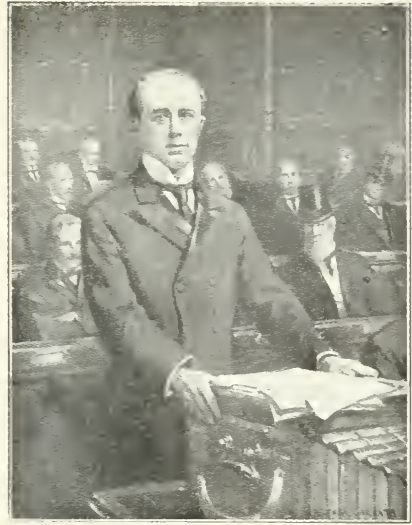
MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

the last Andrew Pears, whose name was also Andrew, 120 years ago. Early in the history of the house it was resolved to make advertisements as attractive as possible. This principle was developed until the firm began to call in the services of the most renowned painters. One of the greatest successes in this direction was the purchasing of Sir John Millais's picture of his little fair-haired nephew in a green velvet suit blowing soap bubbles. For this \$1,100 was paid. Equally well known became the picture of the baby in the bath trying to pick up a piece of soap. It was originally



The Late Sir Frederick Wills, Bt.

entitled "A Knight of the Bath," and failed to catch on. By a happy inspiration it was renamed "He Won't Be Happy Till He Gets It," and its popularity became phenomenal; even Harry Furniss' Punch caricature of the firm's testimonial—the figure of a ragged and dirty tramp sitting down to make the affidavit, "Two years ago I used your soap; since then I've used no other"—was put to a strikingly successful publicity. "Good Morning," &c., the phrase by which the Pears' product is most universally known, was invented by Thomas Barratt. Barratt got his friends to draw up lists of the phrases most in common



Reginald McKenna

First Lord of the Admiralty

use. "Good Morning" topped most lists, and that fact suggested to Barratt that he could not do better than link it immortally with what he was advertising. Gladstone contributed to popularizing the article by once exclaiming, when he wished to illustrate large numbers: "They are as numerous as the advertisements of Pears' soap or as the autumn leaves in Vallombrosa." Since starting business the Pears have spent over \$15,000,000 in advertising, which may account for the big dividends the business is said to be paying.

Sir Frederick Wills, Bart., organizer of the Imperial Tobacco Company of Great Britain and Ireland, whose death occurred in the south of France last month, was a prominent figure in British commercial and political life. In honor of his services to trade he was created a baronet in 1897. From 1900 to 1906 he sat as member for Bristol North.

The First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Reginald McKenna, is in the limelight at present, owing to the alarm which has seized Englishmen



Major Guy du Maurier

Whose Play, "An Englishman's Home,"
has Created a Great Stir in England

that Germany is going to outstrip Great Britain in naval construction. The Government seems to have risen to the occasion and, in laying before the House of Commons the naval estimates for the year, Mr. McKenna provided for an increased expenditure of nearly \$15,000,000. The First Lord is member for the North Division of Monmouthshire, which he has represented continuously since 1895. In the Liberal Government of 1905 he was appointed Financial Secretary of the Treasury, being advanced to the presidency of the Board of Education in 1907 and becoming First Lord of the Admiralty last year. Mr. McKenna is forty-five years of age and as a young man was a noted oarsman, rowing bow for Cambridge in 1887 and winning the Grand and Stewards' Cup at Henley. His future career will be interesting to watch.

The panic condition in England has been reflected on the stage and the whole nation has become excited over a remarkable military play,

now on the boards in London. This play, "An Englishman's Home," is the work of Major Guy du Maurier, D.S.O., of the Royal Fusiliers, who has inherited the literary mantle of his distinguished father, George du Maurier, the author of "Trilby." In this play, the invasion of England by the Germans is made an actual fact. It is a tremendous and telling satire on the young Englishman, who spends his time in watching cricket and football matches, neglecting military training and the physical development of his own body.

John Hammond Hayes is reputed to receive nearly a million dollars annually for his professional services as a mining engineer. To investors his word is law and financial magnates bow down to his bidding without question. He has scores of assistants working under him in all the principal mining countries of the world. From their reports and from



John Hammond Hayes

The Mining Engineer who Earns Nearly
a Million a Year

his personal experience he is able to give decisions, which are usually astoundingly accurate.

In the struggle for the conquest of the air, Canada may yet take a foremost place. Two of her young sons, who are associated with Professor Graham Bell in his experimental work at Baddeck, N.S., F. W. Baldwin and J. F. McCurdy, have already attained prominence. The former has been directing his attention largely to the possibilities of the rapid propulsion of boats on the water by means of propellers acting against the air. The latter has been making successful flights in Professor Bell's latest aeroplane, the Silver Dart. Work at Baddeck is carried on under ideal circumstances. Professor Bell has a beautiful estate overlooking the Bras D'Or Lakes, on which workshops have been erected, equipped with every convenience for the promotion of the work. The Professor himself, still hale and hearty, radiates enthusiasm. Our photographs of Baldwin and McCurdy are extracted from a group of the Fencing Club of the University of Toronto, taken a few years ago. The figure in the centre is Professor W. R. Lang, of the Department of Chemistry, whose interest in these two young aeronauts must be doubled by the fact that they were both members of the Toronto Field Company, Canadian Engineers, of which he is major in command. Mr. Baldwin, the upper figure, reached the giddy heights of a corporal's stripes; Mr. McCurdy was

not long enough in the corps to get any promotion; but they are certainly carrying out one of the many duties, which fall to the lot of the Royal Engineers, alike in peacetime as in war.

Great Britain is at last realizing the importance of cultivating the



Our Canadian Aviators

trade between the Mother Country and the Colonies. The first important step in this direction is the establishment in Canada of a British trade commissionership. About three years ago the Home Government sent Mr. Richard Grigg to look into the business situation in the Dominion. In selecting Mr. Grigg much wisdom was shown, for he is a retired



Richard Grigg

British Trade Commissioner to Canada

and wealthy manufacturer who had built up a large business in England. He has more than the ordinary capacity to size up actual conditions without being influenced by impractical theories. He spent many months in careful study of conditions from the Atlantic to the Pacific and presented one of the most valuable reports that has yet been received by the British Board of Trade. In it he emphasized the fact that British firms had an enormous and growing market in Canada which needed only intelligent cultivation, and that they were neglecting it largely through ignorance as to a lack of intelligent information from this side. To meet this he recommended that a species of Consular Service should be established in Canada with a commission with headquarters at some central point, and correspondents at the other larger cities of the country, the latter to report on all trade conditions to the commissioner, who in his turn would furnish reports and recommendations to the British Board of

Trade. The idea of the scheme was to secure a permanent bureau in Canada for the continuous study of trade conditions in the Dominion, so that the knowledge thus obtained could be sent to the proper quarters in England and thus aid in securing closer trade relations between the two countries by disseminating a better knowledge of the needs and capacities of each. This suggestion of Mr. Grigg's was accepted by the British Board of Trade, and he was appointed trade commissioner for Canada, with instructions to organize his own corps of correspondents, who are under the pay of the British Board of Trade.

Li Sum Ling, editor of the Hong Kong Chinese Daily Mail, declared to be the most influential daily newspaper in China, is touring England and America at present, studying Western methods and civilization. He has very sane views on international politics and believes that



Li Sum Ling

Editor of the Hong Kong Daily Mail, the most Influential Newspaper in China

MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

the time is ripe for the making of some kind of commercial agreement between China and the Western powers, which would put an end to the so-called Far Eastern problem.

The nearest approach to a skyscraper that the authorities will allow in London, England, is the store of Selfridge & Co., Oxford Street, which was opened with great éclat on March 15. It is five stories in

of the old wholesale dry goods house of Thompson, Birkett & Bell, Hamilton. He spent several years with John Macdonald & Co., Toronto, and was later in the employ of Jordan, Marsh & Co., Boston and Marshall Field & Co., Chicago.

Hugh Chalmers, now of the Chalmers-Detroit Co., manufacturers of automobiles, is possibly the greatest salesman that the business interests



London's New Department Store

In the Management of which a Canadian is Associated

height, which may seem small to Canadians, but which in reality marks a distinct advance in methods, both of construction and of operation. H. Gordon Selfridge, the head of Selfridge & Co., was at one time a partner of Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, but he has been in England for three years now. Associated with him in the management of the business is a Canadian, Mr. Wm. Birkett, whose father was a member

of America have developed in the last generation. He is a many-sided man, a born general, a leader, and at times a follower, now a captain of industry, and then a plodding representative on the road. Chalmers is not actually all these in person but in sympathy, outlook and comprehension he embodies the characteristics represented by those foremost in many lines of endeavor. At fourteen years of age he was a



Hugh Chalmers

President of the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co.

stenographer in the office of the National Cash Register Co. at Dayton, Ohio, having been hired a few months previously as office boy at \$2 a week. Fifteen years later he was general manager and vice-president of the plant, which has five thousand employees and a selling force in America of five hundred salesmen, as well as representatives in many foreign countries. Chalmers supervised all. He inspired them with loyalty and infused them with enthusiasm. The entire organization was active, willing and

aggressive. Should depression or discouragement evidence itself in the ranks Chalmers drove all traces away by his words of appreciation and advice. When thirty years old he capitalized himself at one million dollars and then loaned the capital to the National Cash Register Co. for fifty thousand dollars a year or, in other words, that was the salary he received. A year or two later his salary was increased to seventy-two thousand. Chalmers is efficiency and thoroughness personified.

How to Hire, Train and Supervise Men

By HUGH CHALMERS

From the Business Philosopher

WHILE salesmanship is only one word, it has so many ramifications, so many avenues leading from it, that it is very difficult for us to realize fully all that it is and means. There is more demand for it to-day than for anything else on the market. When you sum it all up, if I were asked to define salesmanship in one sentence, I should say this: It is nothing more nor less than making the other fellow feel as you do about what you have to sell.

That is about all there is to it. There are different ways of getting to that and many ways of leading up to it, but that is what it means. To sell anything is merely to convince the other man, or, rather, to change his mind so that it agrees with your mind.

The whole question of selling goods can be treated under the three heads of Employment, Training and Supervision.

The question of employment of men is one that has troubled sales managers for all time past, and will trouble us for all time in the future, because we have our ideas and our ideals smashed so often and our judgment goes wrong so often on men that we employ. It has been my experience that the older I get the less I think I know about sizing up a man. However, we shouldn't allow these failures to blind us entirely to the fact that there are certain rules for the em-

ployment of men. There are certain things to go by and you can to some extent pass judgment on the man without taking too much of a chance. I am not going into a long detailed discussion as to how these men should be employed.

In the first place, there are a good many ways of getting men. To advertise is one way—advertising in newspapers for men. My experience has been that in that kind of advertising care must be exercised in sizing up men because of the different classes of men who answer. It has also been my experience that some of the best men I ever saw in my life were secured through advertising. A great deal depends upon how you advertise. All I hope to do in the short time I am going to speak is to give you a few definite points from my own experience.

I do not believe in advertising under a fictitious name under any circumstances. I believe that if you want men for your business, whether or not you get the right men to apply depends wholly on the way you write the advertisement. If you advertise for twenty-five salesmen, asking them to apply to A. B. C., care Herald Office, and all that sort of thing, you won't get good men to answer that class of advertising. If you need fifteen or twenty men, I should advise you to advertise for two; good men don't seek employment where men are wanted in droves. I should say, also, that an

advertisement should state somewhat specifically the duties of the position and should give some idea of the compensation. In inserting advertisements I always aim to select a space not in the "want" column. Try to get your ad. into the reading column. It will cost a little more money, but you will attract a class of people you want to attract, something out of the ordinary.

In employing men I am not in favor of an application blank that wants the history of a man from the day of his birth to the hour of his application, as some do. That would scare off any good man before he got half started. We want reasonable information about men, but it is not necessary to have all the information that is asked for on some application blanks.

In regard to sizing men up, an employer who can select say seventy-five per cent., or even fifty per cent., and I might go lower—any man who can select that percentage of successful salesmen is the most valuable man to any house or corporation and his value cannot be judged in dollars and cents. I never saw a man who could select that percentage and do it successfully, and do it continuously because it is impossible to look at a man and find out whether or not he can sell your goods.

I never employed a man in my life on the first interview. I believe in asking a man to come back for a second or third interview, because as a general rule he has to call on the trade two or three times and, in a specialty line, a great many hundreds of times. If he does not make the right impression on you the first time, the chances are he wouldn't on the trade. The same is true of the second and third calls.

For that reason I do not believe in the hasty selection of men. Where we used to employ hundreds of salesmen we did it through a series of three men. Three men always

went through a town and the applicant or applicants were sized up by the three men. Each made notes. If we saw right off that the man wouldn't do at all, he was given an application blank and that was the end of it.

Another pretty good rule to follow, although not always absolutely right, is never to employ an unsuccessful man. If a man has not been successful in some other business, unless there is some other good reason for his failure, he isn't likely to succeed in yours. I never broke an egg at one end and found it bad and at the other end found it good. I think that applies to some extent to men. I do not know what businesses you are engaged in—they are varied—but what I am going to say applies to one business as well as another.

I have had experience in training specialty salesmen and I am speaking from that standpoint, but I have found that human nature is pretty much alike the world over. Salesmanship, or selling goods, is pretty much the same because you are dealing with men's minds.

There is one thing to bear in mind—I want to impress it upon you: when you sell a man a bill of goods, whether it be automobiles, typewriters or dry goods, that sale does not take place in your order book. That sale does not take place in the check book or the cash drawer. That sale, first of all, takes place in the man's mind. That is where it takes place. You have to convince the buyer's mind. You have to change his mind.

When you go in to sell a man a bill of goods, if he thinks he does not want it, he tells you that he doesn't want it and tells you in a pretty loud voice. As you get down closer and closer to that order his voice becomes softer. After all, bear in mind, whether big or small, the whole subject is dealing with the man's mind. Human nature is alike,

whether it be in Germany, France, England or America. The general methods of procedure that will sell goods in New York will sell goods in Chicago. You may have to change the tactics somewhat for different places, but the same general method will do it. What will convince a man's mind in New York will convince it in Chicago.

Another way to secure men is to get them through men you already have, to have those men recommend to you men of their acquaintance who are successful and would make good men for you. Of course, that also requires some careful investigation, because the element of friendship may enter into it more largely than you care to have it enter.

There is another way we used once or twice to get men. Perhaps I shouldn't tell this, but it is absolutely fair. If you want to interview only men who are employed and don't care to have unemployed men call, suppose you advertise for a safe or a typewriter or something else. You will have only those salesmen call on you who are employed and you can size them up and see what impression they make on you. Perhaps you can get one or two good men that way. Of course, that is not a method you can use every week, but it is true that you can get good men that way. There you have a man, perfectly natural, trying to sell you something, appearing to you exactly as he is and not as he would have you think he is.

There is an old maxim or adage that says, "Salesmen are born, not made." I should change that in this day and generation to say, "Salesman are made as well as born," because salesmanship is nothing but good common sense. That is all it is. If you show me a man with good common sense, coupled with a great many other things that he must have with that sense, although that is the basis of all of it (the chances are if he has that he has the others),

he is likely to succeed if you train him properly. Of course, it depends largely upon the question of whether the man is used to meeting people and all that sort of thing. Men who will do in one line of business will not do in another. In passing from the question of how to get men I should say there are many ways, but the main thing is to try to have as many good applicants appearing before you as you can, as the process of elimination is easier if that is true.

Now, we pass for a minute to the question of compensation. Compensation is, after all based upon results. Whether it be a salary and commission or a straight commission basis, it must of necessity be based upon results. I believe that in some businesses it is all right to employ men on salary and commission, but my experience as specialty sales manager has been that, all things considered, the commission basis is the most satisfactory. If a man is on a salary basis, he is not to be paid that salary unless he earns it, and if it was a salary and commission basis, the same would be true. It isn't possible, perhaps, for all of you to put your men on commission, but after all it is the commission basis that gives the salesman his just proportion of the profits he is making and puts him, so to speak, in business for himself. It is entirely up to him as to whether he earns a thousand a year, or two thousand, or three thousand, or perhaps more money.

With a beginner, who hasn't the confidence that he should have, it might be best for him to accept a salary basis, or a salary and commission basis; and perhaps a man who has passed the meridian of life may feel safer with a guaranteed income coming in; but the young man of brains, of initiative, the man who wants to make all the dollars he can, who has only as capital his ability and his knowledge of the business, the man who wants to capitalize

himself and get all out of himself that is in him, that man wants a commission basis, because after all none of us who are in business for ourselves would care to build up that business to a certain point and then have the government take the whole thing, give you a stipulated amount per year on your business, but take all profits over that amount.

It is this same thing that I am in favor of—individual effort—that has pushed America to the front in all walks of life. It is the creative instinct in the men of this country that has made your country what it is to-day. That is why I am personally against government ownership of anything that individuals can manage.

I sold goods on the road and I had this little scheme. Of course, this is personal, it may not apply to you, but I will tell you how I made myself work. I was working on a commission basis. I had slips printed showing the days of the month from 1st to 31st. I figured my expenses for the month and I made up my mind that I had to make expenses by the twelfth of the month, and every dollar to the twelfth of the month went for expenses. After the twelfth it kept me going to make money and when I got down to the thirty-first day of the month I held on to that fellow like grim death, because I knew if I made the sale on or before the thirty-first I could write it on the "profit" column and, if I let it go to the next day, it had to go to the expenses of next month.

That system will keep you "going some," because you want to close your business by months, not by years. The next day's sale did not cut any figure, only so much money thrown into the hopper for general expenses.

As to the qualities of a successful salesman: I believe the qualities of a successful salesman are ten, principally, and they are:

Health,
Honesty,
Ability,
Initiative,
Knowledge of the business,
Tact,
Sincerity,
Industry,
Open mindedness,
Enthusiasm.

A man may not have all ten of these qualities, but in proportion as he has them he will succeed.

Now, when I say that he should have health, I do not mean that you want to go to the extreme of interfering with a man's private life and tell him what he should eat or drink or anything of that kind, but I believe that in the selection of men the question of health should enter largely, because in my own experience a healthy mind is better nourished in a healthy body than otherwise. The man who has health of body is surer to have a healthy mind than the one who hasn't bodily health. On the question of health of a salesman enter those things he shouldn't do. There is hardly a salesman in the country to-day but isn't doing one or two things that are injuring him. The greatest thing that bothers us all is our habits. I refer particularly to the subject of drinking and smoking too much.

A salesman's mind must be on the qui vive all the time. Just like a race-horse, he should be ready to go when the bell sounds. Now, a man will drink or smoke too much. I speak particularly of drinking in the daytime. You see, and so do I, very much less of that than there was ten years ago, and thank God for it, because as business men we have no right to do that thing in the middle of the busiest day which will in any way interfere with our business ability for the last half of the day's work. And a salesman who will refrain from drinking until after six o'clock is bound to have more dollars in the bank at the end of the

year. I speak from experience, like the man who says, "It pays to be honest, because I know both ways." Nothing makes a man quite so lazy, quite so unfit for business, as a drink or two along about two or three o'clock. Merely as a general caution to men on the question of health I think it is a good idea for you as sales managers to pay some attention to that.

On the question of honesty—I do not speak of honesty in a base sense—I think a man is nothing short of a fool in this time of our existence who is anything else but an honest man. A man who is not honest nowadays from the strict standpoint of honesty as generally accepted has no chance at all. I do not mean the kind of honesty that you learn from Spencerian copy writing-books either. I mean the kind of honesty that goes right down to the depths of a man and makes him honest by nature, not by compulsion. But there is more to this honesty question. The question of honesty enters into a man's work. He can give you an honest day's work or not. It is up to you largely by reports, etc., to see that you get it.

Let me give you this one thought on the subject of honesty, it may never have occurred to you. After all there is nobody in the whole world that knows a man is honest but himself. Your wife thinks you are honest. Mine thinks I am. It is a good thing to keep them thinking that way, too; but they couldn't prove it to save their souls. The only response to that question is for the man to look at himself in the mirror and say, "Am I an honest man?" Because honesty goes down to what a man thinks, as well as to what he says and does. I put a great deal of stress on honesty, because I tell you I think the good Lord knew what he was doing when he made some men dishonest: if they were honest, coupled with their na-

tural ability, you and I wouldn't have much of a chance.

By ability I refer to the mental equipment of a man. When you stop to think of it, men don't differ very much in their general make-up. Every man, as a rule, has two legs, two arms, two ears, a nose, a pair of eyes and a mouth, and, considering their height, they weigh about the same. What is the difference? Nothing but the difference in their brains. That is all there is of difference between men, their brains. Ability can be developed, and is developed largely by what a man reads, by the company he keeps, and by his willingness to learn. Every man's compensation should be made up of two parts until he gets to fifty years of age. He should say to himself when he accepts employment anywhere, first, what can I earn? That is his daily bread. And, for the second question, he should put a letter "I" in front of "earn" and say, "what can I I-earn?" A great deal can be done to develop ability, but it represents the difference in men. How often, too, you see men who have ability—it is a pity, but I have seen hundreds of them—but not the other things. One of these things alone is like a man crippled. You sales managers, as I have said, can do a great deal to develop your men.

Initiative is that quality that makes a man do something before he is told to do it. My experience shows me that there are three kinds of men in the world: the man who does something when you tell him once; the man who does something when you tell him four or five times; and the man you don't have to tell to do it. Initiative is represented by the man you don't have to tell. Initiative in a salesman is skill in a surgeon. After a surgeon has you on the table cut open, he can't say, "I must go and see this book and see if I am proceeding right on this fellow." No, after he cuts in he has to

finish, whether it is your finish or his finish. That is initiative. I could say a great deal on that, for it is one of my hobbies. I would rather see a man with initiative, even if he did lack some of these other qualities, for, if he has initiative, he is going to do something. Dewey cut that cable over in Manila—that was initiative; he knew what he wanted to do and he did it. And you ought to give a salesman enough latitude to use his good common sense in an emergency case, even if he does do something wrong once in a while.

Now, on the question of knowledge of the business: I have always noticed, and you have, that the lawyer who reads the the most law books and keeps up to date on law, is, as a rule, the best lawyer. I know the statement that "Salesmanship is a profession" is worn threadbare, but it is true, nevertheless. A man ought to have all the knowledge of his business that he can possess, keeping in mind the old saying that "knowledge is power." In talking life insurance I am always impressed by the man who says, "How old are you?" and when I say so many years old he says, "What you want is so and so," without stopping to look it up in a book. You are always impressed by a man who knows his business. And it is up to you sales managers to see that your men get the information about the business that they ought to have.

Tact is something it is pretty hard to give a man. He has to get that himself. Tact is ability to deal with different temperaments, different dispositions, and get through it all. Some people mistake tact for "jolly." A man who can "jolly" you into something isn't always tactful; he is merely expedient. He has done the most expedient thing at the time perhaps, but he probably hasn't been honest with you. So don't mistake the thing. Tact is that rare thing that tells a man how to deal with his fellow-man who isn't jumping

before he sees a pillow to light on down below. It is pretty hard to describe it any further than that.

The next thing is sincerity. As for sincerity, a man is consciously or unconsciously affected by everything you say, and don't think he isn't. Sincerity is one of the greatest attributes man or woman can have. It makes friends and holds them. Sincerity is that quality in a man by which you can tell from the way he says something to you that that thought did not come from the mouth outward, but from down deeper. A man to whom you wish to sell goods must necessarily be impressed by the way in which you speak, because the way in which you say a thing is about as important as the thing you say.

Now, selling a man goods, as I told you a while ago, is appealing to his mind, absolutely appealing to his mind. You can't sell him until you change his mind. He may say, "I don't want that," and you reply, "Yes, you do," and you can't sell that order until his mind is changed.

You are throwing thoughts at a man; that is what you are doing. You are throwing thoughts from your mind into his mind, and just in proportion as he catches them will they appeal to him or not.

Thoughts are tangible. They are intangible in a way but still tangible. What I mean is that you can't throw insincerity at a man and have him catch sincerity. If I throw this cup—I am going to—at Mr. Saxe, he is likely to catch a cup, if he catches anything. At least, he won't catch a glass. He will catch just what I throw at him.

It is the same way with sincerity and insincerity. Salesmen may fool themselves, but it is that one quality in a man that makes an impression that he cannot help and of which he isn't conscious.

Now, to illustrate that: down at

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the New York Automobile Show last week a man wandered into our booth, Mr. John B. Herreshoff. Mr. Herreshoff is the designer of the yachts that have successfully defended the America cup. He is blind. A salesman took him to Mr. Page, our New York dealer. He is a genius, an engineer, and he felt all around the automobile. Finally, I was introduced to him and talked with him. He said, "Mr. Chalmers, you know I can't see; consequently, my sense of hearing is enhanced that much. I have to judge men by their voices. Now, I am going to buy that car because Mr. Page has an honest voice. I know that he is honest."

I admire a sincere man, and so do you. I hate the jollier. It is your friend who criticises you and your enemy who flatters you. Your friend is sincere, wants you to improve, and tells you when you are wrong, and the man who tells you that you are the best fellow on earth when you are doing wrong isn't your friend, because he is encouraging you to continue to do things that aren't right. Therefore, accept criticism that way, because it is your friend.

As regards industry, I think the man who coined that sentence, "always on the job," did a good day's work, because industry is a great thing. Keep busy! Keep doing your work right!

Openmindedness is the willingness to accept suggestions. The man who knows it all is standing on a banana peel placed there by a fool-killer who is waiting just around the corner. Openmindedness is the willingness to accept suggestions, to be able to improve. The day is not long past when salesmen used to resent suggestions. Most salesmen accept them nowadays. When employing a man I would be pretty anxious to find out whether he was willing to accept suggestions.

Now, about asking a man ques-

tions: if you want to test a man, get him to argue a little bit. I used to say, "What makes you think you can sell these goods? I don't think you can. Your experience in the past hasn't been such as to make me think you can. Now, tell me why. I tell you what you do. Go away to-day" (of course, you must do this nicely) "and I would like to have you come back to-morrow and give me three reasons why you think you can sell these goods." And when the man comes back size up his reasons and see if they are good ones.

As to enthusiasm: a man might have honesty, health, ability, initiative, knowledge of the business, tact, sincerity, industry and open-mindedness; yet, without enthusiasm he would not be a success. Enthusiasm is the white heat that fuses all these qualities into one effective mass.

A little illustration: take a piece of blue glass and a sapphire. You might polish that glass until it is as smooth and hard as the sapphire, but when you look down into them you see thousands of little lights shining up at you out of the sapphire that you can't get out of that piece of blue glass. Those fires just seem to speak out at you as you look at that sapphire. What those little lights are in that sapphire, enthusiasm is in the man. Some men are almost irresistible—you know that: it is because enthusiasm radiates from their expression, beams from their eyes and is evident in their actions.

A man might be made to order with proper proportions of all these other nine things I have mentioned, and yet, if he lack enthusiasm, he is only a statue.

Enthusiasm is that thing which makes a man boil over for his business, for his family, or for anything he has an interest in, for anything his heart is in. So I say, enthusi-

asm is one of the greatest things a man can have.

Don't misunderstand me to mean froth or gush, because I dislike that as much as you do; I mean intensity of feeling and action, the thing that makes you like that man, and the thing that makes you call him a "live one," because you can very readily see the thousand lights all through him.

I have named ten things here. If I were a sales manager, I would take those ten things and I would size up a man. I would say, I know he is honest, he has good health, he is industrious, and I would see where he came short. Did you notice—perhaps you didn't—that nine out of ten of the things I mentioned deal with the man himself and only one-tenth with his business, which proves conclusively—and I have proved it to my mind hundreds of times—that salesmanship is nine-tenths man and one-tenth territory, or nine-tenths man and one-tenth business, or whatever you wish to call it. I have put some men in territories where other men have fallen down and have had them get business. Where men can understand what you say, if you speak the same language that they do, and have all these things that I am talking about—you know your business, are sincere in it, love it, and are in it not only for money but for pleasure too, the prospect will not get away from you. He may postpone his order, but eventually he won't get away. So that I say it is nine-tenths man and one-tenth territory or business.

On the question of training of men, I think the day is already gone—I do not say it is about gone, for I believe it is gone—when any firm will hire a man in the morning, give him his samples in the afternoon and have him leave town that night, because the one thing most needed, and which is coming more and more into effective use to-day in

this country, is training of salesmen. Some of you may be connected with retail establishments. The greatest need of retail establishments to-day is a training school. I do not refer to an elaborate affair; anything is a school where ten, twenty, perhaps fifty, are gathered together to learn something. I wouldn't operate any store without such a school. I have it in my own business. I wouldn't have any business where I didn't hold a school regularly for the different people for the purpose of teaching them and having them teach me and teach each other the best ways of doing business.

This question of training is a very important one. You might have all the ability in the world hired, but if you didn't train your men you wouldn't get the best results. The training you should give a salesman in your line ought to put him about six months ahead of what he could pick up on the road if he had not received your training.

I have found this out, that it costs you as much for the traveling expenses of a poor man as it does for a good man. The hotels charge as much per day for a man of mediocre ability, railroads as much railroad fare, Uncle Sam as much to carry his mail; so, after all, since the expenses are the same, what are a few extra dollars in compensation or in training to make the difference between a good man and a bad one, when a good man will do twice or three times the business a poor one will.

I would never send a man out until he had sold two people. One thing is that he has to sell me. But that isn't the most important: he has got to sell himself before I will put him on. He has to be sold on the proposition he is going out to sell to other people before I would give him a dollar of expense money.

On the question of expense money I have a suggestion for you men

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who hire men on commission and advance them money. After I hire a man on commission I say, "How much money do you want to borrow?" He will probably say, "I don't want to borrow any money," and I reply, "O, yes you do. You are going into business for yourself. You want me to advance you money. And I am charging this to your account. How much do you want to borrow?" He is borrowing and it is a good way to put this thing up to him. It makes him think.

Another good motto for all salesmen to have is this, "Never leave business to look for business." Most of you, no doubt, have been in the woods. You want to sit down and you find a nice spot. Then you look over yonder, and there is a greener looking spot. You start over there to sit down, but when you get there you find it is no different from the place you left. So, don't leave business to look for business. Business where you are is as good as business where you are going. That is a good motto for your salesmen to have.

The question of supervision is the third big thing a sales manager has before him. The best man in the world will not do effective work without supervision. Sometimes we get angry and lose patience with a man who goes wrong, but often we are just as much to blame for the man going wrong as he was, for human nature is such that you can't condemn a man without weighing pretty well the conditions under which he fell. I believe that if a man is honest, keep him honest. Check him up. That is where supervision comes in. Make him report properly, whether daily or weekly; make him tell you the towns he went to and how much he spent—not the last nickel or dime, but in a general way; and you will have a better man.

The real ability in a sales manager is shown by his handling of

men. That is something I could talk about till midnight and not tell you perhaps any more than that. It is ability to handle each one personally. Make it a point to get acquainted with what each man is doing. When you meet him remember what he has done and mention it. He will be greatly pleased. Make it a point to speak kindly to your men at all times, only criticizing when necessary, and always bear this in mind: don't write sharp letters. I have always found that warm words dictated became cold type when received. The man wasn't there to hear the enunciation or the inflection of your voice, and he doesn't know what you mean when he gets the cold type. Many a man has been knocked out for several days and useless to you because you have been hasty and written the wrong kind of a letter. A letter should criticize, should point out the mistake, but should not take away enthusiasm. You should not so dampen a man that he damns you for the balance of the week. You may think it a little far-fetched for me to mention this, but I have known some smart men who wrote too sharp letters.

Now, in connection with the question of checking up is that of writing encouraging letters. Most of you have carried sample trunks. You know there are days when you come into a hotel when you could lift it from its foundations, and there are other days when you don't care if it falls on you. So you should bear in mind that your men are human. Bear in mind that you owe something to your men, as men, in addition to your duty to your corporation, and by doing this you will get better work.

As regards close covering of territory: I believe that a man, as a rule—at least those I hired—can only cover so much territory because of physical impossibility to do more. A man has only two legs

and can only get over so much ground and see so many people, and it is an injustice to ask a man to cover more territory than he can cover. The amount he can cover varies with the different kinds of business, but I wouldn't allow a man to cover too much territory with typewriters, scales, adding machines, and that sort of thing, because I think it is not good for the man and you do yourself harm.

It has also been my experience, whether it is in selling dry goods or specialties, that sometimes men will work for honor when they won't work so hard for money, and I have found that prizes held up to men for best records for a month, two months, three months, a year, bring good results. I would encourage that. Another thing I would encourage is the printing of comparative records of sales of your men to stimulate them, to keep them going. I would have district managers on salary and commission, or commission, for the same reason as salesmen, for they have the same interest in producing more business.

Somebody asked me, "Do you go much on testimonials when hiring men?" My experience has been that the man who has the most testimonials needs the most. The man who goes around to everybody he ever worked for, from hauling in the coal to taking care of the horse, and obtains recommendations and carries them with him, never had much weight with me. The investigation I made into his past was by getting acquainted with the people who know him. One of the best things you can do is to write the local bank where the man lives and ask the banker what kind of a fellow he is. You will probably get a good answer.

Another point: don't try to drive tacks with a sledge hammer. I am talking to sales managers, and your worthy president said to me that

one of the hardest things he has to do is to keep from doing a lot of detail work. That is what I call driving tacks with a sledge hammer. Don't drive tacks with a sledge hammer when you can get somebody else to do it with a tack hammer.

I have a rule—it is no secret—which keeps me on the ten most important things I have to do. I have a pad on my desk, a folder with a black cover to it. On one page I have before me the ten most important things I have to do. I put them down as they occur to me and as I do them I mark them off. Every morning the stenographer puts a fresh sheet on my desk. If ten are not enough, I have more. Some of you perhaps would have a hundred. Other important things I put on another page, but I keep before me the ten most important and try to keep myself on the most important work.

The hardest thing a manager or sales manager, or a general manager has to do—and that is the difference between a good manager and a bad one—is to have ability to differentiate between a little thing and a big thing. Don't attend to a little thing when by so doing a big thing suffers. I have introduced this into all departments of our business. I make every department head keep on his desk a memorandum of what he has to do. If I want to check him up, I look at his clip and see what he has to do. Suppose I ask each one of you to tell me now the ten most important things you have to do. You would scratch your heads. Now, if you don't know, how can you be sure you are always working on the most important things?

I can illustrate that with a homely story. Suppose a farmer had a man working for him and had eighty acres of cornfield, and he would say, "John, go drive the pigs out of that cornfield." The man might be driving for a week. But if he said, "There are ten pigs in the corn-

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field; drive them out." When John got the ten out he wouldn't any longer be chasing pigs that did not exist.

The same thing applies to a man's work. We think we are sales managers, but some of us haven't organized ourselves yet. The hardest thing to do is to organize yourself to make yourself do systematically that which you are trying to get others to do. Teach yourself. It isn't as easy to do as it is for me to say it to you.

By the way, one way to get rid of details is to drop some of them. Details are like a couple of heavy weights. If you get somebody to cut the band, they will drop. If there isn't a man under you who can catch them, they will fall on him, because he had his hands down instead of up to catch them. Of course, you won't get relief until you get men under you who are capable of relieving you. But I say to you, "Cut those bands," and may be some fellow underneath will catch the weights. If he doesn't he will be jarred a little.

I was over in Scotland one time and I said to a Scotchman in Edinboro, "I notice that young Scotchmen are getting the best jobs in the banks in England and on the continent. They are in places of responsibility. Do you know why that is?" "Oh," he said, "young man, that is easy. That is mental arithmetic." I said, "What do you mean by that?" And he said, "Mental arithmetic in a boy becomes judgment in a man." It is the ability to weigh in your mind two opposing factions or things and be able to come to an intelligent conclusion as to which you had better do. Mental arithmetic in a boy is judgment in a man. To be successful you must be able to weigh in your mind the things that come before you and make your decision on the side that goes down. Here are five reasons why you ought to

do this thing. See how many reasons there are on the other side why you ought not to do it. You will be more likely to come to an intelligent conclusion.

Another thing, learn to make decisions quickly. Some of us wouldn't be able to get very far if we didn't have to make decisions quickly. Learn to size up things and make decisions as quickly as you can. There are times when judgment is better to-morrow, but if you are in touch with the business you can make your decision as well now as later. If you find you are on the wrong road, change your mind. There are only two classes that don't change their minds—only two—fools and dead men. None of us wants to belong to either class. Don't be afraid to change your mind when you are wrong, but do try to make your decisions quickly.

Again, we are prone to put off the hard things that are on our desks. "Here is a letter I ought to answer. I will put that off for a while. I have three or four other things I can do." You put it off. To-morrow you will say, "That darned thing is there yet." And that is the way it goes. Now, I will tell you what to do. I am not preaching anything I don't practice. You can ask anybody working for me. I have made myself do this. I handle these hard things first. I know I can handle that easy stuff any time, so I handle the hard things first. It may take longer, but they will be handled. Whenever mail can be answered the same day it is received, if I am there it is answered that day, not the next day. I believe men get into the habit of putting these things off. It is said that if you let a letter go long enough unanswered it answers itself, but you are not able to decide what the answer will be. Therefore, it is a good idea for you to answer the letter.

Another thing, I believe in teach-

ing through the eye as well as the ear. If I am talking to you as I am now, some of you get some of the things I say one way and others another, but, if I had a blackboard and put these things down, all eyes are focused on what I have written and you are all getting the same impression. I have in my office a blackboard which I use regularly when we have meetings there. There is a great deal in teaching through the eye. Men get what you mean much quicker through the eye than through the ear. So I say that to write a thing down is better.

I have listed on this blackboard the following duties:

First, to employ good men to assist us. That is the whole thing. We could stand up here till tomorrow and talk about organization and salesmanship, and, after all, it comes to the question of men. Get good men to assist us.

Second, to organize our factory and agencies, to hold meetings often, to anticipate the demands in our line, to co-operate with each other in all things, to do unto others as we wish to be done by ourselves.

The next thing is, tell the truth. We keep that before us. Most of us are prone to exaggerate and it is a good thing to keep this before your people—tell the truth. I recently started a little publication myself for the benefit of our own agents, and the heading of it is "Tell the Truth." What I mean by that is, if you are in a decent line—and we all are—truth ought to be able to sell our goods, because if there isn't truth back of your line of goods you in all probability won't stay in business very long anyhow.

I also have on that blackboard and keep always before me, five things to increase: First, sales. Second, increase cash on hand. You might increase your sales and have a lot of notes on hand, but you want to do business profitably and want some cash. Third, increase

profits. Fourth, increase the efficiency of our force. Fifth, increase the quality of our product. And five things to decrease: Debt, because where you do business only on nine per cent., you are liable to have some debts. Decrease unnecessary expense. Decrease the number of complaints made. Decrease the amount of time wasted. And decrease the cost of production.

I am here to tell you some things that have been of practical use to me. I have found that these things are. You will find that if you can keep on increasing those five things and decreasing five, the chances are you will succeed and make some money.

I believe that often we sales managers allow our tempers to get the best of us. We allow ourselves to get unduly worried and allow things to affect our judgment when we are in that condition. In the last few years I have been trying to keep an even disposition. Don't fly off the handle. Train yourself. Try to do things calmly. Try to make yourself see the other side of the situation. Now, when I see a man come in to me who looks like he had been drinking the night before—perhaps he is a foreman or department head, and I see he is sore about something, I don't talk to him that morning. I say, "Come in this afternoon. I am busy now. I don't want to talk with you. You are not doing the talking. It is those two extra drinks of whisky you had last night that are talking. Come back later."

I only mention that to illustrate the point that we sometimes allow our feelings against such persons to interfere with our business. There is only one way to overcome it—be conscious of the fact that you are doing it all the time and try to eradicate it. Try to cultivate the faculty of viewing things calmly. I think you will get as

much relief as I have. Most of our concerns pay us for having good liveries, but some of us have bad ones. I haven't quite succeeded in controlling my temper. Once in a while I fly off. I wouldn't give much for a man who didn't once in a while, but at the same time I believe that when handling other men we should bear that in mind.

Another rule I try to follow is, always try to look at things from the man's standpoint. And when you have to discharge a man, telling the truth is the hardest thing in the world. Most of us say, "We have to lay you off," or "We have to do this and that," when it isn't the truth. Tell the man the truth when you have to discharge him. Tell him he hasn't done his work right. Those few moments of pain or displeasure for you will make for you of that man, as a rule, a lifelong friend, because you have been honest and suffered yourself to tell the truth. It may not always be the best thing, but I think it comes pretty near. Try to treat him as you want to be treated. I don't want to get mushy at all. I don't mean to be soft-headed nor hard-hearted. I think a combination between the two makes a pretty good man.

Mind tells you what you could do. Heart tells you what you ought to

do. We can't get away from the heart influence. It is human nature. Without this heart influence in this country I wouldn't want to stay here, and neither would you. Try to do things as you would like to have them done if you were in the man's place. I say to a man, "What would you do if you were in my place?" you will find that a pretty good position to put him in. "What would you do under these same circumstances?" I think you will find if you do that you won't have as much trouble in getting things done the way you want them or in getting a man out that you don't want.

In conclusion, I want to say that I believe there is great room in this country for an organization such as you have started in Chicago. My hope and wish is that this movement may spread until it becomes a truly national sales managers' movement. I have signed a blank for membership in your association, if you will take me, because I would like to identify myself with it. I hope it will grow. It is good to exchange ideas to the end that we may all handle the human mind in the best possible manner and get the best possible results for ourselves, our companies and the salesmen we employ. That is the highest aim we should seek to accomplish.

The Romance of Business

By Andrew Carnegie

If a young man does not find romance in his business, it is not the fault of the business but the fault of the young man.

Business is not all dollars. These are but the shell—the kernel lies within and is to be enjoyed later, as the higher faculties of the business man, so constantly called into play, develop and mature.

The Monte Cristo of Journalism

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

From the Outing Magazine

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, owner of the New York Herald, is the most remarkable figure in the history of journalism. In his management of his great metropolitan newspaper, in the exploitation of many of his individualistic ideas, in his peculiar mode of life and in his accomplishments, he stands alone—the most unusual personality of Pressdom.

He has been referred to by his friends as the kingliest character of America, and his career warrants the tribute. He has been referred to by his enemies as an unbending tyrant and his methods have demonstrated that this tribute is not entirely unwarranted. He has ruled, not by the Machiavelian alternative of love or fear, but by fear and melodrama, and to-day the newspaper that he inherited from his father is classed as one of the greatest.

James Gordon Bennett was born in New York. He is now sixty-seven years old. In appearance he is tall and slender and gives the impression of a vast amount of nervous energy. He carries himself with military erectness, and his steel-gray hair and moustache add to his general soldierly look. For many years he has made his home in Paris, and visits this country only about once every two years. He literally edits the New York Herald by cable. And the story of the way in which he does this is almost as unbelievable as it is curious.

It is the general public opinion that Mr. Bennett lets the Herald run itself, and that, particularly of late years, he has not kept in close touch with its affairs and progress. Nothing could be further from the truth. In fact, it may be said that he is devoting more time to the interests of his paper at present than ever before.

About two years ago, after Mr. William C. Reick, then president of the Herald Company, left to take an interest in the Times, Mr. Bennett placed the on-the-spot control of his paper in the hands of six or seven committees, composed of the various editors, heads of departments, and so forth. These committees were vested with scant power, however, and their status is always kept in doubt. It is not even within their power to discharge a reporter. It is their mission merely to carry out Mr. Bennett's orders and to convey to him the various developments that may come up in connection with the operation of the newspaper. At the head of the table about which these committees gather is Mr. Bennett's chair, always kept in position. At his place all the metropolitan papers are laid each day. Thus, even though he may not be present more than once every two years, he imbues his men with the idea that he is present in spirit and that he is "the boss"—not they. In his private office in the front of the Herald building, in

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James Gordon Bennett

Who Rules His Great Newspapers With a Rod of Iron.

Herald Square, his desk is ever kept in readiness for him, and even such details as filled inkwells and a handy ash-tray are looked after by attendants who have been impressed that they are to act just as if he came into his office every day. It is related, along this line, that even years ago, when the Herald was printed downtown, Mr. Bennett ordered that the light in his

office be kept burning every night. The windows of his office looked out on the street, and he wanted passers-by, as well as the office force, to know that he was, paradoxically, in his office every evening even if he happened to be abroad. The spirit presence of the proprietor is further impressed upon his general staff by frequently bulletined cablegrams detailing this or that order.

It must not be imagined, however, that Mr. Bennett is content to rest his work upon devices such as these. Although he is a man of millions and although he is getting along in years, it may be said of him that he works harder for the Herald than does any man in his employ. During the last year he has frequently been in the habit of rising at five o'clock in the morning, partaking of black coffee and working an hour and a half getting up his plans so that he might cable them in proper time to his workers in Herald Square for their immediate guidance. When he wishes to get into personal touch with the heads of his departments, he orders them to come to him in Paris, thus sparing himself the tedium of frequent ocean voyages.

Every day, three is sent to Mr. Bennett a copy of the Herald, every article in which is marked with the name of the man who wrote it. By this means, he keeps in touch with the daily work and progress of every man on his staff. The slightest error will be quickly ferreted out by his eagle eye and a warning bulletin is speedily posted by him following his detection in a "story" of, for instance, the word "gentleman" instead of "man," the use of some such phrase as "J. Pierpont Morgan, the financier," instead of "J. Pierpont Morgan, a financier," or similar violations of a huge, freakish "don't list," the vigorous adherence to which he insists upon.

In addition to keeping in the closest touch with the New York Herald, this wonderfully odd man of journalism keeps in personal touch with the Paris edition of the Herald, makes intermittent trips to the London office and looks after, by cable, the New York Evening Telegram, in which he takes much pride, because he started it himself after he had inherited the Herald.

In the management of his newspapers almost everything with Mr.

Bennett seems to be a matter of mood. An editor one day may be assigned to "cover" the Harlem police court the following day. The foreman of the pressroom may be summoned to fill an important editorial chair. A comparatively obscure member of the reportorial staff may be elevated to a "desk job." Such changes are naturally attributed by outsiders to the ever-changing moods of the Man in Paris, and yet, as has been stated, where the sudden changes may seem to be only the results of moods, subsequent developments may show the peculiar workings of the Bennett brain in the alterations. A man may be removed from a high position because he is making a name for himself through the efficiency of his work. There must be no individual "hits" made by Herald men. They are allowed to sign their names to no articles, and even an editor is known, not by his name, but by his office in the Herald realm. Thus, it is not "John Jones, the City Editor," in communications, but merely "The City Editor." James Gordon Bennett is the only name known in the Herald office. The "box" printed on the editorial page with the names of the editors and printers is only one of the contradictory Bennett angles.

As soon as a man in Mr. Bennett's employ becomes well known he is discharged. "Workers, not celebrities," is the rule. If he is not discharged, he is reduced in position. When Henry M. Stanley returned to Herald Square after having penetrated the African jungles in the search for Livingstone and had won world-fame, Mr. Bennett ordered him to "cover" the Tenderloin police station, one of the most meager of reportorial posts. When a certain dramatic writer on the Telegram several years ago was beginning to be praised for his work, Mr. Bennett ordered his discharge, and commanded that henceforth the

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critic's work be done by different reporters—a new one for each play. One of the results was a "criticism" of "Sappho and Phaon," by the reporter whose most regular assignment at the time happened to be the "covering" of fires.

Other whims of Mr. Bennett find illustration in his dismissal years ago of a music critic simply because "he was such a funny looking man" and of his making a financial editor about fifteen years ago out of a man whose forte was dramatic criticism. Mr. Bennett has always been a "stickler" in the matter of the personal appearance of the men in his employ, and he demands neatness above all things. They used to tell a story in this regard that shows the unexpected turns that Mr. Bennett makes every once in a while.

Anticipating a visit from the proprietor, word was sent quivering through the office that every man was to spruce up and look his best. There was a hurry, a clatter, a dash to get into trim, and when Mr. Bennett appeared the general survey was a pleasing one. That is, forgetting one man who had not heard the advance news of *The Coming* and who, consequently, had not "cleaned up." When Mr. Bennett entered the big room of the city department the trim members of the staff clustered around the untidy one in an effort to hide him from view. Mr. Bennett spied him, however, and asked him to step out.

With visions of dismissal in his mind's eye, the unkempt reporter faced his employer, who said lightly: "You are the only man in here who looks as if he'd been working. You can add fifteen dollars a week to your salary."

Mr. Bennett does not like his men to have their visiting cards inscribed with the name of the *Herald*. It is related that when one of his men called upon him one day and presented his card, "John Smith," with "The New York Herald" engraved

beneath, Mr. Bennett glanced at him and sarcastically remarked: "Um, so you are the New York Herald."

Illustrative of the peculiar campaigns which Mr. Bennett starts with his newspapers are the comparatively recent instances of his efforts to effect an American alliance with China, his efforts to stir up trouble with Japan and his efforts to introduce the metric system into usage in this country. He spends thousands of dollars exploiting every one of these schemes and pays many men to gather interviews praising the ideas and to evolve further ideas for the popularization of the fundamental ideas. For James Gordon Bennett is a fighter, and once he sets out to do a thing he either does it or does everything in his power to prove to himself that it is impossible of execution.

The introduction of the metric system into this country has been one of his greatest desires for many years, and, although two different campaigns that he has undertaken have not yet brought about the fulfillment of his purpose, he still maintains his fight for the American adoption of the French mathematical standards.

One of the best known foreign illustrations of Mr. Bennett's stick-to-it-iveness is his printing every day in the Paris edition of the *Herald* the now famous letter of "An Old Philadelphia Lady." One day, years ago, the other Paris journals ridiculed the *Herald* for entering into an explanatory discussion of the question: "What is the difference between Fahrenheit and centigrade?" propounded by a woman who signed herself as indicated above. Mr. Bennett, disliking the pooh-poohing attitude of the other papers, ordered that the letter be printed every day thereafter, and it has been and still is.

Sensational and stock-creating methods for the gathering and dispensing of news are among Mr. Ben-

nett's hobbies. The carrier pigeon service that he installed on the roof of the New York Herald building, the steam yacht *Owlet* that now meets the incoming liners, the wireless service imparting Wall Street market news to the New York Yacht Club fleet on its annual cruises, the placing of an American dramatic critic in London, and other equally novel features show the resourcefulness of this stop-at-nothing journalistic Monte Cristo. Although one of his rules is the prohibition of the use of superlatives in the columns of the Herald, Mr. Bennett indulges in all sorts of superlativeness to promote the interests of his newspapers. On election nights, the Herald's signal searchlight must be placed on the highest tower in all New York. In the hurrying of the early editions to the trains, the Herald must be carted by the fastest of the newspaper delivery automobiles. In its reports of opera premieres, of summer resort news and of foreign happenings, the Herald must have more pictures and devote more space than any other paper. If another newspaper has six men on the Vanderbilt Cup race, the Herald must have seven. Everything must centre on the securing (this word is also a Herald "don't") of a "beat," i.e., something exclusive. It is related that the entire staff of one of the Herald's departments was discharged at one time because another metropolitan paper had printed a "beat" in its line.

James Gordon Bennett's actions have always been modeled after the Monte Cristo principle: "The journalistic world is mine!" And his great fortune he is always ready to use to back up his cry. His personal life, too, has been laid in the lane of royalty, in a romantic Monte Cristoan atmosphere that is almost unequalled in modern day American prosaicism. His friends have been culled from the royal houses of Europe; kings, queens, lords,

dukes, earls have been his companions. He has "put up" in the Imperial Palace with the Czar (which he spells Tsar) and he has wagered on the Derby's outcome with the then Prince of Wales and the now King of England. His breast has been decorated with multi-colored ribbons and variously made medals. His yacht *Lysistrata*, ornamented with the same sort of owls that blink from the cornices of the Herald Building in New York, has entertained on board many of the world's rulers, artists, men of affairs and other brilliant personages.

At Monte Carlo, in the Riviera, as in the capitals, James Gordon Bennett has been a notable figure. His advent has always been preceded by that expectant hush and semi-repressed sense of preparation that is reserved for "Them of the Crown." With his small accompanying party he has ever been the centre of the thousand glances of surrounding tables. His departure has always been characterized with a similar dignity, solemnity and half-mystery that is as inexplicable as it is unusual in the instance of an American, of any other American.

There has always been something of swashbuckling, soldier-of-fortune, dare-devil regality in this man Bennett's romantic make-up. Years ago, while seated in front of the blazing grate in the Union Club with Pierre Lorillard and several other friends, one of the latter, glancing out at the snow that swirled against the huge windows, remarked that it was a bad night on which to venture out.

"You call this bad?" laughed Bennett, "why, I wouldn't mind sailing my yacht across the ocean in just such weather."

"Ten thousand dollars you would not do any such thing," cried out his friend.

"I'll take the bet," replied Bennett,

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quietly, "and I'll double it and race you to England."

The story of Mr. Bennett's yacht race across the winter seas created the sensation of the day.

Several years later, Mr. Bennett, back in America again at the holiday season, dropped into one of his clubs and, in an absent-minded moment, handed the waiter, who was serving him, his purse containing several hundred dollars. The waiter, dumbfounded, took the purse and went back to the service room. Recovering from his surprise half an hour later, he approached the table where Mr. Bennett was seated. Several of the latter's friends had joined him by this time.

"I beg your pardon, sir," the waiter addressed Mr. Bennett, "but you gave me two hundred and ninety dollars a while ago. You didn't mean to, did you, sir?"

Sensitive about his even rarely occurring absent-mindedness and rather than let his friends know about it, Mr. Bennett, looking over his shoulder, said to the waiter: "Certainly I did, James, just as a little Christmas gift. Only I thought I had given you an even three hundred. Here is the other ten."

On another occasion, while at the Herald office on one of his periodic visits to this country, a small fire broke out in West Thirty-sixth Street, near the Herald building, and the dignified Mr. Bennett, in truly democratic spirit, headed a score of men of his staff in a "fire brigade" to extinguish the blaze. The strings of office hose were jerked from their rests and, dragged to the north windows, were trained on the fire, which was quickly put out. No one in the office enjoyed the fun more than did the owner of the Herald.

It is related that on the occasion of another of his visits, while walking through the west corridor of the Herald building, he came into collision with a "copy boy," who was rushing headlong down the hallway,

and that, appreciating the lad's vim in getting around, despite the discomfort that the boy's head had caused his stomach when it came into quick contact with it, he handed the "copy boy" a two-dollar bill.

About twelve years ago (Mr. Bennett rules that starting a paragraph with an expression of time is bad journalism), the Herald proprietor decided that he wanted a new head for his Paris edition. He had two men in mind for the position and he asked both to call on him a certain evening at his hotel. One of the men had been so busy in the office all day that he had no time to change his clothes before going to meet Mr. Bennett. The other man, however, appeared in immaculate evening attire. Mr. Bennett's decision was immediate. He pointed to the carefully groomed man and said: "The position is yours." That man is still in his employ and holds one of the best posts in the Bennett command.

Now, although it is perfectly natural that an act like this on the part of a man looking for an able journalist to fill an important post is to be regarded in the light of a freakish, unthinking whim, it is nevertheless paradoxically true that the final results obtained by Mr. Bennett from such "whims" have almost always seemed to justify his instantaneous, peculiarly angled decisions. The intricate journalistic psychology whereby he reads men, the bold theory that a man's mind is frequently to be judged by the degree of his well-groomedness and an inborn reliance in his lucky star have made this man what he is—the plutocrat of the press.

Mr. Bennett is a journalistic fatalist. With his "damn-the-torpedo-go-ahead" policy, it is not entirely to be doubted that, even had he been born to comparative poverty, he would have gained for himself a place of prominence in the press world. He is a man who does not

believe in second thoughts. He is action, all action and quick action. His character is best summed up in a remark he made to a friend of his many years ago at Newport: "I admire a fighter, yes," he said, "but only when he gets in the first blow."

Reference has been made to Newport. It has probably been forgotten by this time that much of that resort's claim to the name of The American Society Capital rests in what Mr. Bennett did for it in years gone by. With his intimate knowledge of European purpeldom, his own red-white-and-blue social standing and his command over the powers of gold and black-and-white, he devoted a great deal of his attention toward the development of the Rhode Island colony of ultra-New Yorkers. The Newport Casino was an inaugurative gift of his. The great affairs at which he was host, his magnificent villa that encouraged the erection of others, his urging of the elaboration of yachting interests, his showing of prancing turn-outs that did much toward bringing out society's equine displays and his activity in working for the general improvement of the resort were all big factors in the evolution of the Newport of former days the glorious Newport of Here and Now.

Even though Mr. Bennett is rarely seen at Newport these years, his interests in its welfare is shown in many different ways. The news of the resort is featured in his newspapers and particularly detailed attention is devoted to the doings of its leading social lights. In the last few summers Mr. Bennett has worked out a launch service so that the resort may be supplied with his newspaper at an earlier hour than would be possible if the old-time train service were relied upon.

In his dealings with the men who have served him, James Gordon Bennett's way is spectacularly contradictory. Some men who have serv-

ed well on his newspapers for many years have been suddenly removed from their positions with no word of explanation. Others who have labored faithfully in his employ have been relieved from work, and have been given a handsome pension for the rest of their days. Men who have been employed by him as personal servants have been given easy tasks in their old age, and a sufficient remuneration on which to live well. An old valet, who had been with Mr. Bennett in his younger days, is at present in charge of the visitors' corridor in Herald Square. And the same old negro who washed the Herald windows long, long years ago, is still washing them at a yearly increased salary.

Two of Mr. Bennett's idiosyncracies are his lack of belief in the value of a college education and his aversion toward smoking the last half of his cigars. In relation to the first, it is not uninteresting to note that most of the men who have been given high positions by him have been non-university men. Mr. Bennett himself is not a college graduate and he holds that collegiate training is not necessary in the making of newspaper men. Those few college men who have won the higher positions in his employ have not held them long.

As to cigars, and he is an inveterate smoker, the Herald proprietor never consumes more than half of one of the heavy Havanas he has manufactured especially for his use. When he has smoked half a cigar, he throws it away and lights a fresh one.

No better further illustration of the Bennett oddness is to be had than the Herald building in Herald Square. Modeled after one of the famous Venetian palaces, its interior arrangement is like that of a yacht. The city room is the rear deck, the reception room and offices make up a forward deck, and the departments — dramatic, financial,

THE MONTE CRISTO OF JOURNALISM

correspondents, etc. — are a la cabins. "Below" is the machinery that makes the Herald go. When the building was erected Mr. Bennett said he meant it to be an argument against the sky-scraper class of architecture that he detests.

Journalism, travel and society, however, is not the sole trinity of James Gordon Bennett's interests. He is a lover of sport of every kind, and the many "Gordon Bennett cups" that he has offered to further competition in various lines of sport, both at home and abroad, demonstrate his personal attention to the outdoor world of skill and muscle.

Children do not interest Mr. Bennett. Animals do. He is a great lover of dogs and it is a well-known Herald office tradition that he would almost rather see a good "dog story" on his first page than the narrative of a fatal tunnel explosion. Just as Mr. Pulitzer, of the World, likes

front-page stories, dealing with peculiar optical operations and just as Mr. Hearst, of the American, prefers stories of political scandal, so does Mr. Bennett cherish a good "human interest" dog story.

Such a man, all in all, is James Gordon Bennett, friend of copy-boys and monarchs and enemy of both. Such a man is the Bennett who one moment discharges a reporter because of a slip of the pen and the next moment startles the world with a cable campaign against an empire. Such a man is he who, with millions at his command, feels the pulse of the earth's beating hearts and prescribes frowning or smiling lino-type according to the dictates of a passing mood.

Patron of sport, man of whim and mystery, respecter of all governments and none—James Gordon Bennett, the Monte Cristo of modern journalism.

On Being Happy

By Robert Louis Stevenson

Pleasures are more beneficial than duties because, like the quality of mercy, they are not strained, and they are thrice blessed. There must always be two to a kiss, and there may be a score in a jest; but wherever there is an element of sacrifice, the favor is conferred with pain and received with confusion. There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy, we shower anonymous benefits upon the world. A happy man or a happy woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted.

Business First—But Pleasure After

By SIR FORTUNE FREE

From the Saturday Journal

THE British sailor is such a magnificent fellow for doing his duty that he is just the person one is sorry for when duty demands something of him that is disagreeable. Thousands of them will this Christmas have a disappointment. In the papers I read that the Admiralty have come to the conclusion that it won't be safe to let more than half the sailors of the fleet off at the same time for their holidays. Thanks to the folk who have been making trouble in the East of Europe, Jack will have to be ready for what may turn up. Pleasure has to give way to business.

I am sorry for Jack, whose holiday it has delayed, and for the other folk who had been so eagerly looking forward to his coming to them to hear how he has been getting on in the world, and all his adventures since they last set eyes on him. Like a sensible fellow, he will, I have no doubt, do his level best to be as happy as he possibly can wherever he is. Good luck to him!

Charles Dickens, in a letter he wrote to a friend, described how he had one day visited an old gentleman who had been a fearfully hard worker. Dickens happened to let drop the remark that the old gentleman "had not had much fun in this world."

"I'd like to know how you got that notion into your head?" snapped the old gentleman; "keep your pity for them as ask for it. Fun! I have had heaps of it! Think I'm a fool? I never let pleasure interfere with my business, but I got as much pleasure

out of my business as I could, and as much fun out of my fun, as I could. Pish!"

Dickens described that old gentleman as "thorough," and he certainly appears like it. He went, as the Americans say, "bald-headed" for his duty, and in the same whole-hearted fashion for his pleasure. A good many people make a mess of both by not following his example. A lady the other day who had discharged her cook at a moment's notice explained to the court the circumstances that led to the last fatal rupture between them. The cook, she declared, had many excellent qualities, but had nothing to boast of on the score of meekness of temper. When she one day spoilt the dinner through her being distracted over a new dress she had been fitting on in the kitchen with a view to going in it to a party, and afterwards spoilt the dress by upsetting a big part of the dinner over it, it proved too much for her. She got so excited that it was really necessary, having regard to conducting the house on other lines than that of a wild beast show, to get rid of her. That cook is not the first person by a lot who has spoilt anticipated pleasure by forgetting "business first, and pleasure after."

Millais, the great artist, was an enthusiastic fisherman. He related how once he persuaded an extremely busy gentleman to accompany him on one of his excursions. The business one turned up considerably depressed, explaining that the thought of the fish he felt sure he was going to catch had,

BUSINESS FIRST—BUT PLEASURE AFTER

he feared, caused him to forget a lot of things he ought to have done the day before. Millais tried his best to cheer him up. But the anxious one could not get it out of his head that, while thinking of the fishing, he had put a highly important letter into the wrong envelope and sent it to the very last person who ought to have received it. However, now he would enjoy himself. If that letter had gone wrong, he explained, it might cost him a hundred pounds, and if he lost that hundred pounds he would in all probability be unable, later in the year, to visit a rich old aunt of his who ought to leave him something in her will. If she did not leave that money in her will it would be awful!

"However, I have come to enjoy myself," he explained. They had walked about five miles to the fishing by that time, when he put his hand into his pocket and turned pale. He had discovered he had never sent the letter off at all! It was in his pocket all the time. As it was most urgent, and must be sent off at once, he had to give up any idea of fishing that day. The nearest post office was about seven miles off.

"To get the most pleasure out of life—and everyone has a right to pleasure—put business first," advised the founder of the Rothschild fortunes. It is the quickest road, undoubtedly, but we are tempted to try short cuts that don't prove as good as they look.

"It doan do ter try ter git hi 'appiness too quick," said Ebenezer Eb, the black philosopher, addressing his weekly gathering of admirers. "Ef you wants a turkey, buy it, my fren's. It may seem de longer way roun', but it mos' of 'em ain't—an' it's der safest. Dis nite de seat ov Brudder Barkus is empty. Brudder Barkus is in der penitentiary doing time, an' it 'angs precious 'ard on 'is 'ands. He's learning', he is—thinkin' hard. An' now an' again 'is thoughts is interrupted by a fut in der passage, an' der door opens an' a turnkey looks in an' says: 'Look 'ere, you ole thief

ob a niggar, if I let yer chaw this key ov mine do yer think yer'd imagine ez it was a bone of old Farmer Moss' turkey ez made your wicked mouth go waterin'?' He tried ter be too quick, did Brudder Barkus."

We are too quick, like old Barkus, when we try to obtain pleasure without earning it first. But it is a remarkably easy mistake to fall into. I had an example of that the other day when a young friend of mine sought my advice on his financial affairs. What he wanted to know was how it was thirty-seven shillings a week would "not go round"? The solution of the mystery was his paying a guinea a week for his rooms.

I was reading the "Reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins," the great judge, the other day. His early life was no joke. For five years he had to make ends meet on an allowance of one hundred pounds a year—not a big amount, and less even than it looks when one considers that he had some more serious calls upon his purse than most young fellows have. It was a grim struggle between him and pleasure in those days. "I made up my mind never to sacrifice business to pleasure," he says; "never even to indulge in pleasure that, though not interfering with business at the time, might interfere with it later." He stuck to it, and he winds up his life by declaring that he had had "a happy time."

When a man takes an afternoon off to see a football match when he knows he ought to be minding his shop, it is not so hard for him to recognize that he has sacrificed his business to pleasure. When he does it too often events have a way of making the fact perfectly clear to him. But it is not always so easy to recognize the pleasures that the great judge spoke of as "though not interfering with business at the time, might interfere with it later."

In a case I read in the newspapers some time since a young gentleman was dismissed by his employers, as he put it, for playing the violin in his

leisure hours. Now there does not seem a more innocent recreation than that! It turned out, however, that he played the violin so well that he was in almost constant nightly demand at various parties. He got home to bed at any time between two and four in the morning, and, as a consequence, when he arrived at his place of business the same morning, did not seem quite sure whether he was taking shorthand notes or playing the violin still.

Sir Richard Quain, the great physician, once amazed a patient who consulted him as to the state of his health by declaring that there was not a doubt as to what he needed. He wanted change. But change, the patient, with some petulance, declared, was just what he was always after and just what he was always having.

"The change, sir, I advise you to make is to cease to be a simpleton and to take up some serious work," retorted Quain. "You cannot stand the monotony of being always able to do just what is agreeable to you. None can."

That had never struck the patient before. Some of my friends imagine they would be immensely more happy if they could only have a good deal more of the pleasures they enjoy. It is just because they contrast those scanty pleasures with their work that they enjoy them so much. Work makes half the pleasure of pleasure, and pleasure, of the right kind, braces one up for work. One cannot get one without the other. The only difficulty is to see that our work and our pleasures are rightly related to one another.

"The felier ez went gropin' in the chemist's store in the dark tastin' the bottles ter see what would do him good didn't get hold av ther right bottle, it seems," remarked Artemus Ward. "Anyway, they found him stretched on the floor the next mornin'."

It is worth while to see that one has got hold of the right bottle. "Business first, and pleasure after," and don't, as to the pleasure, be defrauded with worthless or even harmful substitutes."

Public and Private Duties

By John Ruskin

Generally we are under the impression that a man's duties are public, and a woman's private. But this is not altogether so. A man has a personal work or duty relating to his own home, and a public work or duty which is the expansion of the other—relating to the state. So a woman has a personal work and duty relating to her own home, and a public work and duty which is also the expansion of that

Concerning Addition*

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

EVERY little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more."

I wish that I could print the music to that popular refrain as its felicitous rag-time adds to the catchiness of the dictum.

"Every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more."

It's an amusing song, and the suggested advice is good. Strange how many people there are who do not act on it!

There were two brothers born within a year or two of each other and of the same parents—that's why they were brothers—but they were as different as day and night.

One of them always bent on accumulating experiences of one kind or another; he was fond of music, fond of books, fond of pictures. He possessed a good deal of curiosity regarding the habits of men, and neglected his business—so they say—in order to increase his stock of knowledge concerning mankind. But, after all, that was his own business. He was fond of going to the theatre, and while he always picked out good plays, still, in the opinion of his brother, he might have been employed staying late at his office, heaping up dollars.

The brother was heaping them up all right. Why, that man was the first one to reach his office and the last one to leave it. The office boy always got tired of waiting for him

and went home before him. You may be sure that his business prospered, and at thirty he was worth a hundred times as much as his unbusinesslike brother. He may have had an ear for music when he was a boy, but at thirty he had lost it, and regarded time spent at concerts as money thrown away.

Time and money were convertible terms with him, and he sought by every means in his power to build up a huge fortune.

Reading was not for him. Books were apt to be idle thoughts, only fit for idle fellows, and he had no time to waste on nonsense. Pictures might make good investments if a man happened to buy the right kind, but he didn't pretend to know a good one from a bad one, and so he never bought any. The companionship of his fellows was not congenial to him and he belonged to no clubs. A club, in his opinion, was a place where a man wasted time that might have been employed in making money and where idle fellows swapped idler stories. No, the office for him and his whole mind to the making of money.

His brother went to Europe, to South America, to Asia; how he did it was a mystery, for he made very little money. He seemed to know how to get a good deal of service for a small expenditure of silver, and he acted as if life were an enjoyable thing.

Neither brother married, and after a time old age came upon each of them.

*A chapter from "The Knack Of It," a clever book of modern wisdom, published in Canada by Henry Frowde, 25 Richmond St. West, Toronto.

Then the moneyed man retired from business, broken in health and with nothing to do but regret that he had not made more money while he was at it.

But the "lazy" brother, who had worked his mind and his sensibilities for all they were worth his whole life long, was able to sit by himself, if need be, and have the full companionship of the many bright minds that he had known in life and in books, to bring before his mind's eye the many lovely pictures he had seen on canvas and in the landscape, to call up to recollection's ear the delightful harmonies that he had heard from the world's greatest orchestras, the beautiful melodies that had come from full-throated singers; and if he had had none of these solaces, great reward would have been his in his ability to reach up to his book shelves and pick therefrom the fruit of a lifetime's gathering.

The one, rich, old and unhappy; the other, rich in associations, friends, and all those things that go to the making of a cultivated man—and the heart of a boy in him still.

"Every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more," and the wise brother had added a little bit of information to a little bit of amusement and a little bit of goodwill and a little bit of helpfulness, and so when he was seventy he had an accumulation that sufficed him for the long twilight of a healthy old age, while his brother, the money-getter—

It has just occurred to me that he too, followed the advice, but it does not seem to have done him much good. Every little bit (of money) added to what (money) you've got makes just a little bit more (money), but all the money in the world won't buy goodfellowship, real, sincere goodfellowship—I mean, if you haven't planted the seeds of friendliness in your youth; and when you are seventy and have

neglected books all your life you are not going to sit down and suddenly enjoy them. Nor will a rich man find that his bulging pocket-books can buy him appreciation of the beautiful in pictures or of the gorgeous tone-coloring in symphonies, if he had neglected to begin his addition of one kind of cultivation to another kind in his boyhood and young manhood.

Don't regard the money spent on a good play or a good concert as money thrown away. Don't regard the hour spent with a good friend as time thrown away. Don't regard the time spent on a captivating romance or a well-developed novel or a cleverly written essay as time mis-spent. Don't regard the time spent in outdoor sports as wasted.

I'm not advocating idleness or the neglect of duty. If a man is in business let him give his mind to the business. If I had given my mind to the business I was in when I was a young man I might to-day control the dry goods market.

Don't do as I did, but do as I advise. If I spent my time in picture galleries that should have been given to separating the moreens from the mohairs, or attending afternoon concerts when I should have been extricating the buntings from among the worsteds, I was adding a little bit of time that I didn't own to some more that I had already got (dishonestly), and while it made a little bit more, it didn't better my character at all, and if I had stayed in the dry goods business I fear to say what I might have become.

Be sure that your time is your own, and then spend it so as to accumulate treasure for your old age; and if you die before you are old you will have already realized a good deal of your investment.

Now let us sing together: "Every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more."

David Belasco, Manager of Actors

By DAVID WARFIELD

From the Green Book Magazine

WHEN I was a little boy, long ago, and spoke of the theatre as "the show"—it is the beginning that is always the most difficult in any task and I am grateful to James Whitcomb Riley for having written "The Little Old Man in the Tin Shop," for his beginning may truthfully be mine.

Very well then—when I was a little boy long ago in San Francisco though it is not nearly so long as it seems—once upon a night I clambered the noisy stairs to the gallery of the old Bush Street Theatre, lured by the lively bills on the sidewalk-boards announcing the engagement of Fritz Emmett. What the play was I do not remember—Fritz Something, or Fritz Somewhere, for after all it was the personality of Emmett that drew the crowds, not his play. But I do remember a certain actor in the company, an actor no less earnest than poor, who appeared in three different characters in the piece, each more wretchedly played than the other, all combining to form a performance of singular badness. I may explain the impression this player made upon me by recalling that even then I hoped, some day, to be an actor myself, and was as eagerly watchful of ill performances on the part of the players it was given me to see as of the best. And this man was so very bad as a dude, an Italian, and a negro, that I then and there selected his performance as the starting-point of my ambition.

"I must never be so bad," I adjured myself as I crept down those thumping stairs out into the street.

The lure of the theatre had me fast, and I became an usher. For several years I ushered. Probably a finer little usher than I never slammed down a seat and poked a program into an outstretched hand. At any rate I prefer to think that such was the case.

It was while I was engaged in assuming a talent when I had it not, as an usher, that I first came to know David Belasco. I say "know" but that is not the word, for between us hung that subtle gossamer, that transparent but no less impenetrable curtain that separates the "front of the house" from the fairyland of lights behind the scenes.

Mr. Belasco at that time was stage-manager at the old Baldwin Theatre, the Daly's of the coast, if I may call it so. Even then, as I recall, the master craftsman's touch was discernible in the productions that were made by him. Surrounded by no glamor of romance, he was merely a tireless toiler—a toiler in shirt-sleeves—attempting to wrest order out of chaos. The world had not then discovered David Belasco; indeed, I doubt if he had really discovered himself.

The seasons passed. I became an actor; that in the process I became also prematurely gray may not, perhaps, be pertinent. But at last there came a day that I shall never forget. It was at the end of a matinee

at Weber & Fields' theatre in New York. I had been making love on a green bench to Lillian Russell in the burlesque, and on leaving the theatre after the performance a note was handed me by the stage door-keeper. It was a simple request, signed by David Belasco, that I call on him. And the next afternoon I obeyed the summons—for it was quite that—a summons; moreover a summons that meant more to me than a king's command.

David Belasco was in his office in Carnegie Hall. And what a bijou office it was—see, I am drawing the plan of it here on the blotter as I write, and it was little larger than the plan, I assure you, a watch-charm of an office. I came upon Belasco as he was preparing to move; he had taken another room upstairs—I wish I might say a smaller one. He was in his shirt-sleeves—arranging a mountainous mass of papers—plays, parts, sketches, scene models, all the documents of his work. And this is the sort of a man he seemed to me—a dynamo of human energy wrapped in black—all but the shirt-sleeves and the priestly collar. His flat, pinless cravat was black, his shoes were black, his eyes—the most wonderful eyes in the world—were black. The face he turned to me was smooth and round, a face mingling suggestions of the actor and the cleric, a mobile face that seemed to light as our eyes met. He snatched a great pile of papers from the only chair in the room and said:

"Sit down."

I had approached this little office with less fear than I might have felt, less perhaps than I should have felt. For success had been mine—in a little way and I was proud—in a rather larger way. But at the command to sit down—spoken as if he were ordering a child, all that self-esteem fled from me and I realized that here I was face to face with the master of his craft, the man, above

all others, whom I had come to regard as the greatest producing manager in America.

As he talked he sat on the end of his desk—thrusting bundles of papers aside to make room. He said he had frequently seen me in various burlesques and wondered if I had ever had hopes of one day starring in a legitimate play. I frankly told him that I had never had any other hopes.

"How would you like to star under my management?" he casually inquired.

I gulped and tried to smile, and I distinctly recall that my fingers spasmodically closed around an old horse-shoe that lay there on the desk. An instant of great joy for me, and then, remembering my contract, hope fled, as it had often fled before. I told him that my engagement had eighteen months to run.

"Ah!" he said, inclining his white head. "We'll wait!"

Thereupon came back to me—why I do not know—some of the valor that had been mine as I approached the office. There was nothing I could say; nothing I should say, and so I said what proved to be the right thing. I told him that years before, from the top gallery of the old Bush Street Theatre in San Francisco, I had seen an actor—no, not double on brass—but triple in character.

"I shall never forget him," I said, "for never in my life have I seen a worse actor."

That vagrant memory proved to be the touchstone.

Pausing, as if in doubt, David Belasco lanced me with those marvelous eyes. Then he smiled; and my smile met his as our hands touched. With that smile and hand-clasp began our friendship, a friendship that on my part shall live as long as it is given me to live, and that on his, I pray, may live as long.

Eighteen months crept by on leaden feet; then dawned the day when I was free. Meantime I had neither

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seen David Belasco nor had a word from him. Could the beginning of an association such as ours has since become have less romance about it?

"Should I go to him?" I asked myself.

He was a very important man, besieged by all too many aspiring players and yet—I need not have worried over my missed opportunity. On the Saturday of the week that my contract expired came another note from him, a note as simple and direct as the man himself. I have kept it—shall keep it always: it lies here before me now.

Come and see me.

David Belasco.

So another meeting followed. I am ashamed for myself to say how speedily it followed. It was in the new office — the bigger office—for those eighteen months had meant as much to David Belasco as the coming eighteen months meant, in promise, to me. The blind goddess had lifted for a little instant the band across her eyes, and singling him out from among the many, had poured her benefits upon him. He was become a great man, yet success had only softened him. To me he seemed gentler than he had been before; and a more gentle man I have never known.

The necessary business-arrangements were completed with such celerity that, after signing my name to the contract, I blinked. And that is the only contract I have ever signed with him.

"There," said Belasco. "I'm glad that is over with."

For you must know that it is the details of business that distress him as they do every man and woman who is gifted—or shall I say cursed?—with that elusive but no less definite quality of personality that we have come to define as the artist-temperament.

As he spoke he smiled. There is something bewitching in David Belasco's smile—a shadow of pity, it

seems to me, much humor, and more of whimsy, a smile with something of heart-reaching sadness in it, for the man can never forget the old hard days of yester year when, confronting material tasks worthy of a Hercules' prowess, he still strove to create from the elusive, unmastered art-sense within him.

I awakened at last and, from the clouds whither I had been lifted by realization that in ten minutes I had become a Belasco star—on paper—I dropped solidly back to earth.

"But what shall we do for a play?" I asked.

"It is being written," was the calm, assuring reply accompanied by a twinkle of eyes from beneath the white thatch of brows.

I knew David Belasco for a magician, but I had not dreamed of magic equal to this.

"So you knew I would come?" I said.

He nodded: "How did you know?"

It was then, for the first time that I was given to understand something of David Belasco's philosophy—the philosophy that has been his from the beginning.

Leaning toward me, and resting one hand on my knee, he said:

"I wanted you with me. I have wanted you with me for two years. You'll learn, David, if you haven't already, that in this world a man may have whatever he sets his heart upon, provided he wants it hard enough."

He rose then, and still in the mood my question had induced, walked to the window and stood there, gazing down into the current of the street. Perhaps he regretted having given me that glimpse of his hidden self; perhaps, in voicing that single tenet of his creed his mind had flown back to the dead days when he had first set his heart on achieving that which was now his—success, the world's recognition, a people's praise. I do not know. But this I

do know; that the little speech served as a seal, a seal of gold, upon the document of friendship created when our eyes had met and our hands had clasped in fellowship, eighteen months before. I remember that the sun was sinking, a ball of fire balanced on the distant roofs.

"Do you see that sun, David?" The man at the window asked, and so quietly it was as if he were thinking aloud. "It's not going forever, over behind those roofs. It's coming up again to-morrow brighter than ever before. It's your sun, David, and it's going to give To-morrow—to you."

Then I did not understand him; but now, in the light of the years that have passed, I do. And for all the successive To-morrows that sun has brought me, a part of my gratitude is due the man who stood at the window that afternoon gazing into the West, whence he, himself, a young Lochinvar of his art, had come with burnished lance to conquer.

"Besides," he added, with the whimsical playfulness that those who are closest to him love him for the best of all, "I found another horse-shoe this morning; which proves it, if proof be necessary."

For David Belasco—the David Belasco whom I know and knowing, love—possesses all the surface-characteristics of the genius that he is. His superstitions are brilliantly illuminating, and by a system of what may well be called "comparative philosophy" he analyzes them and justifies his belief in them.

Thus, one afternoon during the New York run of "The Auctioneer" we were walking through Forty-Second Street. Suddenly Mr. Belasco stooped and picked up a piece of coal which he stowed away in one of the capacious pockets of his overcoat. Our conversation had suffered no break, and though I wondered, it was not until he had thus stooped and picked up a third piece

of coal that my curiosity obtained the upper hand.

As it chanced, a little girl of the streets, a tiny, wan-faced elf with a shawl over her brown head and a basket on her thin arm, had spied that bit of coal at the same instant.

Belasco had been the quicker, Reading the distress in the child's face, he gave her a dime, but kept the bit of coal.

"Will you please tell me," I exploded at last, "why you go about picking up coal? Do you need it? If you do, I—"

"David," he said, with that illuminating smile, as he walked on, "I always pick up coal. I have a box in the studio full of coal that I have picked up."

"But why?" I insisted.

"Because, David," he explained, as if he were a patient master and I a backward pupil, "coal is power—potential power. Coal runs this great world. Can I afford to pass a bit of this potential power lying at my feet without picking it up and making it a part of myself? Who can say that my success has not been due to that very thing—a subtle absorption into my very being of the potential power in the bits of coal I have picked up."

No further explanation was necessary or forthcoming, for with an exclamation of delight he stooped again and rescued a bent and rusty nail which he dropped into his pocket along with the coal.

"Now nails are different," he proceeded, soberly. "Nails hold things together. A nail is the most perfect symbol of cohesion that I know of. And what perception is of more value to a dramatist than a sense of cohesion. There mustn't be any warping or cracks in a play, David. It must be tight. It must hold water. In order that this sense may be reinforced in my mind from time to time, I pick up nails. If you do not pick up nails, David," he added

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wisely, "I would suggest that you acquire the habit."

The analytical sense, you say? Perhaps, but at least a characteristic and a lovable trait for all it may give to him at last he arrives at the studio after a walk, a certain likeness to a base-burner.

The ordinary superstitions, however, save those that invest the black cat and the horseshoe with magical properties, have no part in his catalogue of virtuous beliefs. He is little concerned with the opening of an umbrella in the theatre, and is quite immune to the ill effects attendant upon a deadhead entering a playhouse on an opening night in advance of a "paid admission."

In this connection I recall distinctly an incident that occurred on the night we opened in "The Music Master" in Atlantic City. We had worked hard for weeks; we were tired; mentally we were wretchedly afraid the play would prove a failure, but late in the afternoon Belasco appeared and I have never seen him gayer. He told us that the play was going to be a great success. The reason for his confidence in that dark hour I did not learn until the next day. At the very doorway of the theatre that afternoon he had found a nail, a piece of coal, and a horseshoe; further, a black cat, crouching on the sill of the stage-entrance, had rubbed against his ankles and permitted him to caress her.

Could the spirits of the night, that rule our lives have worked to better purpose? Dear David Belasco, may you go on finding coal and nails and horseshoes and black cats through years unnumbered!

It is my belief, however, that these amusing crochets are the mere whimsical fancies of a man whose mind is really never off the work to which he has dedicated his life. For no one knows better than David Belasco that what the Fates hold for a man must be wrested from them, and no man ever worked hard-

er for his heart's desire than he. His life has been one long song of toil. That he loves his labor has, of course, rendered it the less arduous, but patient toil has been his portion always, and will be, I have no doubt, until the end. Day and night are one to him—time to be utilized, to be bent to his will, to serve as a slave in the creation of that upon which he has set his heart. I have known him to work day after day without leaving his studio, begrudging the minutes necessary to snatch a bite of food from the tray that is brought to him. Many are the occasions when, completely exhausted, he has fallen asleep in his chair, his white head pillowed on his arms flung out across his desk. He works always at the top of his bent. No minuita is too small for his consideration; no project too great for eager, practical consideration.

While engaged upon the composition of a play, there is nothing in the world to him but that play. A relay of stenographers are frequently employed in taking his swift dictation. He does not write dialogue; he talks it. Only in this way can he obtain any idea of aural accuracy, the sound of talk. As a play nears the night of production I have known him, after a series of rehearsals covering eighteen hours, to go on testing various effects in lighting the long night through.

The day preceding the first night he never leaves the theatre. A hasty supper is eaten on the stage, and after the last curtain has fallen, and the crowds have gone, there, in the deserted theatre, he will sit, peopling the vacant stage with the creatures of his wondrous fancy till dawn streaks the eastern sky and in the street rise the shrill cries of the newsboys. It is for them he has waited—dreamed and waited.

What will the papers say of the work that he has done? For what they say means more to him, I believe, than to any other man in his

profession. Sometimes they hurt him—the papers—but more often they cheer him, and always he is eager for the apt suggestion, the constructive criticism that will help in making more perfect the dramatic wares he next may offer. Not that he is prone to act upon every suggestion that may be given him, for he is the master of his own mind, and once that mind decides a thing is right nothing less than divine objection would suffice to change it. Yet the critics may never know in what degree they have assisted David Belasco in the work that he has made his own.

And what a work it is! And how he joys in it! It is his life—his all.

Society does not know him, though for years it has eagerly sought an opportunity to bring him to itself. Mrs. Belasco and his charming daughters represent him there, and into his home-life he never carries the atmosphere of the playhouse. To the stranger his shyness might readily be mistaken for indifference. But indifference to life in any aspect is inconceivable of him. Indeed, he is indifferent to nothing. The little things of life that we are all prone to forget in the bustle of existence are never forgotten by him.

I have never seen him out of patience, I wonder of how many stage-directors that may truthfully be said. We, his players, are given every opportunity to express ourselves in the development of the character it is given us to personate, and I have seen him again and again write speech after speech when the original seemed to him difficult of delivery, until at last the actor spoke the words naturally. I have seen him rewrite entire scenes to suit his actors.

Usually the attempt is made to reorganize the actor to fit the scene. A player may appear restless in a

chair. "Are you uncomfortable?" Belasco will ask. "Try another chair."

Chair after chair may be tried. In the end a special chair may have to be made. Everything with him is done for the actor's sake. I believe David Belasco to be the greatest actor's manager in the world.

The most human of men at all times, among his intimates he becomes a boy. No child in play was ever gayer than he when surrounded by those whom he knows to be his friends. Nor are they many; a few congenial souls—a table laden with the sweets that he indulges in—I fear too much sometimes—and David Belasco reveals himself as a man in whom the art-sense is supreme, but who is none the less a man.

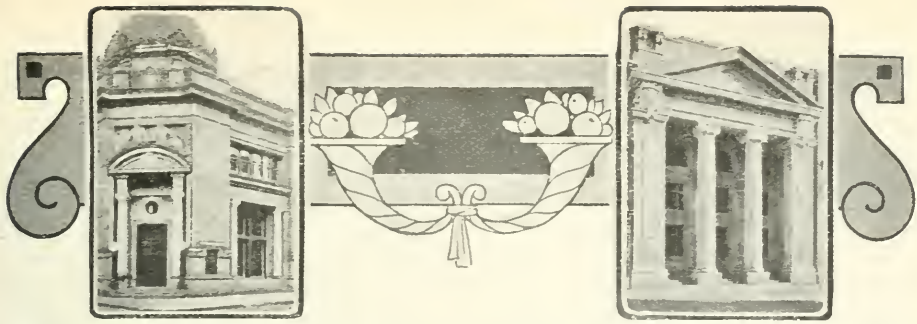
The final curtain had fallen on the first performance of "The Auctioneer." That afternoon he had spent an hour in the only curiosity-shop the little Connecticut town possessed—for he loves the antique—and now that the play was launched, the load lifted from his mind and he was the boy again. At midnight we sought out a little restaurant familiar to us both. He assumed the role of host. The order was served.

Leaning back in his wooden chair he exclaimed.

"David, do you know why I like to produce plays?" Because," he went on, "first nights give me an opportunity to indulge in a little supper."

He swept the crescent of dishes with a gesture—a half a cantaloupe—a dish of prunes, a plate of dry toast, a fat piece of apple-pie, and a portion of cold rice pudding.

Yet it may be from such a diet that he draws the sweetness of his spirit, a spirit that one feels as one feels the flash of his eyes, the clasp of his hand, or the tearful beauty of his smile.



Savings Banks, Corner Stone of Investment

By JOHN B. STANTON

From Pearson's Magazine

SIX young men were lined up in the private office of a New York merchant. One vacancy in his establishment was to be filled. The merchant asked:

"How many of you young men have savings bank accounts?"

Only one replied that he had.

"I'll take you," said the merchant.

When some one asked the employer why his choice had been influenced he answered: "A boy who saves and has a savings bank account is sure to have some other good quality. At any rate, he has early seen the advantage of thrift."

Few people stop to realize the value and significance of saving and the part it plays in the whole big scheme of success, nor do they appreciate the fact that the first aid to saving is at their very door-step in the shape of a savings bank. Saving is the instrument of man's independence and by saving alone can the workingman, for example, ever become rich.

Russell Sage used to say that it was easy to make money after you had the first thousand. But the first thousand looms up big and forbidding to many persons, and for this reason they never make a start to get it. The simple formula for this thousand is to save and to begin at once. Behind the matter of saving is a larger meaning because all investment begins with

saving, and thus the savings bank is the first step towards comfort and competency in old age. Investment is putting your money out to work so that it will earn more money. The investing power of any nation is the aggregate of small savings, for this is its real financial strength. Despite the fact that our resources of every kind are greater, France has a wider investing power than the United States. The explanation is not difficult. The French people are thrifty and economical; they aspire to ownership of their government bonds which are issued in very small denominations. They know that they cannot own these bonds without saving. The result is that they are the best savers in the world.

When you stop to realize the extents to which small sums, put aside systematically, grow, you get a new appreciation of the value of money. One dollar deposited in a savings bank which pays four per cent. interest will amount to \$2.19 in twenty years. This is simple compound interest. But one dollar deposited every year will amount to \$30.97 in twenty years. Most people can save one dollar a week. This sum, deposited in a savings bank each week, will aggregate \$1.612 in twenty years. A man who has deposited \$5 a week in a savings bank can, after twenty years, draw

out six dollars a week and still leave to his wife and children at his death all the money that he originally deposited and quite a little surplus besides.

Take another phase of this same kind of saving. The price of a five-cent cigar, put into a savings bank every day, will amount to \$182.50 in ten years. At four per cent, it will earn \$40 interest. Thus the total amount represented by this simply putting aside of a nickel a day is \$222.56. Ten cents a day, put aside in this way and employed in a savings bank will mean \$445.36 in ten years, while fifteen cents a day will reach a total of \$668.18. Twenty-five cents a day will amass the somewhat imposing sum of \$1,113.75, while one dollar a day will mean \$4,455.75.

There is eloquent speech in these figures and it conveys a message to every man and woman. Summed up, it means just what is expressed in a very trite and old adage; it is not what you earn, but what you save, that makes you wealthy.

The savings banks are the first and best bulwarks of the people's money and a knowledge of what they accomplish is a liberal education in thrift. You can start an account in any of the great savings banks of New York City with one dollar and no sum is too insignificant to be enrolled on the books. It costs nothing to become a depositor. For the convenience of those who may live in sections remote from savings bank centres a system of entering deposits by mail has been perfected. Thus the bank is brought to the doors of the depositor. Hence there is no excuse for the average citizen not to have a savings bank account.

A savings bank is generally regarded as a public institution and most States have laws safeguarding them. It is important for the depositor (who is likewise a prospective investor), to put his money in a bank that is located in a State having proper savings bank laws. Peace of mind about the secur-

ity of deposit is a first requirement in the accumulation of money.

Some States have more stringent savings bank laws than others. As a rule, the best laws are in the Eastern States. New York laws are the most rigid. The savings banks of that State permit the bank officials to invest their funds only in three ways: in government bonds, which include the bonds of the United States government, States, cities, towns, villages and school districts; certain very high class railroad bonds and mortgages on real estate. The Massachusetts laws follow closely after those of New York.

The growth of the American savings bank furnishes an impressive lesson. The total deposits to-day aggregate \$3,690,078,945, which is divided among 1,415 banks. These institutions have a host of 8,588,000 depositors. These are the cohorts of the thrifty. The average deposit of each depositor is \$429.64.

Ten years ago the savings bank deposits were \$26 per capita of the population of the United States. To-day they are \$41 per capita of the population which is larger even than the per capita circulation of the general money of the country.

The geographical distribution of savings deposits is interesting for it shows that the centre of economy and thrift is still near its very foundation—New England. The total number of savings banks in the New England States is 463, and they have nearly three million depositors. Yet the State of New York with 134 banks has practically as many depositors. The farther west you go the smaller becomes the number of savings banks. Likewise the rigor of the laws governing them diminishes.

Since return or yield is a highly essential feature of any kind of employment of money it is helpful to see just what savings banks pay. Taking all the savings banks of the country into consideration, you find that the maximum rate of interest paid to depositors is 4.50 per cent.; the mini-

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mun is 2.72. The average rate is 3.65 per cent. It is a safe thing to set down that four per cent. is usually the average savings bank rate compatible with the utmost safety. This is what the New York banks pay and they are managed with the utmost conservatism and under what might be called ideal conditions, both as regards conduct and supervision.

It is interesting in this connection to see just what could be accomplished with the total deposits of the New York savings banks which alone amount to \$1,394,296,034, a sum greater than the bonded debt of the United States. It would buy out, among other things, the entire textile industry of the country. It is sufficient to have bought the whole corn crop of 1906 which aggregated nearly three billion bushels, and to have had enough left over to purchase the winter wheat yield of that year. Turning to another staple, it is enough to have bought the two biggest cotton crops that the United States has ever known and have enough surplus to acquire, for \$81,000,000, the entire output of cotton seed, a very valuable by-product.

The army of New York savings bank depositors (they outnumber the residents of Manhattan Island), could pay off with their deposits the entire stock and bonded debt of the New York Central, Pennsylvania and Baltimore and Ohio Railroads. They could control the stock of the Atchison, the Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific, the Southern Pacific, and the Great Northern, and in addition could buy outright the entire stock issues of the eastern coal roads including the Lackawanna, the Reading, the Erie and the Chesapeake & Ohio. Here indeed is power from the piled up pennies of the poor.

Perhaps no other class of deposits has so large a human interest side as those of the savings banks. They come from the greasy wallets and

pantry hoards of misers; from the slender purses of widows; from the stockings of scrub women; from mendicant and merchant; from the tin safes and nickel banks of children—in fact, from all sources and all conditions. Often they spell sacrifice or mean some fond ambition.

Take the example furnished by the Bowery Savings Bank, of New York City, the largest institution of its kind in the world. The huge columns of its massive front rise in what was once, and in some respects still is, the most sordid centre of the greater city. Past its doors rumble the elevated trains and within stone's throw of its great vaults lives the most motley population of a motley city. On its books are the names of 150,000 depositors, a host as large as the population of Rochester or Denver. Its deposits are \$100,000,000, half of the fortune of the late W. H. Vanderbilt who at his death was the richest man in America. On a busy day the lobby of this bank is like an international congress, for a dozen languages are heard. Many of the circulars and books of instructions are printed in English, French, Yiddish, Italian and German. In its effort to reach every class the Bowery Savings Bank has a special department for the enlisted men of the United States army and navy and receives deposits from the soldiers and sailors from every part of the world.

In New York are savings banks with special facilities for the accommodation of seamen and immigrants—Italians, Jews, Poles and practically every race or calling represented there in large numbers. Most of these people come from thrifty nations and the idea of a savings bank appeals to them.

Yet the idea of saving knows no creed, race or color. It is one of the most constructive steps in the uplift of all the people.



"In Time the Old Ship Chandler Found Himself Without Customers."

From Debt to Dividends

By A. S. ATKINSON
From System Magazine

TEN years ago there was an unimportant, second rate ship-chandler store in lower New York, catering to the few captains of wooden ships running into the port. The owner depended more upon the friendship of the old sea captains for his trade than upon any business acumen or effort. But old sea captains die off and in time the old ship chandler found himself without customers, a low assortment of stock, high store rent, and plenty of shrewd, pushing rivals. There seemed to be only one thing for him to do—clean up what little money he could make from the stock and close shop.

But his head clerk—I'll call him Caldwell, for convenience—had been with him ten years, and had learned the business from foundation up. He went to the old man, and said:

"I've saved up a thousand dollars from my wages, and I want to start

in business for myself. Can't we make some arrangement to keep the store going?"

The old man demurred; said the business was no good, and that any man who attempted to run it would lose all of his money; the times were disjointed and there was no longer any profit in the ship chandler business. It took hard talking and persuasion for the head clerk to convince the old man that young blood might have a chance where an old man would be left behind in the race. But the sight of that thousand dollars, carefully saved through ten years of hard, pinching work, caught him. He let the young clerk take over the business, after paying down his thousand dollars and giving his notes aggregating ten thousand dollars due at various intervals in the next three years.

It seemed like a one-sided bargain.

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The stock was so depleted and ill-assorted that an expenditure of nearly a thousand dollars more was required to make a decent display. The raising of this thousand dollars was almost as difficult as convincing the old man that he should sell out to his clerk.

First Caldwell tried advertising for additional capital, but no one seemed eager to invest his money in such an uncertain undertaking. The few replies and interviews he had were so discouraging that he abandoned this course as suddenly as he had taken it up.

Then he took a list of his friends and the business associates of the old house. But by the process of elimination he found that there were only a few that held forth even a ray of hope. To these, however, he applied himself with energy, exhausting his persuasive vocabulary in trying to show them that he had a "good thing" if he had half a chance to develop it.

But friends are not always so ready to trust their money to the uncertain manipulations of others. One told him that it was like throwing good money after bad and he could not afford to entertain such a risk. Another in a fatherly sort of way advised the young man to stick to clerking and not try to go into business for himself. "For don't you know," was the conclusion, "that nearly every business man fails in his first venture, and many in their second and third?" A third friend pleaded off from investing because he had all the load he could carry himself. Another said he wouldn't put money in a new enterprise if his own brother asked him for it.

Caldwell gave up seeking capital through others and fell back upon his own resources. He had a life insurance policy for three thousand dollars on which he had been paying for some time. He went to the insurance company and asked how much he could possibly raise on that. He found that he could get a loan of \$600 on this policy with interest at six per cent.

Then what other available assets had he? There was the furniture of his little apartment. It had been purchased little by little. On this he secured a chattel mortgage without removal for two hundred dollars. Then by putting up as security all his valuables he raised the final two hundred. It seemed like mortgaging every earthly possession, and starting in under a big handicap; but he needed the money to establish credit with the big houses, something which the old man in recent years had not had.

Then came a process of rigid economy and paring down of expenses. The very fact that he had exhausted his ability for raising further capital, and stood in now for utter and complete failure if he did not succeed in his new enterprise, made him serious and careful. There could be no leak, no unnecessary expense, no luxury whatever. He cut down his own personal expenses.

Then he turned to reducing expenses in business. He let the two clerks go; they were not anxious to stay anyway when they knew how poor the new owner was. He called in his two brothers to take the places of the clerks. One was just out of school, and the other was making eight dollars a week as a runner for a hardware store. Rent day would come around regularly, and \$200 a month was a pretty big item to meet. So he solved this latter by dividing the store in half, and renting part of it to another, but not a rival, concern. He secured a slight advance for this rent over what he was paying, and thus saved \$10 a month on the rent of his half.

The youngest brother was installed as indoor clerk, and the other with himself, started out to drum up trade. They visited the few remaining old sea captain friends of their former employer, and found they were such old fossils it was useless to urge them further for trade.

The returns were slow for the first month; and rent day was approaching without much prospect ahead of rais-

ing the amount. Caldwell realized that his only hope to meet his rent and hold up his credit was to land a big order quick.

Now the captain of an incoming ship will often give his orders for new supplies to the first ship chandler house whose runner boards his craft first. Sometimes the race down the bay and out across the ocean between these runners is as strenuous as between the pilots. Many of them go down in sail boats, and a few manage to accompany the pilot boats to get ahead of all rivals.

Captain J——, of the steamer M——, a big tramp, was known for his sporting blood and good-natured heartiness. He nearly always gave his orders for new supplies to the first runner who boarded his steamer on approaching New York; and as these sometimes amounted to several thousand dollars, there was intense rivalry to secure the prize.

Caldwell determined to get this prize. The steamer M——was expected within forty-eight hours. Telling his plan to his brothers only, he, late that night, boarded an ocean liner that was loading up for its regular trip. He stowed himself away in the forward hold, with his supply of food and water and a life preserver, and at midnight the ship steamed out of the harbor. The second day out he appeared on deck, and sought the captain. Frankly telling his story, he asked if he could work on deck until they sighted the steamer M——. After the first astonishment, the captain appreciated the young man's earnestness and the seriousness of his position, and helped him in his game.

Ten hours later the big tramp steamer hove in sight. When she was abreast of the ocean steamer, Caldwell jumped overboard with his life preserver. The captain of the big tramp saw the man fall in the water, and, as the ocean liner continued on her course without lowering a boat, he sent men to the rescue. They brought the dripping figure aboard.

Approaching the captain, Caldwell said:

"Captain, I'm from the ship chandlery firm of Caldwell & Caldwell, and I want your order for the next trip."

There was a moment of blank surprise on the stolid face of the sea captain; then his eyes twinkled and he grinned. He took the dripping figure below and got his story. Later the adventurous young clerk got his order, a big one.

Caldwell met his rent—the first test.

The second came when the first of the notes fell due. The three brothers during the first year increased their business and established good credit. They were more than paying expenses and earning a decent living. But how could they meet notes amounting to three thousand dollars? They could not stretch their credit beyond a certain point, and to keep this intact they had to pay out nearly as fast as they received money in. The money had to come from outside resources. Caldwell went after it.

In the intervals of strenuous scurrying for new business, he had been working on a patent ventilator for pleasure yachts; it was a good device, and some day he intended to manufacture it himself and make a fortune out of it. He figured that about every pleasure yacht, motor boat, and steamer in the country would use one or more of these ventilators when they were once on the market.

Now he took his precious patent to Commodore S——, of the New York Yacht Club, and explained in detail just how it worked. He installed one on the Commodore's yacht, and left it there, saying nothing about price or money arrangements. At the end of a month he went to see the Commodore again.

"How's the patent ventilator working, Commodore?" he asked.

"Finely," the Commodore answered. "Couldn't do without it. What's the bill?"

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"Three thousand dollars cash."

The florid face of the Commodore grew purple and apoplectic; and his vocabulary still darker. When he had to pause to find breath, Caldwell said:

"You don't understand, Commodore: that includes the patent as well as the ventilator. If you want the exclusive right to it you can have it for three thousand. If not, I'll take it off and turn it over to Mr. A——, he wants it, I know—but I gave you first choice."

Now the Commodore had, as Caldwell of course knew, a penchant for owning things that nobody else could use or imitate. He wanted to be exclusive in his possessions, and in particular he wanted to outrival the man Caldwell had incidentally mentioned, a member of the same yacht club. Caldwell knew his man. From anger and bluffing, the old yachtman turned to argument and reason. The patent was in the name of Caldwell and he was willing to turn it over to the Commodore for the price named. As a clincher, Caldwell added:

"You can use it exclusively on your yacht; nobody else can have one without your consent, and when you're tired of it you can make a small fortune by manufacturing them for the general market. I'll offer to do it myself some day on commission when you're ready. But just now I want that three thousand dollars; I must have it."

And he got it. The first notes were promptly met—much to the astonishment of the retired ship chandler.

So the third stage of business-building was passed—business started, trade-current started, credit established. Remained three more: finding an opening for a new line of trade, perfecting the organization, expanding the business.

Like the initial period of any struggling business, the first year had been a time of makeshifts—to pay the rent, to buy needed stock, to find bare food money, to meet that first big account.

Now there was a breathing spell—and other problems. First new patron-

age had to be attracted, a trade built up. Competition was keen. Older houses had their hold.

To get trade Caldwell saw it was not enough to keep up with his competitors; that would not make him conspicuous. He had to get ahead of them. By new lines of goods, by new selling methods, by new service—by some means he had to differentiate himself from the established houses. That only would attract the buyer's attention.

Up-to-date goods — near-perfect service: those were the features Caldwell chose. And—"Not up with the times, but a little in the lead"—was the line that he put on his stationery and advertising, and carries there to-day.

About this time the marine gasoline motor was beginning to reach its full development, and there was every promise of a remarkable boom in motor boats of every description. The racing motor boats were too few and scattering to lead any ship chandler to carry a large assortment of special equipments. But what if the pleasure and commercial boat came into public favor?

Caldwell realized that here was a new field worth cultivating. He decided to make this his first feature. Immediately he began to lay in a line for motor boats. He was the first in the field, and he built up a reputation for carrying the largest assortment of motor boat equipment and supplies of any firm, before most of his old rivals awakened to the fact that there was an entirely new and profitable field for exploiting. It was not a side line of specialties he carried, but a full assortment of samples of everything that could be used on a motor boat. No matter what an owner of a motor boat wanted, it was his for the asking. Sometimes it cost more than the article was worth to get it in time to meet the demand, but that didn't affect results.

Here is where he applied his idea of near-perfect service. Once an order came in for a certain kind of

spark plug which was not in stock and never had been in stock. In fact, there was no such spark plug in existence. The inquirer had seen in a technical paper a drawing of it which an amateur had sketched and had concluded that it was on the market.

Instead of writing back that the plug could not be obtained, the ship chandler called into service an electrician and mechanic, and within twenty-four hours had a dozen of the spark plugs made from the design and ready for shipment.

That little order cost the maker ten times what he received for it, but he satisfied a customer. Not only that, but he satisfied himself that the spark plug was of unusual value. He tried it, tested it, and made certain that it was the best on the market. Then he applied for a patent, received it, manufactured it, and advertised it under his name. To-day forty thousand of these spark plugs are sold for use in motor boats.

And this experience taught Caldwell to watch for novelties that might become permanencies. From that time on every new device announced in the patent columns of the papers that in any way related to his line he investigated carefully. In a number of instances he received exclusive selling rights for his territory of marine articles that later came into common use. And in a few cases he secured complete ownership.

A trade established and growth assured, organization—a real system of conducting his business—was Caldwell's next problem. First came buying. Here a triple-faced situation faced him; a lot of his stock was antiquated; he needed new goods and the effect of a display; he had little money.

He played the first against the last to win the middle. He took a complete stock of his goods; he gathered together the old cast iron and other old-class-boat equipments that were giving way before galvanized, bronze and brass articles; and he sold these

at any price he could get, in order to turn the stock into capital.

That gave him money.

Then he spread this money as thin as he dared to get a great variety and big display—and yet not affect his established standard of service. So he carried to the extreme the modern idea of small-lot purchases—at a time when it had not been preached and proved as it has been to-day.

Instead of trying to carry a large stock in any line, he kept on his shelves and store room what amounted to little more than a sample line; but he carried a wide variety. He could replenish his stock and even fill a big order in a few hours by telephoning the manufacturer. By this method Caldwell actually carried a larger assortment and a more quickly moving stock with a less investment than in the old days.

Expense of operation was the next managerial point of attack.

His thin stock saved interest on money invested, rent on space required. He went further. Cost of handling was reduced by sending goods direct from the manufacturer's factory or local warehouse to the vessels, saving re-packing, extra haulage, time, clerical hire. He carried this to a point, during this period of close figuring, where a goodly percentage of the goods he sold never entered his store.

Caldwell saved money in his buying. To begin with, he bought only what he could sell—soon and at a profit. "Let the other fellow handle the goods there's no margin on or that have to be carried on a gamble," he said. And no salesman could load him up with a big stock of even a popular or staple article—even at a discount.

"I can always buy from you below the retail price," he would say, "but I can't always sell above the wholesale price. As long as I'm sure of my dealer's profit, why should I gamble?"

And he bought low. For he paid his bills when they fell due—if in ten days or four months. And while he

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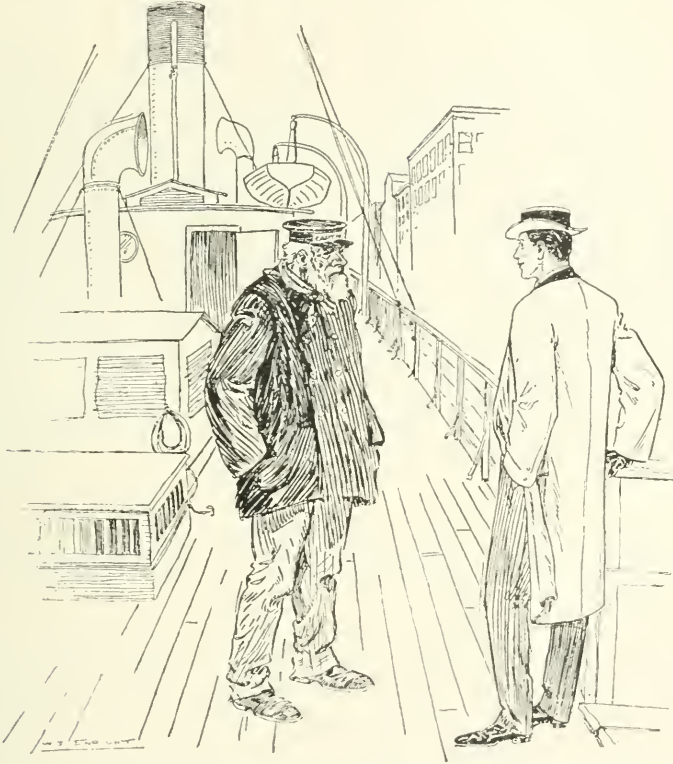
bought in small quantities, he bought often; he moved the goods—and that is what the manufacturer likes to see.

So the second note came due and was paid without a great strain; and the third with less. It was a regular routine of business by that time—an ordinary "bills payable."

Then began the real expansion. The kind of growth that every American business will recognize. The store

with money a business man can do much that would have been poor policy or impossible before.

Caldwell now carried a large stock where he before had carried an assortment. Often he found hurry orders had to be filled on the spot. Some motor boat would run up along the wharves and the owner come into the store for certain equipments which he wanted to carry away with



"The Captain of an Incoming Ship Will Often Give His Orders for New Supplies to the First Ship Chandler House, Whose Runner Boards His Craft First."

needed more space; so he knocked out the partition between his store and the next and used the whole for his display room. Then he needed more store room for a bigger stock—so in a few years when his lease came up for renewal, he took the whole building for a term of five years.

For in the meantime Caldwell's buying policy had changed. He was building up a higher standard of service—and he had more money. And

him. He could not afford to lose such customers. So he made a specialty of "filling orders while you wait."

He came to carry the largest line of motor boat supplies and marine equipments in the country. Then he took the agency for a particularly good line of marine motors and for special batteries and spark plugs. He had to have more exhibition room for these, and hired another store in the city with large show windows where

he could display these to greater advantage.

Then came national expansion. Caldwell had started a mail order trade long before. In his third year he had gotten out his first ambitious catalogue and began to make a bid for the national as well as the local trade. He advertised conservatively and increased space in trade and other papers only as actual orders warranted.

The mail orders increased. Big out-of-town sales and shipments warranted the next step—the opening of branch stores in other cities of the country. These branch stores were selected in response to demand only. And as this came chiefly from people interested in motor boating, the strategic locations were on the rivers, lakes and along the seashore. And in the summer time when the motor boat season was at its height, temporary agencies for their goods were established at points where the demand appeared to warrant it. On some lakes and rivers Caldwell & Caldwell

now keep the agencies open four months in the year, and then close them in the fall, but re-open again in the spring for business.

Then came the final development—manufacturing. It started with the little spark plug—and got a real impetus when the old Commodore grew tired of the ventilator that saved the first anniversary day. When Caldwell had reached the state of assurance he proposed to the Commodore that they put the ventilator on the market. And to-day it is being manufactured on a large scale—with the royalties evenly divided between the Commodore and Caldwell.

After this Caldwell was always ready to take up a new appliance in his line. And to-day he owns and controls a score of patents—and the product is sold from his big new building in New York, his many local stores, his dozen branches, his score of agencies.

And it all began with a thousand dollars and a worn-out trade.

Are You a Hundred Point Man?

A hundred-point man is one who is true to every trust; who keeps his word; who is loyal to the firm that employs him; who does not listen for insults nor look for slights; who carries a civil tongue in his head; who is polite to strangers without being fresh; who is considerate towards servants; who is moderate in his eating and drinking; who is willing to learn; who is cautious and yet courageous.

Hundred-point men may vary much in ability, but this is always true—they are safe men to deal with, whether drivers of drays, motor-men, clerks, cashiers, engineers or presidents of railroads.

The hundred-point man may not look just like all other men, or dress like them, or talk like them, but what he does is true to his own nature. He is himself.

He is more interested in doing his work than in what people will say about it. He does not consider the gallery. He acts his thought and thinks little of the act.

The hundred-point man looks after just one individual, and that is the man under his own hat; he is one who does not spend money until he earns it; who pays his way; who knows that nothing is ever given for nothing; who keeps his digits off other people's property. When he does not know what to say, why, he says nothing, and when he does not know what to do, does not do it.—Philistine.

The Art of Apology

By ERNEST A. BRYANT

From the Quiver

“NEVER make a defence or apology before you be accused,” was the advice of Charles I. to the Earl of Strafford. The cause lists of the Law Courts would be even more congested than is already the case were the advice generally followed. A pretty penance will propitiate all but the inexorable and create friendship where enmity may have seemed hopelessly to dominate the attitude of the party aggrieved.

But there are apologies and apologies. Some make it a pleasure to have the opportunity of forgiving; others by stupidity or malice make the last condition worse than the first. There is the apology in which no word is spoken, but where the action performed is trumpet-tongued. Tennyson, who in his rougher moods could be as boorish as the most bucolic, propitiated one of his victims in the quaintest way. He had been unmannerly overnight to a neighbor. With the earliest peep of dawn next day he went thundering to her door with a gigantic cabbage under either arm.

“I heard that you liked these,” he roared, as she drew back the curtain of her window, and, with a bow and a smile, he left his efficacious peace offering on the doorstep.

If he was not diffuse in his own apologies, the poet warmly appreciated handsome reparation in another. Gladstone, in a review of “Maud,” had commented adversely

on the passages appealing to the warlike instinct. In a later edition of his article he declared that he had not sufficiently remembered that he was dealing with a dramatic and imaginative composition; that he was not strong in the faculties of the artist. Of this recantation Tennyson said, “Nobody but a noble-minded man would have done that.”

Less happy was the effort of another statesman with whom Lord North had to deal.

“Who is that frightful woman?” he asked.

“That is my wife,” answered Lord North.

“I beg a thousand pardons,” said the other; “I do not mean her, but that monster next to her.”

“Oh,” said Lord North, “that monster is my daughter.”

To complete the horror of the situation, it has only to be added that a day or two later a well-known man enthusiastically retailed the story to his neighbor, who was the very “monster” herself—Lady Charlotte Lindsay.

Disraeli, who was a past master of the art of flattery, was not infallible, but his audacity carried him out of danger. Soon after his elevation to the House of Lords he was asked by a brother peer how he felt in his new surroundings.

“Oh, don’t ask me,” he groaned; “dead and buried.” Then remembering that his questioner was of the company which he was con-

temning, he added, "And in the realms of the blest!"

After he had so bitterly attacked Peel, and himself risen to the place which had been occupied by his former leader, he sat one night at dinner next to Peel's daughter, and as some apology for his assaults upon her father explained that, when Peel would not accept his allegiance, he determined that his only way to advancement was by attacking him, and that he had therefore acted on that determination.

The boldest manoeuvre of Disraeli, perhaps, was that by which he accounted to the late Lord Salisbury for having described him as "a great master of jibes and flouts and jeers." The two men, who were soon to become so distinguished as allies, met on the evening of this memorable speech. "I have been attempting a kind of apology for you in the House of Commons," said the leader, "but I am afraid it may read rather clumsily."

How to intensify the difficulty of a situation was shown by an East-End curate, to whom one day came a man bringing a portrait of his son, which, he said, the curate had expressed a desire to possess. The curate was delighted; it was so good of the man to remember.

"What a capital likeness! How is he?" he asked.

The man, with a sob in his throat, sorrowfully answered that the boy was dead.

"Oh, ah, yes, of course. I mean how's the man who took the photograph?" said the wretched curate.

Constable's quandary was little less ludicrous when, praising a brother artist's work, he was pulled up with, "Why, I hear that you say my work looks like putty."

"Well, what of it?" retorted Constable, with a glare. "I like putty!"

Calamitous effects have often been dispelled by the tact of the offender. President Grevy, when conducted round the Salon, stopped

before a picture to exclaim, "What a terrible daub! Whose is it?"

To his consternation he was informed that the picture was the work of the distinguished gentleman by whom he was being conducted over the exhibition. In an instant the President recovered his self-possession.

"In our country," he said, "it is our habit, when we are going to buy an article, always to run it down."

The situation was saved, but the nation had to buy the picture.

Scarcely less effective was the reply of the royal librarian at Windsor to whom it fell to exhibit the royal collection of miniatures to the then Princess Royal. Presently that of Cromwell appeared.

"Oh, Mr. Woodward," exclaimed the Princess, "you cannot like that man?"

"Your Royal Highness must know," he replied, "that my loyalty to your Royal Highness's mother is such that I cannot but reverence the memory of the man to whose struggles for liberty we owe the unspeakable blessedness of possessing such a monarch on a constitutional throne."

Prince Bismarck, who knew the full value of an apt phrase, used to tell a delightful story of a rough-and-ready apology made by Frederick the Great, under whom Bismarck's father served. At a review an ensign made a blunder in handling his troop. The King flew into a violent passion, and pursued the ensign, stick in hand, that he might publicly chastise him. The ensign fled, and, leaping a ditch, left the King on the other side brandishing his cudgel. Later in the day the colonel of the regiment approached his sovereign to say:

"Sire, the young ensign doubtless committed a blunder. I have just received his resignation from your Majesty's service. I am sorry for he was really a good soldier."

THE ART OF APOLOGY

"Umph! Send him to me," said the King.

The ensign was in due course shown into the King's presence, this time expecting the very worst, but he was amazed and delighted to hear him say, "Here is your captaincy, sir, which I tried to give you this morning, but you ran so quickly that I could not catch you."

Nations apologize at times, and by a phrase prevent the outbreak of war. The apology of the United States to Britain for the seizure of the steamer *Trent* is a memorable instance; but a year or two ago the British Foreign Office did the thing as handsomely when a statement in a Blue Book was considered to impugn the veracity of an American diplomat.

The reparation of the individual, of course, has at times an international importance. Kaiser William enjoyed a feast of apologies, delivered on the knee, by Chinese dignitaries after the Boxer rebellion. John

Chinaman is a master of the equivocal apology. Seven shots were fired into the house of an Englishman when Sir Julian Pauncefote was at Hong Kong. An apology was demanded, and was presently forthcoming—as to two shots. For the balance of five there was no apology, nor could it be gained until reprisals were threatened.

Lord John Russell had an aptitude for the wrong sort of apology. On taking the Duchess of Inverness in to dinner, he sat for a moment, then jumped up, and took a seat on the opposite side of the table, next to the Duchess of St. Albans. Asked later by Lady Russell why he had done this, he said:

"Why, that great fire would have made me ill if I had sat with my back to it."

"I hope you gave your reason to the Duchess of Inverness," said his wife.

"No, I didn't; but I told the Duchess of St. Albans," he replied.

The Wealth in Endeavor

Was there ever a greater delusion than that of one who thinks his father's fortune a blessing, when he never earned a penny of it by his own effort? It is only a premium on laziness. It makes one's own development into manhood more unlikely. It furnishes him crutches, instead of teaching him to walk alone. It means the arrested development of his own powers for achievement, a paralysis of his own efforts.

The money we make in our vocation is a small part of the pay for the endeavor. The education we absorb in getting it, the disciplining of the mind by solving intricate problems, the constant exercise of the judgment in discriminating and weighing, the planning, the adjusting of means to ends is infinitely more important.

The world's great doers know very well that if you are not making a manly or a womanly struggle to establish a place for yourself, there is something wrong; either you have not the ability, or you have not the inclination. And human nature is so constituted that they will only hold you in contempt for your excuses.—Orison Swett Marden in *Success Magazine*.

Types and Eyes

By HARRY LYMAN KOOPMAN

From The Printing Art

THE late John Bartlett, whose "Familiar Quotations" have encircled the globe, once remarked to a youthful visitor that it was a source of great comfort to him that in collecting books in earlier years he had chosen editions printed in large type, "for now," he said, "I am able to read them." The fading eyesight of old age does not necessarily set the norm of print; but this is certain, that what age reads without difficulty youth will read without strain, and in view of the excessive burden put upon the eyes by the demands of modern life, it may be worth while to consider whether it is not wise to err on the safer side as regards the size of type, even by an ample margin.

It is now twenty-five or thirty years since the first scientific experiments upon the relations of type to vision were made in France and Germany. It was peculiarly fit, we may remark in passing, that the investigation should have started in those countries, for the German alphabet is notoriously hard on the eyes, and the French alphabet is encumbered with accents which form an integral part of the written word, yet are exceedingly minute and hard to distinguish especially in poor print. The result of the investigation was a vigorous disapproval of the German type itself and of the favorite style of French letter, the condensed. The experiments showed that words are easiest to read when composed of letters that are simple in form, unshaded, and ex-

tended. It was found that the eye in reading travels along a line just below the top of ordinary letters like "m," that variety should be sought along this line, and that differences above the line are much more obvious to the eye than those below it, ascenders being more distinct than descenders. It was found, also, that the lower case letters are on the whole more distinct than capitals—which was to be expected. It was, therefore, pointed out that progress in type design toward the hygienic ideal must follow the direction of simplicity, uniformity, and relative heaviness of line, with wide letters and short descenders, all in type of sufficient size for easy reading. It is seen by these tests that the English face is preferable to the Roman, and that type like the Ronaldson is condemned by its fussiness, and the modern Elzevir by its condensation. In the generation that has succeeded these experiments have we made any progress in adapting print to eyes along the lines of these conclusions?

No better proof of such progress could be asked than the print in which these words are presented to the reader. In the four and a half centuries of printing, pages of equal clearness and beauty may be found if one knows just where to look for them, but the later examples all fall within the period that we are discussing. It may be objected that this is the luxury of printing, not its everyday necessity, and this objection must be allowed; but luxuries are a power-

TYPES AND EYES

<p style="text-align: right;">Tuesday, 7 p.m.</p> <p>The New York market might almost be described as panicky at the close to-day, so great was the demoralization. The decline, ranging as it did, up to ten points, called for other explanations than those already given. A mere reduction in Steel prices, and similar events would not produce such weakness as has been in evidence during the past week, and the real reason for the break must be found in a speculative effort to prepare for another bull market or in the depressed condition of business in the United States. A reason for the particular weakness of Reading was that the coal operators having large stocks on hand were willing that a</p>	<p>been expected for rapid advances on assumptions of mergers or benefits to accrue from their purchase by larger systems. The actual news from the steel trade was vague, the rumors were confusing and unreliable, and the unsettling effect in consequence great, but as the expression of these sentiments invariably issued in the selling of stocks, the result was simplified into undeviating liquidation. There was only a slight check when the room shorts took the day's profits, but the last break of the day was the most demoralized sell-throughout, and closed prices at the lowest. Another reduction in the price of copper and the beginning of the new trial of the Standard Oil fine case were con-</p>
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Types in Contrast

Facsimile of the Regular Size of Print Used in Newspapers

ful influence in elevating the standard of living, and this is as true of print as of food or dress. It must be confessed that an unforeseen influence entered the field early in the quarter-century, that of William Morris and his Kelmscott Press. Morris' types began and ended in the Gothic or Germanic spirit, and their excellence lies rather in the beauty of the single letter than in the effective mass-play of his letters in words. His books, therefore, in spite of their decorative beauty, are not easy reading. In this respect they differ greatly from those of Bodoni, whose types Morris and his followers find weak and ugly. Bodoni's letters play together with perfect accord, and his pages, as a whole, possess a statuesque if not a decorative beauty. If anyone questions this let him turn to the Bodoni Horace of 1791, in folio, where, in addition to the noble Roman text of the poems, he will find an extremely clear and interesting italic employed in the preface, virtually a "library hand" script. But no force has told more powerfully for clearness and strength in types than the influence of Morris, and if he had done only this for printing he would have earned our lasting gratitude.

Morris held that no type smaller than long primer should ever be employed in a book intended for continuous reading; and here again, in size of type as distinguished from its cut, he made himself an exponent of one of the great forward movements that have so happily characterized the recent development of printing. Go to any public library and look at the novels issued from twenty-five to fifty years ago. Unless your memory is clear on this point, you will be amazed to see what small print certain publishers inflicted with impunity on their patrons during this period. This practice extended to editions of popular authors, like Dickens and Thackeray, editions that now find no readers or find them only among the near-sighted.

The cheap editions of the present day, on the contrary, may be poor in paper and perhaps in press work, they may be printed from worn plates, but in size and usually in cut of type they are generally irreproachable. In regard to near-sighted readers, it is well known that they prefer fine type to coarse, that they will choose, for instance, a Bible printed in diamond and find it clear and easy to read, while they cannot read pica at all. This fact in connection with the

<p>rewards skill in a very delightful way. For many years, starting about 1875, our firm supplied practically all the process blocks for the <i>Porting and Dramatic News</i>, the <i>Penny Illustrated Paper</i>, <i>Land and Water</i>, <i>Graphic</i>, and many other important journals. We also did a great trade with the book publishers, until the decay of the high-priced book trade and the increasing cheapness and improvements in the photo-zinc etching made it impossible to conduct a comparatively slow and expensive process in competition. We did a large amount of work for the Trus-</p>	<p>would go to nothing but very and difficult negative could old prints before the business, these high sw in stereo made results and method so as the cheap zinc I ceased my</p>
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Types in Contrast

Facsimile of the Ideal Size as Used in a Foremost Typographical Journal

former tolerance of fine type raises the question whether the world was not more near-sighted a generation or two ago than it is now, or does it mean only that the oculist is abroad in the land?

It is recognized that, in books not intended for continuous reading, small and even fine type may properly be employed. That miracle of encyclopedic information, the *World Almanac*, while it might be printed better and on a higher quality of paper, could not be the handy reference book that it is without the use of a type that would be intolerably small in a novel or a history. With the increase of the length of continuous use for which the book is intended, the size of the type should increase, up to a certain point. Above long primer or small pica, however, increase in the size of type becomes a matter not of hygiene, but simply of esthetics. But below the normal the printer's motto should be: In case of doubt choose the large type.

A development of public taste that is in line with this argument is the passing of the large paper edition. It was always an anomaly, but our fathers did not stop to reason that, if a page has the right proportions at the start, mere increase of margin

cannot enhance its beauty or dignity. So they paid many dollars a pound for mere white paper and fancied that they were getting their money's worth. The most extraordinary books were put forth in large paper, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, for instance. At the other extreme of size may be cited the Pickering diamond classics, also in a large paper edition, pretty, dainty little books, with their Lilliputian character only emphasized by their excess of white paper. But their type is too small to read, and their margins are out of proportion to the printed page. Though their type is small, they by no means exhibit the miracle of the books printed in Didot's "microscopic" type, and they represent effort in a direction that has no meaning for book-making except a mere tour de force. Quite different is the case with the Oxford miniature editions, of the same size outwardly as the large paper editions of the Pickering diamond classics; these are modern miracles, for, with all their "infinite riches in a little room," they are distinctly legible.

As regards books, we may congratulate ourselves that printing has made genuine progress in the last twenty-five years toward meeting the

primary demand of legibility. That form of print, however, which is read by the greatest number of eyes, the newspaper, shows much less advance. Yet newspapers have improved in presswork, and the typesetting machines have removed the evil of worn type. Moreover, a new element has come to the front that played a much more subordinate part two or three decades ago—the headline. "Let me write the headlines of a people," said the late Henry D. Lloyd to the writer, "and I care not who makes its laws." It is the staring headlines that form the staple of the busy man's newspaper reading, and they are certainly hygienic for the eyes if not for the mind. While the trend toward larger and clearer type has gone on chiefly

without the consciousness of the public, it has not been merely a reform imposed from without. The public prefers readable print, demands it, and is ready to pay for it. The magazines have long recognized this phase of public taste. When the newspapers have done the same, the eyes of coming generations will be relieved of a strain that can only be realized by those who in that day shall turn as a matter of antiquarian curiosity to the torturing fine print that has so thickly beset the pathway of knowledge from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century, and in the twentieth, overthrown in the field of books and magazines, is making its last stand in the newspaper.

Feeling and Character

By Frederick W. Robertson

Spiritual strength consists of two things—power of will, and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings, and a strong command over them.

Now it is here that we make a great mistake: we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him—before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the house quake—because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that is the weak man: it is his passions that are strong: he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings which he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him.

Transplanting Animal Organs

By BURTON J. HENDRICK

From McClure's Magazine

IN May, seven years ago, an important meeting took place at the Arlington Hotel in Washington. On that occasion, at the invitation of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, five of the most distinguished medical men in the United States met to discuss the foundation of an institution for scientific medical research. Until this meeting no institution devoted exclusively to this subject existed in this country. In experimental medicine Europe had left the United States far behind. The Pasteur Institute in France, the Lister Institute in London, the Imperial Health Office in Berlin, had taken the leadership for more than twenty years. Even Russia, with its great Imperial Institute at St. Petersburg, and Japan, with its Institute for Infectious Diseases at Tokio, had made many important additions to medical knowledge.

American medical men had long regarded this as a serious national reproach, especially as nearly all the great discoveries of the last forty years have been the result of laboratory experimentation. It was not a medical man at all, but an experimental chemist, Louis Pasteur, who, in demonstrating the relations existing between living micro-organisms and contagious diseases, became the real father of modern medicine. Pasteur not only achieved great immediate practical results; he also created a method. The lonely little house at Alais, where he

spent five years in investigating the diseases of silkworms, was the precursor of the laboratories now located in all the great capitals of the world. Following Pasteur's example, medical men have now learned to use their eyes, to take nothing for granted, to pay less deference to accepted authorities, and to form conclusions of their own, based upon carefully observed facts.

The outcome of the Washington conference referred to above was the Rockefeller Institute for medical research. Its mission is to apply, in the United States, the methods of investigation which, in other countries, have made such useful contributions to civilization. Starting in a small way, with no building of its own, and a fund of only \$200,000, it now has a large structure at Sixty-sixth Street and Avenue A, New York, and resources of nearly \$4,000,000. Its management is supervised by seven directors, all of them men of scientific eminence. Dr. William H. Welch, who, as head of the medical department of Johns Hopkins University, has done so much to create a new spirit in medical science in this country, is its president; and one of his most successful pupils and associates, Dr. Simon Flexner, who has already done much invaluable work in bacteriology, is the director of its laboratory. The other members of the Board are Dr. L. Emmett Holt, a man with a European reputation

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as an authority on the diseases of children; Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden, who has created the department of pathology at Columbia University; Dr. Herman M. Biggs, who, in spite of every discouragement and disadvantage, has made the New York Health Department a model municipal agency in fighting disease; Dr. Theobald Smith, of Harvard University, whose demonstration of the fact that Texas cattle fever is caused by an animal parasite carried by the cattle tick in large measure paved the way for the discovery of the relation between malaria and a certain species of mosquito; and Dr. Christian A. Herter, well known as an authority on nervous diseases and chemical pathology.

The laboratory building of the Rockefeller Institute stands upon a rocky bluff facing on the west a densely packed tenement population—one of the most prolific breeding-places of the diseases whose secrets the investigators seek to penetrate—and, on the east, Blackwell's Island, a centreing point for much of that misery and vice in the making of which disease plays no inconsiderable part. The Institution is modern, not only in its scientific atmosphere, but in a fine type of idealism. It is the headquarters of fifteen or twenty enthusiasts who have isolated themselves, in nearly all cases as young men, and given all their time to this work of research. As Edmond About said of Pasteur, they are seeking, not to cure individuals, but to cure humanity. If they make any important discovery, they give it freely to mankind with no reward except the recognition and satisfaction of having done something worth while.

In practically every department—surgery, pathology, bacteriology, chemistry, and physiology—excellent results have already been obtained. In this and subsequent articles will be described some of the

most important work already accomplished.

Among the most far-reaching of these experiments are those conducted by Dr. Alexis Carrel in the transplantation of animal organs. For the first time in medical history Dr. Carrel has demonstrated the important fact that the kidney of one animal can be transplanted into another animal and perform, for a considerable period, its normal functions. He has also proved that the leg of one dog can be successfully joined and made to grow upon the leg of another. These experiments are not mere surgical curiosities; like all the work of the Institute, they are undertaken for the purpose of accomplishing certain definite results.

Great progress has been made in the last thirty-five years in the prevention and cure of contagious diseases—diseases, that is, of bacterial origin. But the numerous disorders of the kidney, liver, spleen, and other important viscera, which, in the opinion of most pathologists, are not caused by bacteria, baffle medical men almost as much to-day as they did fifty years ago. The ravages of typhoid, diphtheria, and tuberculosis have been greatly checked; Bright's disease is still regarded by both the popular and professional mind, as incurable. For generations medical men have dreamed of treating these chronic affections in a direct and obvious way—that is, by removing sick organs and substituting new ones. If you have a bad kidney or a bad liver, the most satisfactory procedure, were it surgically possible, would be simply to get a new one. There are likewise many diseases of the arteries and veins, the most satisfactory treatment of which would be the transplantation of healthy vessels in place of those diseased.

Another similar idea is the replacement of useless legs and arms with the more serviceable limbs of

other people. In the Golden Legend of Jacobus de Voragine the story is told of a pious saint who received, as an especial favor from heaven, the healthy leg of a negro in place of his own diseased member. As a result of experiments conducted in the last five years by Dr. Carrel, it seems possible that what was the miracle of an age of faith may become the reality of an age of science.

Dr. Carrel, an unassuming young Frenchman, is himself a fine example of the idealistic spirit dominant in modern science. His skill as a surgeon would easily bring him a very large income; he prefers, however, the isolated work of the Institute. From the first Dr. Carrel has been a man with a fixed idea. As a medical student at the University of Lyons he conceived the possibility of utilizing healthy animal organs and vessels to do the work of those which had become diseased. Naturally, these ideas, coming from an enthusiastic young man, inspired little confidence. In spite of the great discoveries of modern French science, new ideas gain ground slowly in France. In Lyons Dr. Carrel did some interesting work; about 1905, however, hampered by the lack of proper working facilities at home, and convinced that his ideas would have a favorable reception in this country, he came to the United States. He became associated with the University of Chicago, on the staff of its distinguished professor of physiology, Dr. G. N. Stewart. Here, among other important operations, he succeeded in transplanting the kidney of a dog from its natural locating in the lumbar region to the dog's neck. In 1906, his success in this direction led to an invitation to join the staff of the Institute.

Before the transplantation of animal organs is possible, a large amount of preliminary work has to be done on the veins and arteries. The aorta, the great trunk artery, and the vena cava, the great trunk

vein, lead directly from the heart down into the abdominal cavity, and with certain important branches, connect with and largely hold in place the large abdominal organs. In order to remove the kidney, the liver, or the spleen, therefore, it is first necessary to cut these great blood-vessels. Medical men had long regarded the vascular system as sacred, and to cut the aorta, in the opinion of most surgeons, would inevitably cause death. No one had yet succeeded in uniting severed blood-vessels by simple suture; in certain cases, by the use of magnesium tubes and other contrivances, this latter operation had been performed, but no experimentalist, before Carrel, had developed a method that was simple and almost invariably sure.

An examination of an animal artery sufficiently explains why surgeons should approach it with trepidation. Thin as are its walls, it is an extremely complicated structure. Viewed under the microscope, it consists of three distinct coats or layers, each lying closely upon the other, but each absolutely distinct from its next neighbor. Each coat has its own independent part to play in the world; one provides the elasticity that makes pulsation possible, another furnishes muscular power, while the innermost section, called the intima, consists of a smooth, free surface, for immediate contact with the flowing blood. To cut these several layers and make them grow together again would in itself require great skill in surgical carpentry; what rendered it all but impossible was the blood itself. We are all fairly familiar with the common phenomenon known to surgeons as a thrombus, and to most people as a blood clot. Blood, when once freed from the artery, coagulates—forms into a sticky, glutinous substance. If a clot of any appreciable size gets into the circulation, it may land in the brain or some other vital part and

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cause death. It was the fear of a disaster of this kind that made surgeons hesitate to disturb a healthy artery.

The discovery made by Dr. Carrel was, like most discoveries, entirely simple and elementary. He found that no elaborate contrivance, such as a magnesium tube, was necessary; that, if proper skill and proper asepsis were used, a severed artery could be simply sutured with a very small needle and very fine silk. He discovered that, in joining the severed ends, he could practically disregard the different layers of which the vessel is composed, with the exception of the innermost one. If the intima of one severed end were perfectly joined to the intima of the other end, the remaining coats would practically take care of themselves.

The whole technique developed was beautiful in its minuteness and its simplicity. It would almost require a microscope to follow it in all its details. The usual way of stopping circulation, preliminary to a surgical operation, is by the use of metal clamps, which, pinching the walls of the vessel together, check the flow of blood. Dr. Carrel found that the metal clamps wounded the artery and frequently brought about the dreaded coagulations. He therefore stopped the circulation by winding around the artery a narrow strip of linen, and pulling this tight with surgical forceps. He then cut the artery with small and extremely sharp scissors. Snipping it thus in two places, he could remove a segment of any desired length. This he carefully washed, inside and out, with a cleansing solution, in order to remove all the blood and any extraneous matter that might possibly have slipped in, and then, to protect it against new encroachments, thoroughly coated it with vaseline.

In securing this in place, either in the same animal or another, the danger of wounding the tissue, and

thereby producing blood clots, again constantly threatened. Even in the little holes made by the tiny needles, diminutive coagulations might form, containing in themselves the chance of serious disturbance. To protect these holes, Dr. Carrel used another simple device; he thoroughly coated the silk thread with vaseline. As the silk passed through the walls of the artery, the vaseline was scraped off and left as a protective coating in the holes; it quickly healed the microscopic wounds and prevented thrombosis. By this operation, Dr. Carrel, or any surgeon equally skilful, could do what has always been regarded as impossible—cut the aorta of a man, at a short distance from the heart, and sew it together again. Indeed, the aorta is more easily handled than other arteries, because it is so large and tough. In cutting the aorta the circulation would be entirely stopped in the lower part of the body, and thrown into the upper; but, for the hour or less that such an operation would take, this could be done.

On animals, by using this method, Dr. Carrel has performed many important transplantations. He has taken the aorta from one dog and sewed it into the aorta of another. He has transplanted sections of the arteries of dogs and cats with ease. The animals, being under a heavy anesthetic, suffer absolutely no pain, either during or after the operations. The wounds rapidly heal; no blood clots result; and the subjects are soon capering about, unconscious of the fact that they are using each other's blood-vessels.

More interesting still, Dr. Carrel has found that, under favorable circumstances, he can make veins do the work of arteries and arteries do the work of veins. It is assumed that the average reader understands the difference between these two kinds of blood-vessels—that an artery is the channel through which

the red blood is rapidly pumped through the body, carrying nourishment and life; and a vein the channel through which this same blood, blue and vitiated, sluggishly finds its way back to the heart. Since arteries have much harder work to do than the veins, nature has made them thicker and more elastic; and physicians had hardly conceived it possible that they could be interchanged. Dr. Carrel, however, has cut out a section of the aorta of a dog, and replaced it with an equally long section of the vena cava—the largest vein—of another dog. Similarly, he has replaced part of the carotid artery—the main artery of the neck—with a corresponding part of the jugular vein. He has found that nature, when this violent change in its organization takes place, goes patiently to work to readjust matters; veins transplanted upon arteries grow thicker and elastic, so that they may do the work of arteries; arteries transplanted upon veins lose much of their elasticity and strength.

If these operations come to be performed on man, the possibility of using veins for arteries will be of the greatest importance. The difficulty of repairing human arteries by transplantation is the practical one of getting the material. People who have healthy blood-vessels do not care to present them to their suffering brothers. We need all the arteries we have—not a section can be permanently removed without disastrous results. The body is filled with superfluous veins, however, and we could easily find, in our own persons, a segment of vein to take the place of a diseased artery.

At present, however, this interchange is not always successful; many times a vein, in attempting to readjust itself to its new functions, overdoes the matter; its walls become so hard and thick that little space, sometimes no space at all, is left as a channel for the blood. A

situation results something like arterio-sclerosis—that hardening of the arteries that works such havoc among old people. This fact has led Dr. Carrel into a new field of experimentation: a testing of the possibility of using the vessels of an animal of one species in an animal of another. One of the recent discoveries of medical science is the fact that the blood serum of one species acts as a poison upon the tissue of another. But to this rule occasional exceptions have been found. If the different species are somewhat closely related, if the origin of one in zoologic time is not too far removed from that of the other, successful grafts may sometimes be made. You cannot graft the skin of a mouse upon a lizard, because these two animals are only remotely related; you would probably succeed better in transplanting tissue from a guinea pig to a rabbit, or from a cat to a dog, or possibly from an anthropoid ape to a man, for these species are supposed to be rather closely allied. As far as blood-vessels are concerned, Dr. Carrel has discovered that the arteries of one species frequently preserve a normal existence in the body of another species. He now has a living healthy cat which contentedly uses, as part of its circulatory system, the carotid artery of a dog. One of his associates in Chicago, Dr. C. C. Guthrie, has successfully inserted in a dog the arteries of a rabbit and a cat. Whether the arteries of a dog can survive and do their work in a human body has not yet been demonstrated, but it is known that the contrary of this principle is true. Dr. Carrel now has a dog, part of whose aorta is composed of a section of artery taken from a man's knee. The animal's pulse is entirely normal; it is, indeed, in perfect health.

To the unscientific citizen it is something of a surprise to learn that large parts of the body are alive and

useful after the phenomenon popularly known as death has taken place. Few of us suspect, for example, that our kidneys and hearts, after we have died ourselves, can in most cases, be resuscitated, and that it by some surgical miracle, could be transplanted into another body, they would quickly resume their functions. This, however, is a well demonstrated medical fact. The human heart has been removed from the body more than thirty hours after death and made to beat again. Dr. Carrel himself has taken the heart from one dog and inserted it in the neck of another, connecting the carotid artery with the aorta of the new heart, and the vena cava with its jugular vein. In a few moments the live dog had two hearts rhythmically beating, one recording a pulse of 88 and the other of 100.

Science has yet framed no precise definition of death. The human body teems and quivers with life, only a small part of which becomes a part of individual consciousness. The healthy man hardly realizes the numerous and complex activities of his internal organs. The alimentary canal is the abiding-place of millions of micro-organisms, the activities of which only occasionally influence our daily life. Bodily tissue everywhere is constantly breaking down and constantly building up; and yet it is only in the last few years that even science has begun to understand the beautiful chemical reactions involved in the process.

Perhaps the white corpuscles of the blood—the leucocytes—furnish the most perfect illustration of this life which is in and yet is not of us. Upon their activity a whole new science, that of phagocytosis, has been founded. Metchnikoff has described how these white corpuscles, among their numerous other activities are constantly escaping from the blood and pursuing and devouring invading microbes and thus protecting the body from disease. In

the intestines a battle is constantly taking place between these white corpuscles and destructive bacteria, in which the combatants on both sides, number millions and billions; yet, although we are ourselves the battleground, we know nothing of it. These same leucocytes, as has been discovered by Dr. Eugene L. Opie, of the Rockefeller staff, seem almost to have an immortality of their own. They can be removed from the body, ground into a fine grayish white powder, and placed away for months in glass tubes; and then, when reintroduced into the tissues, immediately resume some of their old activities. Death, as popularly understood, is a loss of personality: the eternal separation of human consciousness from inert mortal clay. Theology teaches that the spirit lives forever—that only the body perisheth; science, on the other hand, while it says nothing about the eternal life of the spirit, teaches the immortality of the body. It may change its form, but it will never pass into nothingness.

Even after death the important organs, in their existing form, live for a certain time. The heart, as has already been said, in specific cases, has resisted devitalization for more than a day; the kidneys also can probably survive for a considerable period. The shortest-lived organ is probably the brain; this seldom lasts more than fifteen minutes after the passing of the spirit. But there are certain artificial ways in which animal tissue can be kept alive for days and weeks, perhaps for months. Nature thus gives the scientist a short breathing-space—the lapse between death as it affects personality, and death as it affects the vitality of the cell. If, in that period, the essential bodily organs are removed, they can be preserved for a long time.

Two forces, after death, begin their destructive work upon animal tissue. The first is microbial; untold millions of bacteria pounce upon the

body and cause the common phenomenon of putrefaction. The other force is a comparatively recent discovery of science: the far more subtle and mysterious disintegration known as autolysis. This is a Greek word which may be freely translated as self-digestion. Food taken into the stomach is converted into certain substances—proteids, sugar, and starch—by digestive ferments or enzymes, especially pepsin and trypsin. It is of these proteids, sugar, and starch that the body is composed. After death, tissue begins to disintegrate into the substances of which it was originally formed; human flesh undergoes almost the same chemical change that food undergoes in the body; in other words, it is digested. In this case the digestion, so far as science can discover, takes place without the action of specific digestive ferments. The tissues literally chew themselves to pieces; the cells possess some inherent power which they use for their own destruction. If a human body were absolutely sterilized and thus freed from the attacks of bacteria, its dissolution, under this process of autolysis, would still go on; after a certain period—and not a very long one—nothing would be left but a limpid fluid, and this, if resolved chemically, would leave a clear, white, powdery substance—largely the same proteids and sugar of which the living body is composed. The mortal cycle is thus complete; science rephrases the Biblical injunction; proteids we are, and unto proteids we shall return. Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay, might not stop a hole to keep the wind away; a considerable part of him, however, could be served up as very palatable table sugar.

Thus, in order to preserve an organ after death, it must be protected against these two destructive forces. Against putrefaction simple sterilization suffices. An artery, for

example, thoroughly disinfected, placed in an ordinary culture tube, and then closed to the access of all bacteria, will not putrefy. Under ordinary circumstances, however, it will undergo autolytic disintegration. Complete desiccation will preserve it against this later process. Autolysis does not take place except in the presence of water; this explains why Egyptian mummies, which were thoroughly dried before being placed away in the tomb, have resisted for thirty centuries the autolytic ferment. Normal blood serum is another substance which inhibits, to a considerable degree, autolytic degeneration. Cold, while it does not entirely check the process, makes it exceedingly slow. It is upon refrigeration that Dr. Carrel has thus far chiefly depended for preserving arteries. In order to prevent putrefaction, he places them in sterilized culture tubes, and then he puts away the tubes in large ice-chests, which maintain a temperature just above the freezing-point. Here they live in a condition of suspended animation. Dry and shriveled as they appear, they are still living tissue; and, although the animals from which they have been taken have long since gone to their final rest, these fragments, if placed in a new living host, once more take up the thread of existence. That the arteries could be removed from a man recently dead and have their vitality and usefulness preserved in this same fashion, is absolutely certain.

Important as is the bearing of these experiments with blood-vessels upon the ultimate problem—the transplantation of the visceral organs and of limbs—they have many immediate practical applications in themselves.

Dr. Carrel's work on arteries has given the world its first complete and satisfactory method of transfusing blood. Operations by which the blood of one person is injected into the circulatory system of an-

TRANSPLANTING ANIMAL ORGANS

other are not particularly new. For patients suffering from anaemia—that is, an insufficiency of healthy nutritive blood—the obvious treatment is the infusion of the precious fluid of a more fortunate person. The first successful operation of this kind was performed more than two hundred years ago. The operation, however, has never been reduced to an exact science, because of certain almost insurmountable difficulties. The great problem of transfusion has always been to get the blood from one person to another without the formation of blood clots. Hitherto, the most successful plan has been to pour the blood into a receptacle and to beat it, much as a cook beats an egg; this process separates from the blood the fibrin, the substance about which the clots are formed. At best this is a clumsy method, and the results have been far from satisfactory. Now, thanks to Dr. Carrel's work, transfusion, if undertaken by competent men, can be systematically performed. Taking an artery from the full-blooded subject, he sutures one end upon an artery of the anaemic; and, by establishing a perfect circulation, the arterial systems of two people for a time become almost as one.

On a certain occasion Dr. Carrel demonstrated the value of this operation. A brother physician called him out one night to perform a transfusion upon his own infant, which was only five days old. The child was almost dead from lack of blood; indeed, to the superficial observer, life was already extinct. Dr. Carrel took the radial artery of the child's father and sutured it to the popliteal vein of the child. In a few minutes important changes followed; the child's ears became pink, its lips turned from blue to red, and soon the whole body became suffused with a healthy pink glow. Promptly the child began crying for food, and it is now as robust a baby as one could wish.

This operation and similar operations have become a regular feature of surgical practice, both in this country and in Europe. Only a short time ago a child three years old was admitted to the Babies' Hospital of New York suffering from a large tumor of the kidney, but in such bad condition that under ordinary circumstances operation was out of the question and it seemed as if the child must surely die. After transfusion with the blood of the father the child improved so markedly that it was considered safe to proceed with the operation. It was successfully performed, the child made an excellent recovery, and is now well and strong. This is only one illustration of the numerous applications of this new principle in surgery.

Dr. Carrel's work on the arteries also points to a new treatment for aneurisms. An aneurism is caused by the accumulation of blood in an artery; at the diseased part a sac is formed, sometimes very large, and, unless it is checked, it will burst, and the blood, flowing into the surrounding tissue, causes death from hemorrhage. Many methods of treating aneurisms have been evolved, all of them unsatisfactory. Hitherto the surgical removal of the aneurism usually included the destruction of part of an artery. This meant that a particular section of the body, not receiving its usual allotment of blood and nourishment, would develop gangrene. According to Dr. Carrel, ideal treatment would be to cut out that section of the artery containing the aneurism, and replace it with a segment of a healthy artery from some other source. Up to the present time this operation has not been attempted, because the idea is new and because of the practical difficulty of obtaining extraneous human blood-vessels.

Another interesting application of the new blood-vessel surgery would be its use for drainage purposes. The

new method of suture could probably be used to establish a kind of conduit in the body, which might carry away the watery accretions that accumulate in certain well-known diseases. Hydrocephalus is a not uncommon affection among children; it is an accumulation of fluid in the cavities of the brain, and leads to an abnormal and sometimes monstrous development of the skull, and frequently to imbecility. A possibility suggested by Dr. Carrel would be to take a segment of vein, suture one end into the dura-mater, and thus obtain a connection with the fluid in the brain; the other end could then be attached to the jugular vein. The water in the brain would thus flow by gravity into the circulation. An experiment of this nature has been successfully tried for dropsy. Among the natives of Africa the swelling of the abdomen from dropsy is a common phenomenon. A well-known French surgeon, operating in a chronic case, inserted a vein into the abdominal peritoneum, thus obtaining immediate connection with the water, and caused it to flow into the venous system of the leg. The swelling in this case disappeared. In regular practice "tapping" for dropsy is common; this system of drainage supplies a permanent "tapping," for as soon as the water forms, it passes into the veins. In the circulatory system it causes no damage, because the hydrocephalic and the dropsical fluids are about the same thing as blood plasma itself. Any impurities that enter the blood in this way are excreted precisely as are other impurities.

Important as are these transplantations of blood-vessels, however, they are merely preliminary to the far greater problem of transplanting organs.

In these operations every precaution is taken to prevent the animals from suffering needless pain. In the large majority of cases they

undergo absolutely no distress, and in no instances does their physical discomfiture become acute. A cat operated upon by Dr. Carrel does not suffer even as much as would a human being who should be subjected to the same experiment. That long period of anticipation which, to a human subject, is probably the severest part of the ordeal, an animal obviously does not experience at all. As a matter of fact, because of the great precautions taken in the use of anesthetics, the animals operated upon are absolutely unconscious of the experiment.

The cats that are the subjects of Dr. Carrel's operations are of the homeless, marauding kind. The army of human waifs in a great city arouses everywhere interest and sympathy; the even greater number of animal waifs attracts much less attention. It is the miserable hunted vagrant, half-starved and cringing, picking up a spare living on the refuse of ash-cans, that, occasionally finding its way into the Rockefeller Institute, furnishes the material for these experiments. There it finds, not a torture chamber, but a really comfortable home. It is cared for by men expert in handling animals, and has plenty of good, wholesome food, and a warm, comfortable bed. While the animal lives, every possible precaution is taken to assure its comfort; and, if its life is ultimately sacrificed in the interest of medical science, it goes down to an caseful death with chloroform. Had it not joined the animal colony at the Institute, it would have starved to death or been suffocated ultimately at the public pound.

The question still remains as to what is the net practical outcome of these experiments. Dr. Carrel, though enthusiastic in his work, is extremely conservative in estimating the importance of results already accomplished; he is working toward a definite goal, and he would be the

last to assert that he had yet reached it. This line of experimentation is practically new and presents possibilities of such startling importance that the surgeon must carefully feel his way. It is evident, from what has already been said, that these operations indicate many lines of investigation that, when brought to completion, may revolutionize surgery and, perhaps, lead to the successful treatment of certain chronic disorders. Dr. Carrel's work clearly divides itself into two parts—one in which success has already been obtained; the other one in which important discoveries have been made and startling operations performed, which, in the opinion of conservative men, clearly indicate more remarkable results in the future.

In suturing blood-vessels, in transplanting them from one animal to another, and in preserving them before such transplantation in cold storage for weeks in good condition, Dr. Carrel has already achieved complete success. In the transplantation of organs, while as yet not having attained this complete success, he has clearly demonstrated certain principles of great importance. Before he began work we did not know that the kidney of one animal would functionate perfectly for several weeks in the body of another; we know that now. It is clear that Dr. Carrel himself believes that the experiment in making parts of two dogs' legs grow as one indicates that this operation could be successfully performed on human beings. In an address delivered before Johns Hopkins University he declared a year ago that "it is not unreasonable to believe that some transplantations, as, for instance, the transplantation of the arm a little above the elbow, may be successfully performed if an adequate technique is used." The operation on a man would be easier than upon a dog simply because he is larger; the muscles, the bones, the

arteries, and the veins could be more easily handled. Last summer in France Dr. Carrel experimented upon the leg of a human cadaver, and became familiar with the anatomic details involved in such an operation.

The fact that this new surgery may make wooden legs old-fashioned merely suggests its infinite possibilities. When science has demonstrated the practical uses of these operations, then the State will be confronted with the necessity of devising some means of obtaining the necessary material. The most obvious way—the use of organs of people recently dead, perhaps of executed criminals, or victims of sudden accidents—has already been suggested. In this problem, of course, there are important social and psychological considerations. What, for example, would be the mental effect upon a man of the constant realization of the fact that his body contained the organs of other people? There are other solutions of this problem with which science, should it ever become a practical question, will have to deal. It may be that a man could use in safety the kidneys of an anthropoid ape: these animals, however, are expensive and difficult to find. It is possible that some way might be devised of using the organs of an animal easier to obtain. At present this could not be done, for the reason already explained—that the blood serum of man would act as a poison upon its tissues: an animal, however, might be gradually and artificially accustomed to human blood. Perhaps the most available way out of this difficulty is found in the fact that the average human being can get along very well with one kidney. The operation known as nephrectomy—the removal of a kidney—is not uncommon. A man with two healthy organs might therefore sacrifice one to a sufferer closely allied in affection—his brother or his wife.

The Red Blood of Advertising

By C. C. HOPKINS

From *Judicious Advertising*

THE man who looks to the future who prizes his fame—will refuse to advertise that which he cannot believe in. The man who prostitutes his talents in a cause that he can't endorse will find that genius without heart is impotent. No man can derive inspiration from falsehood.

Before we have put a word on paper we must reach a pitch where we feel that those who don't buy what we offer are wronging themselves. For we may be sure of this: That which touches the heart must always come from the heart. That which convinces must be born of conviction.

There is about as much similarity between these earnest men and the ordinary as there is between wild cats and house cats. And the half-hearted man who attempts to compete with them will be quickly reminded of this difference in cats.

A man was stranded in New York with a five-dollar bill in his pocket. He had to have work, so he advertised in the want columns. His ad ran something like this:

"Wanted: Any sort of work, by a man, aged 31; honest; good references."

There were 700 similar ads in those want columns. He received no reply. The following day he tried again; no reply. The next day he had 60 cents left. If he published another ad he had to go without breakfast. He was desperate, and this is what he wrote:

"Is there any work on God's green earth for an able man who must have it?"

And he set it in pica type. There were 700 ads the next day in those want columns, but this ad stood out. There was an appeal to humanity in it. He had the choice of sixty jobs.

One June a certain clothing concern found itself in a hole. The spring had been backward, their stocks were heavy, their bills overdue. They were face to face with bankruptcy.

In this emergency they sent for a famous ad-writer. This man advised them that the only way to get rid of their stock was to tell the people the truth. "Tell them what you owe, and tell them that you are bankrupt unless you can raise that money."

The firm refused that method. It would be suicide, they said, to let their creditors know their condition. So they advertised their sale in the old pusillanimous way. "Great June sale of clothing. Prices cut 40 per cent." It was the old cry of wolf, and the public did not respond to it.

In sheer desperation they sent again to this ad-writer and told him to go ahead. The next week their ads read: "We are face to face with bankruptcy. We owe \$641,282, of which \$562,973.42 is overdue. These are our creditors, and these the amounts that we owe them. These are the prices we make on our clothing to lose part instead of all."

"If you come in crowds to-morrow our creditors will wait. If you don't, they will close our doors before night. For this ad will tell them for the first time, our exact condition."

THE RED BLOOD OF ADVERTISING

The crowds did come and the firm was saved.

One of the most successful ads ever written was written by a man entirely unschooled in advertising. He only knew that he had worked night and day, and for years, to perfect something that mothers should know. And he knew that the money which paid for his first advertisement was secured by pawning his sick wife's ring. His heading, as I remember it, ran something like this: "Mothers, ten cents may save your baby's life." And the mothers responded until, in five years, the man was a millionaire.

I remember one night in my own career when a business battle seemed lost. Man after man had fallen down on the problem; and I, not realizing the difficulties, had played too weak a hand. Every dollar that I had in the world was at stake, my prestige and my future. The morrow, unless we could meet a certain note, meant assignment. And the immediate future, in any event, meant utter defeat, unless more effective advertising could be evolved.

That night I walked the streets until midnight—until I evolved an advertising idea, born of sheer desperation. The next day we put that idea into effect, and the results were immediate. The tide turned at once, and then it rolled on until it became one of the greatest advertising successes.

We do not often confront quite such a desperate stage. But I never undertake an important campaign until I become so committed—have my reputation so greatly involved—have so many good friends looking to me to make good—that failure would amount to little less than a tragedy.

We cannot be successful in anything these days if we attempt it in a half-hearted way. The battle is too severe; competition too strenuous. There is no success which is not built up of the red blood, the vital force and the compelling personality of the man behind it.

I know a man who knows nothing

of grammar; a man who can't spell; a man whose writing looks like nothing we've seen since the days of Horace Greeley. Yet that man has become a tremendous factor in advertising through the dominant power of enthusiasm.

I know another man for whose ability every ad-writer has the utmost respect. I have had occasion at times to take up lines that he dropped, and I tremble when I come to compete with him. His pen is as all-powerful as an Aladdin's Lamp.

But I have known that man to wait two months before he put a word to paper. I have known him to follow canvassers, day after day, to learn their effective arguments. I have known him to read volumes of matter, until he lived and breathed the subject in question. Then, when he finally came to write the advertisement, the veins in his forehead stood out to the point of bursting.

Such is the price of success. The men who take things easy—who mix business and pleasures—will tell you that such men are devils when one comes to compete with them. Lucky is the advertiser who can get such a man on his side.

This afternoon I saw on my desk a copy of *Printers' Ink*. And I glanced at an article, written by an eastern advertising man, on the advertising expert. It went on to say that no advertising expert could hope to be responsible for more than one great success.

I rubbed my eyes and looked at the date of the magazine. It was not, as you may suppose, dated twenty years ago. It bore a date in December, 1908. The writer of the article may be a Rip Van Winkle, living in the long ago. But the magazine that printed it is a magazine of to-day, and one of the best of its class.

I believe that most of you in the East have outgrown such ideas. Certainly we have in the West. Our last advertising expert hasn't been heard of for more than fifteen years. Those

that are left of us in the ad-writing field are simply salesmen in print.

We have ceased to regard the advertising field as a sort of Monte Carlo. We no longer look upon great success as an accident. This man says that no advertising men can achieve more than one great success. He might as well say that a competent salesman can sell only one line of goods. It is bosh. I know an advertiser, whose name you never heard, who is responsible, on the average, for one success every month.

Not every article can attain a great sale. Not every article is wanted at all. But a man who can't sell what is salable—who can't succeed where success is a possibility—would never live long in the advertising field in Chicago.

If the writer of this article is here to-night, I trust he will pardon my seeming severity. An article like that in *Printers' Ink* is like a Mother Goose tale in the *Outlook*. We in the West are doing business-like advertising. Without theories and without hallucinations, we are selling what we have to sell. And these childish echoes of the long ago jangle on our ears.

Sometimes the solution of an advertising problem means the complete revolution of existing business meth-

ods. Sometimes it involves vast knowledge of competition—of what others are doing and what others have done. Then we need a wider knowledge and a broader experience than any one man can have.

We look at advertising, as it exists to-day, as the sum of many experiences, many ideas. And we realize that it requires a many-man power to do better than has been done. So we combine our powers. We bring to bear on the problems before us a wealth of experienced ability.

No man can say of any of our greatest successes, "I am responsible for it." No one man is capable of doing all that is needed to create a success to-day. We each do our share, but none can say what the result might have been without the contributions of others.

Our best men are not egotists. We realize the tremendous stakes for which we are playing, and the weakness of one-man power. Our minds are but finite, while our problems are infinite. We are men of limited ideas and experiences in an unlimited world. So, forgetting ourselves—discarding all thought of personal credit—we call on others for all the help they can give us. That is the main reason for every great success that I know.

Choosing a Vocation

By Lord Chesterfield

It is very certain that no man is fit for everything; but it is equally certain, that there is scarcely one man who is not fit for something which Nature plainly points out to him by giving him a tendency and propensity to it. I look upon common sense to be to the mind what conscience is to the heart—the faithful and constant monitor of what is right or wrong. And I am convinced that no man commits either a crime or a folly but against the manifest and sensible representations of the one or the other. Every man finds in himself, either from nature or education—for they are hard to distinguish—a peculiar bent and disposition to some particular character; and his struggling against it is the fruitless and endless labor of Sisyphus. Let him follow and cultivate that vocation; he will succeed in it, and be considerable in one way at least; whereas, if he departs from it, he will, at best, be inconsiderable, probably ridiculous.



Lord Milner

From a Recent Newspaper Print

The Future of Lord Milner

LONDON DAILY MAIL



CONSPICUOUSLY absurd among spurious phrases is the remark that no man is indispensable. The mere mediocrity, doubtless, is what he is because we may regard him as a "standardized" man. He is interchangeable at any moment with his like. Every personality that counts is unique. In public affairs the truly great man is, in the strictest sense, indispensable, and leaving him unemployed is like leaving Niagara unharnessed.

Now, in intellect, fibre, vision, in the deep and controlled passion which goes with natural fidelity of purpose and sustains the moral vitality of a man through the effort of years, the characteristics of Lord Milner are nothing less than those of greatness. Among the ordinary race of politicians who rise to high office by luck, talent, or connection he stands apart, but he stands like Saul.

England is not so poor in men, even upon the Unionist side in politics, as she sometimes affects to think. But were our reserves of personality even

richer than they are, we could no more do without Lord Milner than the continent of big things can duplicate Niagara. Yet the revival of his star is a little curious, for it followed a short period of eclipse, which was somewhat his own fault. It is hardly a twelvemonth ago since Taper and Tadpole shook their heads upon the subject and looked extremely solemn and very wise. At one time they had been indiscriminate in the praises of the ex-High Commissioner. Now they felt a change of wind. They ceased to mention him in public and commenced to whisper about him in private. Several names were mentioned for the Colonial Office in the next Administration, but not his. It was said that he did not get on well with Mr. Balfour, and that in a perverse and unyielding mood he might hold altogether aloof from the next Unionist Government.

Quite in the last few weeks the miasma of all this opportunist gossip has been swept away. Taper and Tadpole have veered again. This

time their forecasts for Lord Milner's future are wholly favorable. They recognize, what the whole Unionist Party feels, that Lord Milner, if health be granted to him, will be the brain-carrier of Imperial policy for the next twenty years. Within that time the Empire as it exists will assuredly be mended or ended.

Lord Milner cannot be less than second even in the next Unionist Government. In any Unionist Government thereafter he will probably be first, and this because Mr. Chamberlain's mantle has unmistakably fallen upon him. While other politicians have been necessarily entangled in all the miscellaneous matters of passing controversy, Lord Milner, with that concentrated look of his, has devoted himself with all his extraordinary power of unsparing application and continuous thought to the study of the Imperial problem in all its main aspects.

"Seekest thou great things, seek them not." In the spirit of that searching counsel Lord Milner is steeped. Because no vulgar ambition is his, he is the greater, and the great things must come to him. This has been proved recently in a very interesting way. The key to political power in this country is the confidence of the colonies. That was Mr. Chamberlain's possession. It is now Lord Milner's; but he has suddenly secured it without searching for it. He went to Canada, not at all with any self-conscious design of magnifying his influence at home. He went there just to see the land, and to convince the people of the Dominion of the earnestness of our purposes. Yet the journey was from every point of view a master-stroke, such as no merely egoistic politician could have devised, for no less profoundly sincere mind could have created an equal moral effect across the Atlantic.

The task of our generation is to save the Empire that Chatham won. And it will be saved, if at all, precisely where it was won. In Chatham's time the fight for British America was

the fight for the world. In our time the question of Canada is the question of Empire.

For Canada is the keystone. Pull that out, and the whole fabric of the Empire crashes. Either there will be established within the next few years an Imperial Union upon the basis of commercial preference, or there will be set up as between the republic and the Dominion a process of trade-reciprocity leading gradually but inevitably to the creation of one vast North American Zollverein, stretching from Panama to the Yukon, which would reduce the relative naval and commercial power of the Mother Country to insignificance for ever. That and nothing less is the issue that trembles in the scales. We cannot be certain that the Imperial cause will not kick the beam. The next general election in this country—dangerously delayed, in any case, as it now promises to be—will resolve the doubt for good and all.

Meanwhile every feather's weight of influence that the Mother Country can throw into the balance on the right side is valuable. Every sovereign invested in Canada tells. Visits paid by English statesmen might have been made to tell enormously. There were no such visits. Canada, which may be reached comfortably in a week, was as consistently ignored by our public men as though it were in Jupiter or Saturn. And yet, as has just been explained, Canada holds the casting vote in a cause as momentous as history has ever decided. That casting vote will decide absolutely whether the Empire is to be organized or dissolved, and whether the Mother-country can maintain, even into the second quarter of the twentieth century, her place as a Great Power, as well as whether Canada is to retain and develop her own splendid national identity or to be merged at last in a wider United States.

Lord Milner's journey broke the traditional boycott. He went from ocean to ocean before opening his

mouth in public. Then he went back from shore to shore, making speeches in the chief centres of Canadian life and thought. It was speaking such as Canada had never heard before. Pascal's words apply to Lord Milner as exactly as they can ever have applied to anyone. He has "the eloquence which scorns to be eloquent." He is not rhetorical, yet he is not cold. He is profoundly earnest, yet he is not vehement. He is not elaborate, yet he is thorough. Fundamental brain-work is the very stuff of his speeches; and yet it would be impossible to conceive a stranger simplicity of words. Lord Milner is ordinarily no orator. He said years ago when he was a parliamentary candidate that before the divine fire possessed him "he had to be hit in the eye." That is still true. And then, indeed, his academic restraint departs, all his powers are liberated, and he is extremely formidable. When he is moved no man can be more moving. Lord Milner's speeches in Canada were a public education. They revived the Imperial cause. At a critical moment, upon the very eve of tariff revision in Washington, they saved the immediate situation. The Dominion will not, for some time yet, conclude with the United States any reciprocity arrangement to the prejudice of preference. But the second "missionary of Empire," fit successor to the first, not only revealed to the people of the Dominion the real state of public opinion in this country. He revealed himself.

Lord Milner came back a few weeks ago with the confidence of Canada behind him. Consider what

that means. In South Africa even the Dutch, now that they have taken over the government, are finding that they must build more and more to Lord Milner's designs and upon the solid foundations he laid. He is far nearer to Australian ideals, military and social, as embodied by a man like Mr. Deakin, than is any other English statesman.

In Egypt he acquired an unsurpassed insight into the whole spirit and system of our Eastern administration, and thus he "divines India" as Alexander Hamilton divined Europe, to recall Talleyrand's celebrated phrase. And now he has the special support of the community holding the casting vote in the whole Imperial problem—Canada. If national military training were the first constructive work of the Unionist Party, Lord Milner and no other would be the next War Minister, for he is far more competent than any other man to make an end of make-believe, and once for all to create a new military system upon a broad national basis. As preference comes first, as that cause must be won before the ground can be cleared for other issues, Lord Milner's destiny is determined. Were he in the House of Commons he would be beyond all question Chancellor of the Exchequer.

But though it cannot fall to him on the floor of the House of Commons to fight and carry the tariff, he will have, with Mr. Balfour, the chief hand in framing it. Lord Milner, as Secretary of the Colonies, must hold a place no less commanding in the next Unionist Cabinet than Mr. Chamberlain held in the last.

Learn Thoroughly

The vital study for the employe is to learn everything touching his position quickly and thoroughly, to adapt himself as nearly as is in his power to the demands made on him, to catch the pace of the workers about him, be it fast or slow, and to accommodate himself in every thought and action to the standards of the department as he finds it.



The Model Factory of the Aylmer Condensed Milk Company

What a Pure Milk Supply Means

By G. B. VAN BLARICOM.

WITH the opening of new districts and the extension of settlement, civilization crowds upon the heels of the explorer, the pioneer or the pathfinder. He cannot get away from the older parts of mother earth and its products as easily as he supposes. Conveniences and comforts come to him unbidden and relieve existence in rough lands and lonely stretches of much dreariness and many drawbacks. The means of sustenance, the luxuries of the farm and garden, the orchard and field, are at hand, no matter where the foot of man may penetrate or how barren or unyielding may be the face of nature. Whether in the frozen area of the far north, the rocky region of the extreme west, the inmost depth of the virgin forest or delving in the bowels of mineralized strata, gastronomic wants may be supplied as easily and inexpensively and in

equally as great variety, purity and abundance as on the table at home or in the hotels and boarding houses of a big city.

The news story of how products so rich and rare are brought to the miner, the trapper, the hunter, the lumberman, the explorer and the sailor forms a theme of intense interest as evidencing the advancement of the age and the creative genius of man and, in this respect, it may be remarked that invention has shown no greater achievement than in the line of canned and condensed foods.

How has all this been accomplished and how has the demand for this class of foodstuffs been met? Comparatively few, for instance, know anything of the care, cleanliness and skill with which evaporated cream is placed on the market. The unsweetened product can be bought from ocean to ocean and the brand

WHAT A PURE MILK SUPPLY MEANS

known as Canada First, made by the Aylmer Condensed Milk Company, Limited, of Aylmer, Ontario, is seen and used everywhere.

The other day I paid a visit to Aylmer and was surprised at the extent and substantial character of their factory, a splendidly equipped, fireproof structure of cement blocks and pressed brick, having a floor space of about 55,000 square feet. Although in operation only a year and a half, some 125 persons are employed in the preparation of Canada First Evaporated Cream and Canada First Condensed Milk. I found that both products are treated in a similar manner, only that the latter is preserved by the addition of pure granulated sugar. There is no finer dairying or more famous corn growing centre than the fertile district surrounding the prosperous town of Aylmer. Aylmer corn is celebrated from one end of Canada to the other. I learned that the factory has contracts with no less than three hundred progressive dairymen for its daily supply of rich pure milk and that the most rigid inspection and supervision are observed. Two men are constantly visiting the stables and herds to see that all regulations are strictly carried out. The company requires that all stables be thoroughly whitewashed and cleaned, the manure being removed twice a day. The same care and attention have to be bestowed on the milking utensils. As each animal is milked the lacteal fluid must be removed immediately from the stable. It thus absorbs no taint or odor. Every farmer is supplied with an improved Aerator and Cooler over which the milk passes so that all animal heat is removed. It is then kept in a milk house in cans, which are placed in ice cold water. But these are by no means all the precautions taken. The different herds are inspected several times a year to see that all cows are entirely free from disease. A few weeks ago, when the foot and mouth

malady broke out across the border, a Government inspector went through the district and made a thorough examination of all animals but no trace of this or any other disease could be found. The water and food supplies are also looked after and the herds fed principally on corn, the farmers not being allowed to give their animals turnips or any other root that is in the least objectionable. But inspection does not even end here. When the milk arrives at the factory it is subjected to a severe test to see that it is rich in solids and butter fats—free from all contamination—and in as perfect a condition as scrupulously clean methods, modern appliances, and scientific precautions can make it. Thus the company procure as pure milk as it is possible to obtain. The contents of the cans, after being weighed, go into the receiving tanks and all the cans are thoroughly cleaned and sterilized in the factory before returned to the dairy. After this extreme care has been exercised it would be supposed that the fresh milk was all that could be desired, but it is now an acknowledged fact that all milk, even if produced with the precautions already described, is alive with bacteria. Before being put on the market, therefore, Canada First brands of Evaporated Cream and Condensed Milk go through a most thorough sterilizing process to render them free from all bacteria.

A tour of the factory I found most instructive and interesting, and the process, from the time the milk is received until it is converted into the finished product, is one worth witnessing. From the receiving room the milk passes into the huge sanitary tanks of the cooling and purifying department. There it is held until ready to pass into the condensing department, where by the most modern sanitary machinery it is greatly reduced in consistency by evaporation in vacuo. From here the milk goes into the filling department



where automatically every can is filled, each containing the same quantity. The cans, after being hermetically sealed by special machinery, are next conveyed to the sterilizing department where they go through a secret process which renders the milk entirely free from germ life and puts it in a more digestible condition than fresh milk by greatly softening the casein. The milk is then held in the factory from thirty to sixty days to ensure it being in a perfect condition before it is placed on the market. This, in brief, is how the milk is transferred from the cow to the can in such a clean and sanitary manner, and is never touched by hand.

Canada Evaporated Cream is richer in butter fat and phosphate properties than ordinary cream because all the solids are retained. It is completely free from germs, all harmful bacteria being destroyed. Another surprising fact is that two-thirds of the time in the factory is taken up in cleaning and sterilizing the tanks and machinery. No machine is driven by belts, electricity and gas producer power being employed. It may here be remarked that Canada

First Evaporated Cream and Canada First Condensed Milk are made by machinery all built in Canada from plans and specifications specially submitted by the Aylmer Condensed Milk Co., except the power plant, which was purchased in England.

The water supply of the company is obtained from constantly flowing artesian wells six miles from the factory and conducted by gravitation to a concrete reservoir in front of the building capable of holding 300,000 gallons. The water is used for cooling purposes in the factory, and also for cleaning the plant. In the latter process no soaps or acids are used, only pure clean water and steam.

In the introduction of any new, convenient and improved product there are naturally barriers of prejudice and hurdles of distrust. These, however, have been overcome long ago with respect to evaporated cream, and the product is now much more popular than ordinary cream, not to speak of its numerous other advantages. Cream rising from milk has from fourteen to eighteen percent. butter fat, while Canada First Evaporated Cream shows about

WHAT A PURE MILK SUPPLY MEANS

thirty-two per cent, of total solids. It is put up in three different sizes and by being diluted is suitable for all purposes for which milk is adapted. Thus it is cleaner, richer and healthier. The typhoid outbreaks, which occurred some time ago in Montreal and Chicago, were shown to be directly traceable to an impure milk supply. In the city of New York to-day there is as much condensed cream consumed as there is of ordinary fresh milk or cream, and in other cities this sanitary preparation is rapidly supplanting deleterious and tainted supplies from dairies.

Every can of Canada First Evaporated Cream is guaranteed absolutely pure. It contains the fats, solids and a small portion of water of pure milk only, making it in every way wholesome and digestible. It can be and is used in all climes and constitutes a perfect food for miners, hunters, lumbermen, explorers and fishermen as well as for the ordinary household. All alike enjoy its richness, purity and strength. While the sweetened product—Canada First Condensed Milk preserved by the addition of pure granulated sugar—is used in many communities to a large extent, it is to-day being replaced in many others by the un-

sweetened product—Canada First Evaporated Cream—which is preserved by the scientific application of heat alone, and put up in air-tight sanitary cans without any solder or acids being used.

While advancement goes steadily on the Aylmer Condensed Milk Co. is in the very forefront of the procession, its energies and output being directed by Mr. H. W. Knight, general manager and superintendent. In an extensive experience covering a period of twelve years in some of the largest factories in the world, he has a thorough acquaintance in the manufacture of sweetened and unsweetened milk, and has mastered every detail of the business. The company is in a fortunate position in several other respects, being located in one of the finest corn growing and pasture sections of Canada. Mr. Knight has carried the organization far beyond the experimental stage and its products, Canada First Evaporated Cream and Canada First Condensed Milk, are sold not only in every province of the Dominion but in foreign countries as well, while each succeeding month reveals a wonderful increase in the output of and demand for these goods that in quality, richness and invigorating elements lead all others.



Hugh Chalmers of Detroit
And his Two Pets, the "Thirty" and "Forty"

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- The American Chariot Races. Charles Frederick Holder—World To-day.
- A Hunting Trip in British Columbia. Lord Hindlip—Travel and Exploration.
- Racing: Past and Future—Badminton (March).
- Motoring in the Alps. Charles L. Freeston—Badminton (March).
- Making an Artificial Trout Stream—Coun. Life in America.
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- How I Built My Theatre. Maxine Elliott—Woman's Home Comp.
- Hope for American Drama. Littell McClung—Sunset (March).
- The Founders of French Opera. Rupert Hughes—Smith's Magazine.
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- Scenes From the Latest Plays—People's.
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Ambitions: a Chronicle of the Hopes of Fourteen of our Popular Actresses—Bohemian.
The Drama of the Slums. John Corbin—Sat. Evening Post (March 20).

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Across France in a Motor Car. Amy Gretton—Travel and Exploration.
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The Speed Mania of the Sea. William De Wagstaffe—Travel Mag.
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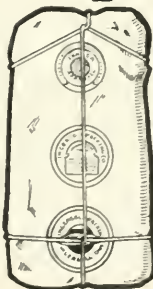
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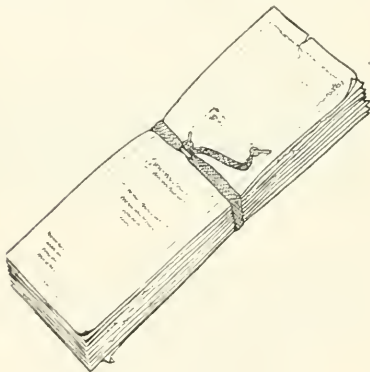
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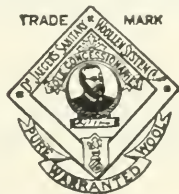
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